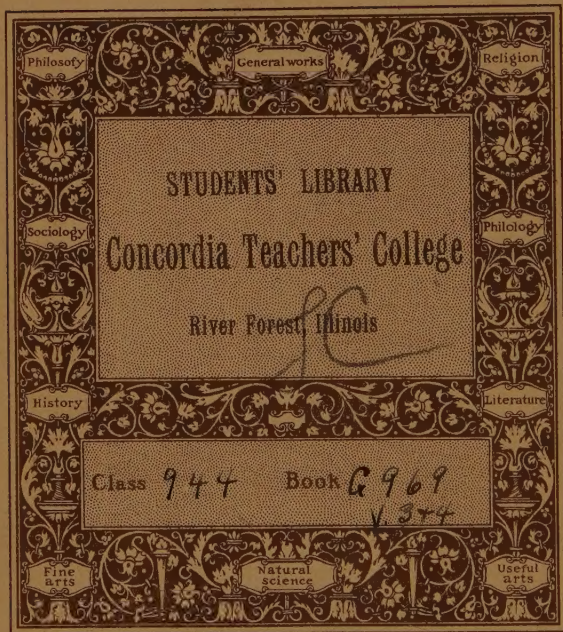


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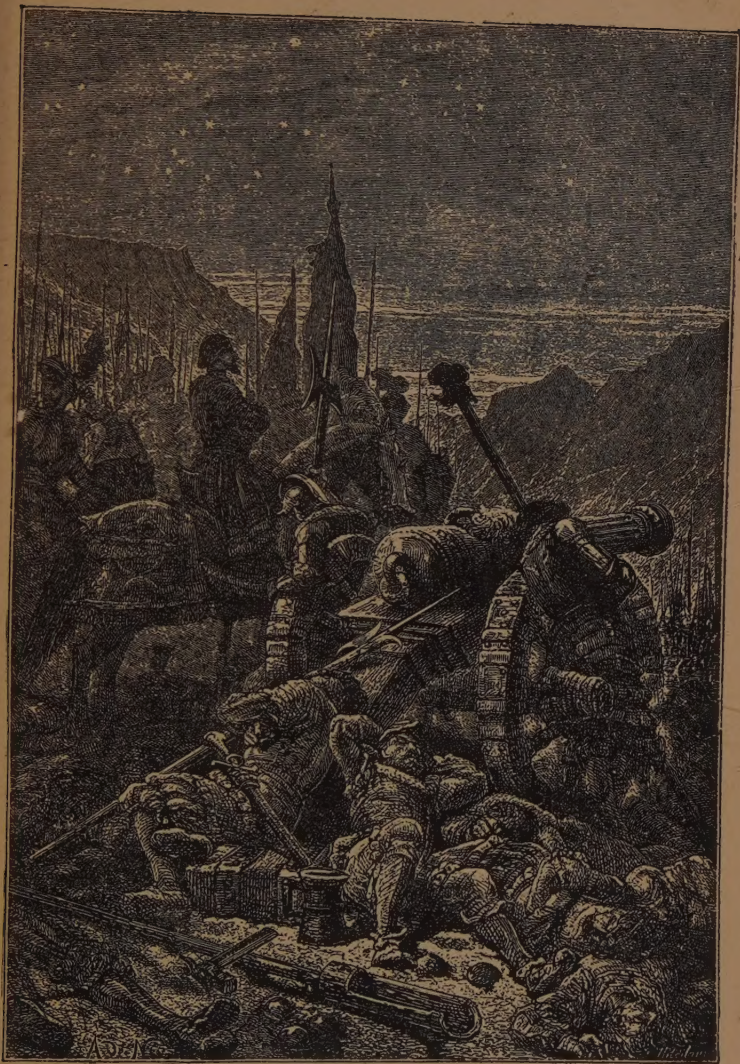
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ALL NIGHT A-HORSEBACK.



LEO X.

THE HISTORY
OF
FRANCE

FROM
THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1848

BY M. GUIZOT
AND
MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT BLACK

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

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THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRANCIS I. AND CHARLES V.

THE closer the study and the wider the contemplation a Frenchman bestows upon his country's history, the deeper will be his feelings of patriotic pride dashed with a tinge of sadness. France in respect of her national unity, is the most ancient amongst the States of Christian Europe. During her long existence she has passed through very different regimens, the chaos of barbarism, the feudal system, absolute monarchy, constitutional monarchy and republicanism. Under all these regimens she has had no lack of greatness and glory, material power and intellectual lustre, moral virtues and the charms of social life. Her barbarism had its Charlemagne; her feudal system St. Louis, Joan of Arc, and Bayard; her absolute monarchy Henry IV. and Louis XIV. Of our own times we say nothing. France has shone in war and in peace, through the sword and through the intellect: she has by turns conquered and beguiled, enlightened and troubled Europe; she has always offered to the foreigner a spectacle or an abode full of the curious and the attractive, of noble pleasures and of mundane amusements. And still, after so many centuries of such a grand and brilliant career, France has not yet attained the end to which she ever aspired, to which all civilized communities aspire, and that is, order in the midst of movement, security and liberty united and lasting. She has had shortcomings which have prevented her from reaping the full advantage of her merits; she has committed faults which have involved her in reverses. Two things, essential to political prosperity amongst communities of men, have hitherto been to seek in her; predominance of public spirit over the spirit of

caste or of profession, and moderation and fixity in respect of national ambition both at home and abroad. France has been a victim to the personal passions of her chiefs and to her own reckless changeability.

We are entering upon the history of a period and a reign during which this intermixture of merits and demerits, of virtues and vices, of progress and backsliding, was powerfully and attractively exhibited amongst the French. Francis I., his government and his times commence the era of modern France, and bring clearly to view the causes of her greatness and her weaknesses.

Francis I had received from God all the gifts that can adorn a man: he was handsome and tall and strong; his armor, preserved in the Louvre, is that of a man six feet high; his eyes were brilliant and soft, his smile was gracious, his manners were winning. From his very childhood he showed that he had wits, enterprise, skill, and boldness. He was but seven years old when "on the day of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25, 1501, about two p.m., my king, my lord, my Cæsar, and my son, was run away with, near Amboise, by a hackney which had been given him by Marshal de Gyé; and so great was the danger that those who were present thought it was all over; howbeit God, the protector of widowed women and the defender of orphans, foreseeing things to come, was pleased not to forsake me, knowing that, if accident had so suddenly deprived me of my love, I should have been too utter a wretch." Such is the account given of this little incident by his mother, Louise of Savoy, who was at that time habitually kept, by Anne of Brittany's jealousy, at a distance from Paris and the court [*Journal de Louise de Savoie*, in the Petitot collection of *Mémoires sur l'Histoire de France*, series I. t. xvi. p. 390]. Some years later the young prince, who had become an ardent huntsman, took the fancy into his head one day to let loose in the courtyard of the castle of Amboise a wild boar which he had just caught in the forest. The animal came to a door; burst it open with a blow of his snout and walked up into the apartments. Those who were there took to their heels; but Francis went after the boar, came up with him, killed him with a sword-thrust and sent him rolling down the staircase into the courtyard. When, in 1513, Louis XII. sent for the young duke of Angoulême and bade him go and defend Picardy against the English, Francis had scarcely done anything beyond so employing his natural gifts as to delight the

little court of which he was the centre: an estimable trait, but very insufficient for the government of a people.

When two years afterwards, on the 1st of January, 1515, he ascended the throne before he had attained his one and twentieth year, it was a brilliant and brave but spoilt child that became king. He had been under the governance of Artus Gouffier, sire de Boisy, a nobleman of Poitou, who had exerted himself to make his royal pupil a loyal knight well trained in the moral code and all the graces of knighthood, but without drawing his attention to more serious studies or preparing him for the task of government. The young Francis d'Angoulême lived and was moulded under the influence of two women, his mother Louise of Savoy and his eldest sister Marguerite, who both of them loved and adored him with passionate idolatry. It has been shown in what terms Louise of Savoy, in her daily collection of private memoranda, used to speak to herself of her son, "My king, my lord, my Cæsar, and my son!" She was proud, ambitious, audacious or pliant at need, and able and steadfast in mind, violent and dissolute in her habits, greedy of pleasure and of money as well as of power, so that she gave her son neither moral principles nor a moral example: for him the supreme kingship, for herself the rank, influence and wealth of a queen-mother, and, for both, greatness that might subserve the gratification of their passions—this was all her dream and all her aim as a mother. Of quite another sort were the character and sentiments of Marguerite de Valois. She was born on the 11th of April, 1492, and was, therefore, only two years older than her brother Francis; but her more delicate nature was sooner and more richly cultivated and developed. She was brought up "with strictness by a most excellent and most venerable dame, in whom all the virtues, at rivalry one with another, existed together" [Madame de Châtillon, whose deceased husband had been the governor to King Charles VIII.]. As she was discovered to have rare intellectual gifts and a very keen relish for learning, she was provided with every kind of preceptors who made her proficient in *profane letters*, as they were then called. Marguerite learnt Latin, Greek, philosophy, and especially theology. "At fifteen years of age," says a contemporary, "the spirit of God began to manifest itself in her eyes, in her face, in her walk, in her speech, and generally in all her actions." "She had a heart," says Brantôme, "mightily devoted to God, and she loved mightily to compose spiritual songs. . . . She also devoted

herself to letters in her young days and continued them as long as she lived, loving and conversing with, in the time of her greatness, the most learned folks of her brother's kingdom, who honored her so that they called her their Mæcenaz." Learning, however, was far from absorbing the whole of this young soul. "She," says a contemporary, "had an agreeable voice of touching tone which roused the tender inclinations that there are in the heart." Tenderness, a passionate tenderness, very early assumed the chief place in Marguerite's soul, and the first object of it was her brother Francis. When mother, son, and sister were spoken of they were called a Trinity, and to this Marguerite herself bore witness when she said with charming modesty:

"Such boon is mine, to feel the amity
That God hath putten in our trinity,
Wherein to make a third, I, all unfitted
To be that number's shadow, am admitted."

Marguerite it was for whom this close communion of three persons had the most dolorous consequences: we shall fall in with her more than once in the course of this history; but, whether or no, she was assuredly the best of this princely trio, and Francis I. was the most *spoilt* by it. There is nothing more demoralizing than to be an idol.

The first acts of his government were sensible and of good omen. He confirmed or renewed the treaties or truces which Louis XII., at the close of his reign, had concluded with the Venetians, the Swiss, the pope, the king of England, the archduke Charles and the emperor Maximilian, in order to restore peace to his kingdom. At home Francis I. maintained at his council the principal and most tried servants of his predecessor, amongst others the finance-minister, Florimond Robertet; and he raised to four the number of the marshals of France, in order to confer that dignity on Bayard's valiant friend, James of Chabannes, lord of la Palice, who even under Louis XII. had been entitled by the Spaniards "the great marshal of France." At the same time he exalted to the highest offices in the State two new men, Charles, duke of Bourbon, who was still a mere youth but already a warrior of renown, and Anthony Duprat, the able premier president of the parliament of Paris; the former he made constable, and the latter chancellor of France. His mother, Louise of Savoy, was not unconcerned, it is said, in both promotions; she was supposed to feel for the young constable something more than

friendship, and she regarded the veteran magistrate, not without reason, as the man most calculated to unreservedly subserve the interests of the kingly power and her own.

These measures, together with the language and the behavior of Francis I. and the care he took to conciliate all who approached him, made a favorable impression on France and on Europe. In Italy, especially, princes as well as people, and Pope Leo X. before all, flattered themselves, or were pleased to appear as if they flattered themselves, that war would not come near them again, and that the young king had his heart set only on making Burgundy secure against sudden and outrageous attacks from the Swiss. The aged king of Spain, Ferdinand the Catholic, adopting the views of his able minister, Cardinal Ximenes, alone showed distrust and anxiety. "Go not to sleep," said he to his former allies: "a single instant is enough to bring the French in the wake of their master whithersoever he pleases to lead them; is it merely to defend Burgundy that the king of France is adding fifteen hundred lances to his men-at-arms and that a huge train of artillery is defiling into Lyonness and little by little approaching the mountains?" Ferdinand urged the pope, the emperor Maximilian, the Swiss, and Maximilian Sforza duke of Milan, to form a league for the defence of Italy; but Leo X. persisted in his desire of remaining or appearing neutral, as the common father of the faithful. Meanwhile, the French ambassador at Rome, William Budé, "a man," says Guicciardini, "of probably unique erudition amongst the men of our day," and, besides, a man of keen and sagacious intellect, was unfolding the secret working of Italian diplomacy and sending to Paris demands for his recall, saying, "Withdraw me from this court full of falsehoods; this is a residence too much out of my element." The answer was that he should have patience and still negotiate; for France, meeting ruse by ruse, was willing to be considered hoodwinked, whilst the eyes of the pope, diverted by a hollow negotiation, were prevented from seeing the peril which was gathering round the Italian league and its declared or secret champions. [Gaillard, *Histoire de François 1er*, t. i. p. 208].

Neither the king nor the pope had for long to take the trouble of practising mutual deception. It was announced at Rome that Francis I., having arrived at Lyons in July, 1515, had just committed to his mother Louise the regency of the kingdom and was pushing forward towards the Alps an army

of sixty thousand men and a powerful artillery. He had won over to his service Octavian Fregoso, doge of Genoa; and Barthelemy d'Alviano, the veteran general of his allies the Venetians, was encamped with his troops within hail of Verona, ready to support the French in the struggle he foresaw. Francis I., on his side, was informed that twenty thousand Swiss, commanded by the Roman, Prosper Colonna, were guarding the passes of the Alps in order to shut him out from Milaness. At the same time he received the news that the cardinal of Sion, his most zealous enemy in connection with the Roman Church, was devotedly employing, with the secret support of the emperor Maximilian, his influence and his preaching for the purpose of raising in Switzerland a second army of from twenty to five and twenty thousand men to be launched against him, if necessary, in Italy. A Spanish and Roman army under the orders of Don Raymond of Cardone, rested motionless at some distance from the Po, waiting for events and for orders prescribing the part they were to take. It was clear that Francis I., though he had been but six months king, was resolved and impatient to resume in Italy, and first of all in Milaness, the war of invasion and conquest which had been engaged in by Charles VIII. and Louis XII.: and the league of all the States of Italy, save Venice and Genoa, with the pope for their half-hearted patron and the Swiss for their fighting men, were collecting their forces to repel the invader.

It was the month of August; the snow was diminishing and melting away among the Alps; and the king, with the main body of the army, joined at Embrun the constable de Bourbon, who commanded the advance-guard. But the two passes of mount Cenis and mount Ginevra were strongly guarded by the Swiss, and others were sought for a little more to the south. A shepherd, a chamois-hunter, pointed out one whereby, he said, the mountains might be crossed, and a descent made upon the plains of the marquisate of Saluzzo. The young constable went in person to examine the spots pointed out by the shepherd; and, the statement having been verified, it did not seem impossible to get the whole army over, even the heavy artillery; and they essayed this unknown road. At several points, abysses had to be filled up, temporary bridges built, and enormous rocks pierced; the men-at-arms marched on foot, with great difficulty dragging their horses; with still greater difficulty the infantry hauled the cannon over holes in completely stopped and fragments of yawning rock. Captains

and soldiers set to work together; no labor seems too hard to eager hope; and in five days the mountain was overcome, and the army caught sight of the plain where the enemy might be encountered. A small body of four hundred men-at-arms, led by marshal de Chabannes, were the first to descend into it; and among them was Bayard. "Marshal," said he to Chabannes, "we are told that over the Po yonder is sir Prosper Colonna, with two thousand horse, in a town called Villafranca, apprehending naught and thinking of naught but gaudies. We must wake up his wits a little, and this moment get into the saddle with all our troops, that he be not warned by any." "Sir Bayard," said the marshal, "it is right well said; but how shall we cross the river Po which is so impetuous and broad?" "Sir," said Bayard, "here is my lord de Morette's brother, who knows the ford; he shall cross first and I after him." So they mounted their horses, crossed the Po, and "were soon there, where sir Prosper Colonna was at table and was dining, as likewise were all his folk." Bayard, who marched first, found the archers on guard in front of the Italian leader's quarters, "Yield you and utter no sound," cried he, "else you are dead men." Some set about defending themselves; the rest ran to warn Colonna, saying, "Up, sir; for here are the French in a great troop already at this door." "Lads," said Colonna to them, "keep this door a little till we get some armour on to defend ourselves." But whilst the fight was going on at the door Bayard had the windows scaled, and, entering first, cried out, "Where are you, sir Prosper? Yield you; else you are a dead man." "Sir Frenchman, who is your captain?" asked Colonna. "I am, sir." "Your name, captain?" "Sir, I am one Bayard of France, and here are the lord of la Palice, and the lords d'Aubigny and d'Himbercourt, the flower of the captains of France." Colonna surrendered, cursing Fortune, "the mother of all sorrow and affliction, who had taken away his wits, and because he had not been warned of their coming, for he would at least have made his capture a dear one;" and he added, "it seems a thing divinely done; four noble knights at once, with their comrades at their backs, to take one Roman noble!"

Francis I. and the main body of his army had also arrived at the eastern foot of the Alps and were advancing into the plains of the country of Saluzzo and Piedmont. The Swiss, dumb-founded at so unexpected an apparition, fell back to Novara, the scene of that victory which two years previously had made

them so proud. A rumor spread that negotiation was possible, and that the question of Milaness might be settled without fighting. The majority of the French captains repudiated the idea, but the king entertained it. His first impulses were sympathetic and generous: "I would not purchase," said he to Marshal de Lautrec, "with the blood of my subjects, or even with that of my enemies, what I can pay for with money." Parleys were commenced; and an agreement was hit upon with conditions on which the Swiss would withdraw from Italy and resume alliance with the French. A sum of 700,000 crowns, it was said, was the chief condition; and the king and the captains of his army gave all they had, even to their plate, for the first installment which Lautrec was ordered to convey to Bufalora, where the Swiss were to receive it. But it was suddenly announced that the second army of twenty thousand Swiss, which the cardinal of Sion had succeeded in raising, had entered Italy by the valley of the Ticino. They formed a junction with their countrymen; the cardinal recommenced his zealous preaching against the French; the new-comers rejected the stipulated arrangements; and, confident in their united strength, all the Swiss made common accord. Lautrec, warned in time, took with all speed his way back to the French army, carrying away with him the money he had been charged to pay over; the Venetian general, d'Alviano, went to the French camp to concert with the king measures for the movements of his troops; and on both sides nothing was thought of but the delivery of a battle.

On the 13th of September, 1515, about mid-day, the constable de Bourbon gave notice to the king, encamped at Melegnano [a town about three leagues from Milan], that the Swiss, sallying in large masses from Milan, at the noisy summons of the *bull of Uri* and the *cow of Unterwalden*, were advancing to attack. "The king, who was purposing to sit down to supper, left it on the spot and went off straight towards the enemy who were already engaged in skirmishing, which lasted a long while before they were at the great game. The king had great numbers of Lanzknechts, the which would fain have done a bold deed in crossing a ditch to go after the Swiss; but these latter let seven or eight ranks cross and then thrust you them back in such sort that all that had crossed got hurled into the ditch. The said lanzknechts were mighty frightened; and, but for the aid of a troop of men-at-arms, amongst the which was the good knight Bayard, who bore down right through the Swiss, there

had been a sad disaster there, for it was now night, and night knows no shame. A band of Swiss came passing in front of the king, who charged them gallantly. There was heavy fighting there and much danger to the king's person, for his great *buffle* [the top of the vizor of his helmet] was pierced, so as to let in daylight, by the thrust of a pike. It was now so late that they could not see one another; and the Swiss were, for this evening, forced to retire on the one side and the French on the other. They lodged as they could; but well I trow that none did rest at ease. The king of France, put as good a face on matters as the least of all his soldiers did, for he remained all night a-horseback like the rest (according to other accounts he had a little sleep, lying on a gun-carriage). On the morrow at daybreak the Swiss were for beginning again, and they came straight towards the French artillery, from which they had a good peppering. Howbeit, never did men fight better, and the affair lasted three or four good hours. At last they were broken and beaten, and there were left on the field ten or twelve thousand of them. The remainder, in pretty good order along a high road, withdrew to Milan, whither they were pursued sword-in-hand" [*Histoire du bon Chevalier sans Peur et sans Reproche*, t. ii. pp. 99—102].

The very day after the battle Francis I. wrote to his mother the regent a long account, alternately ingenuous and eloquent, in which the details are set forth with all the complacency of a brave young man who is speaking of the first great affair in which he has been engaged and in which he did himself honor. The victory of Melegnano was the most brilliant day in the annals of this reign. Old Marshal Trivulzio, who had taken part in seventeen battles, said that this was a strife of giants, beside which all the rest were but child's play. On the very battle-field, "before making and creating knights of those who had done him good service, Francis I. was pleased to have himself made knight by the hand of Bayard. 'Sir,' said Bayard, 'the king of so noble a realm, he who has been crowned, consecrated and anointed with oil sent down from heaven, he who is the eldest son of the Church, is knight over all other knights.' 'Bayard, my friend,' said the king, 'make haste; we must have no laws or canons quoted here; do my bidding.' 'Assuredly, sir,' said Bayard, 'I will do it, since it is your pleasure,' and, taking his sword, 'avail it as much,' said he, 'as if I were Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or his brother Baldwin; please God, sir, that in war you may never take flight!' and,

holding up his sword in the air, he cried, 'assuredly, my good sword, thou shalt be well guarded as a relic and honored above all others for having this day conferred upon so handsome and puissant a king the order of chivalry; and never will I wear thee more if it be not against Turks, Moors, and Saracens!' Whereupon he gave two bounds and thrust his sword into the sheath." [*Les Gestes et la Vie du Chevalier Bayard*, by Champier, in the *Archives curieuses de l'Histoire de France*, Series I. t. ii. p. 160.]

The effect of the victory of Melegnano was great, in Italy primarily, but also throughout Europe. It was, at the commencement of a new reign and under the impulse communicated by a young king, an event which seemed to be decisive and likely to remain so for a long while. Of all the sovereigns engaged in the Italian league against Francis I. he who was most anxious to appear temperate and almost neutral, namely Leo X., was precisely he who was most surprised and most troubled by it. When he knew that a battle was on the eve of being fought between the French and the Swiss, he could not conceal his anxiety and his desire that the Swiss might be victorious. The Venetian ambassador at Rome, Marino Giorgi, whose feelings were quite the other way, took, in his diplomatic capacity, a malicious pleasure in disquieting him. "Holy Father," said he, "the most Christian king is there in person with the most warlike and best appointed of armies; the Swiss are afoot and ill armed, and I am doubtful of their gaining the day." "But the Swiss are valiant soldiers, are they not?" said the pope. "Were it not better, holy father," rejoined the ambassador, "that they should show their valor against the infidel?" When the news of the battle arrived, the ambassador, in grand array, repaired to the pope's; and the people who saw him passing by in such state said, "The news is certainly true." On reaching the pope's apartment the ambassador met the chamberlain, who told him that the holy father was still asleep. "Wake him," said he; but the other refused. "Do as I tell you," insisted the ambassador. The chamberlain went in; and the pope, only half-dressed, soon sallied from his room. "Holy father," said the Venetian, "your Holiness yesterday gave me some bad news which was false; to-day I have to give you some good news which is true: the Swiss are beaten." The pope read the letters brought by the ambassador and some other letters also. "What will come of it, for us and for you?" asked the pope. "For us," was the answer, "nothing but

good, since we are with the Most Christian king; and your Holiness will not have aught of evil to suffer." "Sir ambassador," rejoined the pope, "we will see what the Most Christian king will do; we will place ourselves in his hands, demanding mercy of him." "Holy father, your Holiness will not come to the least harm, any more than the holy See: is not the Most Christian king the Church's own son?" And in the account given of this interview to the Senate of Venice the ambassador added, "The holy father is a good sort of man, a man of great liberality and of a happy disposition; but he would not like the idea of having to give himself much trouble."

Leo X. made up his mind without much trouble to accept accomplished facts. When he had been elected pope, he had said to his brother, Julian de' Medici, "Enjoy we the papacy, since God hath given it us" [*Godiamosci il papato, poiche Dio ci l' ha dato*]. He appeared to have no further thought than how to pluck from the event the advantages he could discover in it. His allies all set him an example of resignation. On the 15th of September, the day after the battle, the Swiss took the road back to their mountains. Francis I. entered Milan in triumph. Maximilian Sforza took refuge in the castle, and twenty days afterwards, on the 4th of October, surrendered, consenting to retire to France with a pension of thirty thousand crowns, and the promise of being recommended for a cardinal's hat, and almost consoled for his downfall "by the pleasure of being delivered from the insolence of the Swiss, the exactions of the emperor Maximilian, and the rascalities of the Spaniards." Fifteen years afterwards, in June, 1530, he died in oblivion at Paris. Francis I. regained possession of all Milaness, adding thereto, with the pope's consent, the duchies of Parma and Piacenza, which had been detached from it in 1512. Two treaties, one of November 7, 1515, and the other of November 29, 1516, re-established not only peace but perpetual alliance between the king of France and the thirteen Swiss cantons, with stipulated conditions in detail. Whilst these negotiations were in progress, Francis I. and Leo X., by a treaty published at Viterbo on the 13th of October, proclaimed their hearty reconciliation. The pope guaranteed to Francis I. the duchy of Milan, restored to him those of Parma and Piacenza, and recalled his troops which were still serving against the Venetians; being careful, however, to cover his concessions by means of forms and pretexts which gave them the character of a neces-

sity submitted to rather than that of an independent and definite engagement. Francis I., on his side, guaranteed to the pope all the possessions of the Church, renounced the patronage of the petty princes of the ecclesiastical estate, and promised to uphold the family of the Medici in the position it had held at Florence since, with the king of Spain's aid, in 1512, it had recovered the dominion there at the expense of the party of republicans and friends of France.

The king of France and the pope had to discuss together questions far more important on both sides than those which had just been thus settled by their accredited agents. When they signed the treaty of Viterbo, it was agreed that the two sovereigns should have a personal interview, at which they should come to an arrangement upon points of which they had as yet said nothing. Rome seemed the place most naturally adapted for this interview; but the pope did not wish that Francis I. should go and display his triumph there. Besides, he foresaw that the king would speak to him about the kingdom of Naples, the conquest of which was evidently premeditated by the king; and when Francis I., having arrived at Rome, had already done half the journey, Leo X. feared that it would be more difficult to divert him. He resolved to make to the king a show of deference to conceal his own disquietude; and offered to go and meet him at Bologna, the town in the Roman States which was nearest to Milaness. Francis accepted the offer. The pope arrived on the 8th of December, 1515, and the king the next day. After the public ceremonies, at which the king showed eagerness to tender to the pope acts of homage which the pope was equally eager to curtail without repelling them, the two sovereigns conversed about the two questions which were uppermost in their minds. Francis did not attempt to hide his design of reconquering the kingdom of Naples, which Ferdinand the Catholic had wrongfully usurped, and he demanded the pope's countenance. The pope did not care to refuse, but he pointed out to the king that everything foretold the very near death of King Ferdinand; and "Your majesty," said he, "will then have a natural opportunity for claiming your rights; and as for me, free, as I shall then be, from my engagements with the king of Arragon in respect of the crown of Naples, I shall find it easier to respond to your majesty's wish." The pope merely wanted to gain time. Francis, setting aside for the moment the kingdom of Naples, spoke of Charles VII.'s *Pragmatic Sanction*, and the necessity

of putting an end to the difficulties which had arisen on this subject between the court of Rome and the kings of France, his predecessors. "As to that," said the pope, "I could not grant what your predecessors demanded; but be not uneasy, I have a compensation to propose to you which will prove to you how dear your interests are to me." The two sovereigns had, without doubt, already come to an understanding on this point, when, after a three days' interview with Leo X., Francis I. returned to Milan, leaving at Bologna, for the purpose of treating in detail the affair of the *Pragmatic Sanction*, his chancellor, Duprat, who had accompanied him during all his campaign as his adviser and negotiator.

In him the king had, under the name and guise of premier magistrate of the realm, a servant whose bold and complaisant abilities he was not slow to recognize and to put in use. Being irritated "for that many, not having the privilege of sportsmen, do take beasts both red and black, as hares, pheasants, partridges, and other game, thus frustrating us of our diversion and pastime that we take in the chase," Francis I. issued in March, 1516, an ordinance which decreed against poachers the most severe penalties and even death, and which granted "to all princes, lords and gentlemen possessing forests or warrens in the realm the right of upholding therein by equally severe punishments the exclusive privileges of their preserves." The Parliament made remonstrances against such excessive rigor and refused to register the ordinance. The chancellor, Duprat, insisted, and even threatened: "To the king alone," said he, "belongs the right of regulating the administration of his State; obey, or the king will see in you only rebels whom he will know how to chastise." For a year the Parliament held out; but the chancellor persisted more obstinately in having his way and, on the 11th of February, 1517, the ordinance was registered under a formal order from the king to which the name was given of "letters of command." At the commencement of the war for the conquest of Milaness there was a want of money, and Francis I. hesitated to so soon impose new taxes. Duprat gave a scandalous extension to a practice which had been for a long while in use, but had always been reprobated and sometimes formally prohibited, namely, the sale of public appointments or offices: not only did he create a multitude of financial and administrative offices, the sale of which brought considerable sums into the treasury, but he introduced the abuse into the very heart of

the judicial body; the tribunals were encumbered by newly-created magistrates. The Estates of Languedoc complained in vain. The Parliament of Paris was in its turn attacked. In 1521, three councillors, recently nominated, were convicted of having paid, one 3800 livres, and the two others 6000 livres. The Parliament refused to admit them. Duprat protested. The necessities of the State, he said, made borrowing obligatory; and the king was free to prefer in his selections those of his subjects who showed most zeal for his service. Parliament persisted in its refusals. Duprat resolved to strike a great blow. An edict of January 31, 1522, created within the Parliament a fourth chamber composed of eighteen councillors and two presidents, all of fresh and, no doubt, venal appointment, though the edict dared not avow as much. Two great personages, the archbishop of Aix and Marshal de Montmorenci, were charged to present the edict to Parliament and require its registration. The Parliament demanded time for deliberation. It kept an absolute silence for six weeks, and at last presented an address to the queen-mother, trying to make her comprehend the harm such acts did to the importance of the magistracy and to her son's government. Louise appeared touched by these representations and promised to represent their full weight to the king, "if the Parliament will consent to point out to me of itself any other means of readily raising the sum of 120,000 livres which the king absolutely cannot do without." The struggle was prolonged until the Parliament declared "that it could not, without offending God and betraying its own conscience, proceed to the registration; but that, if it were the king's pleasure to be obeyed at any price, he had only to depute his chancellor or some other great personage, in whose presence and on whose requirement the registration should take place. Chancellor Duprat did not care to undertake this commission in person. Count de St. Pol, governor of Paris, was charged with it, and the Court caused to be written at the bottom of the letters of command, "Read and published in presence of Count de St. Pol, especially deputed for this purpose, who ordered *vivâ voce*, in the king's name, that they be executed."

Thus began to be implanted in that which should be the most respected and the most independent amongst the functions of government, namely, the administration of justice, not only the practice but the fundamental maxim of absolute government. "I am going to the court, and I will speak the

truth; after which the king will have to be obeyed," was said in the middle of the seventeenth century by the premier president Molé to Cardinal de Retz. Chancellor Duprat, if we are not mistaken, was, in the sixteenth century, the first chief of the French magistracy to make use of language despotic not only in fact but also in principle. President Molé was but the head of a body invested, so far as the king was concerned, with the right of remonstrance and resistance; when once that right was exercised, he might, without servility, give himself up to resignation. Chancellor Duprat was the delegate, the organ, the representative of the king; it was in the name of the king himself that he affirmed the absolute power of the kingship and the absolute duty of submission. Francis I. could not have committed the negotiation with Leo X. in respect of Charles VII.'s *Pragmatic Sanction* to a man with more inclination and better adapted for the work to be accomplished.

The *Pragmatic Sanction* had three principal objects:—

1. To uphold the liberties and the influence of the faithful in the government of the Church, by sanctioning their right to elect ministers of the Christian faith, especially parish priests and bishops;

2. To guarantee the liberties and rights of the Church herself in her relations with her Head, the pope, by proclaiming the necessity for the regular intervention of councils and their superiority in regard to the pope;

3. To prevent or reform abuses in the relations of the papacy with the State and Church of France in the matter of ecclesiastical tribute, especially as to the receipt by the pope, under the name of *annates*, of the first year's revenue of the different ecclesiastical offices and benefices.

In the fifteenth century it was the general opinion in France, in State and in Church, that there was in these dispositions nothing more than the primitive and traditional liberties and rights of the Christian Church. There was no thought of imposing upon the papacy any new regimen, but only of defending the old and legitimate regimen, recognized and upheld by St. Louis in the thirteenth century as well as by Charles VII. in the fifteenth.

The popes, nevertheless, had all of them protested since the days of Charles VII. against the *Pragmatic Sanction* as an attack upon their rights, and had demanded its abolition. In 1461, Louis XI., as has already been shown, had yielded for a moment to the demand of Pope Pius II., whose countenance he

desired to gain, and had abrogated the *Pragmatic*; but, not having obtained what he wanted thereby and having met with strong opposition in the Parliament of Paris to his concession, he had let it drop without formally retracting it, and, instead of engaging in a conflict with Parliament upon the point, he thought it no bad plan for the magistracy to uphold in principle and enforce in fact the regulations of the *Pragmatic Sanction*. This important edict, then, was still vigorous in 1515, when Francis I., after his victory at Melegnano and his reconciliation with the pope, left Chancellor Duprat at Bologna to pursue the negotiation reopened on that subject. The *compensation*, of which Leo X., on redemanding the abolition of the *Pragmatic Sanction*, had given a peep to Francis I., could not fail to have charms for a prince so little scrupulous and for his still less scrupulous chancellor. The pope proposed that the *Pragmatic*, once for all abolished, should be replaced by a *Concordat* between the two sovereigns and that this *Concordat*, whilst putting a stop to the election of the clergy by the faithful, should transfer to the king the right of nomination to bishoprics and other great ecclesiastical offices and benefices, reserving to the pope the right of presentation of prelates nominated by the king. This, considering the condition of society and government in the sixteenth century, in the absence of political and religious liberty, was to take away from the Church her own existence and divide her between two masters, without giving her, as regarded either of them, any other guarantee of independence than the mere chance of their dissensions and quarrels.

Egotism, even in kings, has often narrow and short-sighted views. It was calculated that there were in France at this period ten archbishoprics, eighty-three bishoprics, and five hundred and twenty-seven abbeys. Francis I. and his chancellor saw in the proposed *Concordat* nothing but the great increment of influence it secured to them, by making all the dignitaries of the Church supplicants at first and then clients of the kingdom. After some difficulties as to points of detail, the *Concordat* was concluded and signed on the 18th of August, 1516. Five months afterwards, on the 5th of February, 1517, the king repaired in person to Parliament, to which he had summoned many prelates and doctors of the University. The chancellor explained the points of the *Concordat*, and recapitulated all the facts which, according to him, had made it necessary. The king ordered its registration, "for the good of his kingdom and

for quittance of the promise he had given the pope." Parliament on one side, and the prelates and doctors of the University on the other, deliberated upon this demand. Their first answer was that, as the matter concerned the interest of the whole Gallican Church, they could not themselves decide about it, and that the Church, assembled in national council, alone had the right of pronouncing judgment. "Oho! so you cannot," said the king; "I will soon let you see that you can, or I will send you all to Rome to give the pope your reasons." To the question of conscience the Parliament found thenceforth added the question of dignity. The magistrates raised difficulties in point of form, and asked for time to discuss the matter fundamentally; and deputies went to carry their request to the king. He admitted the propriety of delay, but with this comment: "I know that there are in my Parliament good sort of men, wise men; but I also know that there are turbulent and rash fools; I have my eye upon them; and I am informed of the language they dare to hold about my conduct. I am king as my predecessors were; and I mean to be obeyed as they were. You are constantly vamping to me about Louis XII. and his love of justice; know ye that justice is as dear to me as it was to him; but that king, just as he was, often drove out from the kingdom rebels, though they were members of Parliament; do not force me to imitate him in his severity." Parliament entered upon a fundamental examination of the question; their deliberations lasted from the 13th to the 24th of July, 1517; and the conclusion they came to was that Parliament could not, and ought not to register the *Concordat*; that, if the king persisted in his intention of making it a law of the realm, he must employ the same means as Charles VII. had employed for establishing the *Pragmatic Sanction*, and that, therefore, he must summon a general council. On the 14th of January, 1518, two councillors arrived at Amboise, bringing to the king the representations of the Parliament. When their arrival was announced to the king, "Before I receive them," said he, "I will drag them about at my heels as long as they have made me wait." He received them, however, and handed their representations over to the chancellor, bidding him to reply to them. Duprat made a learned and specious reply, but one which left intact the question of right, and, at bottom, merely defended the *Concordat* on the ground of the king's good pleasure and requirements of policy. On the last day of February, 1518, the king gave audience to the deputies, and handed them

the chancellor's reply. They asked to examine it. "You shall not examine it," said the king; "this would degenerate into an endless process. A hundred of your heads, in Parliament, have been seven months and more painfully getting up these representations which my chancellor has blown to the winds in a few days. There is but one king in France; I have done all I could to restore peace to my kingdom; and I will not allow nullification here of that which I brought about with so much difficulty in Italy. My Parliament would set up for a Venetian Senate; let it confine its meddling to the cause of justice, which is worse administered than it has been for a hundred years; I ought, perhaps, to drag it about at my heels, like the Grand Council, and watch more closely over its conduct." The two deputies made an attempt to prolong their stay at Amboise: but, "If before six to-morrow morning," said the king, "they be not gone, I will send some archers to take them and cast them into a dungeon for six months; and woe to whoever dares to speak to me for them!"

On returning to Paris the deputies were beginning to give their fellows an account of how harsh a reception they met with, when Louis de la Trémoille, the most respected amongst the chiefs of the army, entered the hall. He came by order of the king to affirm to the Parliament that to dismiss the *Concordat* was to renew the war and that it must obey on the instant or profess open rebellion. Parliament upheld its decision of July 24, 1517, against the *Concordat*, at the same time begging la Trémoille to write to the king to persuade him, if he insisted upon registration, to send some person of note or to commission la Trémoille himself to be present at the act and to see endorsed upon the *Concordat*, "Read, published, and registered at the king's most express command several times repeated, in presence of . . . , specially deputed by him for that purpose." La Trémoille hesitated to write, and exhibited the letters whereby the king urged him to execute the strict orders laid upon him. "What are those orders, then?" asked the premier president. "That is the king's secret," answered la Trémoille: "I may not reveal it; all that I can tell you is that I should never have peace of mind if you forced me to carry them out." The Parliament in its excitement begged la Trémoille to withdraw and sent for him back almost immediately. "Choose," said the premier president to him, "between Saturday or Monday next to be present at the registration." La Trémoille chose Monday, wishing to allow himself time for an

answer even yet from the king. But no new instructions came to him; and on the 22nd of March, 1518, Parliament proceeded to registration of the *Concordat*, with the forms and reservations which they had announced and which were evidence of compulsion. The other Parliaments of France followed with more or less zeal, according to their own particular dispositions, the example shown by that of Paris. The University was heartily disposed to push resistance farther than had been done by Parliament: its rector caused to be placarded on the 27th of March, 1518, in the streets of Paris, an order forbidding all printers and booksellers to print the *Concordat* on pain of losing their connection with the University. The king commanded informations to be filed against the authors and placarders of the order, and, on the 27th of April, sent to the Parliament an edict, which forbade the University to meddle in any matter of public police, or to hold any assembly touching such matters, under pain, as to the whole body, of having its privileges revoked, and, as to individuals, of banishment and confiscation. The king's party demanded of Parliament registration of this edict. Parliament confined itself to writing to the king, agreeing that the University had no right to meddle in affairs of government, but adding that there were strong reasons, of which it would give an account whenever the king should please to order, why it, the Parliament, should refuse registration of the edict. It does not appear that the king ever asked for such account or that his wrath against the University was more obstinately manifested. The *Concordat* was registered, and Francis I., after having achieved an official victory over the magistrates, had small stomach for pursuing extreme measures against the men of letters.

We have seen that in the course of the fifteenth century, there were made in France two able and patriotic attempts: the *Pragmatic Sanction*, in 1458, under Charles VII., and the *States General* of 1484, under Charles VIII. We do not care to discuss here all the dispositions of those acts; some of them were, indeed questionable; but they both of them, one in respect of the Church and the other of the State, aimed at causing France to make a great stride towards a national, free and legalized regimen, to which French feudal society had never known how or been willing to adjust itself. These two attempts failed. It would be unjust to lay the blame on the contemporary governments. Charles VII. was in earnest about the *Pragmatic Sanction* which he submitted to the deliberations

and votes of a national council; and Louis XI., after having for a while given it up to the pope, retraced his steps and left it in force. As to the *States General* of 1484, neither the regent, Anne de Beaujeu, nor Charles VIII. offered the slightest hindrance to their deliberations and their votes; and if Louis XII. did not convoke the States afresh, he constantly strove in the government of his kingdom to render them homage and give them satisfaction. We may feel convinced that, considering the social and intellectual condition of France at this time, these two patriotic attempts were premature; but a good policy, being premature, is not on that account alone condemned to failure; what it wants is time to get itself comprehended, appreciated, and practised gradually and consistently. If the successors of Louis XII. had acted in the same spirit and with the same view as their predecessor, France would probably have made progress in this salutary path. But exactly the contrary took place. Instead of continuing a more and more free and legal regimen, Francis I. and his chancellor, Duprat, loudly proclaimed and practised the maxims of absolute power; in the Church, the *Pragmatic Sanction* was abolished; and in the State, Francis I., during a reign of thirty-two years, did not once convoke the States General and labored only to set up the sovereign right of his own sole will. The Church was despoiled of her electoral autonomy; and the magistracy, treated with haughty and silly impertinence, was vanquished and humiliated in the exercise of its right of remonstrance. The *Concordat* of 1516, was not the only but it was the gravest pact of alliance concluded between the papacy and the French kingship for the promotion mutually of absolute power.

Whilst this question formed the subject of disputes in France between the great public authorities, there was springing up, outside of France, between the great European Powers another not more grave in regard to a distant future, but more threatening in regard to the present peace of nations. King Ferdinand the Catholic had died on the 23rd of January, 1516; and his grandson and successor, Archduke Charles, anxious to go and take possession of the throne of Spain, had hastily concluded with Francis I., on the 13th of August, 1516, at Noyon, a treaty intended to settle differences between the two crowns as to the kingdoms of Naples and Navarre. The French and Spanish plenipotentiaries, sires de Boisy and de Chièvres, were still holding meetings at Montpellier, trying to come to

an understanding about the execution of this treaty, when the death of Emperor Maximilian at Wels in Austria on the 12th of January, 1519, occurred to add the vacant throne of a great Power to the two second-rate thrones already in dispute between two powerful princes. Three claimants, Charles of Austria, who was the new king of Spain, Francis I., and Henry VIII., king of England, aspired to this splendid heritage. In 1517 Maximilian himself, in one of his fits of temper and impecuniosity had offered to abdicate and give up the imperial dignity to Henry VIII. for a good round sum; but the king of England's envoy, Dr. Cuthbert Tunstall, a staunch and clear-sighted servant, who had been sent to Germany to deal with this singular proposal, opened his master's eyes to its hollowness and falsehood, and Henry VIII. held himself aloof. Francis I. remained the only rival of Charles of Austria; Maximilian labored eagerly to pave the way for his grandson's success; and at his death the struggle between the two claimants had already become so keen that Francis I., on hearing the news, exclaimed, "I will spend three millions to be elected emperor, and I swear that, three years after the election, I will be either at Constantinople or dead."

The Turks, who had been since 1453 settled at Constantinople, were the terror of Christian Europe; and Germany especially had need of a puissant and valiant defender against them. Francis I. calculated that the Christians of Germany and Hungary would see in him, the king of France and the victor of Melegnano, their most imposing and most effectual champion.

Having a superficial mind and being full of vain confidence, Francis I. was mistaken about the forces and chances on his side as well as about the real and natural interests of France and also his own. There was no call for him to compromise himself in this electoral struggle of kings and in a distant war against triumphant Islamry. He miscalculated the strong position and personal valor of the rival with whom he would have to measure swords. Charles of Austria was but nineteen and Francis I. was twenty-three when they entered, as antagonists, into the arena of European politics. Charles had as yet gained no battle and won no renown; whilst Francis I. was already a victorious king and a famous knight. But the young archduke's able governor, William de Croy, lord of Chièvres, "had early trained him," says M. Mignet, "to the understanding and management of his various interests; from

the time that he was fifteen, Charles presided every day at his council; there he himself read out the contents of despatches which were delivered to him the moment they arrived, were it even in the dead of night; his council had become his school, and business served him for books. . . . Being naturally endowed with superior parts, a penetrating intellect and rare firmness of character, he schooled himself to look fortune in the face without being intoxicated by her smiles or troubled at her frowns, to be astonished by nothing that happened, and to make up his mind in any danger. He had even now the will of an emperor and an overawing manner; 'his dignity and loftiness of soul are such,' says a contemporary writer, 'that he seems to hold the universe under his feet.'" Charles' position in Germany was as strong as the man himself; he was a German, a duke of Austria, of the imperial line, as natural a successor of his grandfather Maximilian at Frankfort as of his grandfather Ferdinand at Madrid. Such was the adversary, with such advantages of nationality and of person, against whom Francis I., without any political necessity, and for the sole purpose of indulging an ambitious vision and his own kingly self-esteem, was about to engage in a struggle which was to entail a heavy burthen on his whole life and bring him not in triumph to Constantinople, but in captivity to Madrid.

Before the death of Maximilian, and when neither party had done more than foresee the struggle and get ready for it, Francis I. was for some time able to hope for some success. Seven German princes, three ecclesiastical and four laic, the archbishops of Mayence, Cologne, and Trèves, and the duke of Saxony, the margrave of Brandenburg, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, and the king of Bohemia, had the sole power of electing the emperor. Four of them, the archbishops of Trèves and of Cologne, the count Palatine of the Rhine and the margrave of Brandenburg, had favorably received the overtures of Francis I. and had promised him their suffrages. His devoted servant, Robert de la Marck, lord of Fleuranges, had brought to him at Amboise a German gentleman from the Palatinate, Franz von Sickingen, "of very petty family but a very gentle companion," says Fleuranges, "the most beautiful talker that I think I ever saw in my life and in so much that there was no gentleman in Germany, prince or man of war, who would not have been glad to do him pleasure." Francis I. had received him with very chivalrous grace and had given him a pension of three thousand livres

and handsome presents for his comrades in adventure; and Sickingen was so charmed that he said to Fleuranges on leaving Amboise, "The king did not open his heart to me on the subject of the empire; however I know all about it, and I beg you to tell him that I will do his service and keep the oath I gave him." A more important personage than Sickingen, Leo X., would have been very glad to have for emperor in Germany neither the king of France nor the king of Spain, both of them being far too powerful in Europe and far too emulous in Italy not to be dangerous enemies or inconvenient allies for him; and he tried to dissuade Francis I. from making any claim to the empire and to induce him to employ his influence in bringing about the election of a second-rate German prince, Frederick the Wise, duke of Saxony, who was justly popular in Germany and who would never be in a condition to do France any harm. It was judicious advice and a policy good for France as well as for Europe in general; but Francis I., infatuated by his desire and his hope, did not relish it at all; and Leo X. being obliged to choose between the two great claimants, declared for Francis I., without any pleasure or confidence, but also without any great perplexity, for he had but little faith in the success which he made a show of desiring. Francis, deceived by these appearances and promises, on the part both of ecclesiastics and laics, held language breathing a gallant and almost careless confidence. "We are not enemies, your master and I," he said to the ambassadors of Spain, "we are two lovers courting the same mistress; whichever of the two she may prefer, the other will have to submit and harbor no resentment." But when shortly after Maximilian's death, the struggle became closer and the issue nearer, the inequality between the forces and chances of the two rivals became quite manifest, and Francis I. could no longer affect the same serenity. He had intrusted the management of his affairs in Germany to a favorite comrade of his early youth, Admiral de Bonnivet, a soldier and a courtier, witty, rash, sumptuous, eager to display his master's power and magnificence. Charles of Austria's agents, and at their head his aunt Margaret who had the government of the Low Countries in his absence, were experienced, deliberate, discreet, more eager to succeed in their purpose than to make a brilliant appearance, and resolved to do quietly whatever was necessary for success. And to do so they were before long as fully authorized as they were resolved. They

discovered that Francis I. had given Bonnivet 400,000 crowns in gold that he might endeavor to bribe the electors; it was, according to report, double the sum Charles of Austria had promised for the same object; and his agents sent him information of it and received this answer, "We are wholly determined to spare nothing and to stake all for all upon it, as the matter we most desire and have most at heart in this world. . . . The election must be secured whatever it may cost me." The question before the seven elective princes who were to dispose of the empire was thenceforth merely which of the two claimants would be the higher and the safer bidder. Francis I. engaged in a tussle of wealth and liberality with Charles of Austria. One of his agents wrote to him, "All will go well if we can fill the maw of the margrave Joachim of Brandenburg; he and his brother the elector from Mayence fall every day into deeper depths of avarice; we must hasten to satisfy them with *speed, speed, speed*." Francis I. replied, "I will have Marquis Joachim *gorged* at any price;" and he accordingly made over to him in ready money and bills of short dates all that was asked for by the margrave who on the 8th of April, 1519, gave a written undertaking to support the candidature "of the most invincible and Most Christian prince, Francis, by the grace of God king of the French, duke of Milan and lord of Genoa, who, what with his vigorous age, his ability, his justice, his military experience, the brilliant fortune of his arms and all other qualities required for war and the management of the Commonwealth, surpasses, in the judgment of every one, all other Christian princes." But Charles of Austria did not consider himself beaten because two of the seven electors displayed avarice and venality. His aunt Margaret and his principal agent in Germany, the chamberlain Armerstorff, resumed financial negotiations with the archbishop of Mayence, for his brother the margrave as well as for himself, and the archbishop, without any formal engagement, accepted the Austrian over-bid. "I am ashamed at his shamelessness," wrote Armerstorff to Charles. Alternate and antagonistic bargaining went on thus for more than two months. The archbishop of Cologne, Hermann von Wied, kept wavering between the two claimants; but he was careful to tell John d'Albret, Francis I.'s agent, that "he sincerely hoped that his Majesty would follow the doctrine of God who gave as much to those who went to work in His vineyard towards the middle of the day as to those who had been at it

all the morning." Duke Frederick of Saxony was the only one of the seven electors who absolutely refused to make any promise as well as to accept any offer and preserved his independence as well as his dignity. The rumor of all these traffickings and these uncertainties rekindled in Henry VIII., king of England, a fancy for placing himself once more in the ranks; but his agent, Richard Pace, found the negotiations too far advanced and the prices too high for him to back up this vain whim of his master's; and Henry VIII. abandoned it. The diet had been convoked for the 17th of June at Frankfort. The day was drawing near; and which of the two parties had the majority was still regarded as uncertain. Franz von Sickingen appeared in the outskirts of Frankfort with more than twenty thousand men of the German army, "whereat marvellously astonished," says Fleuranges, "were they who wished well to the king of France and very mightily rejoiced they who wished well to the Catholic king." The gentleman-adventurer had not been less accessible than the prince-electors to bribery. The diet opened on the 18th of June. The archbishop of Mayence made a great speech in favor of Charles of Austria; and the archbishop of Trèves spoke in favor of Francis I., to whom he had remained faithful. Rival intrigues were kept up; Sickingen and his troops were a clog upon deliberation; the electors were embarrassed and weary of their dissensions; and the archbishop of Trèves proposed by way of compromise the election of the duke of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, who, at this crisis so shameful for his peers, had just given fresh proofs of his sound judgment, his honesty, and his patriotic independence. But Frederick declined the honor it was intended to do him and which he considered beyond his powers to support; and he voted for Archduke Charles, "a real German prince," said he, "the choice of whom seemed to him most natural in point of right and most suitable in point of fact under the present circumstances of Europe." The six other electors gave in to his opinion, and that same day, June 18, 1519, unanimously elected the king of Spain, Charles, king of the Romans and Emperor of Germany with the title of Charles V.

Whatever pains were taken by Francis I. to keep up a good appearance after his heavy reverse, his mortification was profound and he thought of nothing but getting his revenge. He flattered himself he would find something of the sort in a solemn interview and an appearance of alliance with Henry

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VIII., king of England, who had, like himself, just undergone in the election to the empire a less flagrant but an analogous reverse. It had already, in the previous year and on the occasion of a treaty concluded between the two kings for the restitution of Tournai to France, been settled that they should meet before long in token of reconciliation. Allusions had even been made, at that period, to a much more important restitution, of Calais in fact, for which Francis I., at what price we know not, had obtained the advocacy of Cardinal Wolsey, who was then all-powerful with Henry VIII. "Of what use to us," Wolsey had said, "is this town of Calais, where in time of peace as well as of war we have to keep up such numerous garrisons, which costs us so much money and which so often forces us to measures contrary to the real interests of England?" But this idea was vehemently scouted by the English and the coming interview between the two kings remained the sole accessory of the treaty of 1518. After Charles V.'s election to the empire, Francis I. was eager to claim this interview which was sure to cause in Europe the impression of a close understanding between the two kings before the very eyes of their common rival. A convention, signed on the 26th of March, 1520, regulated its details. It was stipulated that the two kings should meet in Picardy between Guines, an English possession in the neighborhood of Calais, and Ardres, which belonged to France. But, so soon as Charles V., at that time in Spain, was informed of this design, he used all his efforts to make it abortive. Henry, however, stood firm; not that he had resolved to knit himself closely with Francis I. against the new emperor whom, a few months previously, he had shown alacrity in felicitating upon his accession to the empire, but he was unwilling to fail in his promise to the king of France, and he liked to assume in respect of the two rivals the part of an arbiter equally courted by both. Charles V., still actively working against the interview, entered into secret negotiations with Cardinal Wolsey to obtain for himself also an interview with Henry VIII., which would destroy the effect of that in course of arrangement between the kings of France and England. In writing to Wolsey he called him his "very dear friend," and guaranteed him a pension of 7000 ducats, secured upon two Spanish bishoprics; and on the 26th of May, 1520, Henry VIII. received at Canterbury, as he was passing by on his way to embark at Dover for the interview in France, the as it were unexpected information that

Charles V. had just arrived with his fleet at the port of Hythe. The king immediately sent Wolsey to meet the emperor, who disembarked at Dover whither Henry went to visit him; and the two sovereigns repaired together to Canterbury, where they went in state to the cathedral, "resplendent," says Erasmus, "with all the precious gifts it had received for so many centuries, especially with the most precious of all, the chest containing the remains of Thomas-à-Becket, so magnificent that gold was the least of its ornaments." There they passed three days, treating of their affairs in the midst of galas during which Charles V. completely won over Wolsey by promising to help him to become pope. On the 31st of May, 1520, Charles, quite easy about the interview in France, embarked at Sandwich for his Flemish possessions, and Henry VIII. made sail for Calais, his point of departure to the place agreed upon for Francis to meet him, and where they had made up their minds, both of them, to display all the splendors of their two courts.

This meeting has remained celebrated in history far more for its royal pomp and for the personal incidents which were connected with it than for its political results. It was called *The Field of Cloth of Gold*; and the courtiers who attended the two sovereigns felt bound to almost rival them in sumptuousness, "insomuch," says the contemporary Martin du Bellay, "that many bore thither their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs." Henry VIII. had employed eleven hundred workmen, the most skilful of Flanders and Holland, in building a quadrangular palace of wood, 128 feet long every way; on one side of the entrance-gate was a fountain, covered with gilding and surmounted by a statue of Bacchus, round which there flowed through subterranean pipes all sorts of wines and which bore in letters of gold the inscription, "Make good cheer, who will;" and on the other side a column, supported by four lions, was surmounted by a statue of Cupid armed with bow and arrows. Opposite the palace was erected a huge figure of a savage wearing the arms of his race, with this inscription, chosen by Henry VIII., "He whom I back wins." The frontage was covered outside with canvas painted to represent freestone; and the inside was hung with rich tapestries. Francis I., emulous of equalling his royal neighbor in magnificence, had ordered to be erected close to Ardres an immense tent, upheld in the middle by a colossal pole firmly fixed in the ground and with pegs and cordage all around it. Outside, the tent, in the shape of a dome, was covered with

cloth of gold; and, inside, it represented a sphere with a ground of blue velvet and studded with stars, like the firmament. At each angle of the large tent there was a small one equally richly decorated. But before the two sovereigns exchanged visits, in the midst of all these magnificent preparations, there arose a violent hurricane which tore up the pegs and split the cordage of the French tent, scattered them over the ground and forced Francis I. to take up his quarters in an old castle near Ardres. When the two kings' two chief councillors, Cardinal Wolsey on one side and Admiral Bonnivet on the other, had regulated the formalities, on the 7th of June, 1520, Francis I. and Henry VIII. set out on their way at the same hour and the same pace for their meeting in the valley of Ardres, where a tent had been prepared for them. As they drew near, some slight anxiety was manifested by the escort of the king of England, amongst whom a belief prevailed that that of the king of France was more numerous; but it was soon perceived to be nothing of the sort. The two kings, mounted upon fine horses and superbly dressed, advanced towards one another; and Henry VIII.'s horse stumbled, which his servants did not like. The two kings saluted each other with easy grace, exchanged embraces without getting off their horses, dismounted and proceeded arm-in-arm to the tent where Wolsey and de Bonnivet were awaiting them. "My dear brother and cousin," immediately said Francis with his easy grace, "I am come a long way and not without trouble to see you in person. I hope that you hold me for such as I am, ready to give you aid with the kingdoms and lordships that are in my power." Henry, with a somewhat cold reserve, replied, "It is not your kingdoms or your divers possessions that I regard, but the soundness and loyal observance of the promises set down in the treaties between you and me. My eyes never beheld a prince who could be dearer to my heart, and I have crossed the seas at the extreme boundary of my kingdom to come and see you." The two kings entered the tent and signed a treaty whereby the dauphin of France was to marry Princess Mary, only daughter at that time of Henry VIII., to whom Francis I. undertook to pay annually a sum of 100,000 livres [2,800,000 francs or £112,000 in the money of our day] until the marriage was celebrated, which would not be for some time yet, as the English princess was only four years old. The two kings took wine together, according to custom, and reciprocally presented the members of their courts. "King

Francis," says Henry VIII.'s favorite chronicler, Edward Hall, who was there, "is an amiable prince, proud in bearing and gay in manner, with a brown complexion, large eyes, long nose, thick lips, broad chest and shoulders, short legs and big feet." Titian's portrait gives a loftier and more agreeable idea of Francis I.

When the two kings proceeded to sign, in their tent, the treaty they had just concluded, "the king of England," according to Fleuranges' *Mémoires*, "himself took up the articles and began to read them. When he had read those relating to the king of France, who was to have the priority, and came to speak of himself, he got as far as, 'I, Henry, king' . . . (he would have said of *France and England*), but he left out the title as far as *France* was concerned and said to king Francis, 'I will not put it in as you are here, for I should lie;' and he said only, 'I, Henry, king of England.'" But, as M. Mignet very properly says, "if he omitted the title in his reading, he left it in the treaty itself and, shortly afterwards, was ambitious to render it a reality, when he invaded France and wished to reign over it."

After the diplomatic stipulations were concluded, the royal meeting was prolonged for sixteen days which were employed in tourneys, jousts, and all manner of festivals. The personal communication of the two kings was regulated with all the precautions of official mistrust and restraint; and when the king of England went to Ardres to see the queen of France, the king of France had to go to Guines to see the queen of England, for the two kings were hostages for one another. "The king of France, who was not a suspicious man," says Fleuranges, "was mighty vexed at there being so little confidence in one another. He got up one morning very early, which is not his habit, took two gentlemen and a page, the first three he could find, mounted his horse and went to visit the king of England at the castle of Guines. When he came on to the castle-bridge, all the English were mighty astonished. As he rode amongst them, the king gaily called upon them to surrender to him and asked them the way to the chamber of the king his brother, the which was pointed out to him by the governor of Guines, who said to him, 'Sir, he is not awake.' But King Francis passed on all the same, went up to the said chamber, knocked at the door, awoke the king of England, and walked in. Never was man more dumbfounded than King Henry, who said to King Francis, 'Brother, you have done me a better turn than

ever man did to another, and you show me the great trust I ought to have in you. I yield myself your prisoner from this moment, and I proffer you my parole.' He undid from his neck a collar worth fifteen thousand *angels* and begged the king of France to take it and wear it that very day for his prisoner's sake. And, lo, the king, who wished to do him the same turn, had brought with him a bracelet which was worth more than thirty thousand *angels* and begged him to wear it for his sake, which thing he did, and the king of France put what had been given him on his neck. Thereupon the king of England was minded to get up, and the king of France said that he should have no other chamber-attendant but himself, and he warmed his shirt and handed it to him when he was up. The king of France made up his mind to go back notwithstanding that the king of England would have kept him to dinner; but, inasmuch as there was to be jousting after dinner, he mounted his horse and went back to Ardres. He met a many good folk who were coming to meet him, amongst the rest *l'Aventureux* [a name given to Fleuranges himself], who said to him, 'My dear master, you are mad to have done what you have done; I am very glad to see you back here, and devil take him who counselled you.' Whereupon the king said that never a soul had counselled him and that he knew well that there was not a soul in his kingdom who would have so counselled him; and then he began to tell what he had done at the said Guines, and so returned, conversing, to Ardres, for it was not far."

"Then began the jousts, which lasted a week, and were wondrous fine, both a-foot and a-horseback. After all these pastimes the king of France and the king of England retired to a pavilion, where they drank together. And there the king of England took the king of France by the collar and said to him, 'Brother, I should like to wrestle with you,' and he gave him a feint or two; and the king of France, who is a mighty good wrestler, gave him a turn and threw him on the ground. And the king of England would have had yet another trial; but all that was broken off, and it was time to go to supper. After this, they had yet three or four jousts and banquets, and then they took leave of one another [on the 24th of June, 1520] with the greatest possible peace between the princes and princesses. That done, the king of England returned to Guines and the king of France to France; and it was not without giving great gifts at parting, one to another." [*Mémoires de Fleuranges*, pp. 349—363.]

Having left the *Field of Cloth of Gold* for Amboise, his favorite residence, Francis I. discovered that Henry VIII., instead of returning direct to England, had gone, on the 10th of July, to Gravelines in Flanders to pay a visit to Charles V. who had afterwards accompanied him to Calais. The two sovereigns had spent three days there, and Charles V., on separating from the king of England, had commissioned him to regulate, as arbiter, all difficulties that might arise between himself and the king of France. Assuredly nothing was less calculated to inspire Francis I. with confidence in the results of his meeting with Henry VIII. and of their mutual courtesies. Though he desired to avoid the appearance of taking the initiative in war, he sought every occasion and pretext for recommencing it; and it was not long before he found them in the Low Countries, in Navarre, and in Italy. A trial was made of Henry VIII.'s mediation and of a conference at Calais; and a discussion was raised touching the legitimate nature of the protection afforded by the two rival sovereigns to their petty allies. But the real fact was that Francis I. had a reverse to make up for and a passion to gratify; and the struggle recommenced in April, 1521, in the Low Countries. Charles V., when he heard that the French had crossed his frontier, exclaimed, "God be praised that I am not the first to commence the war and that the king of France is pleased to make me greater than I am, for, in a little while, either I shall be a very poor emperor or he will be a poor king of France." The campaign opened in the north, to the advantage of France, by the capture of Hesdin; Admiral Bonnivet, who had the command on the frontier of Spain, reduced some small forts of Biscay and the fortress of Fontarabia; and Marshal de Lautrec, governor of Milaness, had orders to set out at once to go and defend it against the Spaniards and Imperialists who were concentrating for its invasion.

Lautrec was but little adapted for this important commission. He had been made governor of Milaness in August, 1516, to replace the constable de Bourbon, whose recall to France the queen-mother, Louise of Savoy, had desired and stimulated. Lautrec had succeeded ill in his government. He was active and brave, but he was harsh, haughty, jealous, imperious, and grasping; and he had embroiled himself with most of the Milanese lords, amongst others with the veteran J. J. Trivulzio, who, under Charles VIII. and Louis XII., had done France such great service in Italy. Trivulzio, offensively treated at Milan and subjected to accusations at Paris, went, at eighty-

two years of age, to France to justify himself before the king; but Francis I. gave him a cold reception, barely spoke to him and declined his explanations. One day, at Arpajon, Trivulzio heard that the king was to pass on horseback through the town; and being unable to walk, had himself carried, ill as he was, in his chair to the middle of the street. The king passed with averted head and without replying to Trivulzio, who cried, "Sir, ah! sir, just one moment's audience!" Trivulzio on reaching home took to his bed, and died there a month afterwards, on the 5th of December, 1518, having himself dictated this epitaph, which was inscribed on his tomb, at Milan, "J. J. Trivulzio, son of Anthony, he who never rested, rests. Hush!" [*J. J. Trivultius, Antonii filius, qui nunquam quievit, quiescit. Tace!*]

Francis I., when informed that Trivulzio was near his end, regretted, it is said, his harsh indifference and sent to express to him his regret; but, "It is too late," answered the dying man. In the king's harshness there was something more than ungrateful forgetfulness of a veteran's ancient services. While Francis was bringing about a renewal of war in Italy, in the Low Countries and on the frontier of Spain, he was abandoning himself at Paris, Tours, Amboise, and wherever he resided, to all the diversions and all the enticements of the brilliant court which was gathered around him. Extravagance and pleasure were a passion with him. "There has been talk," says Brantôme, "of the great outlay, magnificence, sumptuousness and halls of Lucullus; but in naught of that kind did he ever come near our king . . . and what is most rare is that in a village, in the forest, at the meet, there was the same service as there would have been in Paris. . . . One day when the king was expecting the Emperor Charles to dinner word came that he had slipped away and had gone to give a sudden surprise to the constable, just as he was sitting down to table, and to dine with him and all his comrades comradeswise. He found this table as well furnished and supplied and laden with victuals as well cooked and flavored as if they had been in Paris or some other good city of France; whereat the emperor was so mightily astonished that he said that there was no such grandeur in the world as that of such a king of France. . . . In respect of ladies, of a surety it must be confessed that before the time of King Francis they set foot in and frequented the court but little and in but small numbers. It is true that Queen Anne (of Brittany) began to make her ladies' court

larger than it had been under former queens; and, without her, the king her husband (Louis XII.) would have taken no trouble about it. But Francis I., coming to reign and considering that the whole grace of the court was the ladies, was pleased to fill it up with them more than had been the ancient custom. Since, in truth, a court without ladies is a garden without any pretty flowers, and more resembles a Satrap's or a Turk's court than that of a great Christian king. . . . As for me, I hold that there was never anything better introduced than the ladies' court. Full often have I seen our kings go to camp or town or elsewhere, remain there and divert themselves for some days, and yet take thither no ladies. But we were so bewildered, so lost, so moped that for the week we spent away from them and their pretty eyes it appeared to us a year; and always a-wishing, 'When shall we be at the court?' Not, full often, calling that the court where the king was, but that where the queen and the ladies were." [*Œuvres de Brantôme, edition of the Société de l'Histoire de France, t. iii. pp. 120—129*].

Now when so many fair ladies are met together in a life of sumptuousness and gaiety, a king is pretty sure to find favorites, and royal favorites rarely content themselves with pleasing the king; they desire to make their favor serviceable to their family and their friends. Francis I. had made choice of one Frances de Foix, countess of Châteaubriant, beautiful, ambitious, dexterous, haughty, readily venturing upon rivalry with even the powerful queen-mother. She had three brothers; Lautrec was one of the three, and she supported him in all his pretensions and all his trials of fortune. When he set out to go and take the command in Italy, he found himself at the head of an army numerous indeed, but badly equipped, badly paid, and at grips with Prosper Colonna, the most able amongst the chiefs of the coalition formed at this juncture between Charles V. and Pope Leo X. against the French. Lautrec did not succeed in preventing Milan from falling into the hands of the Imperialists, and after an uncertain campaign of some months' duration, he lost at La Bicocca, near Monza, on the 27th of April, 1522, a battle, which left in the power of Francis I., in Lombardy, only the citadels of Milan, Cremona, and Novara. At the news of these reverses, Francis I. repaired to Lyons, to consult as to the means of applying a remedy. Lautrec also arrived there. "The king," says Martin du Bellay, "gave him a bad reception, as the man by whose fault he considered he

had lost his duchy of Milan, and would not speak to him." Lautrec found an occasion for addressing the king, and complained vehemently of "the black looks he gave him." "And good reason," said the king, "when you have lost me such a heritage as the duchy of Milan." "'Twas not I who lost it," answered Lautrec, "'twas your Majesty yourself; I several times warned you that, if I were not helped with money, there was no means of retaining the men-at-arms, who had served for eighteen months without a penny, and likewise the Swiss, who forced me to fight at a disadvantage, which they would never have done if they had received their pay." "I sent you four hundred thousand crowns when you asked for them." "I received the letters in which your Majesty notified me of this money, but the money never." The king sent at once for the superintendent-general of finance, James de Beaune, baron of Semblançay, who acknowledged having received orders on the subject from the king, but added that at the very moment when he was about to send this sum to the army, the queen-mother had come and asked him for it, and had received it from him, whereof he was ready to make oath. Francis I. entered his mother's room in a rage, reproaching her with having been the cause of losing him his duchy of Milan. "I should never have believed it of you," he said, "that you would have kept money ordered for the service of my army." The queen-mother, somewhat confused at first, excused herself by saying, that "those were moneys proceeding from the savings which she had made out of her revenues, and had given to the superintendent to take care of." Semblançay stuck to what he had said. The question became a personal one between the queen-mother and the minister, and commissioners were appointed to decide the difference. Chancellor Duprat was the docile servant of Louise of Savoy and the enemy of Semblançay, whose authority in financial matters he envied; and he chose the commissioners from amongst the mushroom councillors he had lately brought into Parliament. The question between the queen-mother and the superintendent led to nothing less than the trial of Semblançay. The trial lasted five years, and, on the 9th of April, 1527, a decree of Parliament condemned Semblançay to the punishment of death and confiscation of all his property; not for the particular matter which had been the origin of the quarrel, but "as attainted and convicted of larcenies, falsifications, abuses, malversations and maladministration of the king's finances, without prejudice as

to the debt claimed by the said my lady, the mother of the king." Semblançay, accordingly, was hanged on the gibbet of Montfaucon, on the 12th of August. In spite of certain ambiguities which arose touching some acts of his administration and some details of his trial, public feeling was generally and very strongly in his favor. He was an old and faithful servant of the crown; and Francis I. had for a long time called him "his father." He was evidently the victim of the queen-mother's greed and vengeance. The firmness of his behavior, at the time of his execution, became a popular theme in the verses of Clément Marot:

When Maillart, officer of hell, escorted
To Montfaucon Semblançay, doom'd to die,
Which, to your thinking, of the twain supported
The better havior? I will make reply:
Maillart was like the man to death proceeding;
And Semblançay so stout and ancient look'd,
It seem'd, forsooth, as if himself were leading
Lieutenant Maillart—to the gallows book'd!

It is said that, at the very moment of execution, Semblançay, waiting on the scaffold for at least a commutation of the penalty, said, "Had I served God as I have served the king, He would not have made me wait so long." Nearly two centuries later, in 1683, a more celebrated minister than Semblançay, Colbert, in fact, as he was dying tranquilly in his bed, after having for twenty years served Louis XIV., and in that service made the fortune of his family as well as his own, said also, "Had I done for God what I have done for yonder man, I had been twice saved, and now I know not what will become of me." A striking similarity in language and sentiment, in spite of such different ends, between two great councillors of kings, both devoted during their lives to the affairs of the world, and both passing, at their last hour, this severe judgment, as Christians, upon the masters of the world and upon themselves.

About the same time the government of Francis I. was involved through his mother's evil passions, not in an act more morally shameful, but in an event more politically serious than the execution of Semblançay. There remained in France one puissant prince, the last of the feudal semi-sovereigns, and the head of that only one of the provincial dynasties sprung from the dynasty of the Capetians which still held its own against the kingly house. There were no more dukes of Burgundy,

dukes of Anjou, counts of Provence, and dukes of Brittany; by good fortune or by dexterous management the French kingship had absorbed all those kindred and rival states. Charles II., duke of Bourbon, alone was invested with such power and independence as could lead to rivalry. He was in possession of Bourbonnais, of Auvergne, of Le Forez, of La Marche, of Beaujolais and a large number of domains and castles in different parts of France. Throughout all these possessions he levied taxes and troops, convoked the local estates, appointed the officers of justice, and regulated almost the whole social organism. He was born on the 10th of February, 1490, four years before Francis I.; he was the head of the younger branch of the Bourbons-Montpensier; and he had married, in 1515, his cousin, Suzanne of Bourbon, only daughter of Peter II., head of the elder branch, and Anne of France, the able and for a long while puissant daughter of Louis XI. Louis XII. had taken great interest in this marriage, and it had been stipulated in the contract "that the pair should make a mutual and general settlement of all their possessions in favor of the survivor." Thus the young duke, Charles, had united all the possessions of the house of Bourbon; and he held at Moulins a brilliant princely court, of which he was himself the most brilliant ornament. Having been trained from his boyhood in all the chivalrous qualities, he was an accomplished knight before becoming a tried warrior; and he no sooner appeared upon the field of battle than he won renown not only as a valiant prince but as an eminent soldier. In 1509, at the battle of Agnadello, under the eye of Louis XII. himself, he showed that he was a worthy pupil of La Trémoille, of La Palice, and of Bayard; and in 1512, at that of Ravenna, his reputation was already so well established in the army that, when Gaston de Foix was killed, they clamored for duke Charles of Bourbon, then twenty-two years old, as his successor. Louis XII. gave him full credit for his bravery and his warlike abilities; but the young prince's unexpansive character, haughty independence, and momentary flashes of audacity, caused the veteran king some disquietude. "I wish," said he, "he had a more open, more gay, less taciturn spirit; stagnant water affrights me." In 1516, the year after Louis XII.'s death, Andrew Trevisani, Venetian ambassador at Milan, wrote to the Venetian council: "This duke of Bourbon handles a sword most gallantly and successfully; he fears God, he is devout, humane and very generous; he has a revenue of 120,000 crowns, 20,000

from his mother-in-law, Anne of France, and 2000 a month as constable of France; and, according to what is said by M. de Longueville, governor of Paris, he might dispose of half the king's army for any enterprise he pleased, even if the king did not please."

Scarcely had Francis I. ascended the throne, on the 12th of January, 1515, when he made the duke of Bourbon's great position still greater by creating him constable of France. Was it solely to attach to himself the greatest lord and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the kingdom, or had, perhaps, as has already been hinted, the favor of the queen-mother something to do with the duke's speedy elevation? The whole history of Charles of Bourbon tends to a belief that the feelings of Louise of Savoy towards him, her love or her hate, had great influence upon the decisive incidents of his life. However that may be, the young constable, from the moment of entering upon his office, fully justified the king's choice. He it was who, during the first campaign in Italy, examined in person, with the shepherd who had pointed it out, an unknown passage across the Alps; and, on the 13th and 14th of September, he contributed greatly to the victory of Melegnano. "I can assure you," wrote Francis I. to his mother, the regent, "that my brother the constable and M. de St. Pol splintered as many lances as any gentlemen of the company whosoever; and I speak of this as one who saw; they spared themselves as little as if they had been wild-boars at bay." On returning to France the king appointed the constable governor of conquered Milaness; and to give him a further mark of favor, "he granted him the noble privilege of founding trades in all the towns of the kingdom. This, when the parliament enregistered the king's letters patent, was expressly stated to be in consideration of Bourbon's extraordinary worth, combined with his quality as a prince of the blood, and not because of his office of constable" (*Histoire de la Maison de Bourbon*, by M. Désormeaux, t. ii. p. 437). The constable showed that he was as capable of governing as of conquering. He foiled all Emperor Maximilian's attempts to recover Milaness; and, not receiving from the king money for the maintenance and pay of his troops, he himself advanced 100,000 livres, opened a loan-account in his own name, raised an army-working-corps of six thousand men to repair the fortifications of Milan, and obtained from the Swiss cantons permission to enlist twelve thousand recruits amongst them. His exercise of authority

over the Lombard population was sometimes harsh, but always judicious and efficient. Nevertheless, in the spring of 1516, eight months after the victory of Melegnano and but two months after he had driven Emperor Maximilian from Milaness, the duke of Bourbon was suddenly recalled, and Marshal de Lautrec was appointed governor in his place. When the constable arrived at Lyons, where the court then happened to be, "the king," says Fleuranges in his *Mémoires*, "gave him marvellously good welcome;" but kings are too ready to imagine that their gracious words suffice to hide or make up for their acts of real disfavor; and the duke of Bourbon was too proud to delude himself. If he had any desire to do so, the way in which the king's government treated him soon revealed to him his real position: the advances he had made and the debts he had contracted for the service of the crown in Milaness, nay his salary as constable and his personal pensions, were unpaid. Was this the effect of secret wrath on the part of the queen-mother, hurt because he seemed to disdain her good graces, or an act arising may be from mistrust and may be from carelessness on the king's part, or merely a result of the financial disorder into which the affairs of Francis I. were always falling? These questions cannot be solved with certainty. Anyhow the constable, though thus maltreated, did not cry out; but his royal patroness and mother-in-law, Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI., dowager-duchess of the house of Bourbon, complained of those proceedings to the king's mother and uttered the word ingratitude. The dispute between the two princesses grew rancorous; the king intervened to reconcile them; speedy payment was promised of all that was due to the constable, but the promise was not kept. The constable did not consider it seemly to wait about; so he quitted the court and withdrew into his own duchy, to Moulins, not openly disgraced but resolved to set himself, by his proud independence, above the reach of ill-will whether on the king's part or his mother's.

Moulins was an almost kingly residence: "The dukes," said the Venetian traveller, Andrew Navagero, in 1528, "have built there fortress-wise a magnificent palace with beautiful gardens, groves, fountains and all the sumptuous appliances of a prince's dwelling." No sooner did the constable go to reside there than numbers of the nobility flocked thither around him. The feudal splendor of this abode was shortly afterwards enhanced by an auspicious domestic incident. In 1517

the duchess of Bourbon was confined there of a son, a blessing for some time past un hoped for. The delighted constable determined to make of the child's baptism a great and striking event; and he begged the king to come and be godfather with the dowager-duchess of Bourbon as godmother. Francis I. consented and repaired to Moulins with his mother and nearly all his court. The constable's magnificence astonished even the magnificent king: "five hundred gentlemen, all clad in velvet and all wearing a chain of gold going three times round the neck," were in habitual attendance upon the duke; "the throng of the invited was so great that neither the castle of Moulins nor the town itself sufficed to lodge them; tents had to be pitched in the public places, in the streets, in the park." Francis I. could not refrain from saying that a king of France would have much difficulty in making such a show; the queen-mother did not hide her jealousy; regal temper came into collision with feudal pride. Admiral Bonnivet, a vassal of the constable and a favorite of the king, was having built, hard by Châtellerault, a castle so vast and so magnificent "that he seemed," says Brantôme, "to be minded to ride the high horse over the house of M. de Bourbon, in such wise that it should appear only a nest beside his own." Francis I., during a royal promenade, took the constable one day to see the edifice the admiral was building, and asked him what he thought of it. "I think," said Bourbon, "that the cage is too big and too fine for the bird." "Ah!" said the king, "do you not speak with somewhat of envy?" "I!" cried the constable; "I feel envy of a gentleman whose ancestors thought themselves right happy to be squires to mine!" In their casual and familiar conversations the least pretext would lead to sharp words between the duke of Bourbon and his kingly guest. The king was rallying him one day on the attachment he was suspected of having felt for a lady of the court, "Sir," said the constable, "what you have just said has no point for me, but a good deal for those who were not so forward, as I was in the lady's good graces." [At this period princes of the blood, when speaking to the king, said *Monsieur*; when they wrote to him, they called him *Monseigneur*.] Francis I., to whom this scarcely veiled allusion referred, was content to reply, "Ah! my dear cousin, you fly out at everything and you are mighty short-tempered." The nickname of *short-tempered* stuck to the constable from that day, and not without reason. With anybody but the king the constable was a good deal

more than short-tempered: the chancellor, Duprat, who happened to be at Moulins and who had a wish to become possessed of two estates belonging to the constable, tried to worm himself into his good graces; but Bourbon gave him sternly to understand with what contempt he regarded him, and Duprat, who had hitherto been merely the instrument of Louise of Savoy's passions, so far as the duke was concerned, became henceforth his personal enemy and did not wait long for an opportunity of making the full weight of his enmity felt. The king's visit to Moulins came to an end without any settlement of the debts due from the royal treasury to the constable. Three years afterwards, in 1520, he appeared with not a whit the less magnificence at the Field of Cloth of Gold, where he was one of the two great lords chosen by Francis I. to accompany him at this interview with Henry VIII.; but the constable had to put up with the disagreeableness of having for his associate upon that state-occasion Admiral Bonnivet, whom he had but lately treated with so much hauteur, and his relations towards the court were by no means improved by the honor which the king conferred upon him in summoning him to his side that day. Henry VIII., who was struck by this vassal's haughty bearing and looks, said to Francis I., "If I had a subject like that in my kingdom, I would not leave his head very long on his shoulders."

More serious causes of resentment came to aggravate a situation already so uncomfortable. The war, which had been a-hatching ever since the imperial election at Frankfort, burst out in 1521 between Francis I. and Charles V. Francis raised four armies in order to face it on all his frontiers, in Guienne, in Burgundy, in Champagne, and in Picardy, "where there was no army," says Du Bellai, "however small." None of these great commands was given to the duke of Bourbon; and when the king summoned him to the army of Picardy, whither he repaired in all haste with six thousand foot and three hundred men-at-arms raised in his own States, the command of the advance-guard, which belonged to him by right of his constablenesship, was given to the duke of Alençon, who had nothing to recommend him beyond the fact that he was the husband of Marguerite de Valois and brother-in-law of the king. Bourbon deeply resented this slight; and it was remarked that he frequently quoted with peculiar meaning a reply made by a Gascon gentleman to King Charles VII., who had asked him if anything could shake his fidelity, "Nothing,

sir, nothing; not even an offer of three such kingdoms as yours; but—an affront might.” The constable did not serve a whit the less valiantly and brilliantly in this campaign of Picardy; he surprised and carried the town of Hesdin, which was defended by a strong garrison; but after the victory he treated with a generosity which was not perhaps free from calculation the imperialist nobility shut up in the castle; he set all his prisoners at large and paid particular attention to the countess de Rœux, of the house of Croy, whom he knew to have influence with Charles V. He was certainly not preparing just then to abandon the king of France and to go over to the camp of the emperor; but he was sufficiently irritated against Francis I. to gladly seize an opportunity of making new friends on the rival side.

Meanwhile there occurred the event which was to decide his conduct and his destiny. His wife, Suzanne of Bourbon, died at Châtellerault, in April 1521, after having lost the son whose birth had been celebrated with such brilliancy at Moulins, and having confirmed by her will the settlement upon her husband of all her possessions which had already been conferred upon him by their marriage contract. From whom came the first idea of the proposal to which this death was ere long to lead. Was it the chancellor, Duprat, who told the mother of Francis I. that the will and the settlement might be disputed at law, and that she would then enter into possession of a great part of what belonged to the House of Bourbon? Was it Louise of Savoy herself who conceived the hope of satisfying at one and the same time her cupidity and the passion she felt for the constable by having an offer made to him of her hand, with the retention secured to him of those great possessions which, otherwise, would be disputed, and which a decree of Parliament might take away from him? Between these two explanations of what occurred at that time, there is no certain choice afforded by historical documents; but the more reasonable conviction is that the passion of Louise of Savoy was the first and the decisive cause of the proposal made to the constable. He was then thirty years old; Louise of Savoy was forty-five, but she was still beautiful, attractive, and puissant; she had given the constable unmistakable proofs of her inclination for him and of the influence which his inclinations exercised over her: she might well flatter herself that he would be attracted by the prospect of becoming the king's step-father and almost a sharer in the kingly power, whilst retaining that

of the great feudal lord. The chancellor, Duprat, full of ability and servility, put all his knowledge, all his subtlety in argument, and all his influence in the Parliament at the disposal of Madame Louise, who, as a nearer relative than the constable, claimed the possessions left by his wife, Suzanne of Bourbon. Francis I., in the name of the crown and in respect of the constable's other possessions, joined his claims to those of his mother. Thus the lawsuit with which the duke was threatened affected him in every part of his fortune. It was in vain that more or less direct overtures, on behalf of Madame Louise and of the king himself, were made to induce him to accept the bargain offered: his refusal was expressed and given with an open contempt that verged upon coarseness, "I will never," said he, "marry a woman devoid of modesty."

The lawsuit was begun and prosecuted with all the hatred of a great lady treated with contempt, and with all the knowingness of an unscrupulous lawyer eager to serve, in point of fact, his patroness, and to demonstrate, in point of law, the thesis he had advanced. Francis I., volatile, reckless, and ever helpless as he was against the passions of his mother who whilst she adored beguiled him, readily lent himself to the humiliation of a vassal who was almost his rival in puissance and certainly was in glory. Three lawyers of renown entered upon the struggle. Poyet maintained the pretensions of the queen-mother; Lizet developed Duprat's argument in favor of the king's claims; Montholon defended the constable. The Parliament granted several adjournments and the question was in suspense for eleven months. At last, in August 1523, the court-interest was triumphant; Parliament, to get rid of direct responsibility, referred the parties, as to the basis of the question, to the king's council; but it placed all the constable's possessions under sequestration, withdrawing the enjoyment of them wholly from him. A few years afterwards Poyet became chancellor, and Lizet premier-president of Parliament. "Worth alone," say the historians, "carved out for Montholon at a later period the road to the office of keeper of the seals."

The constable's fall and ruin were complete. He at an early stage had a presentiment that such would be the issue of his lawsuit, and sought for safeguards away from France. The affair was causing great stir in Europe. Was it, however, Charles V. who made the first overtures as the most efficient supporter the constable could have? Or was it the constable

himself who, profiting by the relations he had established after the capture of Hesdin with the Croys, persons of influence with the emperor, made use of them for getting into direct communication with Charles V., and made offer of his services in exchange for protection against his own king and his own country? In such circumstances and in the case of such men the sources of crime are always surrounded with obscurity. One is inclined to believe that Charles V., vigilant and active as he was, put out the first feelers. As soon as he heard that Bourbon was a widower, he gave instructions to Philibert Naturelli, his ambassador in France, who said, "Sir, you are now in a position to marry, and the emperor, my master, who is very fond of you, has a sister touching whom I have orders to speak to you if you will be pleased to hearken." It was to Charles V.'s eldest sister, Eleanor, widow of Manuel the Fortunate, king of Portugal, that allusion was made. This overture led to nothing at the time; but the next year, in 1522, war was declared between Francis I. and Charles V.; the rupture between Francis I. and the duke of Bourbon took place; the Bourbon lawsuit was begun; and the duke's mother-in-law, Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI., more concerned for the fate of her House than for that of her country, and feeling herself near her end, said one day to her son-in-law, "My son, reflect that the House of Bourbon made alliance with the House of Burgundy, and that during that alliance it always prospered. You see at the present moment what is the state of our affairs, and the lawsuit in which you are involved is proceeded with only for want of alliances. I do beg and command you to accept the emperor's alliance. Promise me to use thereto all the diligence you can and I shall die more easy." She died on the 14th of November, 1522, bequeathing all her possessions to the constable who was day by day more disposed to follow her counsels. In the summer of 1522, he had, through the agency of Adrian de Croy, lord of Beaurain, entered into negotiations not only with Charles V., but also with Henry VIII., king of England, deploring the ill behavior of Francis I. and the enormity of existing abuses and proposing to set on foot in his own possessions a powerful movement for the reformation of the kingdom and the relief of the poor people, if the two sovereigns would send "persons of trust and authority into the vicinity of his principality of Dombes, to Bourg-en-Bress, whither he on his side would send his chancellor to come to an agreement with them and act in common."

In the month of March, 1523, whilst the foreign negotiations thus commenced and the home-process against the constable were pursuing a parallel course, Bourbon one day paid a visit to Queen Claude of France at the hour when she was dining alone. She was favorably disposed towards him and would have liked to get him married to her sister Renée, who subsequently became duchess of Ferrara. She made him sit down. Francis I., who was at dinner in an adjacent room, came in. Bourbon rose to take leave. "Nay, keep your seat," said the king; "and so it is true that you are going to be married?" "Not at all, sir." "Oh! but I know it; I am sure of it; I know of your dealings with the emperor. And bear well in mind what I have to say to you on the subject." "Sir! is this a threat pray? I have not deserved such treatment." After dinner he departed and went back to his hotel hard by the Louvre; and many gentlemen who happened to be at court accompanied him by way of escort. He was as yet a powerful vassal who was considered to be unjustly persecuted.

Charles V. accepted eagerly the overtures made to him by Bourbon in response to his own; but, before engaging in action, he wished to be certified about the disposition of Henry VIII., king of England, and he sent Beaurain to England to take accurate soundings. Henry at first showed hesitation. When Beaurain set before him all the advantages that would accrue to their coalition from the duke of Bourbon's alliance: "And I," said the king brusquely, "what, pray, shall I get?" "Sir," answered Beaurain, "you will be king of France." "Ah!" rejoined Henry, "it will take a great deal to make M. de Bourbon obey me." Henry remembered the cold and proud bearing which the constable had maintained towards him at the Field of Cloth of Gold. He, nevertheless, engaged to supply half the expenses and a body of troops for the projected invasion of France. Charles V. immediately despatched Beaurain to the duke of Bourbon, who had removed to Montbrison, in the most mountainous part of his domains, on pretext of a pilgrimage to Notre-Dame du Puy. Beaurain was conducted thither, in great secrecy, on the 17th of July, 1523, by two of the duke's gentlemen, and passed two days there shut up in a room adjoining the constable's apartment, never emerging save at night to transact business with him. On the 18th of July, in the evening, he put into Bourbon's hands his letters of credit, running thus: "My dear cousin, I send to you sieur de Beaurain, my second chamberlain. I pray you to

consider him as myself, and, so doing, you will find me ever your good cousin and friend." The negotiation was speedy. Many historians have said that it was confined to verbal conventions, and that there was nothing in writing between the two contracting parties. That is a mistake. A treaty was drawn up in brief terms by Beaurain's secretary, and two copies were made, of which one was to be taken to Charles V. and the other to be left with the duke of Bourbon. It stipulated the mutual obligations of the three contracting parties in their offensive and defensive league. Bourbon engaged to attack Francis I.; but he would not promise to acknowledge Henry VIII. as king of France. "I am quite willing to be his ally," he said, "but his subject, his vassal, no! All I can do is to leave myself, as to my relations towards him, in the emperor's hands." A strange and noble relict of patriotism in that violent and haughty soul, more concerned for its rights than its duties, and driven to extremity by the acts of ungrateful and unthoughtful injustice to which the great lord and the valiant warrior had been subjected. The treaty having been signed with this reservation, Bourbon sent, about midnight, for Saint-Bonnet, lord of Branon, whom he intended to despatch to Charles V., and, after having sworn him, "I send you," said he, "to the emperor, to whom you will say that I commend myself humbly to his good graces, that I beg him to give me his sister in marriage, and that, doing me this honor, he will find me his servant, his good brother and friend."

The fatal step was taken. Bourbon was now engaged in revolt against his king and his country, as well as in falsehood and treason, preliminary conditions of such a course. He needed tools and accomplices; and, though he had a numerous and devoted following, he could not feel sure of them all for such a purpose. The very day after the conclusion of his treaty with Charles V., one of his most intimate and important confidants, John of Poitiers, lord of Saint-Vallier, who was present at Montbrison during the negotiation of the treaty, said to him in the morning, "Sir, it was your wish; I heard all; and I spent the whole night thinking about it; tell me, I pray you, do you feel sure of your friend?" "I was not more fond of the brother I lost at Melagnano," said the constable; "I should not have felt more sure of him." "Well then," rejoined Saint-Vallier, "fancy that it is that brother who is speaking to you, and take in good part what he is about to say to you. This alliance which is offered to you will bring upon France

the Germans, the Spaniards, and the English; think of the great mischief which will ensue, human blood shed, destruction of towns, of good families and of churches, violation of women, and other calamities that come of war. Reflect also on the great treason you are committing; when the king has started for Italy and left you in France, putting his trust in you, you will go and stab him in the back, and destroy him as well as his kingdom. You belong to the House of France, and are one of the chief princes of the country, so beloved and esteemed by all that everybody is gladdened at the very sight of you. If you should come to be the cause of so great ruin, you will be the most accursed creature that ever was, accursed for a thousand years after your death. For the love of God consider all this; and if you have no regard for the king and Madame his mother, who you say are treating you wrongfully, at least have some regard for the queen and the princes her children, and do not wilfully cause the perdition of this kingdom, whose enemies, when you have let them into it, will drive you out of it yourself." "But, cousin," said the constable, quite overcome, "what would you have me to do? The king and Madame mean to destroy me; they have already taken away a part of my possessions." "Sir," replied Saint-Vallier, "give up, I pray you, all these wicked enterprises; commend yourself to God and speak frankly to the king." If we are to believe Saint-Vallier's deposition, when, six months afterwards, he was put on his trial and convicted for his participation in the plot and treason, the constable was sufficiently affected by his representations to promise that he would abandon his design and make his peace with the king; but facts refute this assertion. In the latter months of 1523, the stipulations of the treaty concluded at Montbrison on the 18th of July were put into execution by all the contracting parties; letters of exchange from Henry VIII. were sent to Bâle for the German lanzknechts he was to pay; the lanzknechts crossed the Rhine on the 26th of August, and marched through Franche-Comté in spite of its neutrality; the English landed at Calais between the 23rd and 30th of August to co-operate with the Flemings; the Spaniards began the campaign, on the 6th of September, in the direction of the Pyrenees; and the duke of Bourbon on his side took all the necessary measures for forming a junction with his allies, and playing that part in the coalition which had been assigned to him.

According to what appears, he had harbored a design of com-

mencing his enterprise with a very bold stroke. Being informed that Francis I. was preparing to go in person and wage war upon Italy, he had resolved to carry him off on the road to Lyons, and, when once he had the king in his hands, he flattered himself he would do as he pleased with the kingdom. If his attempt were unsuccessful, he would bide his time until Francis I. was engaged in Milaness, Charles V. had entered Guinne and Henry VIII. was in Picardy; he would then assemble a thousand men-at-arms, six thousand foot and twelve thousand lanzknechts, and would make for the Alps to cut the king off from any communication with France. This plan rested upon the assumption that the king would as he had announced, leave the constable in France with an honorable title and an apparent share in the government of the kingdom though really isolated and debarred from action. But Francis had full cognizance of the details of the conspiracy through two Norman gentlemen whom the constable had imprudently tried to get to join in it and who, not content with refusing, had revealed the matter at confession to the bishop of Lisieux, who had lost no time in giving information to sire de Brézé, grand seneschal of Normandy. Brézé at once reported it to the king, and his letter ran: "Sir, there is need also to take care of yourself, for there has been talk of an attempt to carry you off between here and Lyons and conduct you to a strong place in the Bourbon district or on the borders of Auvergne." Being at last seriously disquieted for the consequences of his behavior towards the constable, Francis took two resolutions: one was, not to leave him in France during his own absence; the other was, to go and see him at Moulins, at the same time taking all necessary precautions for his own safety, and win him over once more by announcing an intention of taking him off to Italy and sharing with him the command of the army. On approaching Moulins the king recalled the lanzknechts who had already passed the town, entered it himself surrounded by his guards, and took up his quarters in the castle, of which he seized the keys. At his first interview with the constable, who was slightly indisposed and pretended to be very much so, "I know," said he, "that you are keeping up a connection with the emperor, and that he is trying to turn your discontent to advantage, so as to beguile you; but I have faith in you; you are of the House of France and of the line of Bourbon, which has never produced a traitor." "It is true, sir," said the constable without any confusion; "the emperor, informed by public

rumor of the position to which I am reduced, sent Beaurain to offer me an asylum in his dominions and a fortune suitable to my birth and my rank; but I know the value of empty compliments. Hearing that your Majesty was to pass by Moulins, I thought it my duty to wait and disclose this secret to you myself rather than entrust it to a letter." The king showed signs of being touched. "I have an idea of taking you away with me to Italy," said he: "would you come with me willingly?" "Not only to Italy," was the answer, "but to the end of the world. The doctor assures me that I shall soon be in a condition to bear the motion of a litter; I already feel better; your Majesty's kindnesses will soon complete my cure." Francis testified his satisfaction. Some of his advisers, with more distrust and more prevision, pressed him to order the arrest of so dangerous a man, notwithstanding his protestations; but Francis refused. According to what some historians say, if he had taken off the sequestration laid upon the constable's possessions, actually restored them to him as well as discharged the debts due to him and paid his pensions, and carried him off to Italy, if, in a word he had shown a bold confidence and given back to him at once and for ever the whole of his position, he would perhaps have weaned him from his plot, and would have won back to himself and to France that brave and powerful servant. But Francis wavered between distrust and hope; he confined himself to promising the constable restitution of his possessions if the decree of Parliament was unfavorable to him; he demanded of him a written engagement to remain always faithful to him and to join him in Italy as soon as his illness would allow him; and, on taking leave of him, left with him one of his own gentlemen, Peter de Bretonnière, lord of Warthy, with orders to report to the king as to his health. In this officer Bourbon saw nothing more or less than a spy and in the king's promises nothing but vain words dependent as they were upon the issue of a law-suit which still remained an incubus upon him. He had no answer for words but words; he undertook the engagements demanded of him by the king without considering them binding; and he remained ill at Moulins, waiting till events should summon him to take action with his foreign allies.

This state of things lasted for nearly three weeks. The king remained stationary at Lyons waiting for the constable to join him; and the constable, saying he was ready to set out and going so far as to actually begin his march, was doing his three

leagues a day by litter, being always worse one day than he was the day before. Peter de Warthy, the officer whom the king had left with him, kept going and coming from Lyons to Moulins and from Moulins to Lyons, conveying to the constable the king's complaints and to the king the constable's excuses, without bringing the constable to decide upon joining the king at Lyons and accompanying him into Italy or the king upon setting out for Italy without the constable. "I would give a hundred thousand crowns," the king sent word to Bourbon, "to be in Lombardy." "The king will do well," answered Bourbon, "to get there as soon as possible, for despatch is needful beyond everything." When Warthy insisted strongly, the constable had him called up to his bedside; and "I feel myself," said he, "the most unlucky man in the world not to be able to serve the king; but if I were to be obstinate, the doctors who are attending me would not answer for my life, and I am even worse than the doctors think. I shall never be in a condition to do the king service any more. I am going back to be in my native air and, if I recover a day's health, I will go to the king." "The king will be terribly put out," said Warthy; and he returned to Lyons to report these remarks of the real or pretended invalid. While he was away, the constable received from England and Spain news which made him enter actively upon his preparations; he heard at the same time that the king was having troops marched towards Bourbonness so as to lay violent hands on him if he did not obey; he, therefore, decided to go and place himself in security in his strong castle of Chantelle, where he could await the movements of his allies; he mounted his horse, did six leagues at one stretch and did not draw bridle until he had entered Chantelle. Warthy speedily came and rejoined him. He found the constable sitting on his bed, dressed like an invalid and with his head enveloped in a night-cap. "M. de Warthy," said Bourbon, "you bring your spurs pretty close after mine." "My lord," was the reply, "you have better ones than I thought." "Think you," said Bourbon, "that I did not well, having but a finger's breadth of life, to put it as far out of the way as I could to avoid the king's fury?" "The king," said Warthy, "was never furious towards any man; far less would he be so in your case." "Nay, nay," rejoined the constable, "I know that the grand master and Marshal de Chabannes set out from Lyons with the archers of the guard and four or five thousand lanzknechts to seize me; and that is what made me come to

this house whilst biding my time until the king shall be pleased to hear me." He demanded that the troops sent against him should be ordered to halt till the morrow, promising not to stir from Chantelle without a vindication of himself. "Whither would you go, my lord?" said Warthy: "if you wished to leave the kingdom, you could not; the king has provided against that everywhere." "Nay," said Bourbon, "I have no wish to leave the kingdom; I have friends and servants there." Warthy went away from Chantelle in company with the bishop of Autun, Chiverny, who was one of the constable's most trusted friends and who was bearer to the king of a letter which ran thus: "Provided it please the king to restore to him his possessions, my lord of Bourbon promises to serve him well and heartily, in all places and at all times at which it shall seem good to him. In witness whereof, he has signed these presents, and begs the king to be pleased to pardon those towards whom he is ill disposed on account of this business. CHARLES." In writing this letter the constable had no other object than to gain a little time, for, on bidding good-bye to the bishop of Autun, he said to him, "Farewell, my dear bishop; I am off to Carlat, and from Carlat I shall slip away with five or six horses on my road to Spain." On the next day but one, indeed, the 8th of September, 1523, whilst the bishop of Autun was kept prisoner by the troops sent forward to Chantelle, the constable sallied from it about one in the morning, taking with him five-and-twenty or thirty thousand crowns of gold sewn up in from twelve to fifteen jackets, each of which was entrusted to a man in his train. For a month he wandered about Bourbonnais, Auvergne, Burgundy, Beaujolais, Viennois, Languedoc, and Dauphiny, incessantly changing his road, his comrades, his costume and his asylum occasionally falling in with soldiers of the king who were repairing to Italy, and seeking for some place whence he might safely concert with and act with his allies. At last, in the beginning of October, he arrived at Saint-Claude, in Franche-Comté, imperial territory, and on the 9th of October he made his entry into Besançon, where there came to join him some of his partisans who from necessity or accident had got separated from him, without his having been able anywhere in his progress to excite any popular movement, form any collection of troops or intrench himself strongly in his own states. To judge from appearances, he was now but a fugitive conspirator, without domains and without an army.

Such, however, were his fame and importance as a great lord and warrior that Francis I., as soon as he knew him to be beyond his reach and in a fair way to co-operate actively with his enemies, put off his departure for Italy and "offered the redoubtable fugitive immediate restitution of his possessions, reimbursement from the royal treasury of what was due to him, renewal of his pensions and security that they would be paid him with punctuality." Bourbon refused everything: "It is too late," he replied. Francis I.'s envoy then asked him to give up the sword of constable and the collar of the order of St. Michael. "You will tell the king," rejoined Bourbon, "that he took from me the sword of constable on the day that he took from me the command of the advance-guard to give it to M. d'Alençon. As for the collar of his order, you will find it at Chantelle under the pillow of my bed." Francis I., in order to win back Bourbon, had recourse to his sister, the duchess of Lorraine [Renée de Bourbon, who had married in 1515, Antony, called *the Good*, duke of Lorraine, son of Duke René II. and his second wife, Philippine of Gueldres]: but she was not more successful. After sounding him, she wrote to Francis I. that the duke her brother "was determined to go through with his enterprise, and that he proposed to draw off towards Flanders by way of Lorraine with eighteen hundred horse and ten thousand foot, and form a junction with the king of England" [M. Mignet, *Étude sur le Connétable de Bourbon*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 15, 1854, and March 15 and April 1, 1858].

Under such grave and urgent circumstances, Francis I. behaved on the one hand with more prudence and efficiency than he had yet displayed, and on the other with his usual levity and indulgence towards his favorites. Abandoning his expedition in person into Italy, he first concerned himself for that internal security of his kingdom, which was threatened on the east and north by the Imperialists and the English and on the south by the Spaniards, all united in considerable force and already in motion. Francis opposed to them in the east and north the young Count Claude of Guise, the first celebrity amongst his celebrated race, the veteran Louis de la Trémoille, the most tried of all his warriors, and the duke of Vendôme, head of the younger branch of the House of Bourbon. Into the south he sent Marshal de Lautrec, who was more brave than successful, but of proved fidelity. All these captains acquitted themselves honorably. Claude of Guise defeated a

body of twelve thousand lanzknechts who had already penetrated into Champagne; he hurled them back into Lorraine and dispersed them beneath the walls of the little town of Neufchâteau, where the princesses and the ladies of Lorraine, showing themselves at the windows, looked on and applauded their discomfiture. La Trémoille's only forces were very inferior to the thirty-five thousand Imperialists or English who had entered Picardy; but he managed to make of his small garrisons such prompt and skilful use that the invaders were unable to get hold of a single place and advanced somewhat heedlessly to the very banks of the Oise, whence the alarm spread rapidly to Paris. The duke of Vendôme, whom the king at once despatched thither with a small body of men-at-arms, marched night and day to the assistance of the Parisians, harangued the parliament and Hôtel de Ville vehemently on the conspiracy of the constable de Bourbon, and succeeded so well in reassuring them that companies of the city-militia eagerly joined his troops, and the foreigners, in dread of finding themselves hemmed in, judged it prudent to fall back, leaving Picardy in a state of equal irritation and devastation. In the south, Lautrec, after having made head for three days and three nights against the attacks of a Spanish army which had crossed the Pyrenees under the orders of the constable of Castille, forced it to raise the siege and beat a retreat. Everywhere, in the provinces as well as at the court, the feudal nobility, chieftains and simple gentlemen, remained faithful to the king; the magistrates and the people supported the military; it was the whole nation that rose against one great lord, who, for his own purposes, was making alliance with foreigners against the king and the country.

In respect to Italy, Francis I. was less wise and less successful. Not only did he persist in the stereotyped madness of the conquest of Milaness and the king of Naples, but abandoning for the moment the prosecution of it in person, he entrusted it to his favorite, Admiral Bonnivet, a brave soldier, alternately rash and backward, presumptuous and irresolute, who had already lost credit by the mistakes he had committed and the reverses he had experienced in that arena. At the very juncture when Francis I. confided this difficult charge to Bonnivet, the constable de Bourbon, having at last got out of France, crossed Germany, repaired to Italy, and halted at Mantua, Piacenza, and Genoa; and, whilst waiting for a reply from Charles V., whom he had informed of his arrival, he associated with the

leaders of the imperial armies, lived amongst the troops, inoculated them with his own ardor as well as warlike views, and by his natural superiority regained, amongst the European coalition, the consideration and authority which had been somewhat diminished by his ill-success in his own country and his flight from it. Charles V. was some time about sending an answer; for, in his eyes also, Bourbon had fallen somewhat. "Was it prudent," says the historian of Bourbon himself, "to trust a prince who, though born near the throne, had betrayed his own blood and forsworn his own country? Charles V. might no doubt have insured his fidelity, had he given him in marriage Eleanor of Austria, who was already affianced to him; but he could not make up his mind to unite the destiny of a princess, his own sister, with that of a prince whose position was equally pitiable and criminal. At last, however, he decided to name him his lieutenant-general in Italy; but he surrounded him with so many colleagues and so much surveillance that he had nothing to fear from his remorse and repentance" [*Histoire de la Maison de Bourbon*, t. ii. p. 531]. Bourbon, however, though thus placed in a position of perplexity and difficulty, was none the less an adversary with whom Bonnivet was not in a condition to cope.

It was not long before this was proved by facts. The campaign of 1524 in Italy, brilliant as was its beginning, what with the number and the fine appearance of the troops under Bonnivet's orders, was, as it went on, nothing but a series of hesitations, contradictory movements, blunders, and checks, which the army itself set down to its general's account. Bonnivet, during his investment of Milan, had posted Bayard with a small corps in the village of Rebec. "The good knight, who was never wont to murmur at any commission given him, said, 'Sir admiral, you would send me to a village hard by the enemy, the which is without any fortress, and would need four times so many men as I have, for to be in safety and to hold it.' 'Sir Bayard,' said the admiral, 'go in peace; on my faith I promise you that within three days I will send you plenty of men with you for to hold Rebec, since I well know that it is not to be held with so few men; but never you mind; there shall not a mouse get out of Milan without you have notice of it.' And so much did he say of one sort and another that the good knight, with great disgust, went away with the men told off to him to his post in Rebec. He wrote many times to the admiral that he was in very dangerous plight, and that, if he

would have them hold out long, he should send him aid; but he got no answer. The enemies who were inside Milan were warned that the good knight was in Rebec with very little company; so they decided on a night to go and surprise and defeat him. And the good knight, who was ever on his guard, set nearly every night half his men to watch and to listen, and himself passed two or three nights at it, in such sort that he fell ill, as much from melancholy as from cold, and far more than he let it appear; howbeit he was forced to keep his room that day. When it came on towards night, he ordered some captains who were with him to go on the watch. They went, or made show of going; but, because it rained a little, back went all those who were on the watch, save three or four poor archers, the which, when the Spaniards approached within bow-shot of the village, made no resistance but took to flight, shouting, 'Alarm! alarm!' The good knight, who in such jeopardy never slept but with his clothes on, rose at once, had the bridle put on a charger that was already saddled, and went off, with five or six men-at-arms of his, straight to the barrier whither incontinently came up captain Lorges and a certain number of his foot, who bore themselves mighty well. The uproar was great and the alarm was hot. Then said the good knight to captain Lorges, 'Lorges, my friend, this is an unequal sort of game; if they pass this barrier, we are cooked. I pray you, retire your men, keep the best order you can, and march straight to the camp at Abbiate-Grasso; I, with the horse I have, will remain in the rear. We must leave our baggage to the enemy; there is no help for it. Save we the lives, if possible. . . .' The enemy sought on all sides for the good knight, but he had already arrived at Abbiate-Grasso, where he had some unpleasant words with the admiral; howbeit, I will not make any mention of them; but if they had both lived longer than they did live, they would probably have gone a little farther. The good knight was like to die of grief at the mishap that had befallen him, even though it was not his fault; but in war there is hap and mishap more than in all other things." [*Histoire du bon Chevalier sans Peur et sans Reproche*, t. ii. pp. 120—122; *Les Gestes et la Vie du Chevalier Bayard*, by Champier, pp. 171—174.]

The situation of the French army before Milan was now becoming, more and more, not insecure only, but critical. Bonnivet considered it his duty to abandon it and fall back towards Piedmont, where he reckoned upon finding a corps of

five thousand Swiss who were coming to support their compatriots engaged in the service of France. Near Romagnano, on the banks of the Sesia, the retreat was hotly pressed by the imperial army, the command of which had been ultimately given by Charles V. to the constable de Bourbon, with whom were associated the viceroy of Naples, Charles de Lannoy, and Ferdinand d'Avalos, marquis of Pescara, the most able amongst the Neapolitan officers. On the 30th of April, 1524, some disorder took place in the retreat of the French; and Bonnivet, being severely wounded, had to give up the command to the count of St. Pol and to Chevalier Bayard. Bayard, last as well as first in the fight, according to his custom, charged at the head of some men-at-arms upon the Imperialists who were pressing the French too closely, when he was himself struck by a shot from an arquebus, which shattered his reins. "Jesus, my God," he cried, "I am dead!" He then took his sword by the handle, and kissed the cross-hilt of it as the sign of the cross, saying aloud as he did so: '*Have pity on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy*' (*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*); thereupon he became incontinently quite pale, and all but fell; but he still had heart enough to grasp the pommel of the saddle, and remained in that condition until a young gentleman, his own house-steward, helped him to dismount and set him down under a tree, with his face to the enemy. The poor gentleman burst into tears, seeing his good master so mortally hurt that remedy there was none; but the good knight consoled him gently, saying, 'Jacques, my friend, leave off thy mourning; it is God's will to take me out of this world; by His grace I have lived long therein and have received therein blessings and honors more than my due. All the regret I feel at dying is that I have not done my duty so well as I ought. I pray you, Jacques, my friend, let them not take me up from this spot, for, when I move, I feel all the pains that one can feel, short of death, which will seize me soon.' The constable de Bourbon, being informed of his wound, came to him, saying, 'Bayard, my friend, I am sore distressed at your mishap; there is nothing for it but patience; give not way to melancholy; I will send in quest of the best surgeons in this country, and, by God's help, you will soon be healed.' 'My lord,' answered Bayard, 'there is no pity for me; I die, having done my duty; but I have pity for you, to see you serving against your king, your country, and your oath.' Bourbon withdrew without a word. The marquis of Pescara came pass

ing by, 'Would to God, gentle sir Bayard,' said he, 'that it had cost me a quart of my blood, without meeting my death, that I had been doomed not to taste meat for two years, and that I held you safe and sound my prisoner, for, by the treatment I showed you, you should have understanding of how much I esteemed the high prowess that was in you.' He ordered his people to rig up a tent over Bayard, and to forbid any noise near him so that he might die in peace. Bayard's own gentlemen would not, at any price, leave him. 'I do beseech you,' he said to them, 'to get you gone; else you might fall into the enemy's hands, and that would profit me nothing, for all is over with me. To God I commend ye, my good friends; and I recommend to you my poor soul; and salute, I pray you, the king our master, and tell him that I am distressed at being no longer able to do him service, for I had good will thereto. And to my lords the princes of France, and all my lords my comrades, and generally to all gentlemen of the most honored realm of France when ye see them.'

"He lived for two or three hours yet. There was brought to him a priest to whom he confessed, and then he yielded up his soul to God; whereat all the enemy had mourning incredible. Five days after his death, on the 5th of May, 1524, Beau-rain wrote to Charles V., 'Sir, albeit Sir Bayard was your enemy's servant, yet was it pity of his death, for 'twas a gentle knight, well beloved of every one, and one that lived as good a life as ever any man of his condition. And in truth he fully showed it by his end, for it was the most beautiful that I ever heard tell of.' By the chiefs of the Spanish army certain gentlemen were commissioned to bear him to the church, where solemn service was done for him during two days. Then, by his own servitors was he carried into Dauphiny, and, on passing through the territory of the duke of Savoy, where the body was rested, he did it as many honors as if it had been his own brother's. When the news of his death was known in Dauphiny, I trow that never for a thousand years died there gentleman of the country mourned in such sort. He was borne from church to church, at first near Grenoble, where all my lords of the parliament-court of Dauphiny, my lords of the exchequer, pretty well all the nobles of the country and the greater part of all the burgesses, townsfolk and villagers came half a league to meet the body: then into the church of Notre-Dame, in the aforesaid Grenoble, where a solemn service was done for him; then to a house of *Minimes*, which had been

founded aforetime by his good uncle the bishop of Grenoble, Laurens Alment; and there he was honorably interred. Then every one withdrew to his own house; but for a month there was a stop put to festivals, dances, banquets, and all other pastimes. 'Las! they had good reason; for greater loss could not have come upon the country." [*Histoire du bon Chevalier sans Peur et sans Reproche*, t. ii. pp. 125-132.]

It is a duty and an honor for history to give to such lives and such deaths, as remarkable for modesty as for manly worth, the full place which they ought to occupy in the memory of mankind.

The French army continued its retreat under the orders of the count St. Pol, and re-entered France by way of Suza and Briançon. It was Francis I.'s third time of losing Milaness. Charles V., enchanted at the news, wrote on the 24th of May to Henry VIII.: "I keep you advertised of the good opportunity it has pleased God to offer us of giving a full account of our common enemy. I pray you to carry into effect on your side that which you and I have for a long while desired, wherein I for my part will exert myself with all my might." Bourbon proposed to the two sovereigns a plan well calculated to allure them. He made them an offer to enter France by way of Provence with his victorious army, to concentrate there all the reinforcements promised him, to advance up the Rhone, making himself master as he went of the only two strong places, Monaco and Marseilles, he would have to encounter, to march on Lyons from the side on which that city was defenceless, and be in four months at Paris, whether or no he had a great battle to deliver on the march. "If the king wishes to enter France without delay," said he to Henry VIII.'s ambassador, "I give his Grace leave to pluck out my two eyes if I am not master of Paris before All Saints. Paris taken, all the kingdom of France is in my power. Paris in France is like Milan in Lombardy; if Milan is taken, the duchy is lost; in the same way, Paris taken, the whole of France is lost." By this plan, Bourbon calculated on arriving victorious at the centre of France, in his own domains, and there obtaining, from both nobles and people, the co-operation that had failed him at the outset of his enterprise. The two sovereigns were eager to close with the proposal of the Frenchman, who was for thus handing over to them his country; a new treaty was concluded between them on the 25th of May, 1524, regulating the conditions and means of carrying out this grand campaign; and it was further agreed

that Provence and Dauphiny should be added to the constable's old possessions, and should form a state which Charles V. promised to raise to a kingdom. There was yet a difficulty looming a-head: Bourbon still hesitated to formally acknowledge Henry VIII. as king of France, and promise him allegiance. But at last his resistance was overcome. At the moment of crossing the frontier into France, and after having taken the communion, he said to the English ambassador, Sir Richard Pace, in the presence of four of his gentlemen, "I promise you, on my faith, to place the crown, with the help of my friends, on the head of our common master." But, employing a ruse of the old feudal times, the last gasp of a troubled conscience, Bourbon, whilst promising allegiance to Henry VIII. persisted in refusing to do him homage. Sir Richard Pace none the less regarded the question as decided; and, whilst urging Cardinal Wolsey to act swiftly and resolutely in the interests of their master, he added, "If you do not pay regard to these matters, I shall set down to your Grace's account the loss of the crown of France."

Bourbon entered Provence on the 7th of July, 1524, with an army of eighteen thousand men, which was to be joined before long by six or seven thousand more. He had no difficulty in occupying Antibes, Fréjus, Draguignan, Brignoles, and even Aix; and he already began to assume the title of count of Provence, whilst preparing for a rapid march along by the Rhone and a rush upon Lyons, the chief aim of the campaign; but the Spanish generals whom Charles V. had associated with him, and amongst others the most eminent of them, the marquis of Pescara, peremptorily insisted that, according to their master's order, he should besiege and take Marseilles. Charles V. cared more for the coasts of the Mediterranean than for those of the Channel; he flattered himself that he would make of Marseilles a southern Calais which should connect Germany with Spain and secure their communications, political and commercial. Bourbon objected and resisted; it was the abandonment of his general plan for this war and a painful proof how powerless he was against the wishes of the two sovereigns of whom he was only the tool although they called him their ally. Being forced to yield, he began the siege of Marseilles on the 19th of August. The place, though but slightly fortified and ill supplied, made an energetic resistance; the name and the presence of Bourbon at the head of the besiegers excited patriotism; the burgesses turned soldiers; the cannon of the

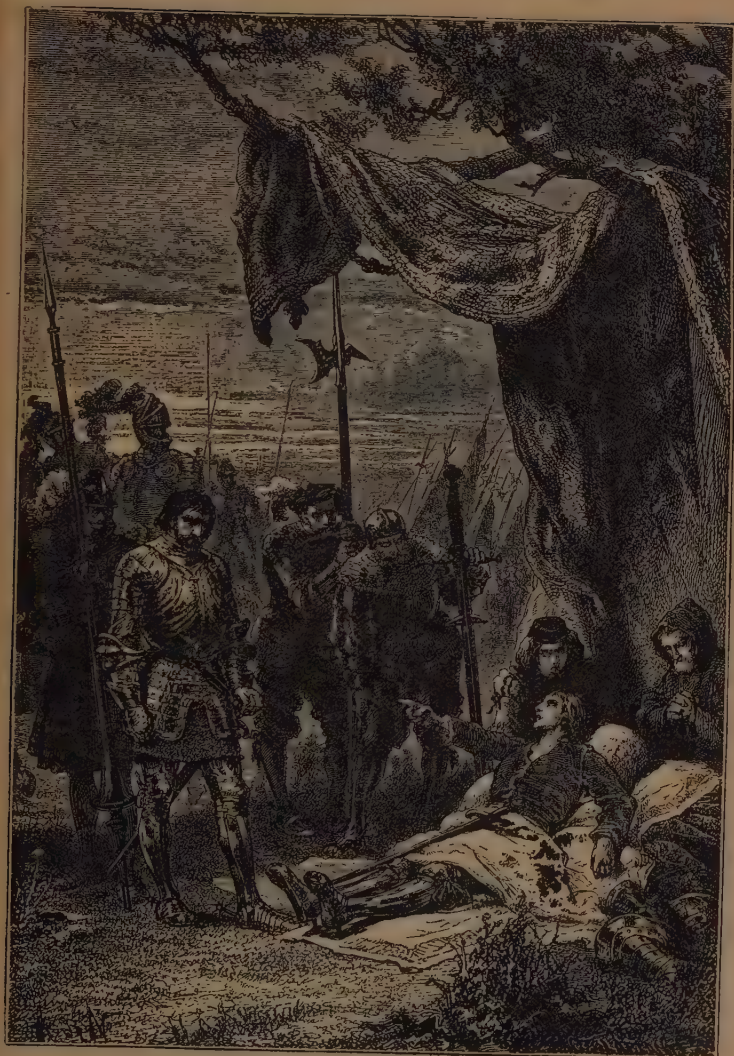
besiegers laid open their walls, but they threw up a second line, an earthen rampart, called *the ladies' rampart*, because all the women in the city had worked at it. The siege was protracted; the reinforcements expected by Bourbon did not arrive; a shot from Marseilles penetrated into Pescara's tent, and killed his almoner and two of his gentlemen. Bourbon rushed up. "Don't you see?" said Pescara to him ironically: "here are the keys sent to you by the timid consuls of Marseilles." Bourbon resolved to attempt an assault; the lanzknechts and the Italians refused; Bourbon asked Pescara for his Spaniards, but Pescara would only consent on condition that the breach was reconnoitred afresh. Seven soldiers were told off for this duty; four were killed and the other three returned wounded, reporting that between the open breach and the intrenchment extended a large ditch filled with fireworks and defended by several batteries. The assembled general officers looked at one another in silence. "Well, gentlemen," said Pescara, "you see that the folks of Marseilles keep a table well spread for our reception; if you like to go and sup in paradise, you are your own masters so far; as for me, who have no desire to go thither just yet, I am off. But believe me," he added seriously, "we had best return to Milaness; we have left that country without a soldier; we might possibly find our return cut off." Whereupon Pescara got up and went out; and the majority of the officers followed him. Bourbon remained almost alone, divided between anger and shame. Almost as he quitted this scene he heard that Francis I. was advancing towards Provence with an army. The king had suddenly decided to go to the succor of Marseilles, which was making so good a defence. Nothing could be a bitterer pill for Bourbon than to retire before Francis I., whom he had but lately promised to dethrone; but his position condemned him to suffer everything, without allowing him the least hesitation; and on the 28th of September, 1524, he raised the siege of Marseilles and resumed the road to Italy, harassed even beyond Toulon by the French advance-guard, eager in its pursuit of the traitor even more than of the enemy.

In the course of this year, 1524, whilst Bourbon was wandering as a fugitive trying to escape from his country, then returning to it, after a few months, as a conqueror, and then leaving it again at the end of a few weeks of prospective triumph, pursued by the king he had betrayed, his case and that of his accomplices had been inquired into and disposed of by the parliament of Paris, dispassionately and almost

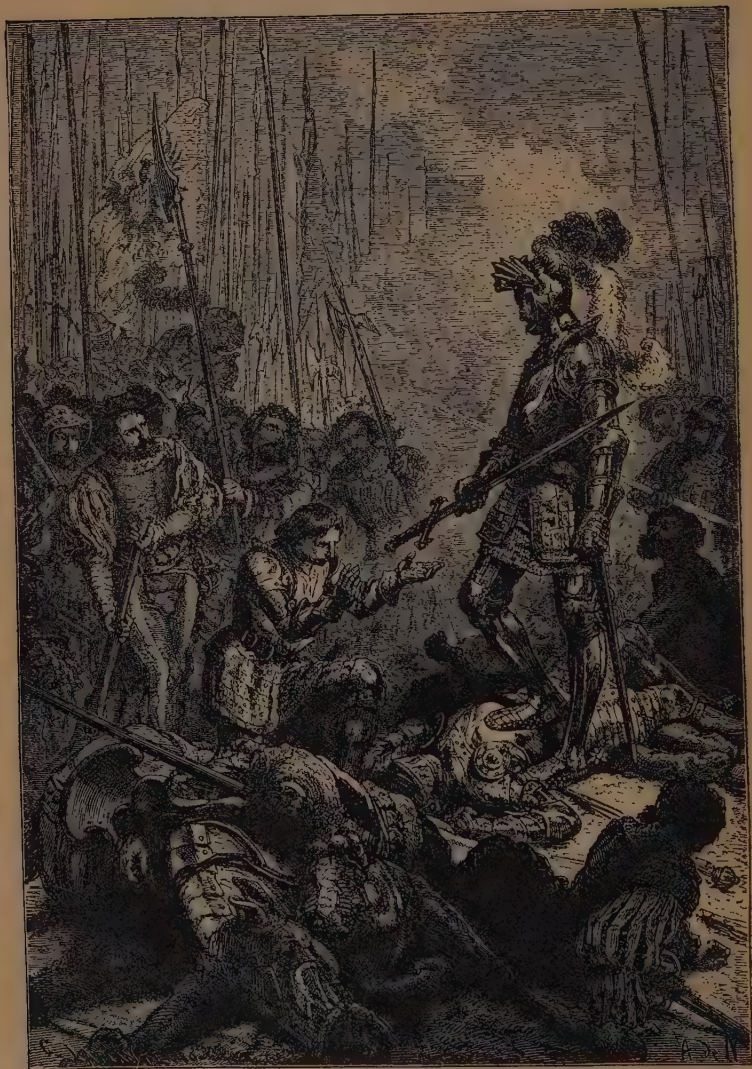
coldly, probably because of the small esteem in which the magistrates held the court of Francis I., and of the wrong which they found had been done to the constable. The parliament was not excited by a feeling of any great danger to the king and the country; it was clear that, at the core, the conspiracy and rebellion were very circumscribed and impotent; and the accusations brought by the court-party or their servants against the conspirators were laughable from their very outrageousness and unlikelihood; according to them, the accomplices of the constable meant not only to dethrone and, if need were, kill the king, but "to make pies of the children of France." Parliament saw no occasion to proceed against more than a half-score of persons in confinement, and, except nineteen defaulters who were condemned to death together with confiscation of their property, only one capital sentence was pronounced, against John of Poitiers, lord of Saint-Vallier, the same who had exerted himself to divert the constable from his plot, but who had nevertheless not refrained from joining it and was the most guilty of all the accomplices in consequence of the confidential post he occupied near the king's person. The decree was not executed, however; Saint-Vallier received his reprieve on the scaffold itself. Francis I. was neither rancorous nor cruel; and the entreaties of, according to some evil-speakers of the day, the kind favors of the lady de Brézé, Saint-Vallier's daughter and subsequently the celebrated Diana of Poitiers, obtained from the king her father's life.

Francis I., greatly vexed, it is said, at the lenity of the Parliament of Paris, summoned commissioners chosen amongst the parliaments of Rouen, Dijon, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and made them reconsider the case. The provincial parliaments decided as that of Paris had. The procedure against the principal culprit was several times suspended and resumed according to the course of events, and the decree was not pronounced so long as the Duke of Bourbon lived. It was abroad and in his alliance with foreign sovereigns that all his importance lay.

After Bourbon's precipitate retreat, the position of Francis I. was a good one. He had triumphed over conspiracy and invasion; the conspiracy had not been catching, and the invasion had failed on all the frontiers. If the king, in security within his kingdom, had confined himself to it, whilst applying himself to the task of governing it well, he would have



DEATH OF BAYARD.



CAPTURE OF FRANCIS I

obtained all the strength he required to make himself feared and deferred to abroad. For awhile he seemed to have entertained this design: on the 25th of September, 1523, he published an important ordinance for the repression of disorderliness and outrages on the part of the soldiery in France itself; and, on the 28th of September following, a regulation as to the administration of finances established a control over the various exchequer-officers, and announced the king's intention of putting some limits to his personal expenses, "not including, however," said he, "the ordinary run of our little necessities and pleasures." This singular reservation was the faithful exponent of his character; he was licentious at home and adventurous abroad, being swayed by his coarse passions and his warlike fancies. Even far away from Paris, in the heart of the provinces, the king's irregularities were known and dreaded. In 1524, some few weeks after the death [at Blois, July 20, 1524] of his wife, Queen Claude, daughter of Louis XII., a virtuous and modest princess more regretted by the people than by her husband, Francis made his entry into Manosque, in Provence. The burgesses had the keys of their town presented to him by the most beautiful creature they could find within their walls; it was the daughter of Antony Voland, one of themselves. The virtuous young girl was so frightened at the king's glances and the signs he made to his gentry, evidently alluding to her, that, on returning home, she got some burning sulphur and placed herself for a long while under the influence of its vapor, in order to destroy the beauty which made her run the risk of being only too pleasing to the king. Francis, who was no great or able captain, could not resist the temptations of war any more than those of the flesh. When Bourbon and the imperial army had evacuated Provence, the king loudly proclaimed his purpose of pursuing them into Italy, and of once more going forth to the conquest of Milaness, and perhaps also of the kingdom of Naples, that incurable craze of French kings in the sixteenth century. In vain did his most experienced warriors, La Trémoille and Chabannes, exert themselves to divert him from such a campaign, for which he was not prepared; in vain did his mother herself write to him, begging him to wait and see her, for that she had important matters to impart to him. He answered by sending her the ordinance which conferred upon her the regency during his absence; and, at the end of October, 1524,

he had crossed the Alps, anxious to go and risk in Milaness the stake he had just won in Provence against Charles V.

Arriving speedily in front of Milan he there found the imperial army which had retired before him; there was a fight in one of the outskirts; but Bourbon recognized the impossibility of maintaining a siege in a town of which the fortifications were in ruins, and with disheartened troops. On the line of march which they had pursued, from Lodi to Milan, there was nothing to be seen but cuirasses, arquebuses tossed hither and thither, dead horses, and men dying of fatigue and scarcely able to drag themselves along. Bourbon evacuated Milan and, taking a resolution as bold as it was singular, abruptly abandoned, so far as he was personally concerned, that defeated and disorganized army, to go and seek for and reorganize another at a distance. Being informed that Charles III., duke of Savoy, hitherto favorable to France, was secretly inclining towards the emperor, he went to Turin, made a great impression by his confidence and his grand spirit in the midst of misfortune upon both the duke and his wife, Beatrix of Portugal, and obtained from them not only a flattering reception but a secret gift of their money and their jewelry; and, equipped with these resources, he passed into Germany to recruit soldiers there. The lanzknechts, who had formerly served under him in France, rushed to him in shoals; he had received from nature the gifts most calculated to gain the hearts of campaigners: kind, accessible, affable and even familiar with the common soldier, he entered into the details of his wants and alleviated them. His famous bravery, his frankness and his generosity gained over those adventurers who were weary of remaining idle; their affection consoled Bourbon and stood him in stead of all: his army became his family and his camp his country. Proscribed and condemned in France, without any position secured to him in the dominions of Charles V., envied and crossed by that prince's generals, he had found full need of all the strong tempering of his character and of his warlike genius to keep him from giving way under so many trials. He was beginning to feel himself near recovery: he had an army, an army of his own; he had chosen for it men inured to labor and fatigue, accustomed to strict discipline; and thereto he added five hundred horsemen from Franche-Comté for whose devotion and courage he could answer; and he gave the second command in this army to George of Freundsberg, an old captain of lanzknechts and

commandant of the emperor's guard, the same who, three years before, on seeing Luther boldly enter Worms, said to him, with a slap on the shoulder: "Little monk, this is a daring step thou art going to take! Nor I, nor any captain of us ever did the like. If thy cause is good and if thou have faith in thy cause, forward! little monk, in God's name, forward!" With such comrades about him, Bourbon re-entered Milaness at the head of twelve or thirteen thousand fighting men, three months after having left it, alone and moneyless. His rivals about the person of Charles V., Lannoy, viceroy of Naples, and marquis of Pescara could not help admiring him, and he regained in the imperial camp an ascendancy which had but lately been very much shaken.

He found the fresh campaign begun in earnest. Francis I.'s veteran generals, Marshals la Trémoille and Chabannes, had advised him to pursue without pause the beaten and disorganized imperial army, which was in such plight that there was placarded on the statue of Pasquin at Rome: "Lost—an army—in the mountains of Genoa; if anybody knows what has become of it, let him come forward and say: he shall be well rewarded." If the king of France, it was said, drove back northward and forced into the Venetian dominions the remnants of this army, the Spaniards would not be able to hold their own in Milaness and would have to retire within the kingdom of Naples. But Admiral Bonnivet, "whose counsel the king made use of more than of any other," says Du Bellay, pressed Francis I. to make himself master, before everything, of the principal strong places in Lombardy, especially of Pavia, the second city in the duchy of Milan. Francis followed this counsel, and on the 26th of August, 1524, twenty days after setting out from Aix in Provence, he appeared with his army in front of Pavia. On learning this resolution, Pescara joyously exclaimed, "We were vanquished; a little while and we shall be vanquishers." Pavia had for governor a Spanish veteran, Antony de Leyva, who had distinguished himself at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512, by his vigilance and indomitable tenacity: and he held out for nearly four months, first against assaults and then against investment by the French army. Francis I. and his generals occasionally proceeded during this siege to severities condemned by the laws and usages of war. A small Spanish garrison had obstinately defended a tower situated at the entrance of a stone bridge which led from an island on the Ticino into Pavia. Marshal de Montmorency at

last carried the tower and had all the defenders hanged "for having dared," he said, "to offer resistance to an army of the king's in such a pigeon-hole." Antony de Leyva had the bridge forthwith broken down, and De Montmorency was stopped on the borders of the Ticino. In spite of the losses of its garrison in assaults and sorties, and in spite of the sufferings of the inhabitants from famine and from lack of resources of all sorts, Pavia continued to hold out. There was a want of wood as well as of bread; and they knocked the houses to pieces for fuel. Antony de Leyva caused to be melted down the vessels of the churches and the silvern chandeliers of the university, and even a magnificent chain of gold which he habitually wore round his neck. He feared he would have to give in at last, for want of victuals and ammunition, when, towards the end of January, 1525, he saw appearing, on the northern side, the flags of the imperial army: it was Bourbon, Lannoy, and Pescara, who were coming up with twenty thousand foot, seven hundred men-at-arms, a troop of Spanish arquebusiers and several pieces of cannon. Bourbon, whilst on the march, had written, on the 5th of January, to Henry VIII., and, after telling him what he meant to do, had added, "I know through one of my servants that the French have said that I retired from Provence shamefully. I remained there a space of three months and eight days waiting for battle. . . . I hope to give the world to know that I have no fear of king Francis, for, please God, we shall place ourselves so close together that we shall have great trouble to get disentangled without battle, and I shall so do that neither he nor they who have held such talk about me shall say that I was afraid of being there." The situation was from that moment changed. The French army found themselves squeezed between the fortress which would not surrender and the imperial army which was coming to relieve it. Things, however, remained stationary for three weeks. Francis I. intrenched himself strongly in his camp, which the Imperialists could not attack without great risk of unsuccess. "Pavia is doomed to fall," wrote Francis to his mother the regent on the 3rd of February, "if they do not reinforce it somehow; and they are beating about to make it hold on to the last gasp, which, I think, will not be long now, for it is more than a month since those inside have had no wine to drink and neither meat nor cheese to eat; they are short of powder even." Antony de Leyva gave notice to the Imperialists that the town was not in a condition for further

resistance. On the other hand, if the imperial army put off fighting, they could not help breaking up; they had exhausted their victuals, and the leaders their money; they were keeping the field without receiving pay and were subsisting, so to speak, without resources. The prudent marquis of Pescara himself was for bringing on a battle, which was indispensable. "A hundred years in the field," said he, in the words of an old Italian proverb, "are better than one day of fighting, for one may lose in a doubtful mellay what one was certain of winning by skilful manœuvres; but when one can no longer keep the field, one must risk a battle, so as not to give the enemy the victory without a fight." The same question was being discussed in the French camp. The veteran captains, La Trémoille and Chabannes, were of opinion that by remaining in the strong position in which they were encamped they would conquer without fighting. Bonnivet and De Montmorency were of the contrary opinion. "We French," said Bonnivet, "have not been wont to make war by means of military artifices, but handsomely and openly, especially when we have at our head a valiant king who is enough to make the veriest dastards fight. Our kings bring victory with them, as our little king Charles VIII. did at the Taro, our king Louis XII. at Agnadello, and our king who is here present, at Melegnano." Francis I. was not the man to hold out against such sentiments and such precedents; and he decided to accept battle as soon as it should be offered him. The imperial leaders, at a council held on the 23rd of February, determined to offer it next day. Bourbon vigorously supported the opinion of Pescara. Antony de Leyva was notified the same evening of their decision and was invited to make, as soon as he heard two cannon-shots, a sortie which would place the French army between two fires. Pescara, according to his custom, mustered the Spaniards; and "My lads," said he, "fortune has brought you to such extremity that on the soil of Italy you have for your own only that which is under your feet. All the emperor's might could not procure for you to-morrow morning one morsel of bread. We know not where to get it, save in the Frenchman's camp which is before your eyes. There they have an abundance of everything, bread, meat, trout, and carp from the lake of Garda. And so, my lads, if you are set upon having anything to eat to-morrow, march we down on the Frenchman's camp." Freundsberg spoke in the same style to the German lanzknechts. And both were responded to with cheers. Eloquence

is mighty powerful when it speaks in the name of necessity.

The two armies were of pretty equal strength; they had each from twenty to five and twenty thousand infantry, French, Germans, Spaniards, lanzknechts, and Swiss. Francis I. had the advantage in artillery and in heavy cavalry, called at that time the *gendarmerie*, that is to say, the corps of men-at-arms in heavy armor with their servants; but his troops were inferior in effectives to the Imperialists, and Charles V.'s two generals, Bourbon and Pescara, were, as men of war, far superior to Francis I. and his favorite Bonnivet. In the night between the 23rd and 24th of February they opened a breach of forty or fifty fathoms in the wall around the park of Mirabello, where the French camp was situated; a corps immediately passed through it, marching on Pavia to reinforce the garrison and the main body of the imperial army entered the park to offer the French battle on that ground. The king at once set his army in motion; and his well-posted artillery mowed down the corps of Germans and Spaniards who had entered the park. "You could see nothing," says a witness of the battle, "but heads and arms flying about." The action seemed to be going ill for the Imperialists; Pescara urged the duke of Bourbon and Lannoy, the viceroy of Naples, to make haste and come up; Lannoy made the sign of the cross and said to his men, "There is no hope but in God; follow me and do every one as I do." Francis I., on his side, advanced with the pick of his men-at-arms, burst on the advance-guard of the enemy, broke it, killed with his own hand the marquis of Civita-San-Angelo, and dispersed the various corps he found in his way. In the confidence of his joy he thought the victory decided, and, turning to marshal de Foix who was with him, "M. de Lescun," said he, "now am I fain to call myself duke of Milan." But Bourbon and Pescara were not the men to accept a defeat so soon; they united all their forces and resumed the offensive at all points; the French batteries, masked by an ill-considered movement on the part of their own troops, who threw themselves between them and the enemy, lost all serviceability; and Pescara launched upon the French *gendarmerie* fifteen hundred Basque arquebusiers, whom he had exercised and drilled to penetrate into the midst of the horses, shoot both horses and riders, and fall back rapidly after having discharged their pieces. Being attacked by the German lanzknechts of Bourbon and Freundsberg, the

Swiss in the French service did not maintain their renown and began to give way. "My God, what is all this!" cried Francis I., seeing them waver, and he dashed towards them to lead them back into action; but neither his efforts, nor those of John of Diesbach and the lord of Fleuranges, who were their commanders, were attended with success. The king was only the more eager for the fray; and, rallying around him all those of his men-at-arms who would neither recoil nor surrender, he charged the Imperialists furiously, throwing himself into the thickest of the mellay and seeking in excess of peril some chance of victory; but Pescara, though wounded in three places, was none the less stubbornly fighting on, and Antony de Leyva, governor of Pavia, came with the greater part of the garrison to his aid. At this very moment Francis I. heard that the first prince of the blood, his brother-in-law the duke of Alençon, who commanded the rear-guard, had precipitately left the field of battle. The oldest and most glorious warriors of France, La Trémoille, Marshal de Chabannes, Marshal de Foix, the grand equerry San-Sevrino, the duke of Suffolk, Francis of Lorraine, Chaumont, Bussy d'Amboise, and Francis de Duras fell, here and there, mortally wounded. At this sight Admiral Bonnivet in despair exclaimed, "I can never survive this fearful havoc;" and, raising the visor of his helmet he rushed to meet the shots which were aimed at him, and in his turn fell beside his comrades-in-arms. Bourbon had expressly charged his men to search everywhere in the mellay for the Admiral, and bring him in a prisoner. When, as he passed along that part of the battle-field, he recognized the corpse, "Ah! wretch," he cried, as he moved away, "it is thou who hast caused the ruin of France and of me!" Amidst these dead and dying, Francis still fought on; wounded as he was in the face, the arms, and the legs, he struck right and left with his huge sword and cut down the nearest of his assailants; but his horse, mortally wounded, dragged him down as it fell; he was up again in an instant, and, standing beside his horse, he laid low two more Spaniards who were pressing him closely; the ruck of the soldiers crowded about him; they did not know him, but his stature, his strength, his bravery, his coat of mail studded with golden lilies, and his helmet overshadowed by a thick plume of feathers pointed him out to all as the finest capture to make; his danger was increasing every minute, when one of Bourbon's most intimate confidants, the lord of Pompérant, who, in 1523, had accompanied the constable in

his flight through France, came up at this critical moment, recognized the king, and, beating off the soldiers with his sword, ranged himself at the king's side, represented to him the necessity of yielding, and pressed him to surrender to the duke of Bourbon, who was not far off. "No," said the king, "rather die than pledge my faith to a traitor: where is the viceroy of Naples!" It took some time to find Lannoy; but at last he arrived and put one knee on the ground before Francis I., who handed his sword to him. Lannoy took it with marks of the most profound respect, and immediately gave him another. The battle was over, and Francis I. was Charles V.'s prisoner.

He had shown himself an imprudent and unskilful general, but at the same time a hero. His conquerors, both officers and privates, could not help, whilst they secured his person, showing their admiration for him. When he sat down to table, after having had his wounds, which were slight, attended to, Bourbon approached him respectfully and presented him with a dinner-napkin; and the king took it without embarrassment and with frigid and curt politeness. He next day granted him an interview, at which an accommodation took place with due formalities on both sides, but nothing more. All the king's regard was for the marquis of Pescara, who came to see him in a simple suit of black, in order, as it were, to share his distress. "He was a perfect gentleman," said Francis I., "both in peace and in war." He heaped upon him marks of esteem and almost of confidence: "How do you think," he asked, "the emperor will behave to me?" "I think," replied Pescara, "I can answer for the emperor's moderation; I am sure that he will make a generous use of his victory. If, however, he were capable of forgetting what is due to your rank, your merits, and your misfortunes, I would never cease to remind him of it, and I would lose what little claim upon him my services may have given me, or you should be satisfied with his behavior." The king embraced him warmly. He asked to be excused from entering Pavia, that he might not be a gazing-stock in a town that he had so nearly taken. He was, accordingly, conducted to Pizzighittone, a little fortress between Milan and Cremona. He wrote thence two letters, one to his mother the regent and the other to Charles V., which are here given word for word, because they so well depict his character and the state of his mind in his hour of calamity:

"1. *To the regent of France:* Madame, that you may know

how stands the rest of my misfortune: *there is nothing in the world left to me but honor and my life, which is safe.* And in order that, in your adversity, this news might bring you some little comfort, I prayed for permission to write you this letter, which was readily granted me; entreating you, in the exercise of your accustomed prudence, to be pleased not to do anything rash, for I have hope after all that God will not forsake me. Commending to you my children your grandchildren, and entreating you to give the bearer a free passage, going and returning, to Spain, for he is going to the emperor to learn how it is his pleasure that I should be treated."

2. "*To the emperor Charles V.:* If liberty had been sooner granted me by my cousin the viceroy, I should not have delayed so long to do my duty towards you, according as the time and the circumstances in which I am placed require; having no other comfort under my misfortune than a reliance on your goodness, which, if it so please, shall employ the results of victory with honorableness towards me; having steadfast hope that your virtue would not willingly constrain me to anything that was not honorable; entreating you to consult your own heart as to what you shall be pleased to do with me; feeling sure that the will of a prince such as you are cannot be coupled with aught but honor and magnanimity. Wherefore, if it please you to have so much honorable pity as to answer for the safety which a captive king of France deserves to find, whom there is a desire to render friendly and not desperate, you may be sure of obtaining an acquisition instead of a useless prisoner, and of making a king of France your slave forever."

The former of these two letters has had its native hue somewhat altered in the majority of histories, in which it has been compressed into those eloquent words, "All is lost save honor." The second needs no comment to make apparent what it lacks of kingly pride and personal dignity. Beneath the warrior's heroism there was in the qualities of Francis I. more of what is outwardly brilliant and winning than of real strength and solidity.

But the warrior's heroism, in conjunction with what is outwardly brilliant and winning in the man, exercises a great influence over people. The viceroy of Naples perceived and grew anxious at the popularity of which Francis I. was the object at Pizzighittone. The lanzknechts took an open interest in him and his fortunes; the Italians fixed their eyes on him; and Bourbon, being reconciled to him, might meditate carrying

him off. Lannoy resolved to send him to Naples, where there would be more certainty of guarding him securely. Francis made no objection to this design. On the 12th of May, 1525, he wrote to his mother: "Madame, the bearer has assured me that he will bring you this letter safely; and, as I have but little time, I will tell you nothing more than that I shall be off to Naples on Monday; and so keep a look-out at sea, for we shall have only fourteen galleys to take us and eighteen hundred Spaniards to man them; but those will be all their arquebusers. Above all, haste: for, if that is made, I am in hopes that you may soon see your most humble and most obedient son." There was no opportunity for even attempting to carry off the king as he went by sea to Naples; instead of taking him to Naples, Lannoy transported him straight to Spain, with the full assent of the king and the regent themselves, for it was in French galleys manned by Spanish troops that the voyage was made. Instead of awaiting the result of such doubtful chances of deliverance as might occur in Italy, Francis I., his mother, and his sister Margaret, entertained the idea that what was of the utmost importance for him was to confer and treat in person with Charles V., which could not be done save in Spain itself. In vain did Bourbon and Pescara, whose whole influence and ambitious hopes lay in Italy, and who, on that stage, regarded Francis I. as their own prisoner rather than Charles V.'s, exert themselves to combat this proposal; the viceroy of Naples, in concert, no doubt, with Charles V. himself as well as with Francis I. and his mother, took no heed of their opposition; and Francis I., disembarking at the end of June at Barcelona first and then at Valentia, sent, on the 2nd of July, to Charles V. the duke de Montmorency, with orders to say that he had desired to approach the emperor, "not only to obtain peace and deliverance in his own person, but also to establish and confirm Italy in the state and fact of devotion to the emperor, before that the potentates and lords of Italy should have leisure to rally together in opposition." The regent, his mother, and his sister Margaret congratulated him heartily on his arrival in Spain, and Charles V. himself wrote to him: "It was a pleasure to me to hear of your arrival over here, because that, just now, it will be the cause of a happy general peace for the great good of Christendom, which is what I most desire."

It is difficult to understand how Francis I. and Charles V. could rely upon personal interviews and negotiations for put

ting an end to their contentions and establishing a general peace. Each knew the other's pretensions, and they knew how little disposed they were, either of them, to abandon them. On the 28th of March, 1525, a month after the battle of Pavia, Charles V. had given his ambassadors instructions as to treating for the ransom and liberation of the king of France. His chief requirements were that Francis I. should renounce all attempts at conquest in Italy, that he should give up the suzerainty of the countships of Flanders and Artois, that he should surrender to Charles V. the duchy of Burgundy with all its dependencies, as derived from Mary of Burgundy, daughter of the last duke, Charles the Rash; that the duke of Bourbon should be reinstated in possession of all his domains, with the addition thereto of Provence and Dauphiny, which should form an independent state; and, lastly, that France should pay England all the sums of money which Austria owed her. Francis I., on hearing, at Pizzighittone, these proposals read out, suddenly drew his sword as if to stab himself, saying, "It were better for a king to end thus." His custodian, Alarcon, seized his arm, whilst recalling him to his senses. Francis recovered calmness, but without changing his resolution; he would rather, he said, bury himself in a prison for ever than subscribe to conditions destructive of his kingdom, and such as the states-general of France would never accept. When Francis I. was removed to Spain he had made only secondary concessions as to these requirements of Charles V., and Charles V. had not abandoned any one of his original requirements. Marshal de Montmorency, when sent by the king to the emperor on the 2nd of July, 1525, did not enter at all into the actual kernel of the negotiation; after some conventional protestations of a pacific kind, he confined himself to demanding "a safe-conduct for Madame Marguerite of France, the king's only sister, duchess of Alençon and Berry, who would bring with her such and so full powers of treating for peace, the liberation of the king, and friendly alliance to secure the said peace, that the emperor would clearly see that the king's intentions were pure and genuine, and that he would be glad to conclude and decide in a month what might otherwise drag on for a long while to the great detriment of their subjects." The marshal was at the same time to propose the conclusion of a truce during the course of the negotiations.

Amongst the letters at that time addressed to Francis I., a

prisoner of war, is the following, dated March, 1525, when he was still in Italy:

"My lord, the joy we are still feeling at the kind letters which you were pleased to write yesterday to me and to your mother, makes us so happy with the assurance of your health on which our life depends, that it seems to me that we ought to think of nothing but of praising God and desiring a continuance of your good news, which is the best meat we can have to live on. And inasmuch as the Creator hath given us grace that our *trinity* should be always united, *the other two* do entreat you that this letter, presented to you who are the *third*, may be accepted with the same affection with which it is cordially offered you by your most humble and most obedient servants, your mother and sister—LOUISE, MARGUERITE."

This close and tender union of the *three* continued through all separations and all trials; the confidence of the captive king was responsive to the devotion of his mother the regent and of his sister who had become his negotiatrice. When the news came of the king's captivity, the regency threatened for a moment to become difficult and stormy; all the ambition and the hatred that lay dormant in the court awoke; an attempt was made to excite in the duke of Vendôme, the head of the younger branch of the House of Bourbon, a desire to take the regent's place; the parliament of Paris attacked the chancellor, Duprat, whom they hated—not without a cause; but the duke of Vendôme was proof against the attempts which were made upon him, and frankly supported the regent, who made him the chief of her council; and the regent supported the chancellor. She displayed, in these court-contentions, an ability partaking both of firmness and pliancy. The difficulties of foreign policy found her equally active and prudent. The greatest peril which France could at that time incur arose from the maintenance of the union between the king of England and Charles V. At the first news of the battle of Pavia, Henry VIII. dreamed for a moment of the partition of France between Charles and himself, with the crown of France for his own share; demonstrations of joy took place at the court of London; and attempts were made to levy, without the concurrence of Parliament, imposts capable of sufficing for such an enterprise. But the English nation felt no inclination to put up with this burden and the king's arbitrary power in order to begin over again the Hundred Years' War. The primate, Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, wrote to Cardinal Wolsey: "It is reported to me

that when the people had orders to make bonfires for the capture of the king of France, many folks said that it was more reason for weeping than for rejoicing. Others openly expressed their desire that the king of France might be set at liberty, that a happy peace might be concluded, and that the king might not attempt to conquer France again, a conquest more burdensome than profitable and more difficult to keep than to make." Wolsey himself was cooled towards Charles V., who, instead of writing to him as of old and signing with his own hand, "your son and cousin," now merely put his name, *Charles*. The regent, Louise of Savoy, profited ably by these feelings and circumstances in England; a negotiation was opened between the two courts; Henry VIII. gained by it two millions of crowns payable by annual instalments of fifty thousand crowns each, and Wolsey received a pension of a hundred thousand crowns. At first a truce for four months and then an alliance, offensive and defensive, were concluded on the 30th of August, 1525, between France and England; and the regent, Louise of Savoy, had no longer to trouble herself about anything except the captivity of the king her son and the departure of her daughter Margaret to go and negotiate for the liberation of the prisoner.

The negotiation had been commenced, as early as the 20th of July, at Toledo, between the ambassadors of Francis I. and the advisers of Charles V., but without any symptom of progress. Francis I., since his arrival in Spain, had been taken from strong castle to strong castle and then removed to Madrid, everywhere strictly guarded and leading a sad life, without Charles V.'s coming to visit him or appointing him any meeting-place. In vain did the emperor's confessor, the bishop of Osma, advise him to treat Francis I. generously, and so lay upon him either the obligation of thankfulness or the burden of ingratitude; the majority of his servants gave him contrary counsel: "I know not what you mean to do," wrote his brother, the Archduke Ferdinand; "but, if I were wise enough to know how to give you good counsel, it seems to me that such an opportunity should not be lost, but that you should follow up your good fortune and act in such wise that neither the king of France nor his successors should have power hereafter to do harm to you or yours." That too was Charles V.'s own way of thinking; but, slow and patient as he was by nature, he relied upon the discomforts and the wearisomeness of prolonged captivity and indecision for tiring out Francis I. and overcoming his resistance to the harsh con-

ditions he would impose upon him. The regent, Louise, made him an offer to go herself and treat with him, at Perpignan, for the king's liberation; but he did not accept that overture. The duke of Alençon, son-in-law of Louise, had died at Lyons, unable to survive the shame of his flight at the battle of Pavia; and the regent hinted that her daughter Marguerite, three months a widow, "would be happy if she could be agreeable to his Imperial Majesty," but Charles let the hint drop without a reply. However, at the end of August, 1525, he heard that Francis I. was ill: "from great melancholy he had fallen into a violent fever." The population of Madrid was in commotion; Francis I. had become popular there; many people went to pray for him in the churches; the doctors told the emperor that there was fear for the invalid's life and that he alone could alleviate the malady by administering some hope. Charles V. at once granted the safe-conduct which had been demanded of him for Marguerite of France, and on the 18th of September he himself went to Madrid to pay a visit to the captive. Francis, on seeing him enter the chamber, said, "So your Majesty has come to see your prisoner die?" "You are not my prisoner," answered Charles, "but my brother and my friend; I have no other purpose than to give you your liberty and every satisfaction you can desire." Next day Marguerite arrived; her mother, the regent, had accompanied her as far as Pont-Saint-Esprit; she had embarked, on the 27th of August, at Aigues-Mortes and, disembarking at Barcelona, had gone to Madrid by litter; in order to somewhat assuage her impatience she had given expression to it in the following tender stanzas:—

"For the bliss that awaits me so strong
Is my yearning that yearning is pain;
One hour is a hundred years long;
My litter, it bears me in vain;
It moves not, or seems to recede,
Such speed would I make if I might:
Oh! the road, it is weary indeed,
Where lies—at the end—my delight!

I gaze all around me all day
For some one with tidings to bring,
Not ceasing, ne'er doubt me, to pray
Unto God for the health of my king:
I gaze; and when none is descried,
Then I weep; and, what else? if you ask,
To my paper my grief I confide:
This, this is my sorrowful task.

Oh! welcome be he who at length
Shall tap at my door and shall cry;
'The king to new health and new strength
Is returning; the king will not die!'
Then she, who were now better dead,
Will run the newbearer to see,
And kiss him for what he hath said,
That her brother from danger is free."

Francis was not "free from danger" when his sister arrived; she took her post at his side; on the 25th of September a serious crisis came on; and he remained for some time "without speaking, or hearing, or seeing." Marguerite had an altar set up in her chamber; and all the French of the household, great lords and domestics, knelt beside the sick man's sister, and received the communion from the hands of the archbishop of Embrun, who, drawing near the bed, entreated the king to turn his eyes to the holy sacrament. Francis came out of his lethargy and asked to communicate likewise, saying, "God will cure me, soul and body." He became convalescent, and on the 20th of October he was sufficiently recovered for Marguerite to leave Madrid and go and resume negotiations at Toledo, whither Charles V. had returned.

The day but one after her arrival she wrote to the king: "The emperor gave me courteous and kind reception, and, after coming to meet me at the entrance of this house, he used very kind and courteous language to me. He desired that he and I should be alone in the same room and one of my women to keep the door. This evening I will send you word of what has been done; entreating you, my lord, to put on before sieur Alarcon (the king's custodian) an air of weakness and weariness, for your debility will strengthen me and will hasten my despatch, which seems to me slower than I can tell you; as well for the sake of seeing you liberated, which you will be by God's help, as of returning and trying whether your dear hand can be of any use to you."

Marguerite was impressed by the good-will she discovered at the court of Toledo in respect of the king of France, his liberation and the establishment of peace; she received from the people in the streets as well as from the great lords in their houses the most significant proofs of favor. Charles V. took umbrage at it, and had the duke of Infantado, amongst others, informed that, if he wished to please the emperor, neither he nor his sons must speak to Madame d'Alençon: "But," said she, "I am not tabooed to the ladies, to whom I will speak

double." She contracted a real intimacy with even the sister of Charles V., Eleanor, widow of the king of Portugal, whom Charles had promised to the duke of Bourbon, and between whom and her brother, King Francis, Marguerite set *brewing* a marriage, which was not long deferred. But, in spite of her successes at the court and even in the family of the emperor, Marguerite had no illusions touching the small chance of bringing her grand object of negotiation to a happy issue. "Every one tells me," she wrote, "that he loves the king, but there is small experience of it. . . . If I had to do with good sort of people, who understand what honor is, I would not care; but the contrary is the case." She did not lose courage, however: "she spoke to the emperor so bravely and courteously," says Brantôme, "that he was quite astounded, and she said still worse to those of his council, at which she had audience; there she had full triumph of her good speaking and haranguing, with an easy grace in which she was not deficient; and she did so well with her fine speaking that she made herself rather agreeable than hateful or tiresome, that her reasons were found good and pertinent, and that she remained in high esteem with the emperor, his council and his court."

But neither good and pertinent reasons, nor the charm of eloquence in the mouth of a pleasing and able woman, are sufficient to make head against the passions and interests of the actors who are at a given moment in possession of the political arena; it needs time, a great deal of time, before the unjust or unreasonable requirements and determinations of a people, a generation and the chief of a State become acknowledged as such and abandoned. At the negotiations entered upon in 1525 between Francis I. and Charles V., Francis I. was prompt in making large and unpalatable concessions: he renounced his pretensions, so far as Italy was concerned, to the duchy of Milan, to Genoa, and to the kingdom of Naples; his suzerainty over the countships of Flanders and Artois, and possession of Hesdin and Tournay; he consented to reinstate Duke Charles of Bourbon in all his hereditary property and rights, and to pay three millions of crowns in gold for his own ransom; but he refused to cede Provence and Dauphiny to the duke of Bourbon as an independent state, and to hand over the duchy of Burgundy to Charles V., as heir of his grandmother, Mary of Burgundy, only daughter of Charles the Rash. Charles V., after somewhat lukewarmly persisting,

gave up the demand he had made, on behalf of the duke of Bourbon, for having Provence and Dauphiny erected into an independent State; but he insisted absolutely, on his own behalf, in his claim to the duchy of Burgundy as a right and a condition, *sine quâ non*, of peace. The question at the bottom of the negotiations between the two sovereigns lay thus: the acquisition of Burgundy was for Charles V. the crowning-point of his victory and of his predominance in Europe; the giving-up of Burgundy was for Francis I. a lasting proof of his defeat and a dismemberment of his kingdom: one would not let his prisoner go at any price but this, the other would not purchase at this price even his liberty and his restoration to his friends. In this extremity Francis I. took an honorable and noble resolution; in October, 1525, he wrote to Charles V.: "Sir, my brother, I have heard from the archbishop of Embrun and my premier-president at Paris of the decision you have expressed to them as to my liberation, and I am sorry that what you demand of me is not in my power. But feeling that you could not take a better way of telling me that you mean to keep me prisoner for ever than by demanding of me what is impossible on my part, I have made up my mind to put up with imprisonment, being sure that God, who knows that I have not deserved a long one, being a prisoner of fair war, will give me strength to bear it patiently. And I can only regret that your courteous words, which you were pleased to address to me in my illness, should have come to nothing." [*Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France. Captivité du roi François I.*, p. 384.]

The resolution announced in this letter led before long to the official act which was certain to be the consequence of it. In November, 1525, by formal letters patent, Francis I., abdicating the kingship which he could not exercise, ordered that his eldest son, the dauphin Francis, then eight years old, should be declared, crowned, anointed and consecrated Most Christian King of France, and that his grandmother, Louise of Savoy duchess of Angoulême, or, in default of her, his aunt Marguerite, duchess of Alençon, should be regent of the kingdom: "If it should please God that we should recover our personal liberty, and be able to proceed to the government and conduct of our kingdom, in that case our most dear and most beloved son shall quit and give up to us the name and place of king, all things re-becoming just as they were before "our capture and captivity." The letters patent ordered the regent to get to-

gether a number of good and notable personages from the three estates in all the districts, countries and good towns of France, to whom, either in a body or separately, one after another, she should communicate the said will of the king, as above, in order to have their opinion, counsel and consent." Thus, during the real king's very captivity and so long as it lasted, France was again about to have a king whom the states-general of France would be called upon to support with their counsels and adhesion.

This resolution was taken and these letters patent prepared just at the expiry of the safe-conduct granted to the Princess Marguerite, and, consequently, just when she would have to return to France. Charles V. was somewhat troubled at the very different position in which he was about to find himself, when he would have to treat no longer at Madrid with a captive king but at Paris with a young king out of his power and with his own people about him. Marguerite fully perceived his embarrassment. From Toledo, where she was, she wrote to her brother: "After having been four days without seeing the emperor, when I went to take leave I found him so gracious that I think he is very much afraid of my going; those gentry yonder are in a great fix, and, if you will be pleased to hold firm, I can see them coming round to your wishes. But they would very much like to keep me here doing nothing, in order to promote their own affairs, as you will be pleased to understand." Charles V., in fact, signified to the king his desire that the negotiations should be proceeded with at Madrid or Toledo, never ceasing to make protestations of his pacific intentions. Francis I. replied that, for his part, "he would not lay any countermand on the duchess, that he would willingly hear what the emperor's ambassadors had to say, but that, if they did not come to any conclusion as to a peace and his own liberation, he would not keep his own ambassadors any longer and would send them away." Marguerite set out at the end of November; she at first travelled slowly, waiting for good news to reach her and stop her on the road, but suddenly, she received notice from Madrid to quicken her steps; according to some historians, it was the duke of Bourbon who, either under the influence of an old flame or in order to do a service to the king he had betrayed, sent word to the princess that Charles V., uneasy about what she was taking with her to France, had an idea of having her arrested the moment her safe-conduct had expired. According to a more

probable version, it was Francis I. himself who, learning that three days after Marguerite's departure Charles V. had received a copy of the royal act of abdication, at once informed his sister, begging her to make all haste. And she did so to such purpose that, "making four day's journey in one," she arrived at Salces, in the eastern Pyrenees, an hour before the expiry of her safe-conduct. She no doubt took to her mother, the regent, the details of the king's resolutions and instructions; but the act itself containing them, the letters patent of Francis I., had not been entrusted to her; it was Marshal de Montmorency who, at the end of December, 1525, was the first bearer of them to France.

Did Francis I. flatter himself that his order to have his son the dauphin declared and crowned king and the departure of his sister Marguerite, who was going, if not to carry the actual text of the resolution, at any rate to announce it to the regent and to France, would embarrass Charles V. so far as to make him relax in his pretensions to the duchy of Burgundy and its dependencies? There is nothing to show that he was allured by such a hope; any how, if it may have for a moment arisen in his mind, it soon vanished. Charles V. insisted peremptorily upon his requirements; and Francis I. at once gave up his attitude of firmness and granted, instead, the concession demanded of him, that is, the relinquishment of Burgundy and its dependencies to Charles V., "to hold and enjoy with every right of supremacy until it hath been judged, decided, and determined, by arbiters elected on the emperor's part and our own, to whom the said duchy, countships, and other territories belong. . . . And for guarantee of this concession, the dauphin, the king's eldest son, and his second son, Henry, duke of Orleans, or other great personages, to the number of twelve, should be sent to him and remain in his keeping as hostages." The regent, Louise, was not without a hand in this determination of the king; her maternal affection took alarm at the idea of her son's being for an indefinite period a prisoner in the hands of his enemy. Besides, in that case, war seemed to her inevitable; and she dreaded the responsibility which would be thrown upon her. Charles V., on his side, was essentially a prudent man; he disliked remaining, unless it were absolutely necessary, for a long while in a difficult position. His chancellor, Gattinera, refused to seal a treaty extorted by force and violated, in advance, by lack of good faith: "Bring the king of France so low," he said, "that he can do you no harm, or

treat him so well that he can wish you no harm, or keep him a prisoner: the worst thing you can do is to let him go half-satisfied." Charles V. persisted in his pacific resolution. There is no knowing whether he was tempted to believe in the reality of Francis I.'s concession and to regard the guarantees as seriously meant; but it is evident that Francis I., himself, considered them a mere sham; for four months previously, on the 22nd of August, 1525, at the negotiations entered into on this subject, he had taken care to deposit in the hands of his negotiators a nullifying protest, "against all pacts, conventions, renunciations, quittances, revocations, derogations, and oaths that he might have to make contrary to his honor and the good of his crown to the profit of the said emperor or any other whosoever." And on the 13th of January, 1526, four weeks after having given his ambassadors orders to sign the treaty of Madrid containing the relinquishment of Burgundy and its dependencies, the very evening before the day on which that treaty was signed, Francis I. renewed, at Madrid itself, and again placed in the hands of his ambassadors his protest of the 22nd of August preceding against this act, declaring "that it was through force and constraint, confinement and length of imprisonment that he had signed it, and that all that was contained in it was and should remain null and of no effect." We may not have unlimited belief in the scrupulosity of modern diplomats; but assuredly they would consider such a policy so fundamentally worthless that they would be ashamed to practice it. We may not hold sheer force in honor; but open force is better than mendacious weakness and less debasing for a government as well as for a people.

As soon as the treaty of Madrid was signed, "the emperor came to Madrid to see the king; then they went, both in one litter, to see Queen Eleanor, the emperor's sister and the king of Portugal's widow, whom, by the said treaty, the king was to espouse before he left Spain, which he did" [*Mémoires de Martin Du Bellay*, t. ii. p. 15]. After which Francis was escorted by Lannoy to Fontarabia, whilst, on the other hand, the regent Louise and the king's two sons who were to go as hostages to Spain were on their way to Bayonne. A large bark was anchored in the middle of the Bidassoa, the boundary of the two kingdoms, between Irun and Andaye. Lannoy put the king on board and received in exchange, from the hands of Marshal Lautrec, the little princes Francis and Henry. The king gave his children his blessing and reached the French side

whilst they were being removed to the Spanish; and, as soon as he set foot on shore, he leapt upon a fine Turkish horse, exclaiming, as he started at a gallop for Bayonne, where his mother and his sister awaited him, "So now I am king again!"

On becoming king again he fell under the dominion of three personal sentiments, which exercised a decisive influence upon his conduct and, consequently, upon the destiny of France; by at his liberation, a thirsting for revenge, we will not say for vengeance to be wreaked on Charles V., and the burden of the engagement he had contracted at Madrid in order to recover his liberty, alternately swayed him. From Bayonne he repaired to Bordeaux where he reassembled his court, and thence to Cognac, in Saintonge, where he passed nearly three months, almost entirely abandoning himself to field-sports, galas, diversions, and pleasures of every kind, as if to indemnify himself for the wearisomeness and gloom in which he had lived at Madrid. "Age subdues the blood, adversity the mind, risks the nerve, and the despairing monarch has no hope but in pleasures," says Tavannes in his *Mémoires*: "such was Francis I., smitten of women both in body and mind. It is the little circle of Madame d'Etampes that governs." One of the regent's maids of honor, Anne d'Heilly, whom Francis I. made duchess of Etampes, took the place of the countess of Châteaubriant as his favorite. With strange indelicacy Francis demanded back from Madame de Châteaubriant the beautiful jewels of gold which he had given her, and which bore tender mottoes of his sister Marguerite's composition. The countess took time enough to have the jewels melted down, and said to the king's envoy, "Take that to the king and tell him that, as he has been pleased to recall what he gave me, I send it back to him in metal. As for the mottoes, I cannot suffer any one but myself to enjoy them, dispose of them and have the pleasure of them." The king sent back the metal to Madame de Châteaubriant; it was the mottoes that he wished to see again, but he did not get them.

At last it was absolutely necessary to pass from pleasure to business. The envoys of Charles V., with Lannoy, the viceroy of Naples at their head, went to Cognac to demand execution of the treaty of Madrid. Francis waited, ere he gave them an answer, for the arrival of the delegates from the estates of Burgundy, whom he had summoned to have their opinion as to the cession of the duchy. These delegates, meeting at Cognac in June, 1527, formally repudiated the cession, being

opposed, they said, to the laws of the kingdom, to the rights of the king, who could not by his sole authority alienate any portion of his dominions, and to his coronation-oath, which superseded his oaths made at Madrid. Francis invited the envoys of Charles V. to a solemn meeting of his court and council present at Cognac, at which the delegates from Burgundy repeated their protest. Whilst availing himself of this declaration as an insurmountable obstacle to the complete execution of the treaty of Madrid, Francis offered to give two million crowns for the redemption of Burgundy, and to observe the other arrangements of the treaty, including the relinquishment of Italy and his marriage with the sister of Charles V. Charles formally rejected this proposal. "The king of France," he said, "promised and swore, on the faith of an honest king and prince, that, if he did not carry out the said restitution of Burgundy, he would incontinently come and surrender himself prisoner to H. M. the emperor, wherever he might be, to undergo imprisonment in the place where the said lord the emperor might be pleased to order him, up to and until the time when this present treaty should be completely fulfilled and accomplished. Let the king of France keep his oath" [*Traité de Madrid*, 14th of January, 1526: art. vi].

However determined he was, at bottom, to elude the strict execution of the treaty of Madrid, Francis was anxious to rebut the charge of perjury by shifting the responsibility on to the shoulders of the people themselves and their representatives. He did not like to summon the states-general of the kingdom and recognize their right as well as their power; but, after the meeting at Cognac, he went to Paris, and, on the 12th of December, 1527, the parliament met in state with the adjunct of the princes of the blood, a great number of cardinals, bishops, noblemen, deputies from the parliaments of Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rouen, Dijon, Grenoble and Aix, and the municipal body of Paris. In presence of this assembly the king went over the history of his reign, his expeditions in Italy, his alternate successes and reverses, and his captivity. "If my subjects have suffered," he said, "I have suffered with them." He then caused to be read the letters patent whereby he had abdicated and transferred the crown to his son the dauphin, devoting himself to captivity for ever. He explained the present condition of the finances, and what he could furnish for the ransom of his sons detained as hostages; and he ended by offering to return as a prisoner to Spain if no

other way could be found out of a difficult position, for he acknowledged having given his word, adding, however, that he had thought it pledged him to nothing since it had not been given freely.

This last argument was of no value morally or diplomatically; but in his bearing and his language Francis I. displayed grandeur and emotion. The assembly also showed emotion; they were four days deliberating; with some slight diversity of form the various bodies present came to the same conclusion; and, on the 16th of December, 1527, the Parliament decided that the king was not bound either to return to Spain or to execute, as to that matter, the treaty of Madrid, and that he might *with full sanction and justice* levy on his subjects two millions of crowns for the ransom of his sons and the other requirements of the State.

Before inviting such manifestations Francis I. had taken measures to prevent them from being in vain. Since the battle of Pavia and his captivity at Madrid the condition and disposition of Europe, and especially of Italy, had changed. From 1513 to 1523, three popes, Leo X., Adrian VI. and Clement VII. had occupied the Holy See. Adrian VI. alone embraced the cause of Charles V., whose preceptor he had been; but he reigned only one year, eight months and five days; and even during that short time he made only a timid use of his power on his patron's behalf. His successor, Clement VII., was a Florentine and a Medici, and, consequently, but little inclined to favor the emperor's policy. The success of Charles V. at Pavia and the captivity of Francis I. inspired the pope and all Italy with great dread of the imperial pretensions and predominance. A league was formed between Rome, Florence, Venice, and Milan, for the maintainance of Italian independence; and, as the pope was at its head, it was called the Holy League. Secret messages and communications were interchanged between these Italian States, the regent Louise of Savoy of Paris, and King Henry VIII. in London, to win them over to this coalition, not less important, it was urged, for the security of Europe than of Italy. The regent of France and the king of England received these overtures favorably; promises were made on either side; and a commencement was even made of preparations, which were hastily disavowed both at Paris and in London, when Charles V. testified some surprise to them. But when Francis I. was restored to freedom and returned to his kingdom, fully determined in his

own mind not to execute the treaty of Madrid, the negotiations with Italy became more full of meaning and reality. As early as the 22nd of May, 1526, whilst he was still deliberating with his court and parliament as to how he should behave towards Charles V. touching the treaty of Madrid, Francis I. entered into the Holy League with the pope, the Venetians and the duke of Milan for the independence of Italy; and on the 8th of August following Francis I. and Henry VIII. undertook, by a special treaty, to give no assistance one against the other to Charles V., and Henry VIII. promised to exert all his efforts to get Francis I.'s two sons, left as hostages in Spain, set at liberty. Thus the war between Francis I. and Charles V., after fifteen months' suspension, resumed its course.

It lasted three years in Italy, from 1526 to 1529, without interruption but also without any result; it was one of those wars which are prolonged from a difficulty of living in peace rather than from any serious intention, on either side, of pursuing a clear and definite object. Bourbon and Lannoy commanded the imperial armies, Lautrec the French army. Only two events, one for its singularity and the other for its tragic importance, deserve to have the memory of them perpetuated in history.

After the battle of Pavia and whilst Francis I. was a captive in Spain, Bourbon, who had hitherto remained in Italy, arrived at Madrid on the 13th of November, 1525, almost at the same time at which Marguerite de Valois was leaving it for France. Charles V. received the hero of Pavia with the strongest marks of consideration and favor; and the Spanish army were enthusiastic in their attachment to him. Amongst the great Spanish lords there were several who despised him as a traitor to his king and country. Charles V. asked the marquis de Villena to give him quarters in his palace. "I can refuse the king nothing," said the marquis; "but as soon as the *traitor* is out of the house, I will fire it with my own hand; no man of honor could live in it any more." Holding this great and at the same time doubtful position, Bourbon remained in Spain up to the moment when the war was renewed between Francis I. and Charles V. The latter could not at that time dispense with his services in Italy, for the only soldier who could have taken his place there, the marquis of Pescara, had died at Milan on the 30th of November, 1525, aged thirty-six. Charles V. at once sent Bourbon to take the

command of the imperial armies in Italy. On arriving at Milan in July, 1527, Bourbon found not only that town but all the emperor's party in Italy in such a state of disorder, alarm and exhaustion as to render them incapable of any great effort. In view of this general disturbance, Bourbon, who was as ambitious as able and had become the chief of the great adventurers of his day, conceived the most audacious hopes. Charles V. had promised him the duchy of Milan; why should he not have the kingdom of Naples also and make himself independent of Charles V.? He had immense influence over his Spanish army; and he had recruited it in Germany with from fourteen to fifteen thousand lanzknechts, the greater part of them Lutherans and right glad to serve Charles V., then at war with the pope. Their commander, Freundsberg, a friend of Bourbon's, had got made a handsome gold chain, "expressly," he said, "to hang and strangle the pope with his own hand, because 'honor to whom honor is due;' and since the pope called himself premier in Christendom, he must be deferred to somewhat more than others" [*Brantôme*, t. i. p. 354]. On the 30th of January, 1527, at Piacenza, Bourbon, late constable of France, put himself at the head of this ruck of bold and greedy adventurers. "I am now," said he to them, "nothing but a poor gentleman who hasn't a penny to call his own any more than you have; but, if you will have a little patience, I will make you all rich or die in the attempt;" and, so saying, "he distributed amongst them all he had left of money, rings, and jewels, keeping for himself nothing but his clothes and a jacket of silver tissue to put on over his armor." "We will follow you everywhere, to the devil himself!" shouted the soldiers; "no more of Julius Cæsar, Hannibal and Scipio! Hurrah! for the fame of Bourbon!" Bourbon led this multitude through Italy, halting before most of the towns, Bologna and Florence even, which he felt a momentary inclination to attack, but, after all, continuing his march until, having arrived in sight of Rome on the 5th of March, 1527, in the evening, he had pitched his camp, visited his guards and ordered the assault for the morrow. "The great chances of our destiny," said he to his troops, "have brought us hither to the place where we desired to be, after traversing so many bad roads, in mid-winter, with snows and frosts so great, with rain and mud, and encounters of the enemy, in hunger and thirst, and without a half-penny. Now is the time to show courage, manliness and the strength of your bodies. If this

bout you are victorious, you will be rich lords and mighty well off; if not, you will be quite the contrary. Yonder is the city whereof, in time past, a wise astrologer prophesied concerning me, telling me that I should die there; but I swear to you that I care but little for dying there, if, when I die, my corpse be left with endless glory and renown throughout the world." Afterwards he gave the word for retiring, some to rest and some on guard, and for every one to be ready to assault on the morrow early. . . . "After that the stars became obscured by the greater resplendency of the sun and the flashing arms of the soldiers who were preparing for the assault, Bourbon, clad all in white that he might be better known and seen (which was not the sign of a coward) and armor in hand, marched in front close up to the wall, and, when he had mounted two rungs of his ladder, just as he had said the night before, so did it happen to him, that envious or, to more properly speak, traitorous fortune would have an arquebus-shot to hit him full in the left side and wound him mortally. And albeit she took from him his being and his life, yet could she not in one single respect take away his magnanimity and his vigor so long as his body had sense, as he well showed out of his own mouth, for, having fallen when he was hit, he told certain of his most faithful friends who were nigh him and especially the Gascon captain, Jonas, to cover him with a cloak and take him away, that his death might not give occasion to the others to leave an enterprise so well begun. . . . Just, then, as M. de Bourbon had recommended—to cover and hide his body, so did his men; in such sort that the escalade and assault went on so furiously that the town, after a little resistance, was carried; and the soldiers, having by this time got wind of his death, fought the more furiously that it might be avenged, the which it certainly was right well, for they set up a shout of '*Slay, slay! blood, blood! Bourbon, Bourbon!*'" [Brantôme, t. i. pp. 262-269.]

The celebrated artist-in-gold, Benvenuto Cellini, says, in his *Life* written by himself, that it was he who, from the top of the wall of the *Campo Santo* at Rome, aiming his arquebus at the midst of a group of besiegers, amongst whom he saw one man mounted higher than the rest, hit him, and that he then saw an extraordinary commotion around this man who was Bourbon, as he found out afterwards [*Vita di Benvenuto Cellini*, ch. xvii. pp. 157-159]. "I have heard say at Rome," says Brantôme on the contrary, "that it was held that he who

fired that wretched arquebus-shot was a priest" [*Brantôme*, t. ii. p. 268].

Whatever hand it was that shot down Bourbon, Rome, after his death, was plundered, devastated and ravaged by a brutal, greedy, licentious and fanatical soldiery. Europe was moved at the story of the sack of Rome and the position of the pope, who had taken refuge in the castle of St. Angelo. Francis I. and Henry VIII. renewed their alliance; and a French army under the command of Lautrec advanced into Italy. Charles V., fearing lest it should make a rapid march to Rome and get possession of the pope whilst delivering him from captivity, entered into negotiations with him; and, in consideration of certain concessions to the emperor, it was arranged that the pope should be set at liberty without delay. Clement VII. was so anxious to get out of his position, lately so perilous and even now so precarious, that he slunk out of the castle of St. Angelo in the disguise of a tradesman the very night before the day fixed by the emperor for his liberation; and he retired to Orvieto, on the territory occupied by the French army. During this confusion of things in Italy, Charles V. gave orders for arresting in Spain the ambassadors of Francis I. and of Henry VIII., who were in alliance against him, and who, on their side, sent him two heralds-at-arms to declare war against him. Charles V. received them in open audience at Burgos, on the 22nd of January, 1528. "I am very much astonished," said he to the French envoy, "to find the king of France declaring against me a war which he has been carrying on for seven years; he is not in a position to address to me such a declaration; he is my prisoner. Why has he taken no notice of what I said to his ambassador immediately after his refusal to execute the treaty of Madrid?" Charles V. now repeated, in the very terms addressed to the French ambassador, the communication to which he alluded, "The king your master acted like a dastard and a scoundrel in not keeping his word that he gave me touching the treaty of Madrid; if he likes to say the contrary, I will maintain it against him with my body to his." When these words were reported to Francis I., he summoned, on the 27th of March, 1528, the princes of the blood, the cardinals, the prelates, the grandees of the kingdom, and the ministers from foreign courts, and, after having given a vivid account of his relations with Charles V., "I am not the prisoner of Charles," he said: "I have not given him my word; we have never met with arms in our hands." He then handed

his herald, Guyenne, a cartel written with his own hand, and ending with these words addressed to Charles V.: "We give you to understand that, if you have intended or do intend to charge us with anything that a gentleman loving his honor ought not to do, we say that you have lied in your throat, and that, as often as you say so, you will lie. Wherefore for the future write us nothing at all; but appoint us the time and place of meeting and we will bring our sword for you to cross; protesting that the shame of any delay in fighting shall be yours, seeing that, when it comes to an encounter, there is an end of all writing." Charles V. did not receive Francis I.'s challenge till the 8th of June; when he, in his turn, consulted the *grandeues* of his kingdom, amongst others the duke of Infantado, one of the most considerable in rank and character, who answered him in writing: "The jurisdiction of arms extends exclusively to obscure and foggy matters in which the ordinary rules of justice are at a discount; but, when one can appeal to oaths and authentic acts, I do not think that it is allowable to come to blows before having previously tried the ordinary ways of justice. . . . It seems to me that this law of honor applies to princes, however great they may be, as well as to knights. It would be truly strange, my lord, that a debt so serious, so universally recognized, as that contracted by the king of France, should be discharged by means of a personal challenge." Charles V. thereupon sent off his herald, Burgundy, with orders to carry to Francis I. "an appointment for a place of meeting between Fontarabia and Andaye, in such a spot as by common consent should be considered most safe and most convenient by gentlemen chosen on each side;" and this offer was accompanied by a long reply which the herald was at the same time to deliver to the king of France, whilst calling on him to declare his intention within forty days after the delivery of that letter, dated the 24th of June, "in default whereof," said Charles, "the delay in fighting will be yours."

On arriving at the frontier of France the Spanish herald demanded a safe-conduct. He was made to wait seven weeks, from the 30th of June to the 19th of August, without the king's cognizance, it is said. At last, on the 19th of September, 1528, Burgundy entered Paris, and was conducted to the palace. Francis I. received him in the midst of his court; and, as soon as he observed the entrance of the herald, who made obeisance preliminary to addressing him, "Herald,"

cried the king, "all thy letters declare that thou bringest appointment of time and place; dost thou bring it?" "Sir," answered the Spaniard, "permit me to do my office, and say, what the emperor has charged me to say." "Nay, I will not listen to thee," said Francis, "if thou do not first give me a patent signed by thy master, containing an appointment of time and place." "Sir, I have orders to read you the cartel, and give it you afterwards." "How, pray!" cried the king, rising up angrily: "doth thy master pretend to introduce new fashions in my kingdom and give me laws in my own court?" Burgundy, without being put out, began again: "Sir, . . ." "Nay," said Francis, "I will not suffer him to speak to me before he has given me appointment of time and place. Give it me, or return as thou hast come." "Sir, I cannot, without your permission, do my office; if you will not deign to grant it to me, let me have your refusal handed me and your ratification of my safe-conduct for my return." "I am quite willing," said the king; "let him have it!" Burgundy set off again for Madrid, and the incident was differently reported by the two courts; but there was no further question of a duel between the two kings.

One would not think of attempting to decide, touching this question of single combat, how far sincerity was on the side of Francis or of Charles. No doubt they were both brave; the former with more brilliancy than his rival, the latter at need, with quite as much firmness. But in sending challenges one to the other, as they did on this occasion, they were obeying a dying-out code and rather attempting to keep up chivalrous appearances than to put seriously in practice the precedents of their ancestors. It was no longer a time when the fate of a people could be placed in the hands of a few valiant warriors, such as the three Horatii and the three Curiatii, or the thirty Bretons and thirty English. The era of great nations and great contests was beginning, and one is inclined to believe that Francis I. and Charles V. were themselves aware that their mutual challenges would not come to any personal encounter. The war which continued between them in Italy was not much more serious or decisive; both sides were weary of it, and neither one nor the other of the two sovereigns espied any great chances of success. The French army was wasting itself, in the kingdom of Naples, upon petty inconclusive engagements; its commander, Lautrec, died of the plague on the 15th of August, 1528; a desire for peace became

day by day stronger; it was made, first of all, at Barcelona, on the 20th of June, 1529, between Charles V. and Pope Clement VII.; and then a conference was opened at Cambrai for the purpose of bringing it about between Charles V. and Francis I. likewise. Two women, Francis I.'s mother and Charles V.'s aunt, Louise of Savoy and Margaret of Austria, had the real negotiation of it; they had both of them acquired the good sense and the moderation which come from experience of affairs and from difficulties in life; they did not seek to give one another mutual surprises and to play-off one another reciprocally; they resided in two contiguous houses, between which they had caused a communication to be made on the inside, and they conducted the negotiation with so much discretion, that the petty Italian princes who were interested in it did not know the results of it until peace was concluded on the 5th of August, 1529. Francis I. yielded on all the Italian and Flemish questions; and Charles V. gave up Burgundy, and restored to liberty the king of France's two sons prisoners at Madrid, in consideration of a ransom put at two millions of crowns and of having the marriage completed between his sister Eleanor and Francis I. King Henry VIII. complained that not much account had been made of him, either during the negotiations or in the treaty; but his discontent was shortlived, and he none the less came to the assistance of Francis I. in the money-questions to which the treaty gave rise. Of the Italian States Venice was most sacrificed in this accommodation between the kings. "The city of Cambrai," said the doge, Andrew Gritti, "is the purgatory of the Venetians; it is the place where emperors and kings of France make the Republic expiate the sin of having ever entered into alliance with them." Francis went to Bordeaux to meet his sons and his new wife. At Bordeaux, Cognac, Amboise, Blois, and Paris, galas, both at court and amongst the people, succeeded one another for six months; and Europe might consider itself at peace.

The peace of Cambrai was called *the ladies' peace*, in honor of the princesses who had negotiated it. Though morally different and of very unequal worth, they both had minds of a rare order and trained to recognize political necessities and not to attempt any but possible successes. They did not long survive their work: Margaret of Austria died on the 1st of December, 1530, and Louise of Savoy on the 22nd of September, 1531. All the great political actors seemed hurrying away

from the stage, as if the drama were approaching its end. Pope Clement VII. died on the 26th of September, 1534. He was a man of sense and moderation; he tried to restore to Italy her independence, but he forgot that a moderate policy is, above all, that which requires most energy and perseverance. These two qualities he lacked totally; he oscillated from one camp to the other without ever having any real influence anywhere. A little before his death he made France a fatal present; for, on the 28th of October, 1533, he married his niece Catherine de' Medici to Francis I.'s second son, Prince Henry of Valois, who by the death of his eldest brother, the dauphin Francis, soon afterwards became heir to the throne. The chancellor, Anthony Duprat, too, the most considerable up to that time amongst the advisers of Francis I., died on the 9th of July, 1535. According to some historians, when he heard, in the preceding year, of Pope Clement VII.'s death, he had conceived a hope, being already archbishop of Sens and a cardinal, of succeeding him; and he spoke to the king about it. "Such an election would cost too dear," said Francis I.: "the appetite of cardinals is insatiable; I could not satisfy it." "Sir," replied Duprat, "France will not have to bear the expense, I will provide for it: there are 400,000 crowns ready for that purpose." "Where did you get all that money, pray?" asked Francis, turning his back upon him; and next day he caused a seizure to be made of a portion of the chancellor-cardinal's property. "This then," exclaimed Duprat, "is the king's gratitude towards the minister who has served him body and soul!" "What has the cardinal to complain of?" said the king: "I am only doing to him what he has so often advised me to do to others" [*Trois Magistrats Français du Seizième Siècle*, by Edouard Faye de Brys, 1844, pp. 77—79]. The last of the chancellor's biographers, the marquis Duprat, one of his descendants, has disputed this story [*Vie d'Antoine Duprat*, 1857, p. 364]. However that may be, it is certain that Chancellor Duprat, at his death, left a very large fortune, which the king caused to be seized and which he partly appropriated. We read in the contemporary *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris* [published by Ludovic Lalanne, 1854, p. 460]: "When the chancellor was at the point of death, the king sent M. de Bryon, admiral of France, who had orders to have everything seized and all his property placed in the king's hands . . . They found in his place at Nantouillet 800,000 crowns, and all his gold and silver plate . . . and in his Hercules-

house, close to the Augustins', at Paris, where he used to stay during his life-time, the sum of 200,000 livres, which were in coffers bound with iron and which were carried off by the king for and to his own profit." In the civil as in the military class, for his government as well as for his armies, Francis I. had at this time, to look out for new servants.

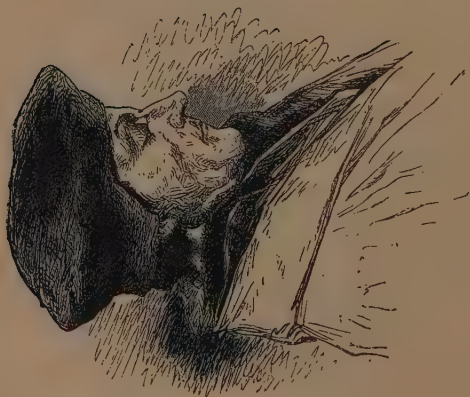
He did not find such as have deserved a place in history. After the death of Louise of Savoy, of Chancellor Duprat, of La Trémoille, of La Palice, and of all the great warriors who fell at the battle of Pavia, it was still one more friend of Francis I.'s boyhood, Anne de Montmorency, who remained, in council as well as army, the most considerable and the most devoted amongst his servants. In those days of war and discord, fraught with violence, there was no man who was more personally rough and violent than Montmorency. From 1521 to 1541, as often as circumstances became pressing, he showed himself ready for anything and capable of anything in defence of the crown and the re-establishment of order. "Go, hang me such an one," he would say, according to Brantôme; "Tie yon fellow to this tree; give yonder one the pike or arquebus, and all before my eyes; cut me in pieces all those rascals who chose to hold such a clock-case as this against the king; burn me this village; set me everything a-blaze, for a quarter of a league all round." In 1548, a violent outbreak took place at Bordeaux on account of the gabel or salt-tax; and the king's lieutenant was massacred in it. Anne de Montmorency, whom the king had made constable in 1538, the fifth of his family invested with that dignity, repaired thither at once. "Aware of his coming," says Brantôme, "MM. de Bordeaux went two days' journey to meet him and carry him the keys of their city: 'Away, away,' said he, 'with your keys; I will have nothing to do with them; I have others which I am bringing with me and which will make other sort of opening than yours (meaning his cannon); I will have you all hanged: I will teach you to rebel against your king and kill his governor and lieutenant.' Which he did not fail to do," adds Brantôme, "and inflicted exemplary punishment, but not so severe assuredly as the case required." The narrator, it will be seen, was not more merciful than the constable. Nor was the constable less stern or less thorough in battles than in outbreaks. In 1562, at the battle of Dreux, he was aged and so ill that none expected to see him on horseback. "But in the morning," says Brantôme, "knowing that the enemy was



FRANCIS I.



WILLIAM FAREL.



ERASMUS.

getting ready, he, brimful of courage, gets out of bed, mounts his horse, and appears at the moment the march began; whereof I do remember me, for I saw him and heard him, when M. de Guise came forward to meet him to give him good day and ask how he was. He, fully armed, save only his head, answered him: "Right well, sir: this is the real medicine that has cured me for the battle which is toward and a-preparing for the honor of God and our king." In spite of this indomitable aptness for rendering the king everywhere the most difficult, nay, the most pitiless services, the constable De Montmorency none the less incurred, in 1541, the disfavor of Francis I.; private dissensions in the royal family, the intrigues of rivals at court, and the enmity of the king's mistress, the duchess of Étampes, effaced the remembrance of all he had done and might still do. He did accept his disgrace; he retired first to Chantilly, and then to Écouen; and there he waited for the dauphin, when he became King Henry II., to recall him to his side and restore to him the power which Francis I., on his very death-bed, had dissuaded his son from giving back. The ungratefulnesses of kings are sometimes as capricious as their favors.

The *ladies' peace*, concluded at Cambrai in 1529, lasted up to 1536; incessantly troubled, however, by far from pacific symptoms, proceedings, and preparations. In October, 1532, Francis I. had, at Calais, an interview with Henry VIII., at which they contracted a private alliance and undertook "to raise between them an army of 80,000 men to resist the Turk, as true zealots for the good of Christendom." The Turks, in fact, under their great sultan Soliman II., were constantly threatening and invading eastern Europe. Charles V., as emperor of Germany, was far more exposed to their attacks and far more seriously disquieted by them than Francis I. and Henry VIII. were; but the peril that hung over him in the East urged him on at the same time to a further development of ambition and strength; in order to defend eastern Europe against the Turks, he required to be dominant in western Europe; and in that very part of Europe a large portion of the population were disposed to wish for his success, for they required it for their own security. "To read all that was spread abroad hither and thither," says William Du Bellay, "it seemed that the said lord the emperor was born into this world to have fortune at his beck and call." Two brothers, Mussulman pirates, known under the name of *barbarossa*, had

become masters, one of Algiers and the other of Tunis, and were destroying, in the Mediterranean, the commerce and navigation of Christian States. It was Charles V. who tackled them. In 1535 he took Tunis, set at liberty twenty thousand Christian slaves, and remained master of the regency. At the news of this expedition, Francis I., who, in concert with Henry VIII., was but lately levying an army "to offer resistance," he said, "to the Turk," entered into negotiations with Soliman II. and concluded a friendly treaty with him against what was called *the common enemy*. Francis had been for some time preparing to resume his projects of conquest in Italy; he had effected an interview at Marseilles in October, 1533, with Pope Clement VII., who was almost at the point of death, and it was there that the marriage of Prince Henry of France with Catherine de' Medici was settled. Astonishment was expressed that the Pope's niece had but a very moderate dowry. "You don't see, then," said Clement VII.'s ambassador, "that she brings France three jewels of great price, Genoa, Milan, and Naples?" When this language was reported at the court of Charles V., it caused great irritation there. In 1536 all these combustibles of war exploded; in the month of February, a French army entered Piedmont and occupied Turin; and, in the month of July, Charles V. in person entered Provence at the head of 50,000 men. Anne de Montmorency, having received orders to defend southern France, began by laying it waste in order that the enemy might not be able to live in it; officers had orders to go everywhere and "break up the bake-houses and mills, burn the wheat and forage, pierce the wine-casks and ruin the wells by throwing the wheat into them to spoil the water." In certain places the inhabitants resisted the soldiers charged with this duty; elsewhere, from patriotism, they themselves set fire to their corn-ricks and pierced their casks. Montmorency made up his mind to defend, on the whole coast of Provence, only Marseilles and Arles; he pulled down the ramparts of the other towns, which were left exposed to the enemy. For two months Charles V. prosecuted this campaign without a fight, marching through the whole of Provence an army which fatigue, shortness of provisions, sickness and ambuscades were decimating ingloriously. At last he decided upon retreating. "From Aix to Fréjus where the emperor at his arrival had pitched his camp, all the roads were strewn with the sick and the dead pell-mell, with harness, lances, pikes,

arquebuses, and other armor of men and horses gathered in a heap. I say what I saw," adds Martin du Bellay, "considering the toil I had with my company in this pursuit." At the village of Méry, near Fréjus, some peasants had shut themselves up in a tower situated on the line of march; Charles V. ordered one of his captains to carry it by assault; from his splendid uniform the peasants, it is said, took this officer for the emperor himself and directed their fire upon him; the officer, mortally wounded, was removed to Nice, where he died at the end of a few days. It was Garcilaso de la Vega, *the prince of Spanish poesy, the Spanish Petrarch*, according to his fellow-countrymen. The tower was taken, and Charles V. avenged his poet's death by hanging twenty-five of these patriot-peasants, being all that survived of the fifty who had maintained the defence.

On returning from his sorry expedition, Charles V. learned that those of his lieutenants whom he had charged with the conduct of a similar invasion in the north of France, in Picardy, had met with no greater success than he himself in Provence. Queen Mary of Hungary, his sister and deputy in the government of the Low Countries, advised a local truce; his other sister, Eleanor, the queen of France, was of the same opinion; Francis I. adopted it; and the truce in the North was signed for a period of three months. Montmorency signed a similar one for Piedmont. It was agreed that negotiations for a peace should be opened at Locate, in Roussillon, and that, to pursue them, Francis should go and take up his quarters at Montpellier and Charles V. at Barcelona. Pope Paul III. (Alexander Farnese) who, on the 13th of October, 1534, had succeeded Clement VII., came forward as mediator. He was a man of capacity, who had the gift of resolutely continuing a moderate course of policy, well calculated to gain time but insufficient for the settlement of great and difficult questions. The two sovereigns refused to see one another officially; they did not like the idea of discussing together their mutual pretensions, and they were so different in character that, as Marguerite de Valois used to say, "to bring them to accord, God would have had to re-make one in the other's image." They would only consent to treat by agents; and, on the 15th of June, 1538, they signed a truce for ten years, rather from weariness of a fruitless war than from any real desire of peace; they, both of them, wanted time to bring them unforeseen opportunities for getting out of their embarrassments. But, for all their refusal

to take part in set negotiations, they were both desirous of being personally on good terms again and to converse together without entering into any engagements. Charles V., being forced by contrary winds to touch at the island of Sainte Marie, made a proposal to Francis I. for an interview at Aigues-Mortes; Francis repaired thither on the 14th of July, 1538, and went the very same day in a small galley to pay a visit to the emperor, who stepped eagerly forward and held out a hand to him to help him on to the other vessel. Next day, the 15th of July, Charles V. embarking on board one of the king's frigates, went and returned the visit at Aigues-Mortes, where Francis, with his whole court, was awaiting him; after disembarkation at the port they embraced; and Queen Eleanor, glad to see them together, "embraced them both," says an eye-witness, "round the waist." They entered the town amidst the roar of artillery and the cheers of the multitude, shouting "Hurrah! for the emperor and the king!" The dauphin, Henry, and his brother Charles, duke of Orleans, arriving boot and spur from Provence, came up at this moment, shouting likewise, "Hurrah! for the emperor and the king!" Charles V. "dropped on his knees," says the narrator, and embraced the two young princes affectionately. They all repaired together to the house prepared for their reception, and, after dinner the emperor, being tired, lay down to rest on a couch. Queen Eleanor, before long, went and tapped at his door, and sent word to the king that the emperor was awake. Francis with the cardinal De Lorraine and the constable De Montmorency, soon arrived. On entering the chamber, he found the emperor still lying down and chatting with his sister the queen who was seated beside him on a chair. At sight of the king Charles V. sprang from the couch and went towards him without any shoes on. "Well, brother," said the king: "how do you feel? Have you rested well?" "Yes," said Charles: "I had made such cheer that I was obliged to sleep it off." "I wish you," said Francis, "to have the same power in France as you have in Flanders and in Spain;" whereupon he gave him, as a mark of affection, a diamond valued at thirty thousand crowns and having on the ring in which it was set this inscription, "*A token and proof of affection*" (*Dilectionis testis et exemplum*). Charles put the ring on his finger; and, taking from his neck the collar of the order (the Golden Fleece) he was wearing, he put it upon the king's neck. Francis did the converse with his own collar. Only seven of the attendants remained in the emperor's cham-

ber; and there the two sovereigns conversed for an hour, after which they moved to the hall, where a splendid supper awaited them. After supper the queen went in person to see if the emperor's room was ready; she came back to tell him when it was, and Charles V. retired. Next morning, July 16, Francis went to see him again in his room; they heard mass together; Charles re-embarked the same day for Spain; Francis I. went and slept, on the 17th, at Nîmes; and thus ended this friendly meeting which left, if not the principal actors, at any rate the people all around brimful of satisfaction and feeling sure that the truce concluded in the previous month would really at last be peace. The people are easily deceived; and whenever they are pleased with appearances they readily take them for realities.

An unexpected event occurred to give this friendly meeting at Aigues-Mortes a value which otherwise it would probably never have attained. A year afterwards, in August, 1539, a violent insurrection burst out at Ghent. The fair deputy of the Low Countries had obtained from the estates of Flanders a gratuitous grant of 1,200,000 florins for the assistance of her brother the emperor, whom his unfortunate expedition in Provence had reduced to great straits for want of money; and the city of Ghent had been taxed, for its share, to the extent of 400,000 florins. The Ghentese pleaded their privilege of not being liable to be taxed without their own consent. To their plea Charles V. responded by citing the vote of the estates of Flanders and giving orders to have it obeyed. The Ghentese drove out the officers of the emperor, entered upon open rebellion, incited the other cities of Flanders, Ypres and Bruges amongst the rest, to join them, and taking even more decisive action, sent a deputation to Francis I., as their own lord's suzerain, demanding his support, and offering to make him master of the Low Countries if he would be pleased to give them effectual assistance. The temptation was great; but whether it were from prudence, or from feudal loyalty, or in consequence of the meeting at Aigues-Mortes, and of the prospects set before him by Charles of an arrangement touching Milaness, Francis rejected the offer of the Ghentese and informed Charles V. of it. The emperor determined resolutely upon the course of going in person and putting down the Ghentese; but how get to Ghent? The sea was not safe; the rebels had made themselves masters of all the ports on their coasts; the passage by way of Germany was very slow work,

and might be difficult by reason of ill-will on the part of the Protestant states which would have to be traversed. France was the only direct and quick route. Charles V. sent to ask Francis I. for a passage, whilst thanking him for the loyalty with which he had rejected the offers of the Ghentese, and repeating to him the fair words that had been used as to Milaness. Francis announced to his council his intention of granting the emperor's request. Some of his councillors pressed him to annex some conditions, such, at the least, as a formal and written engagement instead of the vague and verbal promise at Aigues-Mortes. "No," said the king with the impulsiveness of his nature, "when you do a generous thing, you must do it completely and boldly." On leaving the council he met his court-fool Triboulet, whom he found writing in his tablets, called *Fool's Diary*, the name of Charles V., "A bigger fool than I," said he, "if he comes passing through France." "What wilt thou say, if I let him pass?" said the king. "I will rub out his name and put yours in its place." Francis I. was not content with letting Charles V. pass; he sent his two sons, the dauphin and the duke of Orleans, as far as Bayonne to meet him, went in person to receive him at Châtellerault, and gave him entertainments at Amboise, at Blois, at Chambord, at Orleans, and Fontainebleau, and lastly at Paris, which they entered together on the 1st of January, 1540. Orders had been sent everywhere to receive him "as kings of France are received on their joyous accession." "The king gave his guest," says Du Bellay, "all the pleasures that can be invented, as royal hunts, tourneys, skirmishes, fights a-foot and a-horseback, and in all other sorts of pastimes." Some petty incidents, of a less reassuring kind, were intermingled with these entertainments. One day the duke of Orleans, a young prince full of reckless gaiety, jumped suddenly on to the crupper of the emperor's horse and threw his arm round Charles, shouting, "Your Imperial Majesty is my prisoner." Charles set off at a gallop, without turning his head. Another day the king's favorite, the duchess of Étampes, was present with the two monarchs. "Brother," said Francis, "you see yonder a fair dame who is of opinion that I should not let you out of Paris without your having revoked the treaty of Madrid." "Ah! well," said Charles, "if the opinion is a good one, it must be followed." Such freedom of thought and speech is honorable to both sovereigns. Charles V., impressed with the wealth and cheerful industry that met his eye, said, according

to Brantôme, "There is not in the world any greatness such as that of a king of France. After having passed a week at Paris he started for the Low Countries, halted at Chantilly at the constable de Montmorency's, who, as well as the king's two sons, the dauphin and the duke of Orleans, was in attendance upon him, and did not separate from his escort of French royalty until he arrived at Valenciennes, the first town in his Flemish dominions. According to some historians there had been at Chantilly, amongst the two young princes and their servants, some idea of seizing the emperor and detaining him until he had consented to the concessions demanded of him; others merely say that the constable, before leaving him, was very urgent with him that he should enter into some positive engagement as to Milaness: "No," said Charles, "I must not bind myself any more than I have done by my words as long as I am in your power; when I have chastised my rebellious subjects I will content your king."

He did chastise, severely, his Flemish subjects but he did not content the king of France. Francis I. was not willing to positively renounce his Italian conquests, and Charles V. was not willing to really give them up to him. Milaness was still, in Italy, the principal object of their mutual ambition. Navarre, in the south-east of France, and the Low Countries in the north, gave occasion for incessantly renewed disputes between them. The two sovereigns sought for combinations which would allow them to make, one to the other, the desired concessions, whilst still preserving pretexts for and chances of recovering them. Divers projects of marriage between their children or near relatives were advanced with that object, but nothing came of them; and, after two years and a half of abortive negotiations, another great war, the fourth, broke out between Francis I. and Charles V., for the same causes and with the same by-ends as ever. It lasted two years, from 1542 to 1544, with alternations of success and reverse on either side, and several diplomatic attempts to embroil in it the different European powers. Francis I. concluded an alliance in 1543 with Sultan Soliman II., and, in concert with French vessels, the vessels of the pirate Barbarossa cruised about and made attacks upon the shores of the Mediterranean. An outcry was raised against such a scandal as this. "Sir ambassador," said Francis I. to Marino Giustiniano, ambassador from Venice, "I cannot deny that I eagerly desire to see the Turk very powerful and ready for war; not on his own account, for he is an in-

fidel and all we are Christians, but in order to cripple the power of the emperor, to force him into great expense, and to give all other governments security against so great an enemy." "As for me," says the contemporary Montluc in his *Mémoires*, "if I could summon all the spirits of hell to break the head of my enemy who would fain break mine, I would do it with all my heart, God forgive me!!!" On the other hand, on the 11th of February, 1543, Charles V. and Henry VIII., king of England, concluded an alliance against Francis I. and the Turks. The unsuccess which had attended the grand expedition conducted by Charles V. personally in 1541, with the view of attacking Barbarossa and the Mussulmans in Algiers itself, had opened his eyes to all the difficulty of such enterprises, and he wished to secure the co-operation of a great maritime power before engaging therein afresh. He at the same time convoked a German diet at Spire in order to make a strong demonstration against the alliance between Francis I. and the Turks, and to claim the support of Germany in the name of Christendom. Ambassadors from the duke of Savoy and the king of Denmark appeared in support of the propositions and demands of Charles V. The diet did not separate until it had voted 24,000 foot and 4000 horse to be employed against France, and had forbidden Germans, under severe penalties, to take service with Francis I. In 1544 the war thus became almost European, and in the early days of April two armies were concentrated in Piedmont, near the little town of Ceresole, the Spanish 20,000 strong and the French 19,000; the former under the orders of the marquis del Guasto, the latter under those of the count d'Enghien; both ready to deliver a battle which was, according to one side, to preserve Europe from the despotic sway of a single master, and, according to the other, to protect Europe against a fresh invasion of Mussulmans.

Francis of Bourbon, Count d'Enghien, had received from the king a prohibition to give battle. He was believed to be weaker than the marquis del Guasto, who showed eagerness to deliver it. Convinced that such a position was as demoralizing as it was disagreeable for him, the young count d'Enghien sent a valiant and intelligent gentleman, Blaise de Montluc, who had already had experience in the great wars of the reign, to carry his representations to the king. Francis I. summoned the messenger to a meeting of the council, at which the dauphin, Henry, stood behind his father's chair. "Montluc," said the king, "I wish you to return and report my deliberation and

the opinion of my council to M. d'Enghien, and to listen here to the difficulty that stands in the way of our being able to grant him leave to give battle, as he demands." The count de St. Pol spoke and set forth the reasons the king had for not desiring battle; and the end of them all was that there was a chance of losing, which would be a matter for regret beyond all comparison with the advantage to be gained from winning. "I stamped with impatience to speak," says Montluc, "and would have broken in; but M. de St. Pol made me a sign with his hand, saying, 'Quiet! quiet!' which made me hold my tongue, and I saw that the king set on a-laughing. Then he told me that he wished me to say freely what I thought about it. 'I consider myself most happy, sir,' said I, 'for when you were dauphin, and before you were called to this great charge which God hath given you, you tried the fortunes of war as much as any king that ever hath been in France, without sparing your own person any more than the meanest gentleman. Well, a soldier-king is the only one I can address.' The dauphin, who was facing me," continues Montluc, "made me a sign with his head, which caused me to think that he wished me to speak boldly. Then said I, 'Sir, I count that there will be 4500 or 4600 of us Gascons, all told; and all of us, captains and soldiers, will give you our names and the places whence we come, and will stake our heads that we will fight on the day of battle, if it should please you to grant it. It is a matter that we have been awaiting and desiring this long while, without much taking of counsel; be assured, sir, there are not more resolute soldiers than yonder. There are, besides, thirteen companies of Swiss, who will give you the same pledge as we who are your subjects; and we will hand in to you the names of them all for to be sent to their cantons in order that, if there be any who shall not do his duty, he may die. You have thus nine thousand men and more of whom you may be certain that they will fight to the last gasp of their lives. As for the Italians and Provençals, I will not answer to you for them; but perhaps they will do as well as we, when they see us getting to work,' and then I raised my arm up, as if to strike, whereat the king smiled. 'Sir,' said I, 'I have heard from wise captains that it is not the great number that wins, but the stout heart; on the day of battle, a moiety doth not fight at all. We desire no more; leave it to us.' The king, who had very favorably listened to me, and who took pleasure in seeing my impatience, turned his eyes towards M. de St. Pol, who said, 'Sir,

would you change your opinion at the words of this madcap who has no thought for the calamity it would be if we were to lose the battle? It is a matter too important to be left for settlement to the brains of a young Gascon.' I answered him, 'Sir, let me assure you that I am no braggart, nor so hare-brained as you consider me. All we have to do is not to go and attack the enemy in a stronghold, as we did at La Bicocca; but M. D'Enghien has too many good and veteran captains about him to commit such an error. The only question will be to find means of coming at them in open country, where there is neither hedge nor ditch to keep us from setting to work; and then, sir, you shall hear talk of the most furious fights that ever were. I do entreat you most humbly, sir, to admit no thought of anything but a victory.' The dauphin," continues Montluc, "went on more and more smiling and making signs to me, which gave me still greater boldness in speaking. All the rest spoke and said that the king must not place any reliance upon my words. Admiral D'Annebaut said not a syllable, but smiled; I suppose he had seen the signs the dauphin was making to me. M. de St. Pol turns to speak to the king and says, 'How, sir! You seem disposed to change your opinion and listen to the words of this rabid madman?' To whom the king replied, 'On my honor as a gentleman, cousin, he has given me such great and clear reasons and has represented to me so well the good courage of my men that I know not what to do.' 'I see quite well,' said the lord of St. Pol, 'that you have already turned round.' Whereupon the king, addressing the admiral, asked him what he thought about it. 'Sir,' answered the admiral, 'you have a great mind to give them leave to fight. I will not be surety to you, if they fight, for gain or loss, since God alone can know about that; but I will certainly pledge you my life and my honor that all they whom he has mentioned to you will fight, and like good men and true, for I know what they are worth from having commanded them. Only do one thing: we know well that you are half brought round and inclined rather to fighting than the contrary; make, then, your prayer to God and entreat Him to be pleased this once to aid you and counsel you as to what you ought to do."

"Then the king lifted his eyes towards heaven, and, clasping his hands and throwing his cap upon the table, said, 'O God, I entreat Thee that it may please Thee to this day give me counsel as to what I ought to do for the preservation of my kingdom, and that all may be to Thy honor and glory!' Whereupon the

admiral asked him, 'Sir, what opinion occurs to you now?' The king, after pausing a little, turned towards me, saying, with a sort of shout, 'Let them fight! let them fight!' Well, then, there is no more to be said,' replied the admiral; 'if you lose, you alone will be the cause of the loss; and, if you win, in like manner; and you, all alone, will have the satisfaction of it, you alone having given the leave.' Then the king and every one rose up, and, as for me, I tingled with joy. His Majesty began talking with the admiral about my despatch and about giving orders for the pay which was in arrears. And M. de St. Pol accosted me, saying with a laugh, 'Rabid madman, thou wilt be cause of the greatest weal that could happen to the king, or of the greatest woe.'"

Montluc's boldness and Francis I.'s confidence in yielding to it were not unrewarded. The battle was delivered at Ceresole on the 14th of April, 1544; it was bravely disputed and for some time indecisive, even in the opinion of the anxious Count D'Enghien, who was for a while in an awkward predicament; but the ardor of the Gascons and the firmness of the Swiss prevailed, and the French army was victorious. Montluc was eagerly desirous of being commissioned to go and carry to the king the news of the victory which he had predicted and to which he had contributed; but another messenger had the preference; and he does not, in his *Mémoires*, conceal his profound discontent; but he was of those whom their discontent does not dishearten, and he continued serving his king and his country with such rigorous and stubborn zeal as was destined hereafter, in the reign of Henry III., to make him marshal of France at last. He had to suffer a disappointment more serious than that which was personal to himself; the victory of Ceresole had not the results that might have been expected. The war continued; Charles V. transferred his principal efforts therein to the north, on the frontiers of the Low Countries and France, having concluded an alliance with Henry VIII. for acting in concert and on the offensive. Champagne and Picardy were simultaneously invaded by the Germans and the English; Henry VIII. took Boulogne; Charles V. advanced as far as Château-Thierry and threatened Paris. Great was the consternation there; Francis I. hurried up from Fontainebleau and rode about the streets, accompanied by the duke of Guise and everywhere saying, "If I cannot keep you from fear, I will keep you from harm." "My God," he had exclaimed as he started from Fontainebleau, "how dear Thou sellest me

my kingdom!" The people recovered courage and confidence; they rose in a body; 40,000 armed militiamen defiled, it is said, before the king. The army arrived by forced marches, and took post between Paris and Château-Thierry. Charles V. was not rash; he fell back to Crespy in Laonness, some few leagues from his Low Countries. Negotiations were opened; and Francis I., fearing lest Henry VIII., being master of Boulogne, should come and join Charles V., ordered his negotiator, Admiral d'Annebaut, to accept the emperor's offers, "for fear lest he should rise higher in his demands when he knew that Boulogne was in the hands of the king of England." The demands were hard, but a little less so than those made in 1540; Charles V. yielded on some special points, being possessed beyond everything with the desire of securing Francis I.'s co-operation in the two great contests he was maintaining, against the Turks in eastern Europe and against the Protestants in Germany. Francis I. conceded everything in respect of the European policy in order to retain his rights over Milaness and to recover the French towns on the Somme. Peace was signed at Crespy on the 18th of September, 1544; and it was considered so bad an one that the dauphin thought himself bound to protest, first of all secretly before notaries and afterwards at Fontainebleau, on the 12th of December, in the presence of three princes of the royal house. This feeling was so general that several great bodies, amongst others the Parliament of Toulouse (on the 22nd of January, 1545), followed the dauphin's example.

Francis I. was ill, saddened, discouraged, and still he thought of nothing but preparing for a fifth great campaign against Charles V. Since his glorious victory at Melegnano in the beginning of his reign, fortune had almost invariably forsaken his policy and all his enterprises, whether of war or of diplomacy; but, falling at one time a victim to the defects of his mind and character, and being at another hurried away by his better qualities and his people's sympathy, he took no serious note of the true causes or the inevitable consequences of his reverses and realized nothing but their outward and visible signs, whilst still persisting in the same hopeful illusions and the same ways of government. Happily for the lustre of his reign and the honor of his name, he had desires and tastes independent of the vain and reckless policy practised by him with such alternations of rashness and feebleness as were more injurious to the success of his designs than to his personal re-

noun, which was constantly recovering itself through the brilliancy of his courage, the generous though superficial instincts of his soul, and the charm of a mind animated by a sincere though ill-regulated sympathy for all the beautiful works of mankind in literature, science, and art, and for all that does honor and gives embellishment to the life of human beings.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FRANCIS I. AND THE RENAISSANCE.

FRANCIS I., in his life as a king and a soldier, had two rare pieces of good fortune: two great victories, Melegnano and Ceresole, stand out at the beginning and the end of his reign; and in his direst defeat, at Pavia, he was personally a hero. In all else, as regards his government, his policy was neither an able nor a successful one; for two and thirty years he was engaged in plans, attempts, wars, and negotiations; he failed in all his designs; he undertook innumerable campaigns or expeditions that came to nothing; he concluded forty treaties of war, peace, or truce, incessantly changing aim and cause and allies; and, for all this incoherent activity, he could not manage to conquer either the empire or Italy; he brought neither aggrandizement nor peace to France.

Outside of the political arena, in quite a different field of ideas and facts, that is, in the intellectual field, Francis I. did better and succeeded better. In this region he exhibited an instinct and a taste for the grand and the beautiful; he had a sincere love for literature, science, and art; he honored and protected, and effectually too, their works and their representatives. And therein it is that more than one sovereign and more than one age have found their purest glory to consist. Virgil, Horace, and Livy contributed quite as much as the foundation of the empire to shed lustre on the reign of Augustus. Bossuet, Pascal, and Fénelon, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Molière and La Fontaine count for quite as much as his great warriors and his able administrators in regard to the splendor of the age of Louis XIV. People are quite right to set this estimate upon the heroes of the human mind and upon

their works; their portion in the history of mankind is certainly not the most difficult, but it is that which provides both those who give and those who take with the purest delights, and which is the least dear in respect of what it costs the nation.

The reign of Francis I. occupies the first half of the century (the sixteenth) which has been called the age of Renaissance. Taken absolutely, and as implying a renaissance, following upon a decay of science, literature, and art, the expression is exaggerated and goes beyond the truth; it is not true that the five centuries which rolled by between the establishment of the Capetians and the accession of Francis I. (from 987 to 1515), were a period of intellectual barrenness and decay; the middle ages, amidst the anarchy, violence, and calamities of their social condition, had, in philosophy, literature, and art, works of their own and a glory of their own, which lacked not originality or brilliancy or influence over subsequent ages. There is no idea of telling their history here; we only desire to point out, with some sort of precision, their special character and their intellectual worth.

At such a period, what one would scarcely expect to find is intellectual ambition on a very extensive scale and great variety in the branches of knowledge and in the scope of ideas. And yet it is in the thirteenth century that we meet for the first time in Europe and in France with the conception and the execution of a vast repertory of different scientific and literary works produced by the brain of man, in fact with a veritable *Encyclopædia*. It was a monk, a preaching friar, a simple Dominican reader (*lector qualiscumque*) whose life was passed, as he himself says, by the side and under the eye of the superior-general of his order, who undertook and accomplished this great labor. Vincent of Beauvais, born at Beauvais between 1184 and 1194, who died at his native place in 1264, an insatiable *glutton for books* (*librorum helluo*), say his contemporaries, collected and edited what he called *Bibliotheca Mundi*, *Speculum majus* (*Library of the World, an enlarged Mirror*), an immense compilation, the first edition of which, published at Strasbourg in 1473, comprises ten volumes folio, and would comprise fifty or sixty volumes octavo. The work contains three, and, according to some manuscripts, four parts, entitled *Speculum naturale* (*Mirror of Natural Science*), *Speculum historiale* (*Mirror of Historical Science*), *Speculum doctrinale* (*Mirror of Metaphysical Science*), and *Speculum morale* (*Mirror*

of Moral Science). M. Daunou, in the notice he has given to it [in the xviiiith volume of the *Histoire littéraire de la France*, begun by the *Benedictines* and continued by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres de l'Institut*, pp. 449—519], disputes, not without reason, the authenticity of this last. Each of these *Specula* contains a summary, extracted from the various writings which have reference to the subject of it, and the authors of which Vincent of Beauvais takes care to name. M. Daunou, at the end of his learned notice, has described the nature, the merit, and the interest of the work in the following terms:—"The writings and documents which we have to thank Vincent of Beauvais for having preserved to us are such as pertain to vertible studies, to doctrines, to traditions and even to errors which obtained a certain amount of credit or exercised a certain amount of influence in the course of ages. . . . Whenever it is desirable to know what were in France, about 1250, the tendency and the subjects of the most elevated studies, what sciences were cultivated, what books, whether ancient or, for the time, modern, were or might have been read, what questions were in agitation, what doctrines were prevalent in schools, monasteries, churches, and the world, it will be to Vincent of Beauvais, above all, that recourse must be had." There is nothing to be added to this judicious estimate; there is no intention of entering here into any sort of detail about the work of Vincent of Beauvais; only it is desirable to bring some light to bear upon the intellectual aspirations and activity of the middle ages in France previously to the new impulse which was to be communicated to them by the glorious renaissance of Greek and Roman antiquity. A scientific, historical, and philosophical encyclopædia of the thirteenth century surely deserves to find a place in the preface to the sixteenth.

After the encyclopædist of the middle ages come, naturally, their philosophers. They were numerous: and some of them have remained illustrious. Several of them, at the date of their lives and labors, have already been met with and remarked upon in this history, such as Gerbert of Aurillac, who became Pope Sylvester II., St. Anselm, Abélard, St. Bernard, Robert of Sorbon, founder of the Sorbonne, and St. Thomas Aquinas. To these names, known to every enlightened man, might be added many others less familiar to the public, but belonging to men who held a high place in the philosophical contests of their times, such as John Scot; Erigena, Bérenger,

Roscelin, William of Champeaux, Gilbert of la Porée, &c. The questions which always have taken and always will take a passionate hold of men's minds in respect of God, the universe and man, in respect of our origin, our nature and our destiny, were raised and discussed, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, if not with so much brilliancy, at any rate with as much boldness and earnest thought as at any other period. The middle ages had, in France, their spiritualists, their materialists, their pantheists, their rationalists, their mystics, and their sceptics, not very clear or refined in their notions, but such as lacked neither profundity in their general view of the questions, nor ingenious subtlety in their argumentative process. We do not care to give in this place any exposition or estimate of their doctrines; we shall simply point out what there was original and characteristic in their fashion of philosophizing, and wherein their mental condition differed essentially from that which was engendered and propagated, in the sixteenth century, by the resuscitation of Greek and Roman antiquity.

It is the constant idea of the philosophers and theologians of that period to affirm and to demonstrate the agreement between Christian faith and reason. They consider themselves placed between two fixed points, faith in the Christian truths inculcated from the very first or formally revealed by God to man, and reason which is the faculty given to man, to enable him to recognize the truth. "Faith," wrote Hildebert, archbishop of Tours, in the eleventh century, "is not contrary to reason, but it is above reason. If, like the philosophers, one willeth not to believe anything but what reason comprehends, faith, in this case, hath no merit. The merit is in believing that which, without being contrary to reason, is above it. . . . Faith is certainty in respect of things which fall not under the perceptions of the body; it is below knowledge, for to believe is less than to know; and it is above opinion, for to believe is more than to imagine." "I do not seek to understand in order to believe," says St. Anselm; "I believe in order to understand. . . . Authority requires faith in order to prepare man for reason." But "authority," said St. Columban, in the sixth century, "proceeds from right reason, not at all reason from authority. Every authority whereof the decrees are not approved of by right reason appears mighty weak." Minds so liberal in the face of authority and at the same time attached to revealed and traditional faith could not but be sometimes

painfully perplexed. "My wounded spirit," said Adam of the Prémontré-order (*le prémontré*) in the twelfth century, "calls to her aid that which is the source of all grace and all life. But where is it? What is it? In her trouble the spirit hath love abiding; but she knows no longer what it is she loves, what she ought to love. She addresseth herself to the stones and to the rocks, and saith to them, 'What are ye!' And the stones and the rocks make answer, 'We are creatures of the same even as thou art.' To the like question the sun, the moon, and the stars make the like answer. The spirit doth interrogate the sand of the sea, the dust of the earth, the drops of rain, the days of the years, the hours of the days, the moments of the hours, the turf of the fields, the branches of the trees, the leaves of the branches, the scales of fish, the wings of birds, the utterances of men, the voices of animals, the movements of bodies, the thoughts of minds; and these things declare, all with one consent, unto the spirit, 'We are not that which thou demandest; search up above us, and thou wilt find our creator!'" In the tenth century, Remigius the theologian had gone still farther: "I have resolved," said he, "to make an investigation as to my God; for it doth not suffice me to believe in Him; I wish further to see somewhat of Him. I feel that there is somewhat beyond my spirit. If my spirit should abide within herself without rising above herself, she would see only herself; it must be above herself that my spirit will reach God."

God, creator, lawgiver and preserver of the universe and of man, everywhere and always present and potent, in permanent connection, nay, communication, with man, at one time by natural and at another by supernatural means, at one time by the channel of authority and at another by that of free-agency, this is the point of departure, this the fixed idea of the philosopho-theologians of the middle ages. There are great gaps, great diversities, and great inconsistencies in their doctrines: they frequently made unfair use of the subtle dialectics called *scholastics* (*la scolastique*), and they frequently assigned too much to the master's authority (*l'autorité du maître*); but Christian faith, more or less properly understood and explained, and adhesion to the facts, to the religious and moral precepts, and to the primitive and essential testimonies of Christianity, are always to be found at the bottom of their systems and their disputes. Whether they be pantheists even

or sceptics, it is in an atmosphere of Christianity that they live and that their thoughts are developed.

A breath from the grand old pagan life of Greece and Rome heaved forth again and spread, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, throughout this Christian atmosphere of the middle ages. Greek and Roman antiquity, with its ideas and its works, had never been completely forgotten therein. Aristotle and Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, Boëtius, and other ancients had taken their place amongst the studies and philosophical notions of that period; but their influence had been limited to professional scholars and had remained without any social influence. In spite of the stateliness of its ceremonies and the charm of its traditions, paganism had never been, in plain truth, a religion; faith and piety had held but a paltry place in it; instead of a God, the creator and acting sovereign of the world, its gods were of human invention and human nature; their adventures and the part they played were pleasing to the imagination, but gave no sort of satisfaction to the deep instincts and higher aspirations of the soul. Christianity is God hovering over, watching over, and descending to earth; paganism is earth, its children and the stories of their lives transported, with their vices rather than their virtues, to heaven. Olympus was peopled with nothing but personages belonging to popular tradition, mythology, or allegory; and in the fifteenth century this mythology was in full course of decay; all that it might have commanded of credence or influence had vanished; there remained of it nothing but barren memories or a contemptuous incredulity. Speaking from the religious point of view, the Renaissance was but a resurrection of paganism dying out before the presence of the Christian world, which was troubled and perplexed but full of life and futurity.

The religious question thus set on one side, the Renaissance was a great and happy thing, which restored to light and honor the works and glories of the Greek and Roman communities, those two communities which, in history anterior to the sixteenth century, had reached the greatest prosperity and splendor under a civil regimen, in the midst of a more or less stormy but real and strong political freedom, and had attained by the mere development of human thought and human energy the highest degree of civilization yet known in Europe and, one would be inclined to say, in the world. The memorials and monuments of this civilization, which were suddenly

removed, at the fall of the Greek empire, to Italy first and then from Italy to France and throughout the whole of Western Europe, impressed with just admiration people, as well as princes, and inspired them with the desire of marching forward in their turn in this attractive and glorious career. This kind of progress, arrived at by the road of imitation, often costs dear in the interruption it causes to the natural course of the peculiar and original genius of nations; but this is the price at which the destinies of diverse communities get linked together and interpenetrate and the general progress of humanity is accomplished.

It was not only in religious questions and by their philosopho-theologians that the middle ages, before the Renaissance, displayed their activity and fecundity. In literature and in art, in history and in poesy, in architecture and in sculpture, they had produced great and beautiful works which were quite worthy of surviving and have, in fact, survived the period of their creation. Here too, the Renaissance of Greek and Roman antiquity came in and altered the originality of the earliest productions of the middle ages and gave to literature and to art in France a new direction. It will be made a point here to note with some exactness the peculiar and native character of French literature at its origin. It is a far cry from the middle ages to the time of Louis XIV.; but the splendors of the most lovely days do not efface the charm belonging to the glimmerings of dawn.

The first amongst the literary creations of the middle ages is that of the French language itself. When we pass from the ninth to the thirteenth century, from the oath of Charles the Bald and Louis the Germanic at Strasbourg in 842, to the account of the conquest of Constantinople in 1203, given by Geoffrey de Villehardouin, seneschal of Champagne, what a space has been traversed, what progress accomplished in the language of France! It was, at first, nothing but a coarse and irregular mixture of German and Latin, the former still in a barbarous and the latter already in a corrupted state; and amidst this mixture appear some fragments of the Celtic idioms of Gaul, without any literary tradition to regulate this mass of incoherence and confusion. As for following the development, regulation, and transformation of the French national language during these three centuries, and marking how it issued from this formless and vulgar chaos, there are not facts and documents enough for our guidance throughout that long travail;

but when the thirteenth century begins, when Villehardouin tells the tale of the crusade which put, for seventy years, Constantinople and the Greek empire of the East in the hands of the Latin and German warriors of the West, the French language, though still rude and somewhat fluctuating, appears already rich, varied and capable of depicting with fidelity and energy events, ideas, characters, and the passions of men. There we have French prose and French poesy in their simple and lusty youth; the *Conquest of Constantinople* by Geoffrey de Villehardouin and the *Song of Roland* by the unknown poet who collected and put together in the form of an epopee the most heroic amongst the legends of the reign of Charlemagne, are the first great and beautiful monuments of French literature in the middle ages.

The words are *French Literature*; and of that alone is there any intention of speaking here. The middle ages had, up to the sixteenth century, a Latin literature; philosophers, theologians, and chroniclers all wrote in Latin. The philosophers and theologians have already been spoken of. Amongst the chroniclers some deserve the name of historians; not only do they alone make us acquainted with the history of their times, but they sometimes narrate it with real talent as observers and writers. Gregory of Tours, Eginhard, William of Tyre, Guibert of Nogent, William of Jumièges, and Orderic Vital are worthy of every attention from those whose hearts are set upon thoroughly understanding the history of the periods and the provinces of which those laborers of the middle ages have, in Latin, preserved the memorials. The chief of those works have been gathered together and translated in a special collection bearing the name of Guizot. But it is with the reign of Francis I. that, to bid a truce to further interruption, we commence the era of the real grand literature of France, that which has constituted and still constitutes the pride and the noble pleasure of the French public. Of that alone we would here denote the master-works and the glorious names, putting them carefully at the proper dates and places in the general course of events; a condition necessary for making them properly understood and their influence properly appreciated. As to the reign of Francis I., however, it must be premised as follows: several of the most illustrious of French writers, in poesy and prose, Ronsard, Montaigne, Bodin, and Stephen Pasquier, were born during that king's lifetime and during the first half of the sixteenth century; but it is to the second half

of that century and to the first of the seventeenth that they belong by the glory of their works and of their influence; their place in history will be assigned to them when we enter upon the precise epoch at which they performed and shone. We will at present confine ourselves to the great survivors of the middle ages, whether in prose or poesy, and to the men who shed lustre on the reign of Francis I. himself, and led French literature in its first steps along the road on which it entered at that period.

The middle ages bequeathed to French literature four prose-writers whom we cannot hesitate to call great historians: Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, and Commynes. *Geoffrey de Villehardouin*, after having taken part, as negotiator and soldier, in the crusade which terminated in the capture of Constantinople, and having settled in Thessaly, at Messinopolis, as holder of considerable fiefs, with the title of marshal of Romania (Roumelia), employed his leisure in writing a history of this great exploit. He wrote with a dignified simplicity, epic and at the same time practical, speaking but little of himself, narrating facts with the precision of one who took part in them and yet without useless detail or personal vanity, finding pleasure in doing justice to his comrades, amongst others the veteran doge of Venice, Henry Dandolo, and sometimes intermingling with his story the reflections of a judicious and sincere Christian, without any pious fanaticism and without ostentation. *Joinville* wrote his *History of St. Louis* at the request of Joan of Navarre, wife of Philip the Handsome, and five years after that queen's death; his manuscripts have it thus: "the things which I personally saw and heard were written in the year of grace 1309, in the month of October." He was then eighty-five, and he dedicated his book to Louis le Hutin (*the quarreller*), great grandson of St. Louis. More lively and more familiar in style than Villehardouin, he combines the vivid and natural impressions of youth with an old man's fond clinging to the memories of his long life; he likes to bring himself upon the scene, especially as regards his relations towards and his conversations with St. Louis, for whom he has a tender regard and admiration, at the same time that he maintains towards him a considerable independence of ideas, conduct and language; he is a valiant and faithful knight, who forms a very sensible opinion as to the crusade in which he takes part and who will not enter upon it a second time, even to follow the king to whom he is devoted, but whose pious fana-

ticism and warlike illusions he does not share; his narrative is at one and the same time very full of himself without any pretension and very spirited without any show of passion, and fraught with a graceful and easy carelessness which charms the reader and all the while inspires confidence in the author's veracity. *Froissart* is an insatiable pry who revels in all the sights of the day, events and personages, wars and galas, adventures of heroism or gallantry, and who is incessantly gadding about through all the dominions and all the courts of Europe, everywhere seeking his own special amusement in the satisfaction of his curiosity. He has himself given an account of the manner in which he collected and wrote his *Chronicles*. "Ponder," says he, "amongst yourselves such of ye as read me, or will read me, or have read me, or shall hear me read, how I managed to get and put together so many facts whereof I treat in so many parts. And, for to inform you of the truth, I began young, at the age of twenty years, and I came into the world amidst the deeds and adventures, and I did always take great delight in them, more than in aught else. And God gave me such grace that I was well with all parties and with the households of the kings, and, especially, the household of King Edward of England, and the noble queen his wife, Madame Philippa of Hainault, unto whom, in my youth, I was clerk, and I did minister unto her with beautiful ditties and amorous treatises. And for love of the service of the noble and valiant dame with whom I was, all the other lords, kings, counts, dukes, barons and knights, of whatsoever nation they might be, did love me and hear me and see me gladly, and brought me great profit. . . . Thus, wherever I went, I made inquiry of the old knights and squires who had been at deeds of arms and who were specially fit to speak thereof, and also of certain heralds in good credit for to verify and justify all matters. Thus have I gotten together this lofty and noble history."

This picture of *Froissart* and his work by his own hand would be incomplete without the addition of a characteristic anecdote. In one of his excursions in search of adventures and stories, "he fell in at Pamiers with a good knight, Messire Espaing of Lyons, who had been in all the wars of the time and managed the great affairs of princes. They set out to travel together, Messire Espaing telling his comrade what he knew about the history of the places whereby they passed, and *Froissart* taking great care to ride close to him for to hear his words. Every evening they halted at hostels where they

drained flagons full of white wine as good as the good canon had ever drunk in his life; then, after drinking, so soon as the knight was weary of relating, the chronicler wrote down just the substance of his stories so as to better leave remembrance of them for time to come, as there is no way of retaining so certain as writing down."

There is no occasion to add to these quotations; they give the most correct idea that can be formed of Froissart's chronicles and their literary merit as well as their historical value.

Philip de Commines is quite another affair and far more than Froissart, nay than Joinville and Villehardouin. He is a politician proficient in the understanding and handling of the great concerns and great personages of his time. He served Charles the Rash and Louis XI.; and, after so trying an experience, he depicted them and passed judgment upon them with imperturbable clear-sightedness and freedom of thought. With the recital of events as well as the portrayal of character, he mingles here and there the reflections, expressed in precise, firm and temperate language, of a profound moralist, who sets before himself no other aim but that of giving his thoughts full utterance. He has already been spoken of in the second volume of this History, in connection with his leaving the duke of Burgundy's service for that of Louis XI. and with his remarks upon the virtues as well as the vices of that able but unprincipled despot. We will not go again over that ground. As a king's adviser, Commines would have been as much in place at the side of Louis XIV. as at that of Louis XI.; as a writer, he, in the fifteenth century, often made history and politics speak a language which the seventeenth century would not have disowned.

Let us pass from the prose-writers of the middle ages to their poets.

The grand name of *poesy* is here given only to poetical works which have lived beyond their cradles and have taken rank amongst the treasures of the national literature. Thanks to sociability of manners, vivacity of intellect and fickleness of taste, light and ephemeral poesy has obtained more success and occupied more space in France than in any other country; but there are successes which give no title to enter into a people's history; quality and endurance of renown are even more requisite in literature than in politics; and many a man whose verses have been very much relished and cried up in his lifetime has neither deserved nor kept in his native land the beau-

tiful name of poet. Setting aside, of course, the language and poems of the troubadours of southern France, we shall find, in French poesy previous to the Renaissance, only three works which, through their popularity in their own time, still live in the memory of the erudite, and one only which, by its grand character and its superior beauties, attests the poetical genius of the middle ages and can claim national rights in the history of France. *The Romance of the Rose* in the erotic and allegorical style, the *Romances of Renart* in the satirical, and the *Farce of Patelin*, a happy attempt in the line of comedy, though but little known now-a-days to the public, are still and will remain subjects of literary study. *The Song of Roland* alone is an admirable sample of epic poesy in France, and the only monument of poetical genius in the middle ages which can have a claim to national appreciation in the nineteenth century. It is almost a pity not to reproduce here the whole of that glorious epopee, as impressive from the forcible and pathetic simplicity of its sentiments and language as from the grandeur of the scene and the pious heroism of the actors in it. It is impossible, however, to resist the pleasure of quoting some fragments of it. The best version to refer to is that which has been given almost word for word, from the original text, by M. Léon Gaultier, in his beautiful work, so justly crowned by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres*, on *Les Epopées Françaises*.

In 778 Charlemagne was returning from a great expedition in Spain, during which, after having taken Pampeluna, he had failed before Saragossa, and had not considered himself called upon to prolong his struggle with the Arab Mussulmans. He with the main body of his army had crossed the Pyrenees, leaving as rearguard a small division under his nephew Roland, prefect of the Marches of Brittany, Anselm, count of the palace, Oliver, Roland's comrade, Archbishop Turpin, and several other warriors of renown. When they arrived at the little valley of Roncesvalles, between the defiles of Sizer and Val Carlos, this rearguard was unexpectedly attacked by thousands of Basque mountaineers, who were joined by thousands of Arabs eager to massacre and plunder the Christians and Franks, who, indeed, perished to a man in this ambushade. "The news of this disaster," says Eginhard in his *Annales*, "obscured the glory of the successes the king had but lately obtained in Spain." This fact, with large amplifications, became the source of popular legends and songs, which. proba-

bly towards the end of the eleventh century, became embodied in the *Song of Roland*, attributed, in two manuscripts, but without any certainty, to a certain Théroulde (Turolde), abbot of Malmesbury and Peterborough under William the Conqueror. It must suffice to reproduce here only the most beautiful and most characteristic passages of this little national epopee, a truly Homeric picture of the quasi-barbarous times and manners of knightly Christendom.

The 82nd strophe of the poem commences thus:—

“ ‘Of Paynim yonder, saw I more,’
Quoth Oliver, ‘than e’er before
The eye of man hath seen:
An hundred thousand are a-field,
With helm and hauberk, lance and shield,
And pikes and pike-heads gleaming bright;
Prepare for fight, a fiercer fight
Than ever yet hath been.
Blow Olifant, friend Roland, blow,
That Charles and all his host may know.

To whom Sir Roland in reply;
‘A madman, then, good faith, were I:
For I should lose all countenance
Throughout the pleasant land of France;
Nay, rather, facing great and small,
I’ll smite amain with Durandal,
Until the blade with blood that’s spilt
Is crimson to the golden hilt.’
‘Friend Roland, sound a single blast
Ere Charles beyond its reach hath pass’d.’
‘Forbid it God,’ cried Roland then,
‘It should be said by living men
That I a single blast did blow
For succor from a Paynim foe!’
When Roland sees what moil will be,
Lion nor pard so fierce as he.

Archbishop Turpin looks around,
Then forward pricks to higher ground:
He halts, he speaks; the French give ear:
‘Lords barons, Charles hath left us here,
And for our king we’re bound to die;
For him maintain the Christian cause;
Behold! how near the battle draws;
Behold! where yonder Paynim lie;
Confess to God; and I will give
Absolvement, that your souls may live.
Pure martyrs are ye, if ye fall;
And Paradise awaits ye all.’

Down leap the French; on bended knee
They fall for benison; and he
Doth lay on all a penance light—
To strike their hardest in the fight.

The French have risen to their feet;
 They leap upon their chargers fleet;
 Into the defiles rides their chief
 On his good war-horse, *Veillantif*.
 Oh! in his harness he looks grand!
 On, on he goes with lance on high;
 Its tip is pointed to the sky;
 It bears a snow-white pennon, and
 Its golden fringes sweep his hand.
 He scans the foe with haughty glance,
 With meek and sweet the men of France:
 'Lords barons, gently, gently ride;
 Yon Paynim rush to suicide;
 No king of France could ever boast
 The wealth we'll strip from yonder host.'
 And as the words die off his lips,
 Christian and Paynim are at grips.

A wondrous fight! The men of France
 Thrust fiercely with the burnish'd lance!
 Oh! 'twas a sight of grief and dread,
 So many wounded, bleeding, dead!
 On back or face, together they,
 One on another falling, lay!
 The Paynim cannot choose but yield,
 And, willy nilly, quit the field:
 The eager French are on their track,
 With lances pointed at the back. . . .
 Then pricketh forth a Saracen,
Abyme by name, but worst of men;
 No faith hath he in God the One,
 No faith in Holy Mary's Son;
 As black as melted pitch is he,
 And not for all Galicia's gold
 Could he be bribed his hand to hold
 From murder and from treachery;
 No merry laugh, no sportive mien
 In him was ever heard or seen. . . .
 The good archbishop could not brook
 On pagan such as he to look;
 He saw and fain would strike him dead,
 And calmly to himself he said:
 'Yon pagan, as it seems to me,
 A grievous heretic must be;
 'Twere best to slay him, though I died;
 Cowards I never could abide.'

He mounts his steed, won, so they tell,
 From Denmark's monarch, hight *Grosselle*;
 He slew the king, and took the steed;
 The beast is light and built for speed;
 His hoofs are neat, his legs are clean,
 His thigh is short, his flanks are lean,
 His rump is large, his back full height,
 His mane is yellow, his tail is white;
 With little ears and tawny head,
 No steed like him was ever bred.

The good archbishop spurs a-field
And smites Ahyne upon the shield,
His emir's shield so thickly sown
With many a gem and precious stone,
Amethyst and topaz, crystals bright,
And red carbuncles flashing light;
The shield is shiver'd by the blow;
No longer worth a doit, I trow;
Stark dead the emir lies below.
'Ha! bravely struck!' the Frenchmen yell;
'Our bishop guards the Cross right well!'

To Oliver Sir Roland cried;
'Sir comrade, can it be denied
Our bishop is a gallant knight?
None better ever saw the light!
How he doth strike
With lance and pike!'

Quoth Oliver: Then in the fight
Haste we to aid him with our might!
And so the battle is renew'd:
The blows are hard, the mellay rude;
The Christians suffer sore:
Four times they charge and all is well,
But at the fifth—dread tale to tell—
The knights of France are doom'd to fall,
All, all her knights, for of them all
God spareth but three-score
But oh! their lives they dearly sell!
Sir Roland marks what loss is there,
And turns him to Sir Oliver:
'Dear comrade, whom pray God to bless,
In God's own name see what distress—
Such heaps of vassals, lying low—
Fair France hath suffer'd at a blow:
Well may we weep for her, who's left
A widow, of such lords bereft!
And why, oh! why art thou not near,
Our king, our friend, to aid us here?
Say, Oliver, how might we bring
Our mournful tidings to the king?'
Quoth Oliver: 'I know not, I;
To fly were shame; far better die.'
Quoth Roland: 'I my horn will blow,
That Charles may hear and Charles may know;
And, in the defiles, from their track
The French, I swear, will hasten back.'
Quoth Oliver: 'Twere grievous shame;
'Twould bring a blush to all thy name:
When I said thus, thou scornest me,
And now I will not counsel thee.
And shouldst thou blow, 'twere no great blast:
Already blood is gushing fast
From both thine arms.' 'That well may be.'
Quoth he, 'I struck so lustily!

The battle is too strong: I'll blow
 Mine Olifant, that Charles may know.'
 Quoth Oliver: 'Had Charles been here,
 This battle had not cost so dear;
 But as for yon poor souls, I wis,
 No blame can rest with them for this.'
 'Why bear me spite?' Sir Roland said.
 'The fault,' said he, 'lies on thy head.
 And mark my words; this day will see
 The end of our good company;

We twain shall part—not as we met—
 Full sadly, ere yon sun hath set.'
 The good archbishop hears the stir,
 And thither pricks with golden spur:
 And thus he chides the wrangling lords:
 'Roland, and you, Sir Oliver,
 Why strive ye with such bitter words:
 Horns cannot save you: that is past;
 But still 'twere best to sound a blast;
 Let the king come; he'll strike a blow
 For vengeance, lest the Paynim foe
 Back to their homes in triumph go.'

With pain and dolour, groan and pant,
 Count Roland sounds his Olifant:
 The crimson stream shoots from his lips;
 The blood from bursten temple drips;
 But far, oh! far the echoes ring
 And, in the defiles, reach the king;
 Reach Naymes, and the French array:
 'Tis Roland's horn,' the king doth say;
 'He only sounds when brought to bay.'
 How huge the rocks! How dark and steep!
 The streams are swift! The valleys deep!
 Out blare the trumpets, one and all,
 As Charles responds to Roland's call.
 Round wheels the king, with choler mad,
 The Frenchmen follow, grim and sad;
 Not one but prays for Roland's life,
 Till they have join'd him in the strife.
 But ah! what prayer can alter fate?
 The time is past; too late! too late!
 As Roland scans both plain and height,
 And sees how many Frenchmen lie
 Stretch'd in their mortal agony,
 He mourns them like a noble knight:
 'Comrades, God give ye grace to-day,
 And grant ye Paradise, I pray!
 No lieges ever fought as they.
 What a fair land, oh! France, art thou!
 But ah! forlorn and widow'd now!
 Oh! Oliver, at least to thee,
 My brother, I must faithful be:
 Back, comrade mine, back let us go,
 And charge once more the Paynim foe!' . . .

When Roland spies the cursèd race,
 More black than ink, without a trace,
 Save teeth, of whiteness in the face,
 'Full certified,' quoth he, 'am I,
 That we this very day shall die.
 Strike Frenchmen, strike: that's all my mind!'
 'A curse on him who lags behind!'
 Quoth gallant Oliver; and so
 Down dash the Frenchmen on the foe.
 Sir Oliver with failing breath,
 Knowing his wound is to the death,
 Doth call to him his friend, his peer,
 His Roland: 'Come, come thou here,
 To be apart what pain it were!'
 When Roland marks his friend's distress,
 His face all pale and colorless:
 'My God!' quoth he, 'what's now to do?
 O my sweet France, what dole for you,
 Widow'd of all your warriors true!
 You needs must perish!' At such plaint,
 Upon his steed, he falls a-faint.

See Roland riding in a swoond:
 And Oliver with mortal wound;
 With loss of blood so dazed is he
 He neither near nor far can see
 What manner of man a man may be:
 And, meeting with Sir Roland so,
 He dealeth him a fearful blow
 That splits the gilded helm in two
 Down to the very nasal, though,
 By luck, the skull it cleaves not through.
 With blank amaze doth Roland gaze,
 And gently, very gently, says:
 'Dear comrade, smit'st thou with intent?
 Methinks no challenge hath been sent:
 I'm Roland, who doth love thee so.'
 Quoth Oliver: 'Thy voice I know,
 But see thee not; God save thee, friend:
 I struck thee; prithee pardon me.
 No hurt have I; and there's an end.'
 Quoth Roland: 'And I pardon thee
 'Fore man and God right willingly.'
 They bow the head, each to his brother,
 And so, in love, leave one another.

(Oliver dies: Roland and Archbishop Turpin continue the fight.)

Then Roland takes his horn once more,
 His blast is feebler than before,
 But still it reaches the emperor:
 He hears it, and he halts to shout:
 'Let clarions, one and all, ring out!'
 Then sixty thousand clarions ring,
 And rocks and dales set-echoing.
 And they, too, hear—the pagan pack;
 They force the rising laughter back;
 'Charles, Charles,' they cry, 'is on our track!'

They fly; and Roland stands alone—
 Alone, afoot; his steed is gone—
 Brave Viellantif is gone, and so,
 He, willy nilly, afoot must go.
 Archbishop Turpin needs his aid;
 The golden helm is soon unlaced,
 The light, white hauberk soon unbraced;
 And gently, gently down he laid
 On the green turf the bishop's head;
 And then beseechingly he said:

'Ah! noble sir, your leave I crave:
 The men we love, our comrades brave,
 All, all are dead; they must not lie
 Here thus neglected; wherefore I
 Will seek for them, each where he lies,
 And lay them out before your eyes.'
 'Go,' said the bishop, 'and speed be thine:
 Thank God! the field is thine and mine.'

Sir Roland search'd the plain, and found
 His comrade's body on the ground;
 Unto his heart he strain'd it tight,
 And bore it off, as best he might.
 Upon a shield he lays his friend
 Beside the rest, and, for an end,
 The bishop gives them, all and one,
 Absolvment and a benison.
 As Roland marks them lying there,
 His peers all dead—and Oliver,
 His mighty grief he cannot stay,
 And, willy nilly, swoons away.

The bishop feeleth grief profound
 To see Sir Roland in a swoond.
 Through Roncesvalles, well he knows,
 A stream of running water flows,
 And fain would he a journey make
 To fetch thereof for Roland's sake.
 He totters forth; he makes essay;
 But ah! his feeble limbs give way;
 Breaks his great heart; he falls and lies,
 Face downward, in death's agonies!
 So Charles's soldier-priest is dead:
 He who with mighty lance and sword
 And preacher's craft incessant warr'd
 Against the scornors of the Lord:
 God's benediction on his head!
 Count Roland laid him to his rest:
 Between his shoulders, on his breast,
 He cross'd the hands so fine and fair,
 And, as his country's customs were,
 He made oration o'er him there:
 'Ah! noble knight' of noble race,
 I do commend thee to God's grace:
 Sure never man of mortal birth
 Served Him so heartily on earth.

Thou hadst no peer in any clime -
 To stoutly guard the Christian cause
 And turn bad men to Christian laws,
 Since erst the great Apostles' time.
 Now rest thy soul from dolour free,
 And Paradise be ope'd to thee!

(A last encounter takes place: a Saracen left wounded on the battle-field, seeing Roland in a swoon, gets up and approaches him, saying, 'Vanquished, he is vanquished, the nephew of Charles! There is his sword which I will carry off to Arabia!')

And as he makes to draw the steel,
 A something doth Sir Roland feel:
 He opes his eyes, says nought but this,
 'Thou art not one of us, I wis,'
 Raises the horn he would not quit,
 And cracks the pagan's skull with it.
 And then the touch of death that steals
 Down, down from head to heart, he feels:
 Under yon pine he hastes away
 On the green turf his head to lay:
 Placing beneath him horn and sword,
 He turns toward the Paynim horde,
 And there, beneath the pine, he sees
 A vision of old memories:
 At thought of realms he help'd to win,
 Of his sweet France, of kith and kin,
 And Charles, his lord, who nurtured him,
 He sighs, and tears his eyes bedim.
 Then, not unmindful of his case,
 Once more he sues to God for grace:
 'O Thou, true Father of us all,
 Who hatest lies, who erst did call
 The buried Lazarus from the grave,
 And Daniel from the lions save,
 From all the perils I deserve
 For sinful life my soul preserve!
 Then to his God outstretched he
 The glove from his right hand; and, see!
 St. Gabriel taketh it instantly.
 God sends a cherub-angel bright,
 And Michæl, Saint of Peril hight;
 And Gabriel comes; up, up they rise
 And bear the Count to Paradise."

It is useless to carry these quotations any further; they are sufficient to give an idea of the grand character of the poem in which so many traits of really touching affection and so many bursts of patriotic devotion and pious resignation are mingled with the merest brute courage. Such, in its chief works, philosophical, historical, and poetical, was the literature which the middle ages bequeathed to the reign of Francis I. In history only, and in spite of the new character assumed after-

wards by the French language, this literature has had the honor of preserving its nationality and its glory. Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, and Commynes have remained great writers. In philosophy and in poesy a profound revolution was approaching; the religious reform and the fine literary genius as well as the grand French language of the seventeenth century were preparing to rise above the intellectual horizon. But between the moment when such advances dawn and that when they burst forth there is nearly always a period of uncertain and unfruitful transition: and such was the first half of the sixteenth century, that is to say, the actual reign of Francis I.; it is often called the reign of the Renaissance, which certainly originated in his reign, but it did not grow and make any display until after him; the religious, philosophical, and poetical revolution, Calvin, Montaigne, and Ronsard, born in the earlier half of the seventeenth century, did not do anything that exercised any power until the later. One single poet, a third-rate one, Clement Marot, attained lustre under Francis I. Rabelais is the only great prose writer who belongs strictly to that period. The scholars, the learned critics of what had been left by antiquity in general and by Greek and Roman antiquity in particular, Budé (Budæus), J. C. Scaliger, Muretus, Danès, (Danesius), Amyot, Ramus, (Peter la Ramée), Robert Estienne (Stephanus), Vatable (Watebled), Cujas, and Turnebius make up the tale of literature specially belonging to and originating in the reign of Francis I., just as the foundation of the *Collège Royal*, which became the *Collège de France*, is his chief personal claim to renown in the service of science and letters.

Let us return to the poets of the actual reign of Francis I. The first we encounter speaks thus of himself:—

“I am not rich; that, certes, I confess;
But, natheless, well born and nobly bred;
I'm read by both the people and noblesse,
Throughout the world: 'That's Clement,' it is said.
Men live their span; but I shall ne'er be dead.
And thou—thou hast thy meadow, well, and spring,
Wood, field, and castle—all that wealth can bring.
There's just that difference 'twixt thee and me.
But what I am thou couldst not be: the thing
Thou art, why anybody else might be.”

Now who was this, who, with perfect confidence, indulged in such proud language? Was it a Homer, a Dante, a Corneille, one of those great poetical geniuses whose works can move a

whole people, are addressed to all the world and "will live for ever?" No; it was a poet of the court and of the fashionable world of Paris, of Blois and of Amboise in the sixteenth century, a groom-of-the-chamber to Marguerite de Valois and one of Francis I.'s favorites, who had written elegies, eclogues, epistles, complaints, roundelays, and epigrams on the incidents and for his masters and mistresses of the hour; France owed to him none of those great poetical works consecrated to description of the grand destinies and grand passions of man, and to the future as well as to the writer's own time. Clement Marot, the son of a petty burgess of Cahors named John Marot, himself a poet in a small way, who had lived some time at the court of Louis XII., under the patronage of Queen Anne of Bretagne, had a right to style himself "well born and nobly bred;" many of the petty burgesses of Cahors were of noble origin and derived therefrom certain privileges; John Marot, by a frugal and regular life, had acquired and left to his son two estates in the neighborhood of Cahors where, no doubt, Clement resided but little, for he lived almost constantly at the court or wandering about Europe, in every place where at one time the fortunes of the king his protector and at another the storm of the nascent religious reform left him stranded willy-nilly. He was present in 1525 at the battle of Pavia, where he was wounded and taken prisoner with his king, but soon released, since the Imperialists let go on easy terms gentlemen of whom it was impossible to make a rich booty. From that time we do not meet any more with Clement Marot in war or politics; to Marguerite de Valois, to adventures of gallantry and to success in his mundane line of poesy his life was thenceforth devoted. The scandal of history has often been directed against his relations with his royal patroness; but there seems to be no real foundations for such a suspicion; the manners of the sixteenth century admitted of intimacies in language and sometimes even of familiarities in procedure contrasting strangely with demonstrations of the greatest respect, nay humility. Clement Marot was the king of poesy and set the fashion of wit in his time; Marguerite had a generous and a lively sympathy with wit, talent, success, renown; the princess and the poet were mutually pleased with and flattered one another; and the liberties allowed to sympathy and flattery were great at that time, but far less significant than they would be in our day.

What were the cause, the degree, and the real value of this

success and this renown of which Clement Marot made so much parade, and for which his contemporaries gave him credit? What change, what progress effected by him, during his lifetime, in French literature and the French language won for him the place he obtained and still holds in the opinion of the learned?

A poet who no more than Clement Marot produced any great poetical work and was very different from him in their small way, Francis Villon, in fact, preceded him by about three quarters of a century. The most distinguished amongst the literary critics of our time have discussed the question as to which of the two, Villon or Marot, should be regarded as the last poet of the middle ages and the first of modern France. M. Sainte-Beuve, without attempting to precisely solve that little problem, has distinguished and characterized the two poets with so much of truth and tact that there can be no hesitation about borrowing his words: "Was Villon," is the question he puts to himself, "an originator? Did he create a style of poesy? Had he any idea of a literary reaction, as we should say now-a-days? What is quite certain is that he possessed original talent; that amidst all the execrable tricks wherein he delighted and wherein he was a master, he possessed the sacred spark. . . . A licentious scamp of a student, bred at some shop in the Cité or the Place Maubert, he has a tone which, at least as much as that of Rénier, *has a savor of the places the author frequented*. The beauties whom he celebrates, and I blush for him, are none else than *la blanche Savetière (the fair cobbleress)* or *la gente Saulcissière du coin (the pretty Sausage-girl at the corner)*. But he has invented for some of those natural regrets which incessantly recur in respect of vanished beauty and the flight of years a form of expression, truthful, charming and airy, which goes on singing for ever in the heart and ear of whosoever has once heard it. He has flashes, nothing more than flashes, of melancholy. . . . It is in reading the verses of Clement Marot that we have, for the first time as it seems to me, a very clear and distinct feeling of having got out from the circumbendibus of the old language, from the Gallic tangle. We are now in France, in the land and amidst the language of France, in the region of genuine French wit, no longer that of the boor or of the student or of the burgess, but of the court and good society. Good society, in poesy, was born with Marot, with Francis I. and his sister Marguerite, with the Renaissance: much will still

have to be done to bring it to perfection, but it exists and will never cease again. . . . Marot, a poet of wits rather than of genius or of great talent, but full of grace and breeding, who has no passion but is not devoid of sensibility, has a way of his own of telling and saying things; he has a *turn* of his own; he is in a word the agreeable man, the gentlemanlike man who is bound to be pleasant and amusing, and who discharges his duty with an easy air and unexceptionable gallantry."

There we have exactly the new character which Marot, coming between Villon and Ronsard, gave in the sixteenth century to French posey. We may be more exacting than M. Saint-Beuve; we may regret that Marot, whilst rescuing it from the streets, confined it too much to the court; the natural and national range of poesy is higher and more extensive than that: the Hundred Years' War and Joan of Arc had higher claims. But it is something to have delivered posey from coarse vulgarity and introduced refinement into it. Clement Marot rendered to the French language, then in labor of progression and, one might say, of formation, eminent service: he gave it a naturalness, a clearness, an easy swing, and for the most part, a correctness which it had hitherto lacked. It was reserved for other writers, in verse and prose, to give it boldness, the richness that comes of precision, elevation and grandeur.

In 1534, amidst the first violent tempest of reform in France, Clement Marot, accused of heresy, prudently withdrew and went to seek an asylum at Ferrara, under the protection of the duchess, Renée of France, daughter of Louis XII. He there met Calvin, who already held a high position amongst the Reformers, and who was then engaged on a translation of the Psalms in verse. The reformer talked to the poet about this grand Hebrew poesy, which, according to M. Villemain's impression, "has defrayed in sublime coin the demands of human imagination." Marot, on returning to France, found the *Collège Royal* recently instituted there and the learned Vatable [Francis Watebled, born at Gamaches, in Picardy, died at Paris in 1547] teaching Hebrew with a great attendance of pupils and of the curious. The professor engaged the poet to translate the Psalms, he himself expounding them to him word by word. Marot translated thirty of them and dedicated them to Francis I., who not only accepted the dedication but recommended the work and the author to Charles V., who was at that time making a friendly passage through France on his

way to put down the insurrection at Ghent. "Charles V. accepted the said translation graciously" [as appears by a letter in 1559 to Catharine de' Medici from Villemadon, one of Marguerite of Navarre's confidential servants], "commended it both by words and by a present of 200 doubloons, which he made to Marot, thus giving him courage to translate the rest of the Psalms, and praying him to send him as soon as possible the Psalm *Confitemini, Domino, quoniam bonus* [*Trust in the Lord, for He is good*], so fond was he of it." Singular fellow-feeling between Charles V. and his great adversary Luther, who said of that same psalm, "It is my friend; it has saved me in many a strait from which emperor, kings, sages nor saints could have delivered me!" Clement Marot, thus aided and encouraged in this work which gave pleasure to Francis I. and Charles V. and must have been still more interesting to Calvin and Luther, prosecuted his work and published in 1541 the first thirty psalms; three years afterwards, in 1543, he added twenty others, and dedicated the collection "to the ladies of France," in an epistle wherein the following verses occur:—

"Happy the man whose favor'd ear
In golden days to come shall hear
The ploughman, as he tills the ground,
The carter, as he drives his round,
The shopman, as his task he plies,
With psalms or sacred melodies
Whiling the hours of toil away!
Oh! happy he who hears the lay
Of shepherd and of shepherdess
As in the woods they sing and bless
And make the rocks and pools proclaim
With them their great Creator's name!
Oh! can ye brook that God invite
Them before you to such delight?
Begin, ladies, begin!"

A century after Marot's time, in 1649, a pious and learned Catholic, Godeau, bishop of Grasse and member of the nascent French Academy, was in his turn translating the Psalms, and rendered full justice to the labors of the poet, his predecessor, and to the piety of the Reformers in the following terms: "Those whose separation from the Church we deplore have rendered the version they make use of famous by the pleasing airs that learned musicians set them to when they were composed. To know them by heart is, amongst them, a sign of the communion to which they belong, and in the towns in

which they are most numerous the airs may be heard coming from the mouths of artisans, and in the country from those of tillers."

In 1555, eight years after the death of Francis I., Estienne Pasquier wrote to Ronsard, "In good faith, there was never seen in France such a glut of poets. I fear that in the long run people will weary of them. But it is a vice peculiar to us that as soon as we see anything succeeding prosperously for any one everybody wants to join in." Estienne Pasquier's fear was much better grounded after the death of Francis I., and when Ronsard had become the head of the poet-world, than it would have been in the first half of the sixteenth century. During the reign of Francis I. and after the date of Clement Marot, there is no poet of any celebrity to speak of, unless we except Francis I. himself and his sister Marguerite; and it is only in compliment to royalty's name they need be spoken of. They, both of them, had evidently a mania for versifying, even in their most confidential communications, for many of their letters to one another, those during the captivity of Francis I. at Madrid amongst the rest, are written in verse; but their verses are devoid of poesy; they are prose, often long-winded and frigid, and sometimes painfully labored. There is, however, a distinction to be made between the two correspondents. In the letters and verses of Marguerite there is seen gleaming forth here and there a sentiment of truth and tenderness, a free and graceful play of fancy. We have three collections of her writings: 1. her *Heptaméron, ou les Sept. Journées de la Reine de Navarre*, a collection of sixty-eight tales more or less gallant, published for the first time in 1558, without any author's name; 2. her *Œuvres poétiques*, which appeared at Lyons in 1547 and 1548, in consequence of her being alive, under the title of *Les Marguérîtes de la Marguerite des Princesses* (the Pearls of the Pearl of Princesses), and of which one of her grooms-of-the-chamber was editor; in addition to which there is a volume of *Poésies inédites*, collected by order of Marguerite herself, but written by the hand of her secretary John Frotté, and preserved at Paris amongst the manuscripts of the *Bibliothèque nationale*; 3. the *Collection of her Letters*, published in 1841, by M. F. Génin. This last collection is, morally as well as historically, the most interesting of the three. As for Francis I. himself, there is little if anything known of his *poésies* beyond those which have been inserted in the *Documents*

relatifs à sa Captivité à Madrid, published in 1847 by M. Champollion-Figeac; some have an historical value, either as regards public events or Francis I.'s relations towards his mother, his sister, and his mistresses; the most important is a long account of his campaign, in 1525, in Italy, and of the battle of Pavia; but the king's verses have even less poetical merit than his sister's.

Francis I.'s goodwill did more for learned and classical literature than for poetry. Attention has already been drawn to the names of the principal masters in the great learned and critical school which devoted itself, in this reign, to the historical, chronological, philological, biographical, and literary study of Greek and Roman antiquity, both Pagan and Christian. It is to the labors of this school and to their results that the word *Renaissance* is justly applied and that the honor is especially to be referred of the great intellectual progress made in the sixteenth century. Francis I. contributed to this progress, first by the intelligent sympathy he testified towards learned men of letters, and afterwards by the foundation of the *Collège Royal*, an establishment of a special, an elevated and an independent sort, where professors found a liberty protected against the routine, jealousy, and sometimes intolerance of the University of Paris and the Sorbonne. The king and his sister Marguerite often went to pay a visit, at his printing-place in St. Jean de Beauvais Street, to Robert Estienne (*Stephanus*), the most celebrated amongst that family of printer-publishers who had so much to do with the resurrection of ancient literature. It is said that one day the king waited a while in the work-room, so as not to disturb Robert Estienne in the correction of a proof. When the violence bred of religious quarrels finally forced the learned and courageous printer to expatriate himself, his first care was to say, at the head of his apology: "When I take account of the war I have carried on with the Sorbonne for a space of twenty years or thereabouts, I cannot sufficiently marvel how so small and broken-down a creature as I am had strength to maintain it. . . . When I was seen being harried on all sides, how often have I been the talk on street and at banquets, whilst people said, 'It is all over with him; he is caught, he cannot escape; even if the king would, he could not save him.' . . . I wish to justify myself against the reproach of having left my country, to the hurt of the public weal, and of not having acknowledged the great liberality displayed towards me by the king; since it was a high honor for

me that the king, having deigned to make me his printer, always kept me under his protection, in the face of all who envied me and wished me ill, and never ceased to aid me graciously in all sorts of ways."

The *Collège Royal*, no less than Robert *Estienne*, met with obstacles and well-wishers; it was William Budé (Budæus) who first suggested the idea of the college to the king, primarily with the limited purpose of securing instruction in Greek and Hebrew, after the fashion of the College of Young Grecians and the College of the Three Languages (*the Trilingual*, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin), of which the former was founded at Rome by Leo X., the latter at Louvain by Canon Jerome Busleyden. Francis I. readily surrendered himself to more magnificent projects; he was anxious to erect a splendid building on the site of the Hôtel de Nesle and to put Erasmus at the head of the *Collège Royal*. War incessantly renewed and the nascent religious troubles interfered with his resolutions; but William Budé never ceased to urge upon the king an extension of the branches of learning in the establishment; and after the Peace of Cambrai in 1529, chairs of mathematics, Oriental languages, Latin oratory, Greek and Latin philosophy, and medicine were successively added to the chairs of Hebrew and Greek which had been the original nucleus of instruction in the *Collège Royal*. It continued to be an object of suspicion to the Sorbonne and of hesitation in the Parliament, to which royalty had recourse against the attacks of its adversaries. But it had no lack of protectors nevertheless: the cardinal of Lorraine, Charles IX. and Catherine de' Medici herself supported it in its trials; and Francis I. had the honor of founding a great school of the higher sort of education, a school, which, throughout all the religious dissensions and all the political revolutions of France, has kept its position and independence, whatever may have been elsewhere, in the matter of public instruction, the system and the regimen of State establishments.

A few words have already been said about the development of the arts, especially architecture and sculpture, in the middle ages, and of the characteristics, original and national, Gallic and Christian, which belonged to them at this period, particularly in respect of their innumerable churches, great and small. A fore-glance has been given of the alteration which was brought about in those characteristics, at the date of the sixteenth century, by the Renaissance, at the same time that the arts were made to shine with fresh and vivid lustre. Francis

I. was their zealous and lavish patron; he revelled in building and embellishing palaces, castles, and hunting-boxes, St. Germain, Chenonceaux, Fontainebleau and Chambord; his chief councillors, Chancellor Duprat and Admiral Bonnivet, shared his taste and followed his example; several provinces, and the banks of the Loire especially, became covered with splendid buildings, bearing the marks of a complicated character which smacked of imitations from abroad. Italy, which, from the time of Charles VIII. and Louis XII., had been the object of French kings' ambition and the scene of French wars, became also the school of French art; national and solemn Christian traditions were blended, whilst taking an altered form, with the Italian resuscitation of Greek and Roman antiquity. Italian artists, such as Rosso of Florence, Primatice of Bologna, Niccolò dell' Abbate of Modena, and Benvenuto Cellini of Florence, came and settled in France and there inspired and carried out the king's projects and works. Leonardo da Vinci, full of years and discontented with his Italian patrons, accompanied Francis I. to France and died in his arms at the castle of Clou, near Amboise, where he had fixed his residence. Some great French artists, such as the painter John Cousin and the sculptor John Goujon, strove ably to uphold the original character and merits of French art; but they could not keep themselves entirely aloof from the influence of this brilliant Italian art, for which Francis I.'s successors, even more than he, showed a zealous and refined attachment, but of which he was, in France, the first patron.

We will not quit the first half of the sixteenth century and the literary and philosophical Renaissance which characterizes that period, without assigning a place therein at its proper date and in his proper rank to the name, the life, and the works of the man who was not only its most original and most eminent writer, but its truest and most vivid representative, Rabelais. François Rabelais, who was born at Chinon in 1495, and died at Paris in 1553, wandered during those fifty-eight years about France and Europe from town to town, from profession to profession, from good to bad and from bad to good estate; first a monk of the Cordeliers; then, with Pope Clement VII.'s authority, a Benedictine; then putting off the monk's habit and assuming that of a secular priest in order to roam the world, "incurring," as he himself says, "in this vagabond life, the double stigma of suspension from orders and apostasy;" then studying medicine at Montpellier: then medical officer of

the great hospital at Lyons, but, before long, superseded in that office "for having been twice absent without leave;" then staying at Lyons as a corrector of proofs, a compiler of almanacks, and editor of divers books for learned patrons, and commencing the publication of his *Vie très-horifique du grand Gargantua, père de Pantagruel* (*Most horrifying life of the great Gargantua, father of Pantagruel*), which was immediately proceeded against by the Sorbonne "as an obscure tale." On grounds of prudence or necessity Rabelais then quitted Lyons and set out for Rome as physician attached to the household of Cardinal John Du Bellay, bishop of Paris and envoy from France to the Holy See; the which bishop "having relished the profound learning and competence of Rabelais, and having, besides, discovered in him fine humor and a conversation capable of diverting the blackest melancholy, retained him near his person in the capacity of physician-in-ordinary to himself and all his family, and held him ever afterwards in high esteem." After two years passed at Rome, and after rendering all sorts of service in his patron's household, Rabelais, "feeling that the uproarious life he was leading and his licentious deeds were unworthy of a man of religion and a priest," asked Pope Paul III. for absolution, and at the same time permission to resume the habit of St. Benedict, and to practise "for piety's sake, without hope of gain and in any and every place," the art of medicine, wherein he had taken, he said, the degrees of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor. A brief of Pope Paul III.'s dated January 17, 1536, granted his request. Seventeen months afterwards, on the 22nd of May, 1537, Rabelais re-appears at Montpellier and there receives, it is said, the degree of doctor, which he had already taken upon himself to assume. He pursues his life of mingled science and adventure, gives lessons, and gads about so much that "his doctor's gown and cap are preserved at Montpellier, according to tradition, all dirty and torn, but objects of respectful reminiscence." In 1538, Rabelais leaves Montpellier and goes to practise medicine at Narbonne, Castres, and Lyons. In 1540 he tires of it, resumes, as he had authority to do, the habit of a canon of St. Maur, and settles in that residence, "a paradise," as he himself says, "of salubrity, amenity, serenity, convenience, and all the chaste pleasures of agricultural and country life." Between 1540 and 1551 he is, nevertheless, found once more wandering far away from this paradise, in France, in Italy, and, perhaps, England; he completes and publishes, under

his own name, the *Faits et Dicts héroïques de Pantagruel*, and obtains from Francis I. a faculty for the publication of "these two volumes not less useful than delightful, which the printers had corrupted and perverted in many passages, to the great displeasure and detriment of the author, and to the prejudice of readers." The work made a great noise; the Sorbonne resolved to attack it, in spite of the king's approbation; but Francis I. died on the 31st of March, 1547. Rabelais relapsed into his life of embarrassment and vagabondage; on leaving France he had recourse, first at Metz and afterwards in Italy, to the assistance of his old and ever well-disposed patron, Cardinal John Du Bellay. On returning to France he obtained from the new king Henry II., a fresh faculty for the printing of his books "in Greek, Latin, and Tuscan;" and almost at the same time, on the 18th of Jan. 1551, Cardinal Du Bellay, bishop of Paris, conferred upon him the cure of St. Martin at Meudon, "which he discharged," says his biographer Colletet, "with all the sincerity, all the uprightness and all the charity that can be expected of a man who wishes to do his duty, and to the satisfaction of his flock." Nevertheless, when the new holder of the cure at Meudon, shortly after his installation, made up his mind to publish the fourth book of the *Faits et Dicts héroïques du bon Pantagruel*, the work was censured by the Sorbonne and interdicted by decree of parliament, and authority to offer it for sale was not granted until, on the 9th of February, 1552, Rabelais had given in his resignation of his cure at Meudon, and of another cure which he possessed, under the title of benefice, in the diocese of Le Mans. He retired in bad health to Paris, where he died shortly afterwards in 1553, "in Rue des Jardins, parish of St. Paul, in the cemetery whereof he was interred," says Colletet, "close to a large tree which was still to be seen a few years ago."

Such a life, this constant change of position, profession, career, taste, patron, and residence bore a strong resemblance to what we should now-a-days call a Bohemian life; and everything shows that Rabelais' habits, without being scandalous, were not more regular or more dignified than his condition in the world. Had we no precise and personal information about him in this respect, still his literary work, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, would not leave us in any doubt: There is no printed book, sketch, conversation, or story which is more coarse and cynical, and which testifies, whether as regards the

author or the public for whom the work is intended, to a more complete and habitual dissoluteness in thought, morals, and language. There is certainly no ground for wondering that the Sorbonne, in proceeding against the *Vie très-horifique du grand Gargantua, père de Pantagruel*, should have described it as "an obscene tale;" and the whole part of Panurge, the brilliant talker of the tale,

"Take him for all in all the best boy in the world,"

fully justifies the Sorbonne. But, by way of striking contrast, at the same time that the works of Rabelais attest the irregularity of men's lives and minds, they also reveal the great travail that is going on and the great progress that has already been made in the intellectual condition of his day, in the influence of natural and legitimate feelings, and in the appreciation of men's mutual rights and duties. Sixty-two years ago M. Guizot published in a periodical collection entitled *Annales de l'Éducation, a Study of Rabelais' ideas compared with the practice and routine of his day in respect of Education*: an important question in the sixteenth as it is in the nineteenth century. It will be well to quote here from that *Study* certain fragments which will give some notion of what new ideas and tendencies were making their way into the social life of France and were coincident with that great religious and political ferment which was destined to reach bursting-point in the reign of Francis I., and to influence for nearly a century the fortunes of France.

"It was no easy matter," were the words used by M. Guizot in 1811, "to speak reasonably about education at the time when Rabelais wrote. There was then no idea of home-education and the means of rendering it practicable. As to public education, there was no extensive range and nothing really useful to the community in the instruction received by children at college; no justice and no humanity in the treatment they experienced; a fruitless and prolonged study of words succeeded by a no less fruitless study of interminable subtleties, and all this fruitless knowledge driven into the brains of children by help of chastisements, blows, and that barbarous severity which seems to regard the *Compelle intrare* as the principal law and object of instruction. How proceed, in such a state of things, to conceive a plan of liberal, gentle, and reasonable education? Rabelais, in his book, had begun by avoiding the danger of directly shocking received ideas; by transporting both himself

and his heroes to the regions of imagination and extravagance he had set himself at liberty to bring them up in quite a different fashion than that of his times; the rectors of colleges could not pretend that Pantagruel, who was hardly born before he *sucked down at every meal the milk of four thousand six hundred cows*, and for whose first shirt *there had been cut nine hundred ells of Châtellerault linen*, was a portrait of any of the little boys who trembled at their ferules. . . . Pantagruel is in his cradle; he is bound and swathed in it like all children at that time; but, ere long, Gargantua, his father, perceives that these bands are constraining his movements and that he is making efforts to burst them; he immediately, by advice of the princes and lords present, orders the said shackles to be undone, and lo! Pantagruel is no longer uneasy. . . . And thus became he big and strong full early. . . . There came, however, the time when his instruction must begin. 'My will,' said Gargantua, 'is to hand him over to some learned man for to indoctrinate him according to his capacity, and to spare nothing to that end.' He, accordingly, put Pantagruel under a great teacher who began by bringing him up after the fashion of those times. He taught him his *charte* (alphabet) to such purpose that he could say it by heart backwards, and he was five years and three months about it. Then he read with him *Donatus* and *Facetus* (old elementary works on Latin grammar), and he was thirteen years, six months and two weeks over that. Then he read with him the *de Modis significandi*, with the commentaries of Hurtebisius, Fasquin and heap of others, and he was more than eighteen years and eleven months over them and knew them so well that he proved on his fingers to his mother that *de modis significandi non erat scientia*. After so much labor and so many years what did Pantagruel know. Gargantua was no bigot; he did not shut his eyes that he might not see, and he believed what his eyes told him. He saw that Pantagruel worked very hard and spent all his time at it and yet he got no good by it. And what was worse, he was becoming daft, silly, dreamy, and besotted through it. So Pantagruel was taken away from his former masters and handed over to Ponocrates, a teacher of quite a different sort, who was bidden to take him to Paris to make a new creature of him and complete his education there. Ponocrates was very careful not to send him to any college. Rabelais, as it appears, had a special aversion for Montaignu College. 'Tempeste,' says he, 'was a great boy-

flogger at Montaigne College. If for flogging poor little children, unoffending schoolboys, pedagogues are damned, he, upon my word of honor, is now on Ixion's wheel, flogging the dock-tailed cur that turns it.' Pantagruel's education was now humane and gentle. Accordingly he soon took pleasure in the work which Ponocrates was at the pains of rendering interesting to him by the very nature and the variety of the subjects of it. . . . Is it not a very remarkable phenomenon that at such a time and in such a condition of public instruction a man should have had sufficient sagacity not only to regard the natural sciences as one of the principal subjects of study which ought to be included in a course of education, but further to make the observation of nature the basis of that study, to fix the pupil's attention upon examination of facts, and to impress upon him the necessity of applying his knowledge by studying those practical arts and industries which profit by such applications? That, however, Rabelais did, probably by dint of sheer good sense and without having any notion himself about the wide bearing of his ideas. Ponocrates took Pantagruel through a course of what we should now-a-days call practical study of the exact and natural sciences as they were understood in the sixteenth century; but, at the same time, far from forgetting the moral sciences, he assigns to them, for each day, a definite place and an equally practical character, "As soon as Pantagruel was up," he says, "some page or other of the sacred Scripture was read with him aloud and distinctly, with pronounciation suited to the subject. . . . In accordance with the design and purport of this lesson, he at frequent intervals devoted himself to doing reverence and saying prayers to the good God, whose majesty and marvellous judgments were shown forth in what was read. . . . When evening came, he and his teacher briefly recapitulated together, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, all that he had read, seen, learnt, and heard in the course of the whole day. They prayed to God the Creator, worshipping Him, glorifying Him for His boundless goodness, giving Him thanks for all the time that was past and commending themselves to His divine mercy for all that was to come. This done, they went to their rest.' And at the end of this course of education, so complete both from the worldly and the religious point of view, Rabelais shows us young Pantagruel living in affectionate and respectful intimacy with his father Gargantua, who, as he sees him off on his travels, gives him these last words of advice, 'Science with-

out conscience is naught but ruin to the soul; it behooves thee to serve, love and fear God. Have thou in suspicion the abuses of the world; set not thine heart on vanity, for this life is transitory, but the word of God abideth for ever. Reverence thy teachers; flee the company of those whom thou wouldst not resemble. . . . And when thou feelest sure that thou hast acquired all that is to be learned yonder, return to me that I may see thee and give thee my blessing ere I die.'"

After what was said above about the personal habits and the works of Rabelais, these are certainly not the ideas, sentiments, and language one would expect to find at the end and as the conclusion of his life and his book. And it is precisely on account of this contrast that more space has been accorded in this history to the man and his book than would in the natural course of things have been due to them. At bottom and beyond their mere appearances the life and the book of Rabelais are a true and vivid reflection of the moral and social ferment characteristic of his time. A time of innovation and of obstruction, of corruption and of regeneration, of decay and of renaissance, all at once. A deeply serious crisis in a strong and complicated social system, which had been hitherto exposed to the buffets and the risks of brute force, but was intellectually full of life and aspiration, was in travail of a double yearning for reforming itself and setting itself in order, and did indeed, in the sixteenth century, attempt at one and the same time a religious and a political reformation, the object whereof, missed as it was at that period, is still at the bottom of all true Frenchmen's trials and struggles. This great movement of the sixteenth century we are now about to approach and will attempt to fix its character with precision and mark the imprint of its earliest steps.

CHAPTER XXX.

FRANCIS I. AND THE REFORMATION.

NEARLY half a century before the Reformation made any noise in France it had burst out with great force and had established its footing in Germany, Switzerland, and England. John Huss and Jerome of Prague, both born in Bohemia, one in 1373 and the other in 1378, had been condemned as heretics and

burnt at Constance, one in 1415 and the other in 1416, by decree and in the presence of the council which had been there assembled. But, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Luther in Germany and Zwingli in Switzerland had taken in hand the work of the Reformation, and before half that century had rolled by they had made the foundations of their new Church so strong that their powerful adversaries, with Charles V. at their head, felt obliged to treat with them and recognize their position in the European world, though all the while disputing their right. In England Henry VIII., under the influence of an unbridled passion, as all his passions were, for Anna Boleyn, had, in 1531, broken with the Church of Rome, whose pope, Clement VII., refused very properly to pronounce him divorced from his wife Catherine of Aragon, and the king had proclaimed himself the spiritual head of the English Church without meeting either amongst his clergy or in his kingdom with any effectual opposition. Thus in these three important States of Western Europe the reformers had succeeded and the religious revolution was in process of accomplishment.

In France it was quite otherwise. Not that, there too, there were not amongst Christians profound dissensions and ardent desires for religious reform. We will dwell directly upon its explosion, its vicissitudes, and its characteristics. But France did not contain, as Germany did, several distinct States, independent and pretty strong, though by no means equally so, which could offer to the different creeds a secure asylum and could form one with another coalitions capable of resisting the head of that incohesive coalition which was called the empire of Germany. In the sixteenth century, on the contrary, the unity of the French monarchy was established and it was all, throughout its whole extent, subject to the same laws and the same master, as regarded the religious bodies as well as the body politic. In this monarchy, however, there did not happen to be, at the date of the sixteenth century, a sovereign audacious enough and powerful enough to gratify his personal passions at the cost of embroiling himself, like Henry VIII., with the spiritual head of Christendom, and, from the mere desire for a change of wife, to change the regimen of the Church in his dominions. Francis I., on the contrary, had scarcely ascended the throne when by abolishing the Pragmatic Sanction and signing the Concordat of 1516 he attached himself more closely to the papacy. The nascent Reformation, then, did not meet in France with either of the two important circumstances,

politically considered, which in Germany and in England rendered its first steps more easy and more secure. It was in the cause of religious creeds alone and by means of moral force alone that she had to maintain the struggles in which she engaged.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, there lived, at a small castle near Gap in Dauphiny, in the bosom of a noble and unostentatiously pious family, a young man of ardent imagination, fiery temperament and energetic character, who shared his relatives' creeds and joined in their devotions, but grew weary of the monotony of his thoughts and of his life. William Farel heard talk of another young man, his contemporary and neighbor, Peter du Terrail, even now almost famous under the name of Bayard: "Such sons," was said in his hearing, "are as arrows in the hand of a giant; blessed is he who has his quiver full of them!" Young Farel pressed his father to let him go too and make himself a man in the world. The old gentleman would willingly have permitted his son to take up such a life as Bayard's; but it was towards the University of Paris, "that mother of all the sciences, that pure and shining mirror of the faith," that the young man's aspirations were directed. The father at first opposed but afterwards yielded to his wishes; and, about 1510, William Farel quitted Gap and arrived at Paris. The questions raised by the councils of Bâle and Florence and by the semi-political, semi-ecclesiastical assembly at Tours, which had been convoked by Louis XII., the instruction at the Parisian University, and the attacks of the Sorbonne on the study of Greek and Hebrew, branded as heresy, were producing a lively agitation in the public mind. A doctor of theology, already advanced in years, of small stature, of mean appearance and of low origin, Jacques Lefèvre by name, born at Étampes in Picardy, had for seventeen years filled with great success a professorship in the university. "Amongst many thousands of men," said Erasmus, "you will not find any of higher integrity and more versed in polite letters." "He is very fond of me," wrote Zwingle about him; "he is perfectly open and good; he argues, he sings, he plays, and he laughs with me at the follies of the world." Some circumstance or other brought the young student and the old scholar together; they liked one another and soon became friends. Farel was impressed by his master's devotion as well as learning; he saw him on his knees at church praying fervently; and "never," said he, "had I seen a chanter of mass who chanted it with

deeper reverence." But this old-fashioned piety did not interfere at all with the freedom of the professor's ideas and conversations touching either the abuses or the doctrines of the church: "How shameful it is," he would say, "to see a bishop soliciting people to drink with him, caring for naught but gaming, constantly handling the dice and the dice-box, constantly hunting, hallooing after birds and game, frequenting bad houses!" . . . Religion has but one foundation, but one end, but one head, Jesus Christ blessed for ever; He alone trod the wine-press. Let us not, then, call ourselves by the name of St. Paul, or Apollos, or St. Peter." These free conversations worked, not all at once, but none the less effectually, upon those who heard them. "The end was," says Farel, "that little by little the papacy slipped from its place in my heart; it did not come down at the first shock." At the same time that he thus talked with his pupils, Lefèvre of Étapes published a commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul and then a commentary on the Gospels: "Christians," said he, "are those only who love Jesus Christ and His word. May everything be illumined with His light! Through it may there be a return of times like those of that primitive Church which devoted to Jesus Christ so many martyrs! May the Lord of the harvest, foreseeing a new harvest, send new and diligent laborers! . . . My dear William," he added, turning to Farel and taking his hand, "God will renew the world, and you will see it!"

It was not only professors and pupils, scholars grown old in meditation and young folks eager for truth, liberty, action, and renown, who welcomed passionately those boundless and undefined hopes, those yearnings towards a brilliant and at the same time a vague future, at which they looked forward, according to the expression used by Lefèvre of Étapes to Farel, to a "renewal of the world." Men holding a social position very different from that of the philosophers, men with minds formed or an acquaintance with facts and in the practice of affairs tool part in this intellectual and religious ferment, and protected and encouraged its fervent adherents. William Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, a prelate who had been Louis XII.'s ambassador to Pope Julius II. and one amongst the negotiators of Francis I.'s Concordat with Leo X., opened his diocese to the preachers and writers recommended to him by his friend Lefèvre of Étapes, and supported them in their labors for the translation and propagation, amongst the people, of the *Holy Scriptures*. They had at court, and near the king's own per-

son, the avowed support of his sister, Princess Marguerite, who was beautiful, sprightly, affable, kind, disposed towards all lofty and humane sentiments as well as all intellectual pleasures, and an object of the sometimes rash attentions of the most eminent and most different men of her time, Charles V., the constable De Bourbon, Admiral Bonnivet, and Clement Marot. Marguerite, who was married to the Duke d'Alençon, widowed in 1525, and married a second time, in 1527, to Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, was all her life, at Pau and at Nérac as well as at Paris, a centre, a focus of social, literary, religious, and political movement. "The king her brother loved her dearly," says Brantôme, "and always called her his darling. . . . Very often, when he had important business, he left it to her, waiting for her definitive and conclusive decision. The ambassadors who talked with her were enchanted by her and always went to see her after having paid their first ambassadorial visit. She had so great a regard and affection for the king that when she heard of his dangerous illness she said, 'Whosoever shall come to my door and announce to me the recovery of the king my brother, such courier, should he be tired and worn out and muddy and dirty, I will go and kiss and embrace as if he were the sprucest prince and gentleman of France; and, should he be in want of a bed and unable to find one whereon to rid him of his weariness, I would give him mine and I would rather lie on the hard, for the good news he brought me.' . . . She was suspected of inclining to the religion of Luther, but she never made any profession or sign thereof; and, if she believed it, she kept it in her heart very secret, inasmuch as the king did hate it sorely." . . . "The heresy was seen glimmering here and there," says another contemporary witness [Florimond de Raimond in his *Histoire de l'Hérésie*], "but it appeared and disappeared like a nightly meteor which has but a flickering brightness." At bottom this reserve was quite in conformity with the mental condition of that class, or as one might be inclined to say, that circle of reformers at court. Luther and Zwingli had distinctly declared war on the papacy; Henry VIII. had with a flourish separated England from the Romish Church; Marguerite de Valois and Bishop Briçonnet neither wished nor demanded so much; they aspired no further than to reform the abuses of the Romish Church by the authority of that Church itself in concert with its heads and according to its traditional regimen; they had no idea of more than dealing kindly and even sympathetically with the

liberties and the progress of science and human intelligence. Confined within these limits the idea was legitimate and honest enough, but it showed want of foresight and was utterly vain. When, whether in State or Church, the vices and the defects of government have lasted for ages and become habits not only inveterate but closely connected with powerful personal interests, a day at last comes when the deplorable result is seen in pig-headedness and weakness. Then there is an explosion of deep-seated and violent shocks, from which infinitely more is expected than they can accomplish, and which, even when they are successful, cost the people very dear, for their success is sullied and incomplete. A certain amount of good government and general good sense is a necessary preface and preparation for any good sort of reform. Happy the nations who are spared by their wisdom or their good fortune the cruel trial of only obtaining such reforms as they need when they have been reduced to prosecute them beneath the slings and arrows of outrageous revolution! Christian France in the sixteenth century was not so favorably situated.

During the first years of Francis I.'s reign (from 1515 to 1520) young and ardent reformers, such as William Farel and his friends, were but isolated individuals, eager after new ideas and studies, very favorable towards all that came to them from Germany, but without any consistency yet as a party, and without having committed any striking act of aggression against the Roman Church. Nevertheless they were even then, so far as the heads and the devoted adherents of that Church were concerned, objects of serious disquietude and jealous supervision. The Sorbonne, in particular, pronounced vehemently against them. Luther and his progress were beginning to make a great noise in France. After his discussion with Doctor Eck at Leipzig in 1519 he had consented to take for judges the University of Erfurt and Paris; on the 20th of January, 1520, the quæstor of the nation of France brought twenty copies of Luther's conference with Dr. Eck to distribute amongst the members of his committee; the University gave more than a year to its examination. "All Europe," says Crevier, "was waiting for the decision of the University of Paris." Whenever an incident occurred or a question arose, "We shall see," said they of the Sorbonne, "what sort of folks hold to Luther. Why that fellow is worse than Luther?" In April, 1521, the University solemnly condemned Luther's writings, ordering that they should be publicly burnt, and that

the author should be compelled to retract. The Syndic of the Sorbonne, Noël Bédier, who, to give his name a classical twang, was called *Beda*, had been the principal and the most eager actor in this procedure; he was a theologian full of subtlety, obstinacy, harshness, and hatred: "In a single Beda there are 3000 monks," Erasmus used to say of him. The syndic had at court two powerful patrons, the king's mother, Louise of Savoy, and the chancellor, Duprat, both decided enemies of the reformers: Louise of Savoy, in consequence of her licentious morals and her thirst for riches; Duprat, by reason of the same thirst, and of his ambition to become an equally great lord in the Church as in the State; and he succeeded, for in 1525 he was appointed archbishop of Sens. They were, moreover, both of them, opposed to any liberal reform, and devoted, in any case, to absolute power. Beaucaire de Peguilhem, a contemporary and most Catholic historian, for he accompanied the cardinal of Lorraine to the Council of Trent, calls Duprat "the most vicious of bipeds." Such patrons did not lack hot-headed executants of their policy; friendly relations had not ceased between the reformers and their adversaries; a Jacobin monk, De Roma by name, was conversing one day at Meaux with Farel and his friends; the reformers expressed the hopes they had in the propagation of the Gospel; De Roma all at once stood up, shouting, "Then I and all the rest of the brotherhood will preach a crusade; we will stir up the people; and, if the king permits the preaching of your Gospel, we will have him expelled by his own subjects from his own kingdom." Fanatical passions were already at work, though the parties were too unequal as yet to come to actual force.

Against such passions the reformers found Francis I. a very indecisive and very inefficient protector. "I wish," said he, "to give men of letters special marks of my favor." When deputies from the Sorbonne came and requested him to put down the publication of learned works taxed with heresy, "I do not wish," he replied, "to have those folks meddled with; to persecute those who instruct us would be to keep men of ability from coming to our country." But, in spite of his language, orders were given to the bishops to furnish the necessary funds for the prosecution of heretics, and, when the charges of heresy became frequent, Francis I. no longer repudiated it: "Those people," he said, "do nothing but bring trouble into the State." Troubles, indeed, in otherwise tran-

quail provinces where the Catholic faith was in great force, often accompanied the expression of those wishes for reform to which the local clergy themselves considered it necessary to make important concessions. A serious fire took place at Troyes in 1524: "It was put down," says M. Boutiot, a learned and careful historian of that town, "to the account of the new religious notions as well as to that of the Emperor Charles V.'s friends and the constable de Bourbon's partisans. As early as 1520 there had begun to be felt at Troyes the first symptoms of repressive measures directed against the Reformation; in 1523, 1527, and 1528, provincial councils were held at Meaux, Lyons, Rouen, Bourges, and Paris, to oppose the Lutherans. These councils drew up regulations tending to reformation of morals and of religious ceremonies; they decided that the administration of the sacraments should take place without any demand for money, and that preachers, in their sermons, should confine themselves to the sacred books, and not quote poets or profane authors; they closed the churches to profane assemblies and burlesques (*fêtes des fous*); they ordered the parish-priests, in their addresses (*au prône*), to explain the gospel of the day; they ruled that a stop should be put to the abuses of excommunication; they interdicted the publication of any book on religious subjects without the permission of the bishop of the diocese. . . . Troyes at that time contained some enlightened men; William Budé (*Budæus*) was in uninterrupted communication with it; the Pithou family, represented by their head, Peter Pithou, a barrister at Troyes and a man highly thought of, were in correspondence with the reformers, especially with Lefèvre of Étampes" [*Histoire de la Ville de Troyes et de la Champagne méridionale*, by T. Boutiot, 1873, t. iii. p. 379]. And thus was going on throughout almost the whole of France, partly in the path of liberty, partly in that of concessions, partly in that of hardships, the work of the Reformation, too weak as yet and too disconnected to engage to any purpose in a struggle, even now sufficiently wide-spread and strong to render abortive any attempt to strangle it.

The defeat at Pavia and the captivity of Francis I. at Madrid placed the governing power for thirteen months in the hands of the most powerful foes of the Reformation, the regent Louise of Savoy and the chancellor Duprat. They used it unsparingly, with the harsh indifference of politicians who will have, at any price, peace within their dominions and submission to authority. It was under their regimen that there took place

the first martyrdom decreed and executed in France upon a partisan of the Reformation for an act of aggression and offence against the Catholic Church. John Leclerc, a wool-carder at Meaux, seeing a bull of indulgences affixed to the door of Meaux cathedral, had torn it down and substituted for it a placard in which the pope was described as Antichrist. Having been arrested on the spot, he was, by decree of the Parliament of Paris, whipped publicly, three days consecutively, and branded on the forehead by the hangman in the presence of his mother, who cried, "Jesus Christ for ever!" He was banished and retired in July, 1525, to Metz; and there he was working at his trade when he heard that a solemn procession was to take place the next day in the environs of the town. In his blind zeal he went and broke down the images at the feet of which the Catholics were to have burnt incense. Being arrested on his return to the town, he, far from disavowing the deed, acknowledged it and gloried in it. He was sentenced to a horrible punishment; his right hand was cut off, his nose was torn out, pincers were applied to his arms, his nipples were plucked out, his head was confined in two circlets of red-hot iron, and, whilst he was still chanting in a loud voice this versicle from the cxvth Psalm,

Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands;

his bleeding and mutilated body was thrown upon the blazing faggots. He had a younger brother, Peter Leclerc, a simple wool-carder like himself, who remained at Meaux, devoted to the same faith and the same cause. "Great *clerc*," says a contemporary chronicler playing upon his name, "who knew no language but that which he had learned from his nurse, but who, being thoroughly grounded in the holy writings, besides the integrity of his life, was chosen by the weavers and became the first minister of the Gospel seen in France." An old man of Meaux, named Stephen Mangin, offered his house, situated near the market-place, for holding regular meetings. Forty or fifty of the faithful formed the nucleus of the little Church which grew up. Peter Leclerc preached and administered the sacraments in Stephen Mangin's house so regularly that, twenty years after his brother John's martyrdom, the meetings, composed partly of believers who flocked in from the neighboring villages, were from three to four hundred in number. One day when they had celebrated the Lord's Supper,

the 8th of September, 1546, the house was surrounded, and nearly sixty persons, men, women, and children, who allowed themselves to be arrested without making any resistance, were taken. They were all sent before the Parliament of Paris; fourteen of the men were sentenced to be burnt alive in the great market-place at Meaux, on the spot nearest to the house in which the crime of heresy had been committed; and their wives, together with their nearest relatives, were sentenced to be present at the execution, "the men bare-headed and the women ranged beside them individually, in such sort that they might be distinguished amongst the rest." The decree was strictly carried out.

It costs a pang to recur to these hideous exhibitions, but it must be done; for history not only has a right but is bound to do justice upon the errors and crimes of the past, especially when the past had no idea of guilt in the commission of them. A wit of the last century, Champfort, used to say, "there is nothing more dangerous than an honest man engaged in a rascally calling." There is nothing more dangerous than errors and crimes of which the perpetrators do not see the absurd and odious character. The contemporary historian, Sleidan, says expressly, "The common people in France hold that there are no people more wicked and criminal than heretics; generally, as long as they are a prey to the blazing faggots, the people around them are excited to frenzy and curse them in the midst of their torments." The sixteenth century is that period of French history at which this intellectual and moral blindness cost France most dear; it supplied the bad passions of men with a means, of which they amply availed themselves, of gratifying them without scruple and without remorse.

If, in the early part of this century, the Reformation was as yet without great leaders, it was not, nevertheless, amongst only the laborers, the humble and the poor that it found confessors and martyrs. The provincial nobility, the burgesses of the towns, the magistracy, the bar, the industrial classes as well as the learned, even then furnished their quota of devoted and faithful friends. A nobleman, a Picard by birth, born about 1490 at Passy, near Paris, where he generally lived, Louis de Berquin by name, was one of the most distinguished of them by his social position, his elevated ideas, his learning, the purity of his morals and the dignity of his life. Possessed of a patrimonial estate, near Abbeville, which brought him in a modest income of 600 crowns a year, and a bachelor, he

devoted himself to study and to religious matters with independence of mind and with a pious heart. "Most faithfully observant," says Erasmus, "of the ordinances and rites of the Church, to wit, prescribed fasts, holy days, forbidden meats, masses, sermons, and, in a word, all that tends to piety, he strongly reprobated the doctrines of Luther." He was none the less, in 1523, denounced to the parliament of Paris as being on the side of the reformers. He had books, it was said; he even composed them himself on questions of faith and he had been engaged in some sort of dispute with the theologian William de Coutance, head of Harcourt College. The attorney-general of the Parliament ordered one of his officers to go and make an examination of Berquin's books as well as papers, and to seize what appeared to him to savor of heresy. The officer brought away divers works of Luther, Melancthon, and Carlostadt, and some original treatises of Berquin himself, which were deposited in the keeping of the court. The theological faculty claimed to examine them as being within their competence. On being summoned by the attorney-general, Berquin demanded to be present when an inventory was made of his books or manuscripts and to give such explanations as he should deem necessary; and his request was granted without question. On the 26th of June, 1523, the commissioners of the Sorbonne made their report. On the 8th of July Peter Lizet, king's advocate, read it out to the court. The matter came on again for hearing on the 1st of August. Berquin was summoned and interrogated and, as the result of this interrogatory, was arrested and carried off to imprisonment at the Conciergerie in the square tower. On the 5th of August sentence was pronounced, and Louis de Berquin was remanded to appear before the bishop of Paris, as being charged with heresy, "in which case," says the *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, "he would have been in great danger of being put to death according to law, as he had well deserved." The public were as ready as the accusers to believe in the crime and to impatiently await its punishment.

It was not without surprise or without displeasure that, on the 8th of August, just as they had "made over to the bishop of Paris, present and accepting" the prisoner confined in the Conciergerie, the members of the council-chamber observed the arrival of Captain Frederic, belonging to the archers of the king's guard, and bringing a letter from the king, who changed the venue in Berquin's case so as to decide it himself at his

grand council; in consequence of which the prisoner would have to be handed over not to the bishop but to the king. The chamber remonstrated; Berquin was no longer their prisoner; the matter had been decided; it was the bishop to whom application must be made. But these remonstrances had been foreseen; the captain had verbal instructions to carry off Louis de Berquin by force in case of a refusal to give him up. The chamber decided upon handing over the bishop's prisoner to the king, contenting themselves with causing the seized books and manuscripts to be burnt that very day in the space in front of Notre Dame. It was whilst repairing to the scene of war in Italy and when he was just entering Melun, where he merely passed through, that the king had given this unexpected order, on the very day, August 5th, on which the parliament pronounced the decree which sent Berquin to appear before the bishop of Paris. There is no clear trace of the vigilant protector who had so closely watched the proceedings against Berquin and so opportunely appealed for the king's interference. In any incident of this sort there is a temptation to presume that the influence was that of Princess Marguerite; but it is not certain that she was at this time anywhere near the king: perhaps John du Bellay, bishop of Bayonne, acted for her. Francis I. was, moreover, disposed to extend protection, of his own accord, to gentlemen and scholars against furious theologians, when the latter were not too formidable for him. However that may be, Berquin, on becoming the king's prisoner, was summoned before the chancellor Duprat who, politely reproaching him with having disquieted the Church, confined himself to requesting that he would testify some regret for it. Berquin submitted with a good grace, and, being immediately set at liberty, left Paris and repaired to his estate in Picardy.

Whilst he there resumed his life of peaceful study, the parliament continued to maintain in principle and openly proclaim its right of repression against heretics. On the 12th of August, 1523, it caused notice to be given, by sound of trumpet, throughout the whole of Paris, that clergy and laymen were to deposit in the keeping of the Palace all Luther's books that they possessed. Laymen who did not comply with this order would have their property confiscated; clergymen would be deprived of their temporalities and banished. Toleration, in a case of suspected heresy, was an act of the king's which itself required toleration; proceedings against heresy

remained the law of the land, constantly hanging over every head.

Eighteen months later, in May 1525, there seemed to be no further thought about Berquin; but the battle of Pavia was lost: Francis I. was a prisoner at Madrid; Louise of Savoy and the chancellor Duprat wielded the power. The question of heretics again came to the front. "The queen must be told," said Peter Lizet, king's advocate, "as St. Gregory told Brunehaut, queen of the Franks, that the best way of driving away the enemies of the kingdom is to drive away from it the enemies of God and His spouse, the Church." On the 10th of April, 1525, on occasion of giving the regent some counsel as to her government, the parliament strongly recommended her to take proceedings against the heretics. "The court," they said to her, "has before now passed several provisional decrees against the guilty, which have not been executed because of the evil disposition of the times and the hindrances effected by the delinquents, who have found means of suspending and delaying the judgments given against them, *as well by transference of the venue to the grand council as by seizure and removal of certain of them, prisoners at the time, whom they have had withdrawn from their prisons by exercise of sovereign and absolute power*, which has given the rest occasion and boldness to follow the evil doctrine." It was impossible to reproach the king more broadly with having set Berquin at liberty. The parliament further advised the regent to ask the pope to send over to France pontifical delegates invested with his own powers to watch and to try in his name "even archbishops, bishops, and abbots who by their deeds, writings or discourses should render themselves suspected of a leaning towards heresy." Louise of Savoy, without any appearance of being hurt by the attack made by the parliament on the acts of the king her son, eagerly followed the advice given her; and on the 20th of May, 1525, Clement VII., in his turn, eagerly appointed four delegates commissioned to try all those suspected of heresy, who, in case of condemnation, were to be left to the secular arm. On the very day on which the pope appointed his delegates the faculty of theology at Paris passed censure upon divers writings of Erasmus translated and spread abroad in France by Berquin; and on the 8th of January, 1526, the bishop of Amiens demanded of the parliament authority "to order the body to be seized of Louis de Berquin, who resided in his diocese and was scandalizing it by

his behavior." The parliament authorized his arrest; and, on the 24th of January, Berquin was once more a prisoner in the Conciergerie, at the same time that orders were given to seize all his books and papers, whether at his own house or at that of his friend the lord of Rambure à Abbeville. The great trial of Berquin for heresy was recommenced, and in it the great name of Erasmus was compromised.

When the question was thus solemnly reopened, Berquin's defenders were much excited. Defenders, we have said; but, in truth, history names but one, the Princess Marguerite, who alone showed any activity and alone did anything to the purpose. She wrote at once to the king, who was still at Madrid: "My desire to obey your commands was sufficiently strong without having it redoubled by the charity you have been pleased to show to poor Berquin according to your promise; I feel sure that He for whom I believe him to have suffered will approve of the mercy which, for His honor, you have had upon His servant and yours." Francis I. had, in fact written to suspend until his return the proceedings against Berquin, as well as those against Lefèvre, Roussel, and all the other doctors suspected of heresy. The regent transmitted the king's orders to the pope's delegates, who presented themselves on the 20th of February before the parliament to ask its advice. "The king is as badly advised as he himself is good," said the dean of the faculty of theology. The parliament answered that "for a simple letter missive" it could not adjourn, it must have a letter patent; and it went on with the trial. Berquin presented several demands for delay, evidently in order to wait for the king's return and personal intervention. The court refused them; and, on the 5th of March, 1526, the judgment was read to him in his prison at the Conciergerie. It was to the effect that his books should be again burnt before his eyes, that he should declare his approval of so just a sentence, and that he should earn the compassion of the Church by not refusing her any satisfaction she might demand; else he himself should go to the stake.

Whilst Berquin's trial was thus coming to an end, Francis I. was entering France once more in freedom, crying, "So I am king again!" During the latter days of March, amongst the numerous personages who came to congratulate him was John de Selve, premier president of the Parliament of Paris. The king gave him a very cold reception. "My lords," wrote the premier president to his court, "I heard, through M. de Selve,

my nephew, about some displeasure that was felt as regards our body, and I also perceived it myself. I have already begun to speak of it to Madame [the king's mother]. I will do, as I am bound to, my duty towards the court, with God's help." On the 1st of April the king, who intended to return by none but slow stages to Paris, wrote from Mont-de-Marsan, "to the judges holding his court of Parliament at Paris:

"We have presently been notified how that, notwithstanding that through our dear and much-loved lady and mother, regent in France, during our absence, it was written unto you and ordered that you would be pleased not to proceed in any way whatever with the matter of *Sieur Berquin*, lately detained a prisoner, until we should have been enabled to return to this our kingdom, you have, nevertheless, at the request and pursuance of his ill-wishers, so far proceeded with his business that you have come to a definite judgment on it. Whereat we cannot be too much astounded. . . . For this cause we do will and command and enjoin upon you . . . that you are not to proceed to execution of the said judgment which, as the report is, you have pronounced against the said *Berquin*, but shall put him, himself and the depositions and the proceedings in his said trial, in such safe keeping that you may be able to answer to us for them. . . . And take care that you make no default therein, for we do warn you that, if default there be, we shall look to such of you as shall seem good to us to answer to us for it."

Here was not only a letter patent, but a letter minatory. As to the execution of their judgment, the parliament obeyed the king's injunction, maintaining, however, the principle as well as the legality of *Berquin's* sentence, and declaring that they awaited the king's orders to execute it. "According to the teaching of the two Testaments," they said, "God ever rageth, in His just wrath, against the nations who fail to enforce respect for the laws prescribed by Himself. It is important, moreover, to hasten the event in order as soon as possible to satisfy, independently of God, the people who murmur and whose impatience is becoming verily troublesome."

Francis I. did not reply. He would not have dared, even in thought, to attack the question of principle as to the chastisement of heresy, and he was afraid of weakening his own authority too much if he humiliated his parliament too much; it was sufficient for him that he might consider *Berquin's* life to be safe. Kings are protectors who are easily satisfied when

their protection, to be worth anything, might entail upon them the necessity of an energetic struggle and of self-compromise. "Trust not in princes nor their children," said Lord Strafford, after the Psalmist [*Nolite confidere principibus et filiis eorum, quia non est salus in illis*, Ps. cxlvi.], when, in the seventeenth century, he found that Charles I. was abandoning him to the English Parliament and the executioner. Louis de Berquin might have felt similar distrust as to Francis I., but his nature was confident and hopeful: when he knew of the king's letter to the parliament, he considered himself safe, and he testified as much to Erasmus in a long letter, in which he told him the story of his trial and alluded to "the fresh outbreak of anger on the part of those hornets who accuse me of heresy," said he, "simply because I have translated into the vulgar tongue some of your little works, wherein they pretend that they have discovered the most monstrous pieces of impiety." He transmitted to Erasmus a list of the paragraphs which the pope's delegates had condemned, pressing him to reply, "as you well know how. The king esteems you much and will esteem you still more when you have heaped confusion on this brood of benighted theologians whose ineptitude is no excuse for their violence." By a strange coincidence, Berquin's most determined foe, Noël Beda, provost of the Sorbonne, sent at the same time to Erasmus a copy of more than two hundred propositions which had been extracted from his works, and against which he, Beda, also came forward as accuser. Erasmus was a prudent man and did not seek strife; but when he was personally and offensively attacked by enemies against whom he was conscious of his strength, he exhibited it proudly and ably; and he replied to Beda by denouncing him, on the 6th of June, to the Parliament of Paris itself, as an impudent and ignorant calumniator. His letter, read at the session of parliament on the 5th of July, 1526, was there listened to with profound deference and produced a sensation which did not remain without effect; in vain did Beda persist in accusing Erasmus of heresy and in maintaining that he was of the brotherhood of Luther; parliament considered him in the wrong, provisionally prohibited the booksellers from vending his libels against Erasmus, and required previous authorization to be obtained for all books destined for the press by the rectors of the Sorbonne.

The success of Erasmus was also a success for Berquin; but he was still in prison, ill and maltreated. The king wrote on

the 11th of July to parliament to demand that he should enjoy at least all the liberties that the prison would admit of, that he should no longer be detained in an unhealthy cell, and that he should be placed in that building of the Conciergerie where the courtyard was. "That," was the answer, "would be a bad precedent; they never put in the courtyard convicts who had incurred the penalty of death." An offer was made to Berquin of the chamber reserved for the greatest personages, for princes of the blood, and of permission to walk in the courtyard for two hours a day, one in the morning and the other in the evening, in the absence of the other prisoners. Neither the king nor Berquin were inclined to be content with these concessions. The king in his irritation sent from Beaugency, on the 5th of October, two archers of his guard with a letter to this effect: "It is marvellously strange that what we ordered has not yet been done. We do command and most expressly enjoin upon you, this once for all, that you are incontinently to put and deliver the said Berquin into the hands of the said Texier and Charles de Broc, whom we have ordered to conduct him to our castle of the Louvre." The court still objected; a prisoner favored by so high a personage, it was said, would soon be out of such a prison. The objection resulted in a formal refusal to obey. The provost of Paris, John de la Barre, the king's premier gentleman, was requested to repair to the palace and pay Berquin a visit to ascertain from himself what could be done for him. Berquin, for all that appears, asked for nothing but liberty to read and write. "It is not possible," was the reply; "such liberty is never granted to those who are condemned to death." As a great favor, Berquin was offered a copy of the Letters of St. Jerome and some volumes of history; and the provost had orders not to omit that fact in his report: "The king must be fully assured that the court do all they can to please him."

But it was to no purpose. On the 19th of November, 1526, the provost of Paris returned to the palace with a letter from the king, formally commanding him to remove Berquin and transfer him to the Louvre. The court again protested that they would not deliver over the said Berquin to the said provost; but, they said, "seeing what the times are, the said provost will be able to find free access to the Conciergerie, for to do there what he hath a mind to." The same day, about six in the evening, John de la Barre repaired to the Conciergerie and removed from it Louis de Berquin, whom he handed over to

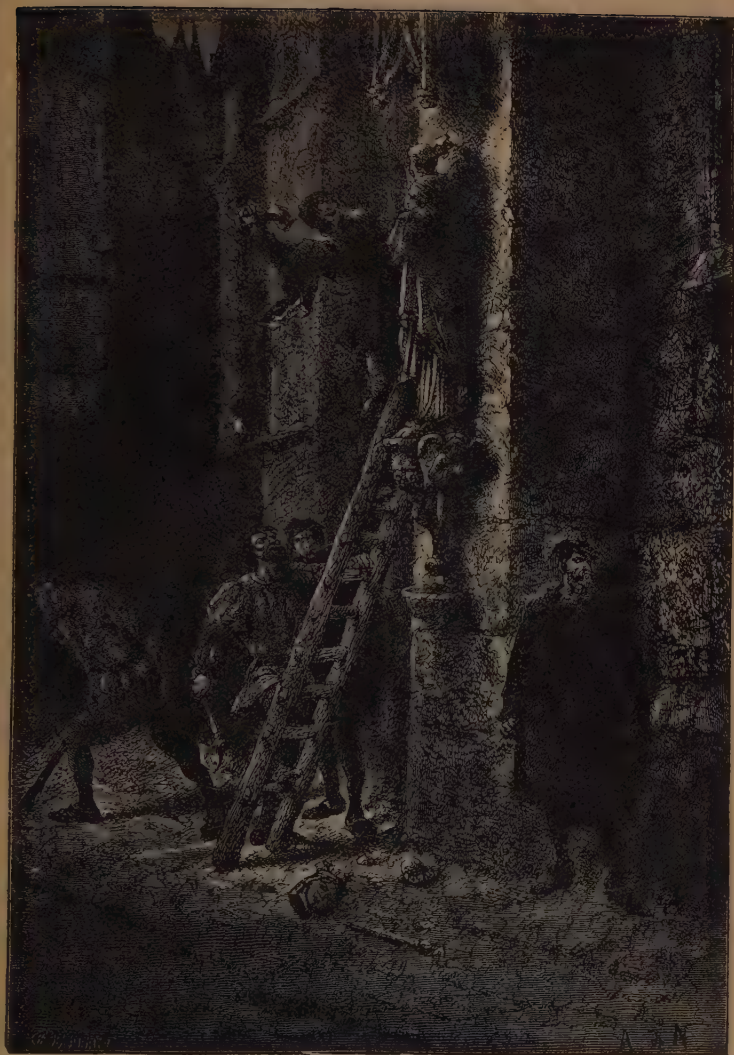
the captain of the guard and four archers, who took him away to the Louvre. Two months afterwards, in January, 1527, Princess Marguerite married Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre, and about the same time, though it is difficult to discover the exact day, Louis de Berquin issued forth a free man from the Louvre, and the new queen, on taking him at once into her service, wrote to the constable Anne de Montmorency, whom the king had charged with the duty of getting Berquin set at liberty: "I thank you for the pleasure you have done me in the matter of poor Berquin, whom I esteem as much as if he were myself; and so you may say that you have delivered me from prison, since I consider in that light the pleasure done to me."

Marguerite's sympathetic joy was as natural as touching; she must have thought Berquin safe; he was free and in the service of one who was fundamentally a sovereign-prince, though living in France and in dependence upon the king of France whose sister he had just married. In France, Berquin was under the stigma of having been condemned to death as a heretic and was confronted by determined enemies. In so perilous a position his safety depended upon his courting oblivion. But instead of that, and consulting only the dictates of his generous and blind confidence in the goodness of his cause, he resolved to assume the offensive and to cry for justice against his enemies. "Beneath the cloak of religion," he wrote to Erasmus, "the priests conceal the vilest passions, the most corrupt morals and the most scandalous infidelity. It is necessary to rend the veil which covers them and boldly bring an accusation of impiety against the Sorbonne, Rome, and all their flunkies." Erasmus, justly alarmed, used all his influence to deter him: but "the more confidence he showed," says he, "the more I feared for him. I wrote to him frequently, begging him to get quit of the case by some expedient or even to withdraw himself on the pretext of a royal ambassadorship obtained by the influence of his friends. I told him that the theologians would probably, as time went on, let his affair drop, but that they would never admit themselves to be guilty of impiety. I told him to always bear in mind what a hydra was that Beda and at how many mouths he belched forth venom. I told him to reflect well that he was about to commit himself with a foe that was immortal, for a faculty never dies, and to rest assured that after having brought three monks to bay he would have to defend himself against

numerous legions, not only opulent and powerful but, besides, very dishonest and very experienced in the practice of every kind of cheatery, who would never rest until they had effected his ruin, were his cause as just as Christ's. I told him not to trust too much to the king's protection, the favor of princes being unstable and their affections easily alienated by the artifices of informers. . . . And if all this could not move him, I told him not to involve me in his business, for, with his permission, I was not at all inclined to get into any tangle with legions of monks and a whole faculty of theology. But I did not succeed in convincing him; whilst I argued in so many ways to deter him from his design, I did nothing but excite his courage."

Not only did Berquin turn a deaf ear to the wise counsels of Erasmus; but his protectress, Marguerite, being moved by his courage and herself also as imprudent as she was generous; persuaded herself that he was in the right and supported him in his undertaking. She wrote to the king her brother: "Poor Berquin, who, through your goodness, holds that God has twice preserved his life, throws himself upon you, having no longer any one to whom he can have recourse, for to give you to understand his innocence; and whereas, Monseigneur, I know the esteem in which you hold him and the desire he hath always had to do you service, I do not fear to entreat you, by letter instead of speech, to be pleased to have pity on him. And if it please you to show signs of taking his matter to heart, I hope that the truth, which he will make to appear, will convict the forgers of heretics of being slanderers and disobedient towards you rather than zealots for the faith."

In his complaisance and indifference Francis I. attended to his sister's wishes, and appeared to support Berquin in his appeal for a fresh and definitive investigation of his case. On the other hand, parliament, to whom the matter was referred, showed a disposition to take into account the king's goodwill towards Berquin, lately convicted but now become in his turn plaintiff and accuser: "We have no wish to dispute your power," said the president Charles de Guillard to the king at a bed of justice held on the 24th of July, 1527: "it would be a species of sacrilege, and we know well that you are above the laws, and that neither laws nor ordinances can constrain you. Your most humble and most obedient court is comforted and rejoiced at your presence and advent just as the apostles were when they saw their God after the resurrection. We are assured that your will is to be the peculiar protector and defender



HERETIC ICONOCLASTS.



HENRY II.

of religion, and not to permit or suffer in your kingdom any errors, heresies, or false doctrines."

The matter thus reopened pursued its course slowly; twelve judges were appointed to give a definite decision; and the king himself nominated six, amongst whom he placed Berquin's friend, William Budé. Various incidents unconnected with religious disputes supervened. The queen of Navarre was brought to bed at Pau, on the 7th of January, 1528, of a daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, the future mother of Henry IV. The marriage of Princess Renée of France, daughter of Louis XII., with Duke Hercules of Ferrara, was concluded and the preparations for its celebration were going on at Fontainebleau, when, on Monday June 1, 1528, the day after the feast of Pentecost, "some heretics came by night," says the *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, "to an image of Notre-Dame de Pierre, which is at a corner of a street behind the church of Petit St. Antoine; to the which image they gave several blows with their weapons and cut off her head and that of her little child, Our Lord. But it was never known who the image-breakers were. The king being then at Paris and being advertised thereof was so wroth and upset that, it is said, he wept right sore. And, incontinently, during the two days following, he caused it to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet throughout the cross-roads of the city that if any persons knew who had done it they should make their report and statement to justice and to him, and he would give them a thousand crowns of gold. Nevertheless nothing could be known about it, although the king showed great diligence in the matter, and had officers commissioned to go from house to house to make inquiry. . . . On Tuesday and other days following there were special processions from the parish churches and other churches of the city, which nearly all of them went to the said place. . . . And on the day of the Fête-Dieu, which was the 11th day of the said month of June, the king went in procession, most devoutly, with the parish of St. Paul and all the clergy to the spot where was the said image. He himself carried a lighted waxen taper, bare-headed, with very great reverence, having with him the band and hautbois with several clarions and trumpets, which made a glorious show so melodiously did they play. And with him were the cardinal of Lorraine and several prelates and great lords and all the gentlemen, having each a taper of white wax in their hands, and all his archers had each a waxen taper alight, and thus they

went to the spot where was the said image, with very great honor and reverence, which was a beautiful sight to see, and with devotion." [*Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, pp. 347-351].

In the sixteenth century men were far from understanding that respect is due to every religious creed sincerely professed and practised; the innovators, who broke the images of the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus, did not consider that by thus brutally attacking that which they regarded as a superstition, they were committing a revolting outrage upon Christian consciences. Such an incident was too favorable for Berquin's enemies not to be eagerly turned to profit by them. Although his prosecution had been resumed, he had hitherto remained at large, and been treated respectfully; he repaired without any guard over him from the Louvre to the Palace of Justice. But now he was arrested, and once more confined in the tower of the Conciergerie. Some books of his, seized haphazard and sent to the syndic Bede, were found covered with notes, which were immediately pronounced to be heretical. On the 16th of April, 1529, he was brought before the court. "Louis Berquin," said the president to him, "you are convicted of having belonged to the sect of Luther, and of having made wicked books against the majesty of God and of His glorious Mother. In consequence, we do sentence you to make honorable amends, bareheaded and with a waxen taper alight in your hand, in the great court of the palace, crying for mercy to God, the king and the law, for the offence by you committed. After that, you will be conducted bareheaded and on foot to the Place de Grève, where your books will be burned before your eyes. Then, you will be taken in front of the church of Notre-Dame, where you will make honorable amends to God and to the glorious Virgin His mother. After which a hole will be pierced in your tongue, that member wherewith you have sinned. Lastly, you will be placed in the prison of Monsieur de Paris (the bishop) and will be there confined between two stone walls for the whole of your life. And we forbid that there be ever given you book to read or pen and ink to write." This sentence, which Erasmus called *atrocious*, appeared to take Berquin by surprise; for a moment he remained speechless, and then he said, "I appeal to the king:" whereupon he was taken back to prison. The sentence was to be carried out the same day about three p.m. A great crowd of more than twenty thousand persons, says a

contemporary chronicler, rushed to the bridges, the streets, the squares, where this solemn expiation was to take place. The commissioner of police, the officer of the Châtelet, the archers, crossbow-men and arquebusiers of the city had repaired to the palace to form the escort; but when they presented themselves at the prison to take Berquin, he told them that he had appealed to the king, and that he would not go with them. The escort and the crowd retired disappointed. The president convoked the tribunal the same evening, and repairing to the prison, he made Berquin sign the form of his appeal. William Budé hurried to the scene and vehemently urged the prisoner to give it up: "A second sentence," said he, "is ready, and it pronounces death. If you acquiesce in the first, we shall be able to save you later on. . . . All that is demanded of you is to ask pardon: and have we not all need of pardon?" It appears that for a moment Berquin hesitated, and was on the point of consenting; but Budé remained anxious: "I know him," said he, "his ingenuousness and his confidence in the goodness of his cause will ruin him." The king was at Blois; and his sister Marguerite and St. Germain; on the news of the urgent peril she wrote to her brother: "I, for the last time, make you a very humble request; it is that you will be pleased to have pity upon poor Berquin, whom I know to be suffering for nothing but loving the word of God and obeying yours. You will be pleased, Monseigneur, so to act that it be not said that separation has made you forget your most humble and most obedient subject and sister, *Marguerite*." We can discover no trace of any reply whatever from Francis I. According to most of the documentary evidence, uncertainty lasted for three days. Berquin persisted in his resolution; "No," said he, to his friend Budé who again came to the prison, "I would rather endure death than give my approval, even by silence only, to condemnation of the truth." The president of the court went once more to pay him a visit, and asked him if he held to his appeal. Berquin said "yes." On this reply the court revised its original sentence, and for the penalty of perpetual imprisonment substituted that of the stake.

On the 22nd of April, 1529, according to most of the documents, but on the 17th, according to the *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, which the details of the last days render highly improbable, the officers of parliament entered Berquin's gloomy chamber. He rose quietly and went with them; the proces-

sion set out, and at about three arrived at the Place de Grève, where the stake was ready. "Berquin had a gown of velvet, garments of satin and damask, and hosen of gold-thread," says the *Bourgeois de Paris*: "'Alas!' said some as they saw him pass, 'he is of noble lineage, a mighty great scholar, expert in science and subtle withal, and nevertheless he hath gone out of his senses.'" We borrow the account of his actual death from a letter of Erasmus, written on the evidence of an eye-witness: "Not a symptom of agitation appeared either in his face or the attitude of his body; he had the bearing of a man who is meditating in his cabinet on the subject of his studies, or in a temple on the affairs of heaven. Even when the executioner, in a rough voice, proclaimed his crime and its penalty, the constant serenity of his features was not at all altered. When the order was given him to dismount from the tumbril, he obeyed cheerfully without hesitating; nevertheless he had not about him any of that audacity, that arrogance, which in the case of malefactors is sometimes bred of their natural savagery; everything about him bore evidence to the tranquility of a good conscience. Before he died he made a speech to the people; but none could hear him, so great was the noise which the soldiers made according, it is said, to the orders they had received. When the cord which bound him to the post suffocated his voice, not a soul in the crowd ejaculated the name of *Jesus*, whom it is customary to invoke even in favor of parricides and the sacrilegious, to such extent was the multitude excited against him by those folks who are to be found everywhere and who can do anything with the feelings of the simple and ignorant." Theodore de Bèze adds that the grand penitentiary of Paris, Merlin, who was present at the execution, said, as he withdrew from the still smoking stake, "I never saw any one die more Christianly." The impressions and expressions of the crowd, as they dispersed, were very diverse; but the majority cried, "He was a heretic." Others said, "God is the only just Judge, and happy is the man whom He absolves." Some said below their breath, "It is only through the cross that Christ will triumph in the kingdom of the Gauls." A man went up to the Franciscan monk who had placed himself at Berquin's side in the procession and had entreated him without getting from him anything but silence, and asked him, "Did Berquin say that he had erred?" "Yes, certainly," answered the monk, "and I doubt not but that his soul hath departed in peace." This expression was

reported to Erasmus; but "I don't believe it," said he; "it is the story that these fellows are obliged to invent after their victim's death, to appease the wrath of the people."

We have dwelt in detail upon these two martyrs, Leclerc and Berquin, the wool-carder and the scholarly gentleman, because they are faithful and vivid representatives of the two classes amongst which, in the sixteenth century, the Reformation took root in France. It had a double origin, morally and socially, one amongst the people and the other amongst the aristocratic and the learned; it was not national, nor was it embraced by the government of the country. Persecution was its first and its only destiny in the reign of Francis I., and it went through the ordeal with admirable courage and patience; it resisted only in the form of martyrdom. We will give no more of such painful and hideous pictures; in connection with this subject and as regards the latter portion of this reign we will dwell upon only those general facts which bear the impress of public morals and the conduct of the government rather than of the fortunes and the feelings of individuals. It was after Francis I.'s time that the Reformation, instead of confining itself to submitting with dignity to persecution, made a spirited effort to escape from it by becoming a political party and taking up, in France, the task of the opposition, a liberal and an energetic opposition which claims its rights and its securities. It then took its place in French history as a great public power, organized and commanded by great leaders, and no longer as a multitude of scattered victims falling one after another, without a struggle, beneath the blows of their persecutors.

The martyrdom of Berquin put a stop to the attempt at quasi-tolerance in favor of aristocratic and learned reformers which Francis I. had essayed to practise; after having twice saved Berquin from a heretic's doom, he failed to save him ultimately; and, except the horrible details of barbarity in the execution, the scholarly gentleman received the same measure as the wool-carder, after having been, like him, true to his faith and to his dignity as a man and a Christian. Persecution thenceforward followed its course without the king putting himself to the trouble of applying the drag for anybody; his sister Marguerite alone continued to protect, timidly and dejectedly, those of her friends amongst the reformers whom she could help or to whom she could offer an asylum in Béarn without embroiling herself with the king her brother and with the parliaments. We will not attempt to enumerate the martyr-

doms which had to be undergone by the persevering reformers in France between 1529 and 1547, from the death of Louis de Berquin to that of Francis I.; the task would be too long and intermingled with too many petty questions of dates or proper names; we will confine ourselves to quoting some local computations and to conning over the great historic facts which show to what extent the persecution was general and unrelenting, though it was ineffectual, in the end, to stifle the Reformation and to prevent the bursting out of those religious wars which, from the death of Francis I. to the accession of Henry IV., smothered France in disaster, blood, and crime.

In the reign of Francis I., from 1524 to 1547, 81 death-sentences for heresy were executed. At Paris only, from the 10th of November to the 2nd of May, a space of some six months, 102 sentences to death by fire for heresy were pronounced; 27 were executed; two did not take place, because those who ought to have undergone them denounced other reformers to save themselves; and 73 succeeded in escaping by flight. The *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris* (pp. 444-450) does not mention sentences to lesser penalties. In a provincial town, whose history one of its most distinguished inhabitants, M. Boutiot, has lately written from authentic documents and local traditions, at Troyes in fact, in 1542 and 1546, two burgesses, one a clerk and the other a publisher, were sentenced to the stake and executed for the crime of heresy; "on an appeal being made by the publisher, Macé Moreau, the Parliament of Paris confirmed the sentence pronounced by the bailiff's court," and he underwent his punishment on the Place St. Pierre with the greatest courage. The decree of the parliament contains the most rigorous enactments against books in the French language treating of religious matters; and it enjoins upon all citizens the duty of denouncing those who, publicly or not, make profession of the new doctrine: "The Lutheran propaganda," say the documents, "is in great force throughout the diocese; it exercises influence not only on the class of artisans but also amongst the burgesses. Doubt has made its way into many honest souls. The Reformation has reached so far even where the schism is not complete. Catholic priests profess some of the new doctrines, at the same time that they remain attached to their offices. Many bishops declare themselves partisans of the reformist doctrines. The Protestant worship, however, is not yet openly conducted. The mass of the clergy do not like to abandon the past; they cling to their old traditions, and, if

they have renounced certain abuses, they yield only on a few points of little importance. The new ideas are spreading, even in the country. . . . Statues representing the Virgin and the saints are often broken, and these deeds are imputed to those who have adopted the doctrines of Luther and of Calvin. A Notre-Dame de Pitié, situated at the Hotel-Dieu le Comte, was found with its head broken. This event excites to madness the Catholic population. The persecutions continue." Many people emigrated for fear of the stake. "From August, 1552, to the 6th of January, 1555," says the chronicler, "Troyes loses in consequence of exile, probably voluntary, a certain number of its best inhabitants," and he names thirteen families with the style and title of "nobleman." He adds: "There is scarcely a month in the year when there are not burnt two or three heretics at Paris, Meaux, and Troyes, and sometimes more than a dozen." Troyes contained at that time, says M. Boutiot, 18,285 inhabitants, counting five persons to a household [*Histoire de la Ville de Troyes*, t. iii. pp. 381, 387, 398, 415, 431]. Many other provincial towns offered the same spectacle.

During the long truce which succeeded the peace of Cambrai, from 1532 to 1536, it might have been thought for a while that the persecution in France was going to be somewhat abated. Policy obliged Francis I. to seek the support of the protestants of Germany against Charles V.; he was incessantly fluctuating between that policy and a strictly catholic and papal policy; by marrying his son Henry, on the 28th of October, 1533, to Catherine de' Medici, niece of Pope Clement VII., he seemed to have decided upon the latter course; but he had afterwards made a movement in the contrary direction; Clement VII. had died on the 26th of September, 1524; Paul III. had succeeded him; and Francis I. again turned towards the protestants of Germany; he entered into relations with the most moderate amongst their theologians, with Melancthon, Bucer, and Sturm; there was some talk of conciliation, of a re-establishment of peace and harmony in the Church; nor did the king confine himself to speaking by the mouth of diplomatists; he himself wrote to Melancthon on the 23rd of June, 1535: "It is some time now since I heard from William du Bellay, my chamberlain and councillor, of the zeal with which you are exerting yourself to appease the altercations to which Christian doctrine has given rise. I now hear that you are very much disposed to come to us for to confer with some of our most distinguished doctors as to the means of re-establishing in the Church that

sublime harmony which is the chief of all my desires. Come, then, either in an official capacity or in your own private character; you will be most welcome to me, and you shall in either case have proof of the interest I feel in the glory of your own Germany and in the peace of the world." Melancthon had, indeed, shown an inclination to repair to Paris; he had written, on the 9th of May, 1535, to his friend Sturm: "I will not let myself be stopped by domestic ties or by fear of danger. There is no human greatness before which I do not prefer Christ's glory. One thought alone gives me pause: I doubt my ability to do any good; I fear it is impossible to obtain from the king that which I regard as necessary for the Lord's glory and for the peace of France. You know that kingdom. Pronounce your judgment. If you think that I shall do well to undertake the journey, I am off."

Melancthon had good reason to doubt whether success, such as he deemed necessary, were possible. Whilst Francis I. was making all these advances to the protestants of Germany, he was continuing to proceed against their brother-Christians in France more bitterly and more flagrantly than ever. Two recent events had very much envenomed party-feeling between the French Catholics and Reformers, and the king had been very much compromised in this fresh crisis of the struggle. In 1534 the lawless insurrection of anabaptists and peasants, which had so violently agitated Germany in 1525, began again; the insurgents seized the town of Münster, in Westphalia, and there renewed their attempt to found the kingdom of Israël, with community of property and polygamy. As in 1525, they were promptly crushed by the German princes, catholic and protestant, of the neighborhood; but their rising had created some reverberation in France, and the reformers had been suspected of an inclination to take part in it. "It is said," wrote the chancellor de Granvelle, in Jan., 1535, to the ambassador of France at the court of Charles V., "that the number of the *strayed* from the faith in France and the danger of utter confusion are very great; the enterprise of the said *strayed*, about which you write to me, to set fire to the churches and pillage the Louvre proves that they were in great force. Please God the king may be able to apply a remedy!" [*Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal de Granvelle*, t. ii. p. 283.] The accusation was devoid of all foundation; but nothing is absurd in the eyes of party hatred and suspicion, and an incident, almost contemporaneous with the fresh insurrection of the anabap-

tists, occurred to increase the king's wrath, as well as the people's, against the reformers and to rekindle the flames of persecution. On the 24th of October, 1534, placards against the mass, transubstantiation, and the regiment as well as the faith of the Catholic Church were posted up during the night in the thoroughfares of Paris and at Blois on the very chamber-door of Francis I., whose first glance, when he got up in the morning, they caught. They had been printed at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, where the influence of the refugee William Farel was strong, and their coarse violence of expression could not fail to excite the indignation of even the most indifferent Catholics. In their fanatical blindness factions say only what satisfies their own passions, without considering moral propriety or the effect which will be produced by their words upon the feelings of their adversaries, who also have creeds and passions. Francis I., equally shocked and irritated, determined to give the catholic faith striking satisfaction and protestant audacity a bloody lesson. On the 21st of January, 1535, a solemn procession issued from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. John du Bellay, bishop of Paris, held in his hands the holy sacrament, surrounded by the three sons of France and the duke de Vendôme, who were the dais-bearers; and the king walked behind, with a taper in his hand, between the cardinals of Bourbon and Lorraine. At each halting-place he handed his taper to the cardinal of Lorraine, folded his hands, and humbly prostrating himself, implored divine mercy for his people. After the procession was over, the king who had remained to dine with John du Bellay, assembled in the great hall of the palace the heads of all the companies and taking his place on a sort of throne which had been prepared for him, said, "Whatever progress may have already been made by the pest, the remedy is still easy if each of you, devoured by the same zeal as I, will forget the claims of flesh and blood to remember only that he is a Christian, and will denounce without pity all those whom he knows to be partisans or favorers of heresy. As for me, if my arm was gangrened, I would have it cut off though it were my right arm, and if my sons who hear me were such wretches as to fall into such execrable and accursed opinions, I would be willing to give them up to make a sacrifice of them to God." On the 29th of January there was published an edict which sentenced concealers of heretics, "Lutheran or other," to the same penalties as the said heretics, unless they denounced their guests to

justice; and a quarter of the property to be confiscated was secured to the denouncers. Fifteen days previously Francis I. had signed a decree still stranger for a king who was a protector of letters; he ordered the abolition of printing, that means of propagating heresies, and "forbade the printing of any book on pain of the halter." Six weeks later, however, on the 26th of February, he became ashamed of such an act and suspended its execution indefinitely. Punishments in abundance preceded and accompanied the edicts; from the 10th of November, 1534, to the 3rd of May, 1535, twenty-four heretics were burned alive in Paris, without counting many who were sentenced to less cruel penalties. The procedure had been made more rapid; the police-commissioner of the Châtelet dealt with cases summarily and the parliament confirmed. The victims had at first been strangled before they were burned; they were now burned alive, after the fashion of the Spanish Inquisition. The convicts were suspended by iron chains to beams which alternately "hoisted" and "lowered" them over the flames until the executioner cut the cord to let the sufferer fall. The evidence was burnt together with the convicts; it was undesirable that the reformers should be able to make a certified collection of their martyrs' acts and deeds.

After a detailed and almost complacent enumeration of all these executions we find in the *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris* this paragraph: "The rumor was in June, 1535, that Pope Paul III., being advertised of the execrable and horrible justice which the king was doing upon the Lutherans in his kingdom did send word to the king of France that he was advertised of it, and that he was quite willing to suppose that he did it in good part, as he still made use of the beautiful title he had to be called the Most Christian king; nevertheless, God the Creator, when He was in this world, made more use of mercy than of rigorous justice, which should never be used rigorously, and that it was a cruel death to burn a man alive because he might have to some extent renounced the faith and the law. Wherefore the pope did pray and request the king, by his letters, to be pleased to mitigate the fury and rigor of his justice by granting grace and pardon. The king, wishing to follow the pope's wishes, according as he had sent him word by his letters patent, sent word to the court of parliament not to proceed any more with such rigor as they had shown heretofore. For this cause were there no more rigorous pro-

ceedings on the part of justice." [*Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, p. 456.]

Search has been made to discover whether the assertion of the *Bourgeois de Paris* has any foundation, whether Pope Paul III. really did write in June, 1535, the letter attributed to him, and whether its effect was that the king wrote to parliament not to proceed against the reformers "with such rigor." No proof has, however, been obtained as to the authenticity of the pope's letter, and in any case it was not very effectual, for the same *Bourgeois de Paris* reports that in September, 1535, three months after that, according to him, it was written, "Two fellows, makers of silk ribands and tissues, were burned all alive, one in the Place Maubert and the other in St. John's cemetery, as Lutherans, which they were. They had handed over to their host at Paris some Lutheran book to take care of, saying, 'Keep this book for us while we go into the city, and show it to nobody.' When they were gone, this host was not able to refrain from showing this book to a certain priest, the which, after having looked at it, said incontinently, 'This is a very wicked book and proscribed.' Then the said host went to the commissioner of police to reveal that he had such and such a book of such an one, the which sent forthwith to the house of the said host to take and carry off the said two fellows to the Châtelet. Being questioned they confessed the state of the case. Whereupon, by sentence of the said commissioner, confirmed by decree, they made honorable amends in front of the church of Notre-Dame de Paris, had their tongues cut out and were burned all alive and with unshaken obstinacy." Proceedings and executions, then, did not cease, even in the case of the most humble class of reformers, and at the very moment when Francis I. was exerting himself to win over the Protestants of Germany with the cry of conciliation and re-establishment of harmony in the Church. Melanethon, Bucer, and Luther himself had allowed themselves to be tempted by the prospect; but the German politicians, princes and counsellors, were more clear-sighted: "We at Augsburg," wrote Sailer, deputy from that city, "know the king of France well; he cares very little for religion or even for morality. He plays the hypocrite with the pope and gives the Germans the smooth side of his tongue, thinking of nothing but how to cheat them of the hopes he gives them. His only aim is to crush the emperor." The attempt of Francis I. thus failed, first in Germany and then at Paris also, where the Sorbonne

was not disposed, any more than the German politicians were, to listen to any talk about a specious conciliation; and the persecution resumed its course in France, paving the way for civil war.

The last and most atrocious act of persecution in the reign of Francis I. was directed not against isolated individuals but against a whole population harried, despoiled, and banished or exterminated on account of heresy. About the year 1525 small churches of reformers began to assume organization between the Alps and the Jura. Something was there said about Christians who belonged to the Reformation without having ever been reformed. It was said that, in certain valleys of the Piedmontese Alps and Dauphiny and in certain quarters of Provence, there were to be found believers who for several centuries had recognized no authority save that of the Holy Scriptures. Some called them *Vaudians* (Waldensians), others *poor of Lyons*, others *Lutherans*. The rumor of the Reformation was heard in their valleys and created a lively emotion amongst them. One of them determined to go and see what this reformation was; and he returned to his valleys with good news and with pious books. Regular relations were from that time established between the reformers of Switzerland, France, and Germany, and the Christian shepherds of these mountains. Visits were exchanged: Farel and Saunier went amongst the Vaudians and conversed with them about their common faith, common in spite of certain differences. Rustic conferences, composed of the principal landholders, *barbas* or pastors, and simple members of the faithful, met more than once in the open air under the pines of their mountains. The Vaudians of Provence had been settled there since the end of the thirteenth century; and in the course of the fourteenth other Vaudians from Dauphiny and even from Calabria had come thither to join them. "Their *barbas*," says a contemporary monk [*Histoire des Guerres excitées dans le Comtat venaissin par les Calvinistes du seizième siècle*, par le père Justin, capucin], "used to preside at their exercises of religion, which were performed in secret. As they were observed to be quiet and circumspect, as they faithfully paid taxes, tithe and seigniorial dues, and as they were besides very laborious, they were not troubled on the score of their habits and doctrines." Their new friends from Switzerland and Germany reproached them with concealment of their faith and worship. As soon as they had overtly separated from the Ro

man Church persecution began; Francis I. checked its first excesses, but it soon began again; the episcopal prisons were filled with Vaudians who bristled at the summons to abjure; and on the 29th of March, 1535, thirteen of them were sentenced to be burned alive. Pope Paul III. complained to Francis I. of their obstinacy; the king wrote about it to the Parliament of Aix; the parliament ordered the lords of the lands occupied by the Vaudians to force their vassals to abjure or leave the country. When cited to appear before the court of Aix to explain the grounds of their refusal, several declined. The court sentenced them, in default, to be burned alive. Their friends took up arms and went to deliver the prisoners. Mérindol was understood to be the principal retreat of the sectaries; by decree of November 18th, 1540, the parliament ordered that "the houses should be demolished and razed to the ground, the cellars filled up, the woods cut down, the trees of the gardens torn up, and that the lands of those who had lived in Mérindol should not be able to be farmed out to anybody whatever of their family or name." In the region of parliament itself complaints were raised against such hardships; the premier president, Barthelemy Chassaneuz, was touched and adjourned the execution of the decree. The king commissioned William du Bellay to examine into the facts; the report of du Bellay was favorable to the Vaudians as honest, laborious, and charitable farmers, discharging all the duties of civil life, but, at the same time, he acknowledged that they did not conform to the laws of the Church, that they did not recognize the pope or the bishops, that they prayed in the vulgar tongue, and that they were in the habit of choosing certain persons from amongst themselves to be their pastors. On this report, Francis I., by a declaration of February 18th, 1541, pardoned the Vaudians for all that had been irregular in their conduct on condition that within the space of three months they should abjure their errors; and he ordered the parliament to send to Aix deputies from their towns, burghs, and villages, to make abjuration in the name of all, at the same time authorizing the parliament to punish, according to the ordinances, those who should refuse to obey, and to make use, if need were, of the services of the soldiery. Thus persecuted and condemned for their mere faith, undemonstrative as it was, the Vaudians confined themselves to asking that it might be examined and its errors pointed out. Those of Mérindol and those of Cabrières in the Countship of Venasque drew up their profession of faith and

sent it to the king and to two bishops of the province, Cardinal Sadolet, bishop of Carpentras, and John Durandi, bishop of Cavaillon, whose equity and moderation inspired them with some confidence. Cardinal Sadolet did not belie their expectation; he received them with kindness, discussed with them their profession of faith, pointed out to them divers articles which might be remodelled without disavowing the basis of their creed, and assured them that it would always be against his sentiments to have them treated as enemies: "I am astonished," he wrote to the pope, "that these folks should be persecuted when the Jews are spared." The bishop of Cavaillon testified towards them a favor less unalloyed: "I was quite sure," said he, "that there was not so much mischief amongst you as was supposed; however, to calm men's minds, it is necessary that you should submit to a certain appearance of abjuration." "But what would you have us abjure, if we are already within the truth?" "It is but a simple formality that I demand of you; I do not require in your case notary or signature; if you are unwilling to assent to this abjuration, none can argue you into it." "We are plain men monseigneur; we are unwilling to do anything to which we cannot assent;" and they persisted in their refusal to abjure. Cardinal Sadolet was summoned to Rome and the premier president Chassaneuz died suddenly. His successor, John de Maynier, baron of Oppède, was a violent man, passionately bigoted, and moreover, it is said, a personal enemy of the Vaudians of Cabrières, on which his estates bordered: he recommenced against them a persecution which was at first covert; they had found protectors in Switzerland and in Germany; at the instance of Calvin the Swiss protestant cantons and the German princes assembled at Smalkalden wrote to Francis I. in their favor; it was to his interest to humor the protestants of Germany, and that fact turned out to the advantage of the Vaudians of Provence; on the 14th of June, 1544, he issued an edict which suspending the proceedings commenced against them, restored to them their privileges, and ordered such of them as were prisoners to be set at large; "and as the attorney-general of Provence," it goes on to say, "is related to the archbishop of Aix, *their sworn enemy*, there will be sent in his place a counsellor of the court for to inform me of their innocence." But some months later the peace of Crespy was made; and Francis I. felt no longer the same solicitude about humoring the protestants of Switzerland and Germany. Baron d'Oppède zeal-

ously resumed his work against the Vaudians; he accused them of intriguing with foreign reformers and of designing to raise 15,000 men to surprise Marseilles and form Provence into a republic. On the 1st of January, 1545, Francis I. signed, without reading it, they say, the revocation of his edict of 1544, and ordered execution of the decree issued by the Parliament of Aix, dated November 18th, 1540, on the subject of the Vaudians, "notwithstanding all letters of grace posterior to that epoch, and ordered the governor of the province to give, for that purpose, the assistance of *the strong hand to justice*." The duty of assisting justice was assigned to Baron d'Oppède; and from the 7th to the 25th of April, 1545, two columns of troops, under the orders, respectively, of Oppède himself and Baron de la Garde, ravaged with fire and sword the three districts of Mérindol, Cabrières, and la Coste, which were peopled chiefly by Vaudians. We shrink from describing in detail all the horrors committed against a population without any means of self-defence by troops giving free rein to their brutal passions and gratifying the hateful passions of their leaders. In the end three small towns and twenty-two villages were completely sacked; 763 houses, 89 cattle-sheds, and 31 barns burned; 3000 persons massacred; 255 executed subsequently to the massacre, after a mockery of trial; 600 or 700 sent to the galleys; many children sold for slaves; and the victors, on retiring, left behind them a double ordinance, from the Parliament of Aix and the vice-legate of Avignon, dated the 24th of April, 1545, forbidding "that any one, on pain of death, should dare to give asylum, aid, or succor, or furnish money or victuals to any Vaudian or heretic."

It is said that Francis I., when near his end, repented of this odious extermination of a small population, which with his usual fickleness and carelessness, he had at one time protected, and at another abandoned to its enemies. Amongst his last words to his son Henry II. was an exhortation to cause an inquiry to be made into the iniquities committed by the Parliament of Aix in this instance. It will be seen, at the opening of Henry II.'s reign, what was the result of this exhortation of his father's.

Calvin was lately mentioned as having pleaded the cause of the Vaudians, in 1544, amongst the Protestants of Switzerland and Germany. It was from Geneva, where he had lived and been the dominant spirit for many years, that the French reformer had exercised such influence over the chiefs of the Ger-

man reformation in favor of that small population whose creed and morals had anticipated by several centuries the reformation in the sixteenth century. He was born in 1509 at Noyon in Picardy, was brought up in the bosom of the Catholic Church, and held a cure in 1523 at Pont-l'Évêque, where he preached several times, "joyous and almost proud," as he said himself, "that a single dissertation had brought me a cure." In 1534 study, meditation on the Gospels, discussion of the religious and moral questions raised on every side, and the free atmosphere of the new spirit that was abroad changed his convictions and his resolves; he abandoned the career of the law as well as that of the established Church, resigned his cure at Pont-l'Évêque, and devoted himself entirely to the work of the nascent and much opposed Reformation. Having a mind that was judicious and free from illusion in the very heat of passion, he soon saw to what an extent the success of the reformation in France was difficult and problematical; in 1535, impressed by the obstacles it met with even more than by the dangers it evoked, he resolved to leave his country and go elsewhere in search of security, liberty, and the possibility of defending a cause which became the dearer to him in proportion as it was the more persecuted. He had too much sagacity not to perceive that he was rapidly exhausting his various places of asylum: Queen Marguerite of Navarre was unwilling to try too far the temper of the king her brother; Canon Louis du Tillet was a little fearful lest his splendid library should be somewhat endangered through the use made of it by his guest who went about, arguing or preaching, in the vicinity of Angoulême; the queen's almoner, Gérard Rousset, considered that Calvin was going too far, and grew apprehensive lest, if the reformation should completely succeed, it might suppress the bishopric of Oléron which he desired and which, indeed, he at a later period obtained. Lefèvre of Étampes, who was the most of all in sympathy with Calvin, was seventy-nine years old and had made up his mind to pass his last days in peace. Calvin quitted Angoulême and Nérac, and went to pass some time at Poitiers, where the friends of the reformation, assembling round him and hanging upon his words, for the first time celebrated the Lord's Supper in a grotto close to the town, which still goes by the name of Calvin's Grotto. Being soon obliged to leave Poitiers, Calvin went to Orléans, then secretly to Paris, then to Noyon to see his family once more, and set out at last for Strasbourg, already one of the

strongholds of the reformation, where he had friends, amongst others the learned Bucer, with whom he had kept up a constant correspondence. He arrived there at the beginning of the year 1535; but it was not at Strasbourg that he took up his quarters; he preferred Bâle, where also there was a reunion of men of letters, scholars, and celebrated printers, Erasmus, Simon Grynée (Grynæus) and the Frobens, and where Calvin calculated upon finding the leisure and aid he required for executing the great work he had been for some time contemplating, his *Institution de la Religion chrétienne* (*Christian Institutes*).

This would not be the place and we have no intention to sum up the religious doctrines of that book; we might challenge many of them as contrary to the true meaning and moral tendency of Christianity; but we desire to set in a clear light their distinctive and original characteristics, which are those of Calvin himself in the midst of his age. These characteristics are revealed in the *preface* and even in the *dedication* of the book. It is to Francis I., the persecutor of the French reformers, during one of the most cruel stages of the persecution, and at the very moment when he has just left his own country in order that he may live in security and speak with freedom, that Calvin dedicates his work. "Do not imagine," he says to the king, "that I am attempting here my own special defence in order to obtain permission to return to the country of my birth, from which, although I feel for it such human affection as is my bounden duty, yet, as things now are, I do not suffer any great anguish at being cut off. But I am taking up the cause of all the faithful, and even that of Christ, which is in these days so mangled and down-trodden in your kingdom that it seems to be in a desperate plight. And this has no doubt come to pass rather through the tyranny of certain pharisees than of your own will." Calvin was at the same time the boldest and the least revolutionary amongst the innovators of the sixteenth century; bold as a Christian thinker but full of deference and consideration towards authority, even when he was flagrantly withdrawing himself from it. The idea of this book was at first exclusively religious and intended for the bulk of the French reformers; but at the moment when Calvin is about to publish it prudence and policy recur to his mind, and it is to the king of France that he addresses himself; it is the authority of the royal persecutor that he invokes; it is the reason of Francis I. that he attempts to convince. He acts

like a respectful and faithful subject as well as an independent and innovating Christian.

After having wandered for some time longer in Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, Calvin in 1536 arrived at Geneva. It was at this time a small independent republic, which had bravely emancipated itself from the domination of the dukes of Savoy and in which the reformation had acquired strength, but it had not yet got rid of that lawless and precarious condition which is the first phase presented by revolutionary innovations after victory; neither the political nor the religious community at Geneva had yet received any organization which could be called regular or regarded as definitive; the two communities had not yet understood and regulated their reciprocal positions and the terms on which they were to live together. All was ferment and haze in this little nascent State, as regarded the mental as well as the actual condition, when Calvin arrived there; his name was already almost famous there; he had given proofs of devotion to the cause of the reformation; his book on the *Institution de la Religion chrétienne* had just appeared; a great instinct for organization was strikingly evinced in it, at the same time that the *Dedication to Francis I.* testified to a serious regard for the principle of authority and for its rights as well as the part it ought to perform in human communities. Calvin had many friends in Switzerland; and they urged him to settle at once at Geneva, and to labor at establishing their Christian order in the reformed Church simultaneously with its independence and its religious liberties in its relations with the civil estate. At first Calvin hesitated and resisted: he was one of those who take strict account, beforehand, of the difficulties to be encountered and the trials to be undergone in any enterprise for the success of which they are most desirous, and who inwardly shudder at the prospect of such a burden. But the Christian's duty, the reformer's zeal, the lively apprehension of the perils which were being incurred by the cause of the reformation and the nobly ambitious hope of delivering it, these sentiments united prevailed over the first misgivings of that great and mighty soul, and Calvin devoted himself in Geneva to a work which, from 1536 to 1564, in a course of violent struggles and painful vicissitudes, was to absorb and rapidly consume his whole life.

From that time forth a principle, we should rather say a passion, held sway in Calvin's heart and was his guiding star in the permanent organization of the Church which he founded

as well as in his personal conduct during his life. That principle is the profound distinction between the religious and the civil community. Distinction we say and by no means separation; Calvin, on the contrary, desired alliance between the two communities and the two powers, but each to be independent in its own domain, combining their action, showing mutual respect and lending mutual support. To this alliance he looked for the reformation and moral discipline of the members of the Church, placed under the authority of its own special religious officers and upheld by the indirect influence of the civil power.

In this principle and this fundamental labor of Calvin's there were two new and bold reforms attempted in the very heart of the great reformation in Europe, and over and above the work of its first promoters. Henry VIII., on removing the Church of England from the domination of the papacy, had proclaimed himself its head, and the Church of England had accepted this royal supremacy. Zwingle, when he provoked in German Switzerland the rupture with the Church of Rome, had approved of the arrangement that the sovereign authority in matters of religion should pass into the hands of the civil powers. Luther himself, at the same time that he reserved to the new German Church a certain measure of spontaneity and liberty, had placed it under the protection and preponderance of laic sovereigns. In this great question as to the relations between Church and State Calvin desired and did more than his predecessors; even before he played any considerable part in the European reformation, as soon as he heard of Henry VIII.'s religious supremacy in England, he had strongly declared against such a regimen; with an equitable spirit rare in his day, and in spite of his contest with the Church of Rome, he was struck with the strength and dignity conferred upon that Church by its having an existence distinct from the civil community, and by the independence of its head. When he himself became a great reformer, he did not wish the reformed Church to lose this grand characteristic; whilst proclaiming it evangelical, he demanded for it in matters of faith and discipline the independence and special authority which had been possessed by the primitive Church: and in spite of the resistance often shown to him by the civil magistrates, in spite of the concessions he was sometimes obliged to make to them, he firmly maintained this principle, and he secured to the reformed church of Geneva in purely religious questions and

affairs the right of self-government, according to the faith and the law as they stand written in the Holy Books.

He at the same time put in force in this church a second principle of no less importance. In the course of ages and by a series of successive modifications, some natural and others factitious and illegitimate, the Christian church had become, so to speak, cut in two, into the ecclesiastical community and the religious community, the clergy and the worshippers. In the Catholic church the power was entirely in the hands of the clergy; the ecclesiastical body completely governed the religious body; and, whilst the latter was advancing more and more in laic ideas and sentiments, the former remained even more and more distinct and sovereign. The German and English reformations had already modified this state of things and given to the lay community a certain portion of influence in religious questions and affairs. Calvin provided for the matter in a still more direct and effectual fashion, not only as regarded affairs in general but even the choice of pastors; he gave admission to laymen, in larger number too than that of the ecclesiastics, into the consistories and synods, the governing authorities in the reformed Church. He thus did away with the separation between the clergy and the worshippers; he called upon them to deliberate and act together; and he secured to the religious community, in its entirety, their share of authority in the affairs and fortunes of the Church.

Thus began at Geneva, under the inspiration and through the influence of Calvin, that ecclesiastical organization which, developing, completing, and modifying itself according to the requirements of places and times, became, under the name of *presbyterian regimen*, the regimen of the reformed churches in France, French Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, and amongst a considerable portion of the protestant population in England and in the United States of America. A regimen evangelical in origin and character, republican in some of its maxims and institutions but no stranger to the principle of authority, one which admitted of discipline and was calculated for duration, and which has kept for three centuries, amongst the most civilized people, a large measure of Christian faith, ecclesiastical order, and civil liberty. It was a French refugee who instituted, in a foreign city, this regimen, and left it as a legacy to the French Reformation and to the numerous Christian communities who were eager to adopt it. It is on this ground that Calvin takes a place in the history of France, and has a fair

right to be counted amongst the eminent men who have carried to a distance the influence, the language, and the fame of the country in the bosom of which it was not permitted them to live and labor.

In 1547, when the death of Francis I. was at hand, that ecclesiastical organization of protestantism which Calvin had instituted at Geneva was not even begun in France. The French protestants were as yet but isolated and scattered individuals, without any bond of generally accepted and practised faith or discipline, and without any eminent and recognized heads. The Reformation pursued its course; but a reformed Church did not exist. And this confused mass of reformers and reformed had to face an old, a powerful, and a strongly constituted Church which looked upon the innovators as rebels over whom it had every right as much as against them it had every arm. In each of the two camps prevailed errors of enormous magnitude and fruitful of fatal consequences; Catholics and Protestants both believed themselves to be in exclusive possession of the truth, of all religious truth, and to have the right of imposing it by force upon their adversaries the moment they had the power. Both were strangers to any respect for human conscience, human thought, and human liberty. Those who had clamored for this on their own account when they were weak had no regard for it in respect of others when they felt themselves to be strong. On the side of the protestants the ferment was at full heat, but as yet vague and unsettled; on the part of the catholics the persecution was unscrupulous and unlimited. Such was the position and such the state of feeling in which Francis I., at his death on the 31st of March, 1547, left the two parties that had already been at grips during his reign. He had not succeeded either in reconciling them or in securing the triumph of that which had his favor and the defeat of that which he would have liked to vanquish. That was, in nearly all that he undertook, his fate; he lacked the spirit of sequence and steady persistence, and his merits as well as his defects almost equally urged him on to rashly attempt that which he only incompletely executed. He was neither prudent nor persevering, and he may be almost said to have laid himself out to please everybody rather than to succeed in one and the same great purpose. A short time before his death a Venetian ambassador who had resided a long while at his court, Marino Cavalli, drew up and forwarded to the senate of Venice a portrait of him so observantly sketched and so full of truth

that it must be placed here side by side with the more exacting and more severe judgment already pronounced here touching this brilliant but by no means far-sighted or effective king.

"The king is now fifty years of age; his aspect is in every respect kingly, insomuch that, without ever having seen his face or his portrait, any one, on merely looking at him, would say at once: 'That is the king.' All his movements are so noble and majestic that no prince could equal them. His constitution is robust, in spite of the excessive fatigue he has constantly undergone and still undergoes in so many expeditions and travels. He eats and drinks a great deal, sleeps still better, and, what is more, dreams of nothing but leading a jolly life. He is rather fond of being an exquisite in his dress, which is slashed and laced, and rich with jewellery and precious stones; even his doublets are daintily worked and of golden tissue; his shirt is very fine, and it shows through an opening in the doublet, according to the fashion of France. This delicate and dainty way of living contributes to his health. In proportion as the king bears bodily fatigue well and endures it without bending beneath the burden, in the same proportion do mental cares weigh heavily upon him and he shifts them almost entirely on to Cardinal de Tournon and Admiral Annebault. He takes no resolve, he makes no reply, without having had their advice; and if ever, which is very rare, an answer happens to be given or a concession made without having received the approval of these two advisers, he revokes it or modifies it. But in what concerns the great affairs of State, peace or war, his Majesty, docile as he is in everything else, will have the rest obedient to his wishes. In that case there is nobody at court, whatever authority he may possess, who dare gainsay his Majesty.

"This prince has a very sound judgment and a great deal of information; there is no sort of thing, or study or art, about which he cannot converse very much to the point. It is true that, when people see how, in spite of his knowledge and his fine talk, all his warlike enterprises have turned out ill, they say that all his wisdom lies on his lips and not in his mind. But I think that the calamities of this king come from lack of men capable of properly carrying out his designs. As for him, he will never have anything to do with the execution or even with the superintendence of it in any way; it seems to him quite enough to know his own part, which is to command and to supply plans. Accordingly, that which might be wished for in

him is a little more care and patience, not by any means more experience and knowledge. His Majesty readily pardons offences; and he becomes heartily reconciled with those whom he has offended." [*Relations des Ambassadeurs vénitiens sur les Affaires de France au seizième siècle*, in the *Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France*, translated by M. Tommaseo, t. i. pp. 279-283.]

It is said that at the close of his reign Francis I., in spite of all the resources of his mind and all his easy-going qualities, was much depressed, and that he died in sadness and disquietude as to the future. One may be inclined to think that, in his egotism, he was more sad on his own account than disquieted on that of his successors and of France. However that may be, he was assuredly far from foreseeing the terrible civil war which began after him and the crimes as well as disasters which it caused. None of his more intimate circle was any longer in a position to excite his solicitude: his mother, Louise of Savoy, had died sixteen years before him [September 22, 1531]; his most able and most wicked adviser, Chancellor Duprat, twelve years [July 29, 1535]. His sister Marguerite survived him two years [she died December 21, 1549], "disgusted with everything," say the historians, and "weary of life," said she herself:

No father now have I, no mother,
Sister or brother.
On God alone I now rely,
Who ruleth over earth and sky.
O world, I say good-bye to you;
To relatives and friendly ties,
To honors and to wealth adieu;
I hold them all for enemies.

And yet Marguerite was loth to leave life. She had always been troubled at the idea of death; when she was spoken to about eternal life she would shake her head sometimes, saying: "All that is true; but we remain a mighty long while dead underground before arriving there." When she was told that her end was near, she considered "that a very bitter word, saying that she was not so old but that she might still live some years." She had been the most generous, the most affectionate and the most lovable person in a family and a court which were both corrupt and of which she only too often acquiesced in the weaknesses and even vices, though she always fought against their injustice and their cruelty. She had the honor of being the grandmother of Henry IV.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HENRY II. (1547-1559).

HENRY II. had all the defects and, with the exception of personal bravery, not one amongst the brilliant and amiable qualities of the king his father. Like Francis I., he was rash and reckless in his resolves and enterprises, but without having the promptness, the fertility and the suppleness of mind which Francis I. displayed in getting out of the awkward positions in which he had placed himself and in stalling off or mitigating the consequences of them. Henry was as cold and ungenial as Francis had been gracious and able to please: and whilst Francis I., even if he were a bad master to himself, was at any rate his own master, Henry II. submitted, without resistance and probably without knowing it, to the influence of the favorite who reigned in his house as well as in his court, and of the advisers who were predominant in his government. Two facts will suffice to set in a clear light, at the commencement of the new reign, this regrettable analogy in the defects and this profound diversity in the mind, character and conduct of the two kings.

Towards the close of 1542, a grievous aggravation of the tax upon salt, called *gabel*, caused a violent insurrection in the town of Rochelle, which was exempted, it was said, by its traditional privileges from that impost. Not only were payments refused but the commissioners were maltreated and driven away. Francis I. considered the matter grave enough to require his presence for its repression. He repaired to Rochelle with a numerous body of lanzknechts. The terrified population appeared to have determined upon submission and, having assembled in a mass at the town-hall, there awaited anxiously the king's arrival. On the 1st of January, 1543, Francis I. entered the town in state, surrounded by his escort. The people's advocate fell on his knees and appealed to the king's clemency in dealing with a revolt of which every one repented. The king, who was seated on a wooden hoarding, rose up: "Speak we no more of revolt," said he: "I desire neither to destroy your persons nor to seize your goods, as was lately done by the emperor Charles to the Ghentese, whereby

his hands are stained with blood; I long more for the hearts of my subjects than for their lives and their riches. I will never at any time of my life think again of your offence, and I pardon you without excepting a single thing. I desire that the keys of your city and your arms be given back to you, and that you be completely reinstated in your liberties and your privileges." The cheers of the people responded to these words of the king. "I think I have won your hearts," said the king on retiring; "and I assure you, on the honor of a gentleman, that you have mine. I desire that you ring your bells, for you are pardoned." The Rochellese were let off for a fine of 200,000 francs, which the king gave to his keeper of the seals, Francis de Montholon, whom he wished to compensate for his good service. The keeper of the seals in his turn made a present of them to the town of Rochelle to found a hospital. But the ordinances as to the salt-tax were maintained in principle, and their extension led, some years afterwards, to a rising of a more serious character and very differently repressed.

In 1548, hardly a year after the accession of Henry II. and in the midst of the rejoicings he had gone to be present at in the north of Italy, he received news at Turin to the effect that in Guienne, Angoumois and Saintonge a violent and pretty general insurrection had broken out against the salt-tax which Francis I., shortly before his death, had made heavier in these provinces. The local authorities in vain attempted to repress the rising; the insurgent peasants scoured the country in strong bodies, giving free rein not only to their desires but also to their revengeful feelings; the most atrocious excesses of which a mob is capable were committed; the director-general of the *gabel* was massacred cruelly; and two of his officers, at Angoulême, were strapped down stark naked on a table, beaten to death and had their bodies cast into the river with the insulting remark, "Go, wicked *gabellers*, and salt the fish of the Charente." The king of Navarre's lieutenant, being appealed to for aid, summoned, but to no purpose, the Parliament of Bordeaux; he was forced to take refuge in Château-Trompette and was massacred by the populace whilst he was trying to get out; the president of the parliament, a most worthy magistrate and very much beloved, it is said, by the people, only saved his own life by taking the oath prescribed by the insurgents. "This news," says Vieilleville in his contemporary *Mémoires*, "grievously afflicted the king; and the constable

de Montmorency represented to him that it was not the first time that these people had been capricious, rebellious and mutinous; for that in the reign of his lord and father the late king the Rochellese and surrounding districts had forgotten themselves in like manner. They ought to be exterminated and, in case of need, be replaced by a new colony that they might never return. The said sir constable offered to take the matter in hand, and with ten companies of the old bands whom he would raise in Piedmont and as many lanzknechts, a thousand men-at-arms all told, he promised to exact a full account and satisfy his Majesty."

Montmorency was as good as his word. When he arrived with his troops in Guienne, the people of Bordeaux, in a fit of terror, sent to Langon a large boat, most magnificently fitted up, in which were chambers and saloons emblazoned with the arms of the said sir constable, with three or four deputies to present it to him and beg him to embark upon it and drop down to their city. He repulsed them indignantly: "Away, away," said he, "with your boat and your keys; I will have naught to do with them; I have others here with me which will make me other kind of opening than yours. I will have you all hanged; I will teach you to rebel against your king and murder his governor and his lieutenant." And he did, in fact, enter Bordeaux on the 9th of October, 1548, by a breach which he had opened in the walls and, after having traversed the city between two lines of soldiers and with his guns bearing on the suspected points, he ordered the inhabitants to bring all their arms to the citadel. Executions followed immediately after this moral as well as material victory. "More than a hundred and forty persons were put to death by various kinds of punishments," says Vieilleville: "and, by a most equitable sentence, when the executioner had in his hands the three insurgents who had beaten to death and thrown into the river the two collectors of the *gabel* at Angoulême, he cast them all three into a fire which was ready at the spot and said to them aloud, in conformity with the judgment against them, 'Go, rabid hounds, and grill the fish of the Charente which ye salted with the bodies of the officers of your king and sovereign lord.' As to civil death (loss of civil rights)," adds Vieilleville, "nearly all the inhabitants made honorable amends in open street, on their knees before the said my lords at the window, crying mercy and asking pardon; and more than a hundred, because of their youth, were simply

whipped. Astonishing fines and interdictions were laid as well upon the body composing the court of parliament as upon the town-council and on a great number of private individuals. The very bells were not exempt from experiencing the wrath and vengeance of the prince, for not a single one remained throughout the whole city or in the open country, to say nothing of the clocks which were not spared either, which was not broken up and confiscated to the king's service for his guns."

The insurrection of Bordeaux against the *gabel* in 1548 was certainly more serious than that of Rochelle in 1542; but it is also quite certain that Francis I. would not have set about repressing it as Henry II. did; he would have appeared there himself and risked his own person instead of leaving the matter to the harshest of his lieutenants, and he would have more skillfully intermingled generosity with force and kind words with acts of severity. And that is one of the secrets of governing. In 1549, scarcely a year after the revolt at Bordeaux, Henry II., then at Amiens, granted to deputies from Poitou, Rochelle, the district of Aunis, Limousin, Périgord, and Saintonge, almost complete abolition of the *gabel* in Guienne, which paid the king, by way of compensation, two hundred thousand crowns of gold for the expenses of war or the redemption of certain alienated domains. We may admit that on the day after the revolt the arbitrary and bloody proceedings of the constable de Montmorency must have produced upon the insurgents of Bordeaux the effect of a salutary fright; but we may doubt whether so cruel a repression was absolutely indispensable in 1548, when in 1549 the concession demanded in the former year was to be recognized as necessary.

According to de Thou and the majority of historians it was on the occasion of the insurrection in Guienne against the *gabel* that Stephen de la Boëtie, the young and intimate friend of Montaigne, wrote his celebrated *Discours de la Servitude volontaire, ou le Contre-un*, an eloquent declamation against monarchy. But the testimony of Montaigne himself upsets the theory of this coincidence; written in his own hand upon a manuscript, partly autograph, of the treatise by de la Boëtie, is a statement that it was the work "of a lad of sixteen." La Boëtie was born at Sarlat on the 1st of November, 1530, and was, therefore, sixteen in 1546, two years before the insurrection at Bordeaux. The *Contre-un*, besides, is a work of pure

theory and general philosophy, containing no allusion at all to the events of the day, to the sedition in Guienne no more than to any other. This little work owed to Montaigne's affectionate regard for its author a great portion of its celebrity. Published for the first time, in 1578, in the *Mémoires de l'État de France*, after having up to that time run its course without any author's name, any title or any date, it was soon afterwards so completely forgotten that when, in the middle of the 17th century, Cardinal de Richelieu for the first time heard it mentioned and "sent one of his gentlemen over the whole street of Saint-Jacques to inquire for *la Servitude volontaire*, all the publishers said, 'We don't know what it is.' The son of one of them recollected something about it and said to the cardinal's gentleman, 'Sir, there is a book-fancier who has what you seek but with no covers to it, and he wants five pistoles for it.' 'Very well,' said the gentleman:" and the Cardinal de Richelieu paid fifty francs for the pleasure of reading the little political pamphlet by "a lad of sixteen," which probably made very little impression upon him, but which, thanks to the elegance and vivacity of its style and the affectionate admiration of the greatest independent thinker of the sixteenth century, has found a place in the history of French literature. [*Mémoires de Tallmeant des Réaux*, t. i. p. 395.]

History must do justice even to the men whose brutal violence she stigmatizes and reproves. In the case of Anne de Montmorency it often took the form of threats intended to save him from the necessity of acts. When he came upon a scene of any great confusion and disorder: "Go hang me such an one," he would say; "tie yon fellow to that tree; despatch this fellow with pikes and arquebuses, this very minute, right before my eyes; cut me in pieces all those rascals who chose to hold such a clock-case as this against the king; burn me yonder village: light me up a blaze everywhere, for a quarter of a mile all round." The same man paid the greatest attention to the discipline and good condition of his troops, in order to save the populations from their requisitions and excesses. "On the 20th of November, 1549, he obtained and published at Paris," says de Thou, "a proclamation from the king doubling the pay of the men-at-arms, arquebusiers and light-horse, and forbidding them at the same time, on pain of death, to take anything without paying for it. A bad habit had introduced itself amongst the troops, whether they were going on service

or returning, whether they were in the field or in winter quarters, of keeping themselves at the expense of those amongst whom they lived. Thence proceeded an infinity of irregularities and losses in the towns and in the country, wherein the people had to suffer at the hands of an insolent soldiery the same vexations as if it had been an enemy's country. Not only was a stop put to such excesses, but care was further taken that the people should not be oppressed under pretext of recruitments which had to be carried out" [*Histoire de J.-A. de Thou*, t. i. p. 367]. A nephew of the constable de Montmorency, a young man of twenty-three, who at a later period became Admiral de Coligny, was ordered to see to the execution of these protective measures, and he drew up, between 1550 and 1552, at first for his own regiment of foot and afterwards as colonel-general of this army, rules of military discipline which remained for a long while in force.

There was war in the atmosphere. The king and his advisers, the court and the people, had their minds almost equally full of it, some in sheer dread, and others with an eye to preparation. The reign of Francis I. had ended mournfully; the peace of Crespy had hurt the feelings both of royalty and of the nation; Henry, now king, had, as dauphin, felt called upon to disavow it. It had left England in possession of Calais and Boulogne and confirmed the dominion or ascendancy of Charles V. in Germany, Italy, and Spain, on all the French frontiers. How was the struggle to be recommenced? What course must be adopted to sustain it successfully? To fall back upon, there were the seven provincial legions which had been formed by Francis I. for Normandy, Picardy, Burgundy, Dauphiny and Provence united, Languedoc, Guienne, and Brittany; but they were not like permanent troops, drilled and always ready; they were recruited by voluntary enlistment; they generally remained at their own homes, receiving compensation at review time and high pay in time of war. The constable de Montmorency had no confidence in these legions; he spoke of them contemptuously and would much rather have increased the number of the foreign corps, regularly paid and kept up, Swiss or Lanzknechts. Two systems of policy and warfare, moreover, divided the king's council into two: Montmorency, now old and worn out in body and mind [he was born in 1492 and so was sixty in 1552], was for a purely defensive attitude, no adventures or battles to be sought, but victuals and all sorts of supplies to be destroyed in the provinces which might be invaded

by the enemy, so that instead of winning victories there he might not even be able to live there. In 1536 this system had been found successful by the constable in causing the failure of Charles V.'s invasion of Provence; but in 1550 a new generation had come into the world, the court, and the army; it comprised young men full of ardor and already distinguished for their capacity and valor; Francis de Lorraine, duke of Guise [born at the castle of Bar, February 17, 1519], was thirty-one; his brother, Charles de Guise, cardinal of Lorriane, was only six-and-twenty [he was born at Joinville, February 17, 1524]; Francis de Scépeaux [born at Durétal, Anjou, in 1510], who afterwards became Marshal de Vieilleville, was at this time nearly forty; but he had contributed in 1541 to the victory of Ceresole, and Francis I. had made so much of it that he had said on presenting him to his son Henry: "He is no older than you, and see what he has done already; if the wars do not swallow him up, you will some day make him constable or marshal of France." Gaspard de Coligny [born at Châtillon-sur-Loing, February 16, 1517] was thirty-three; and his brother, Francis d'Andelot [born at Châtillon, in 1521], twenty-nine. These men, warriors and politicians at one and the same time, in a high social position and in the flower of their age, could not reconcile themselves to the constable de Montmorency's system, defensive solely and prudential to the verge of inertness; they thought that, in order to repair the reverses of France and for the sake of their own fame, there was something else to be done, and they impatiently awaited the opportunity.

It was not long coming. At the close of 1551, a deputation of the protestant princes of Germany came to Fontainebleau to ask for the king's support against the aggressive and persecuting despotism of Charles V. The count of Nassau made a speech "very long," says Vieilleville in his *Mémoires*, "at the same time that it was in very elegant language, whereby all the presence received very great contentment." Next day the king put the demand before his council for consideration, and expressed at the very outset his own opinion that "in the present state of affairs, he ought not to take up any enterprise, but leave his subjects of all conditions to rest; for generally," said he, "all have suffered and do suffer when armies pass and repass so often through my kingdom, which cannot be done without pitiable oppression and trampling-down of the poor people." The constable, "without respect of persons," says

Vieilleville, "following his custom of not giving way to anybody, forthwith began to speak, saying that the king, who asked counsel of them, had very plainly given it them himself and made them very clearly to understand his own idea, which ought to be followed point by point without any gain-saying, he having said nothing but what was most equitable and well-knowing to the company." Nearly all the members of the council gave in their adhesion, without comment, to the opinion of the king and the constable. "But when it came to the turn of M. de Vieilleville, who had adopted the language of the count of Nassau," he unhesitatingly expressed a contrary opinion, unfolding all the reasons which the king had for being distrustful of the emperor and for not letting this chance of enfeebling him slip by. "May it please your Majesty," said he, "to remember his late passage through France, to obtain which the emperor submitted to *carte-blanche*; nevertheless, when he was well out of the kingdom, he laughed at all his promises and, when he found himself inside Cambrai, he said to the prince of Infantado: 'Let not the king of France, if he be wise, put himself at my mercy as I have been at his, for I swear by the living God that he shall not be quit for Burgundy and Champagne; but I would also insist upon Picardy and the key of the road to the Bastille of Paris, unless he were minded to lose his life or be confined in perpetual imprisonment until the whole of my wish were accomplished.' Since thus it is, sir, and the emperor makes war upon you covertly, it must be made upon him overtly, without concealing one's game or dissimulating at all. No excuses must be allowed on the score of neediness, for France is inexhaustible, if only by voluntary loans raised on the most comfortable classes of the realm. As for me, I consider myself one of the poorest of the company, or at any rate one of the least comfortable; but yet I have some fifteen thousand francs' worth of plate, dinner and dessert, white and red (silver and gold), which I hereby offer to place in the hands of whomsoever you shall appoint, in order to contribute to the expenses of so laudable an enterprise as this. Putting off, moreover, for the present the communication to you of a certain secret matter which one of the chiefs of this embassy hath told me; and I am certain that when you have discovered it, you will employ all your might and means to carry out that which I propose to you."

The king asked Vieilleville what this secret matter was which he was keeping back. "If it please your Majesty to

withdraw apart, I will tell it you," said Vieilleville. All the council rosé; and Vieilleville approaching his Majesty, who called the constable only to his side, said: "Sir, you are well aware how the emperor got himself possessed of the imperial cities of Cambrai, Utrecht and Liège, which he has incorporated with his own countship of Flanders, to the great detriment of the whole of Germany. The electoral princes of the holy empire have discovered that he has a project in his mind of doing just the same with the imperial cities of Metz, Strasbourg, Toul, Verdun, and such other towns on the Rhine as he shall be able to get hold of. They have secretly adopted the idea of throwing themselves upon your resources, without which they cannot stop this detestable design, which would be the total ruin of the empire and a manifest loss to your kingdom. Wherefore, take possession of the said towns, since opportunity offers, which will be about forty leagues of country gained without the loss of a single man, and an impregnable rampart for Champagne and Picardy; and, besides, a fine and perfectly open road into the heart of the duchy of Luxembourg and the districts below it as far as Brussels."

However pacific the king's first words had been and whatever was the influence of the constable, the proposal of Vieilleville had a great effect upon the council. The king showed great readiness to adopt it: "I think," said he to the constable, "that I was inspired of God when I created Vieilleville of my council to-day." "I only gave the opinion I did," replied Montmorency, "in order to support the king's sentiments; let Your Majesty give what orders you please." The king loudly proclaimed his resolve: "Then let every one," he said, "be ready at an early date, with equipment according to his ability and means, to follow me; hoping, with God's help, that all will go well for the discomfiture of so pernicious a foe of my kingdom and nation and one who revels and delights in tormenting all manner of folks without regard for any." There was a general enthusiasm; the place of meeting for the army was appointed at Châlons-sur-Marne, March 10, 1552; more than a thousand gentlemen flocked thither as volunteers; peasants and mechanics from Champagne and Picardy joined them; the war was popular; "the majority of the soldiers," says Rabutin, a contemporary chronicler, "were young men whose brains were on fire." Francis de Guise and Gaspard de Coligny were their chief leaders. The king entered Lorraine from Champagne by Joinville, the ordinary residence of the dukes of

Guise. He carried Pont-à-Mousson; Toul opened its gates to him on the 13th of April; he occupied Nancy on the 14th, and on the 18th he entered Metz, not without some hesitation amongst a portion of the inhabitants and the necessity of a certain show of military force on the part of the leaders of the royal army. The king would have given the command of this important place to Vieilleville, but he refused it, saying: "I humbly thank Your Majesty, but I do not think that you should establish in Metz any governor in your own name, but leave that duty to the mayor and sheriffs of the city, under whose orders the eight captains of the old train-bands who will remain there with their companies will be." "How say you!" said the king: "can I leave a foreign lieutenant in a foreign country whose oath of fidelity I have only had within the last four-and-twenty hours, and with all the difficulties and disputes in the world to meet too?" "Sir," rejoined Vieilleville, "to fear that this master sheriff whose name is Tallanges might possibly do you a bad turn is to wrongly estimate his own competence who never put his nose anywhere but into a bar-parlor to drink himself drunk; and it is also to show distrust of the excellent means you have for preventing all the ruses and artifices that might be invented to throw your service into confusion." The king acquiesced, but not without anxiety, in Vieilleville's refusal, and, leaving at Metz as governor a relative of the constable's, whom the latter warmly recommended to him, he set out on the 22nd of April, 1552, with all his household to go and attempt in Alsace the same process that he had already carried out in Lorraine. "But when he had entered upon the territory of Germany," says Vieilleville, "our Frenchmen at once showed their insolence in their very first quarters, which so alarmed all the rest that we never found from that moment a single man to speak to, and, as long as the expedition lasted, there never appeared a soul with his provisions to sell on the road; whereby the army suffered infinite privations. This misfortune began with us at the approach to Saverne (Zabern), the episcopal residence of Strasbourg." When the king arrived before Strasbourg he found the gates closed, and the only offer to open them was on the condition that he should enter alone with forty persons for his whole suite. The constable, having taken a rash fit, was of opinion that he should enter even on this condition. This advice was considered by his Majesty to be very sound as well as by the princes and lords who were about him, according to

the natural tendency of the Frenchman, who is always for seconding and applauding what is said by the great. But Vieilleville, on being summoned to the king's quarters, opposed it strongly. "Sir," said he, "break this purpose, for in carrying it out you are in danger of incurring some very evil and very shameful fate; and, should that happen, what will become of your army which will be left without head, prince or captain, and in a strange country wherein we are already looked upon with ill-will because of our insolence and indiscretions? As for me, I am off again to my quarters to quaff and laugh with my two hundred men-at-arms, in readiness to march when your standard is a-field, but not thither." Nothing has a greater effect upon weak and undecided minds than the firm language of men resolved to do as they say. The king gave up the idea of entering Strasbourg and retired well pleased nevertheless, for he was in possession of Metz, Toul, Verdun, and Pont-à-Mousson, the keys for France into Germany, and at the head of an army under young commanders who were enterprising without being blindly rash.

Charles V. also had to know what necessity was and to submit to it, without renouncing the totality of his designs. On the 2nd of August, 1552, he signed at Passau, with the protestant princes, the celebrated treaty known under the name of "treaty of public peace," which referred the great questions of German pacification to a general diet to be assembled in six months and declared that, pending definitive conciliation, the two religions should be on an equal footing in the empire, that is, that the princes and free towns should have the supreme regulation of religious matters amongst themselves. Charles V. thus recovered full liberty of action in his relations with France and could no longer think of anything but how to recover the important towns he had lost in Lorraine. Henry II., on the other hand, who was asked by his protestant allies on what conditions he would accept the peace of Passau, replied that at no price would he dispossess himself of the Three Bish-opsrics of Lorraine, and that he would for his part continue the contest he had undertaken for the liberation of Germany. The siege of Metz then became the great question of the day: Charles V. made all his preparations to conduct it on an immense scale, and Henry II. immediately ordered Francis de Guise to go and defend his new conquest at all hazards.

Ambition which is really great accepts with joy great perils fraught with great opportunities. Guise wrote to Henry II.'s

favorite, Diana de Poitiers, duchess of Valentinois, to thank her for having helped to obtain for him this favor which was about to bring him "to the emperor's very beard." He sent out at once, first of all to Toul, where the plague prevailed and where he wished to hurry on the repair of the ramparts. Money was wanting to pay the working-corps; and he himself advanced the necessary sum. On arriving at Metz on the 17th of August, 1552, he found there only twelve companies of infantry, new levies; and every evening he drilled them himself in front of his quarters. A host of volunteers, great lords, simple gentlemen, and rich and brave burgesses soon came to him, "eager to aid him in repelling the greatest and most powerful effort ever made by the emperor against their country and their king." This concourse of warriors, the majority of them well-known and several of them distinguished, redoubled the confidence and ardor of the rank and file in the army. We find under the title of *Chanson faite en 1552 par un souldar étant en Metz en garnison* this couplet:

My lord of Guise is here at home,
With many a noble at his side,
With the two children of Vendôme,
With bold Nemours, in all his pride,
And Strozzi * too, a warrior tried,

Who ceases not, by night or day,
Around the city-walls to stride
And strengthen Metz in every way.

To put into condition the tottering fortifications of Metz and to have the place well supplied was the first task undertaken by its indefatigable governor; he never ceased to meet the calls upon him either in person or in purse; he was seen directing the workmen, taking his meals with them and setting them a good example by carrying the hod for several hours. He frequently went out on horseback to reconnoitre the country, visit the points of approach and lodgment that the enemy might make use of around the town, and take measures of precaution at the places whereby they might do harm as well as at those where it would be not only advantageous for the French to make sallies or to set ambuscades, but also to secure a retreat. Charles V., naturally slow as he was in his operations no less than in his resolves, gave the activity of Guise time to bear fruit. "I mean to batter the town of Metz

* Peter Strozzi, "the man in all the world," says Brantôme, "who could best arrange and order battles and battalions, and could best post them to his advantage."

in such style as to knock it about the ears of M. de Guise," said he at the end of August, 1552, "and I make small account of the other places that the king may have beyond that." On the 15th of September following Charles was still fifteen leagues from Metz, on the territory of Deux-Ponts, and it was only on the 19th of October that the duke of Alba, his captain-general, arrived with 24,000 men, the advance-guard, within a league of the place which, it is said, was to be ultimately besieged by 100,000 foot, 23,000 horse, 120 pieces of artillery and 7000 pioneers. "After one and the first encounter," says a journal of the siege, "the enemy held our soldiers in good repute, not having seen them, for any sort of danger, advance or retreat save as men of war and of assured courage; which was an advantage, for M. de Guise knew well that at the commencement of a war it was requisite that a leader should try, as much as ever he could, to win." It was only on the 20th of November that Charles V., ill of gout at Thionville and unable to stand on his legs, perceived the necessity of being present in person at the siege, and appeared before Metz on an Arab horse, with his face pale and worn, his eyes sunk in his head, and his beard white. At sight of him there was a most tremendous salute of arquebuses and artillery; the noise of which brought the whole town to arms. The emperor, whilst waiting to establish himself at the castle of la Horgne, took up his quarters near the duke of Alba, in a little wooden house built out of the ruins of the abbey of Saint-Clément: "a beautiful palace," said he, "when the keys of Metz are brought to me there." From the 20th to the 26th the attack was continued with redoubled vigor; 14,000 cannon-shots were fired, it is said, in a single day. Guise had remarked that the enemy seemed preparing to direct the principal assault against a point so strong that nobody had thought of pulling down the houses in its vicinity. This oversight was immediately repaired and a stout wall, the height of a man, made out of the ruins: "If they send us peas," said Guise, "we will give them back beans" ("we will give them at least as good as they bring"). On the 26th of November the old wall was battered by a formidable artillery; and, breached in three places, it crumbled down on the 28th into the ditch, "at the same time making it difficult to climb for to come to the assault." The assailants uttered shouts of joy; but, when the cloud of dust had cleared off, they saw a fresh rampart eight feet in height above the breach, "and they experienced as much and even

more disgust than they had felt pleasure at seeing the wall tumble." The besieged heaped mockery and insult upon them; but Guise "imperatively put a stop to the disturbance, fearing, it is said, lest some traitor should take advantage of it to give the assailants some advice, and the soldiers then conceived the idea of sticking upon the points of their pikes live cats, the cries of which seemed to show derision of the enemy."

The siege went on for a month longer without making any more impression; and the imperial troops kicked against any fresh assaults. "I was wont once upon a time to be followed to battle," Charles V. would say, "but I see that I have no longer men about me; I must bid farewell to the empire, and go and shut myself up in some monastery; before three years are over I shall turn Cordelier." Whilst Metz was still holding out, the fortress of Toul was summoned by the Imperialists to open its gates; but the commandant replied: "When the town of Metz has been taken, when I have had the honor of being besieged in due form by the emperor, and when I have made as long a defence as the duke of Guise has, such a summons may be addressed to me and I will consider what I am to do." On the 26th of December, 1552, the sixty-fifth day since the arrival of the imperial army and the forty-fifth since the batteries had opened fire, Charles V. resolved to raise the siege. "I see very well," said he, "that fortune resembles women; she prefers a young king to an old emperor." His army filed off by night, in silence, leaving behind its munitions and its tents just as they stood, "driven away, almost, by the chastisement of heaven," says the contemporary chronicler Rabutin, "with but two shots by way of signal." The ditty of the soldier just quoted ends thus:—

At last, so stout was her defence,
From Metz they moved their guns away;
And, with the laugh at their expense,
A-tramping went their whole array.
And at their tail the noble lord
Of Guise sent forth a goodly throng
Of cavalry, with lance and sword,
To teach them how to tramp along.

Guise was far from expecting so sudden and decisive a result. "Sing me no more flattering strains in your letters about the emperor's dislodgment hence," he wrote on the 24th of December to his brother the cardinal of Lorraine; "take it for certain that, unless we be very much mistaken in him, he

will not, as long as he has life, brook the shame of departing hence until he has seen it all out."

Irritated and, perhaps, still more shocked at so heavy a blow to his power and his renown, Charles V. looked everywhere for a chance of taking his revenge. He flattered himself that he had found it in Théroouanne, a fortress of importance at that time between Flanders and Artois, which had always been a dependency of the kingdom of France and served as a rampart against the repeated incursions of the English, the masters of Calais. Charles knew that it was ill supplied with troops and munitions of war; and the court of Henry II., intoxicated with the deliverance of Metz, spoke disdainfully of the emperor, and paid no heed to anything but balls, festivities, and tournaments in honor of the marriage between Diana d'Angoulême, the king's natural daughter, and Horatio Farnese, duke of Castro. All on a sudden it was announced that the troops of Charles V. were besieging Théroouanne. The news was at first treated lightly; it was thought sufficient to send to Théroouanne some reinforcements under the orders of Francis de Montmorency, nephew of the constable; but the attack was repulsed with spirit by the besiegers, and brave as was the resistance offered by the besieged, who sustained for ten hours a sanguinary assault, on the 20th of June, 1553, Francis de Montmorency saw the impossibility of holding out longer, and, on the advice of all his officers, offered to surrender the place; but he forgot to stipulate in the first place for a truce; the Germans entered the town, thrown open without terms of capitulation; it was given up as prey to an army itself a prey to all the passions of soldiers as well as to their master's vengeful feelings, and Théroouanne, handed over for devastation, was for a whole month diligently demolished and razed to the ground. When Charles V., at Brussels, received news of the capture, "bonfires were lighted throughout Flanders; bells were rung, cannons were fired." It was but a poor revenge for so great a sovereign after the reverse he had just met with at Metz; but the fall of Théroouanne was a greivous incident for France. Francis I. was in the habit of saying that Théroouanne in Flanders and Acqs (now *Dax*) on the frontier of Guienne were, to him, like two pillows on which he could rest tranquilly. [*Histoire universelle*, t. ii. p. 352.]

Whilst these events were passing in Lorraine and Flanders, Henry II. and his advisers were obstinately persisting in the

bad policy which had been clung to by Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., that, in fact, of making conquests and holding possessions in Italy. War continued, from Turin to Naples, between France, the emperor, the pope, and the local princes, with all sorts of alliances and alternations but with no tangible result. Blaise de Montluc defended the fortress of Sienna for nine months against the Imperialists with an intelligence and a bravery which earned for him, twenty years later, the title of marshal of France. Charles de Brissac was carrying on the war in Piedmont with such a combination of valor and generosity that the king sent him as a present his own sword, writing to him at the same time: "The opinion I have of your merit has become rooted even amongst foreigners. The emperor says that he would make himself monarch of the whole world if he had a Brissac to second his plans." His men, irritated at getting no pay, one day surrounded Brissac, complaining vehemently: "You will always get bread by coming to me," said he; and he paid the debt of France by sacrificing his daughter's dowry and borrowing a heavy sum from the Swiss on the security of his private fortune. It was by such devotion and such sacrifices that the French nobility paid for and justified their preponderance in the State; but they did not manage to succeed in the conduct of public affairs and to satisfy the interests of a nation progressing in activity, riches, independence, and influence. Disquieted at the smallness of his success in Italy, Henry II. flattered himself that he would regain his ascendancy there by sending thither the duke of Guise, the hero of Metz, with an army of about twenty thousand men, French or Swiss, and a staff of experienced officers; but Guise was not more successful than his predecessors had been. After several attempts by arms and negotiation amongst the local sovereigns, he met with a distinct failure in the kingdom of Naples before the fortress of Civitella, the siege of which he was forced to raise on the 15th of May, 1557. Wearied out by want of success, sick in the midst of an army of sick, regretting over "the pleasure of his field-sports at Joinville, and begging his mother to have just a word or two written to him to console him," all he sighed for was to get back to France. And it was not long before the state of affairs recalled him thither. It was now nearly two years ago that, on the 25th of October, 1555, and the 1st of January, 1556, Charles V. had solemnly abdicated all his dominions, giving over to his son Philip the kingdom of Spain, with the

sovereignty of Burgundy and the Low Countries, and to his younger brother Ferdinand the empire together with the original heritage of the House of Austria, and retiring personally to the monastery of Yuste, in Estramadura, there to pass the last years of his life, distracted with gout, at one time resting from the world and its turmoil, at another vexing himself about what was doing there now that he was no longer in it. Before abandoning it for good, he desired to do his son Philip the service of leaving him, if not in a state of definite peace, at any rate in a condition of truce with France. Henry II. also desired rest; and the constable de Montmorency wished above everything for the release of his son Francis, who had been a prisoner since the fall of Théroutanne. A truce for five years was signed at Vaucelles on the 5th of February, 1556; and Coligny, quite young still but already admiral and in high esteem, had the conduct of the negotiation. He found Charles V. dressed in mourning, seated beside a little table, in a modest apartment hung with black. When the admiral handed to the emperor the king's letter, Charles could not himself break the seal, and the bishop of Arras drew near to render him that service: "Gently, my lord of Arras," said the emperor: "would you rob me of the duty I am bound to discharge towards the king my brother-in-law? Please God, none but I shall do it;" and then turning to Coligny, he said: "What will you say of me, admiral? Am I not a pretty knight to run a course and break a lance, I who can only with great difficulty open a letter?" He inquired with an air of interest after Henry II.'s health, and boasted of belonging, himself also, to the house of France through his grandmother Mary of Burgundy: "I hold it to be an honor," said he, "to have issued, on the mother's side, from the stock which wears and upholds the most famous crown in the world." His son Philip, who was but a novice in kingly greatness, showed less courtesy and less good taste than his father; he received the French ambassadors in a room hung with pictures representing the battle of Pavia. There was some who concluded from that that the truce would not be of long duration. [*Histoire d'Espagne*, by M. Rosseeuw Saint-Ailaire, t. viii. p. 64.]

And it was not long before their prognostication was verified. The sending of the duke of Guise into Italy and the assistance he brought to Pope Paul IV., then at war with the new king of Spain, Philip II., were considered as a violation of the truce of Vaucelles. Henry II. had expected as much and had

ordered Coligny, who was commanding in Picardy and Flanders, to hold himself in readiness to take the field as soon as he should be, if not forced, at any rate naturally called upon by any unforeseen event. It cost Coligny, who was a man of scrupulous honor, a great struggle to lightly break a truce he had just signed; nevertheless in January, 1557, when he heard that the French were engaged in Italy in the war between the pope and the Spaniards, he did not consider that he could possibly remain inactive in Flanders. He took by surprise the town of Lens between Lille and Arras. Philip II., on his side, had taken measures for promptly entering upon the campaign. By his marriage with Mary Tudor, queen of England, he had secured for himself a powerful ally in the North; the English Parliament were but little disposed to compromise themselves in a war with France; but in March, 1557, Philip went to London; the queen's influence and the distrust excited in England by Henry II. prevailed over the pacific desires of the nation; and Mary sent a simple herald to carry to the king of France at Rheims her declaration of war. Henry accepted it politely but resolutely: "I speak to you in this way," said he to the herald, "because it is a queen who sends you; had it been a king, I would speak to you in a very different tone;" and he ordered him to be gone forthwith from the kingdom. A negotiation was commenced for accomplishing the marriage, long since agreed upon, between the young queen of Scotland, Mary Stuart, and Henry II.'s son, Francis, dauphin of France. Mary, who was born on the 8th of December, 1542, at Falkland Castle in Scotland, had, since 1548, lived and received her education at the court of France, whither her mother, Mary of Lorraine, eldest sister of Francis of Guise and queen-dowager of Scotland, had lost no time in sending her as soon as the future union between the two children had been agreed upon between the two courts. The dauphin of France was a year younger than the Scottish princess; but "from his childhood," says the Venetian Capello, "he has been very much in love with her Most Serene little Highness the queen of Scotland who is destined for his wife. It sometimes happens that, when they are exchanging endearments, they like to retire quite apart into a corner of the rooms, that their little secrets may not be overheard." On the 19th of April, 1558, the espousals took place in the great hall of the Louvre, and the marriage was celebrated in the church of Notre-Dame. From that time Mary Stuart was styled in France queen-dauphiness, and her

husband, with the authorization of the Scottish commissioners, took the title of king-dauphin. "Etiquette required at that time that the heir to the throne should hold his court separately and not appear at the king's court save on grand occasions. The young couple resigned themselves without any difficulty to this exile, and retired to Villers-Cotterets" [*Histoire de Marie Stuart*, by Jules Gauthier, t. i. p. 36].

Whilst preparations were being made at Paris for the rejoicings in honor of the union of the two royal children, war broke out in Picardy and Flanders. Philip II. had landed there with an army of 47,000 men, of whom 7000 were English. Never did any great sovereign and great politician provoke and maintain for long such important wars without conducting them in some other fashion than from the recesses of his cabinet and without ever having exposed his own life on the field of battle. The Spanish army was under the orders of Emmanuel-Philibert, duke of Savoy, a young warrior of thirty, who had won the confidence of Charles V. He led it to the siege of Saint-Quentin, a place considered as one of the bulwarks of the kingdom. Philip II. remained at some leagues' distance in the environs. Henry II. was ill prepared for so serious an attack; his army, which was scarcely 20,000 strong, mustered near Laon under the orders of the duke of Nevers, governor of Champagne; at the end of July, 1557, it hurried into Picardy, under the command of the constable de Montmorency, who was supported by Admiral de Coligny, his nephew, by the duke of Enghien, by the Prince of Condé and by the duke of Montpensier, by nearly all the great lords and valiant warriors of France; they soon saw that Saint-Quentin was in a deplorable state of defence; the fortifications were old and badly kept up; soldiers, munitions of war, and victuals were all equally deficient. Coligny did not hesitate, however; he threw himself into the place on the 2nd of August during the night with a small corps of 700 men and Saint-Remy, a skilful engineer, who had already distinguished himself in the defence of Metz; the admiral packed off the useless mouths, repaired the walls at the points principally threatened, and reanimated the failing courage of the inhabitants. The constable and his army came within hail of the place; and d'Anelot, Coligny's brother, managed with great difficulty to get 450 men into it. On the 10th of August the battle was begun between the two armies. The constable affected to despise the duke of Savoy's youth: "I will soon show him," said he, "a move of an old

soldier." The French army, very inferior in numbers, was for a moment on the point of being surrounded. The prince of Condé sent the constable warning. "I was serving in the field," answered Montmorency, "before the prince of Condé came into the world; I have good hopes of still giving him lessons in the art of war for some years to come." The valor of the constable and his comrades-in-arms could not save them from the consequences of their stubborn recklessness and their numerical inferiority; the battalions of Gascon infantry closed their ranks, with pikes to the front, and made a heroic resistance, but all in vain, against repeated charges of the Spanish cavalry: and the defeat was total. More than 3000 men were killed; the number of prisoners amounted to double; and the constable, left upon the field with his thigh shattered by a cannon-ball, fell into the hands of the Spaniards, as was also the case with the dukes of Longueville and Montpensier, la Rochefoucauld, d'Aubigné, &c. . . . The duke of Enghien, Viscount de Turenne and a multitude of others, many great names amidst a host of obscure, fell in the fight. The duke of Nevers and the prince of Condé, sword in hand, reached la Fère with the remnants of their army. Coligny remained alone in Saint-Quentin with those who survived of his little garrison and a hundred and twenty arquebusiers whom the duke of Nevers threw into the place at a loss of three times as many. Coligny held out for a fortnight longer, behind walls that were in ruins and were assailed by a victorious army. At length, on the 27th of August, the enemy entered Saint-Quentin by shoals. "The admiral, who was still going about the streets with a few men to make head against them, found himself hemmed in on all sides and did all he could to fall into the hands of a Spaniard, preferring rather to await on the spot the common fate than to incur by flight any shame and reproach. He who took him prisoner, after having set him to rest awhile at the foot of the ramparts, took him away to their camp, where as he entered, he met Captain Alonzo de Cazieres, commandant of the old bands of Spanish infantry, when up came the duke of Savoy, who ordered the said Cazieres to take the admiral to his tent" [*Commentaire de François de Rabutin sur les Guerres entre Henri II., roi de France, et Charles Quint, empereur*, t. ii. p. 95, in the Petitot collection]. D'Andelot, the admiral's brother, succeeded in escaping across the marshes. Being thus master of Saint-Quentin, Philip II., after having attempted to put a stop to carnage and plunder, expelled from the town, which

was half in ashes, the inhabitants who had survived; and the small adjacent fortresses, Ham and Catelet, were not long before they surrendered.

Philip, with anxious modesty, sent information of his victory to his father Charles, who had been in retirement since February 21, 1556, at the monastery of Yuste: "As I did not happen to be there myself," he said at the end of his letter, "about which I am heavy at heart as to what your majesty will possibly think, I can only tell you from hearsay what took place." We have not the reply of Charles V. to his son; but his close confidant, Quejada, wrote: "The emperor felt at this news one of the greatest thrills of satisfaction he has ever had; but, to tell you the truth, I perceive by his manner that he cannot reconcile himself to the thought that his son was not there; and with good reason." After that Saint-Quentin had surrendered, the duke of Savoy wanted to march forward and strike affrighted France to the very heart; and the aged emperor was of his mind: "Is the king my son at Paris?" he said when he heard of his victory. Philip had thought differently about it: instead of hurling his army on Paris, he had moved it back to Saint-Quentin, and kept it for the reduction of places in the neighborhood. "The Spaniards," says Rabutin, "might have accomplished our total extermination and taken from us all hope of setting ourselves up again. . . . But the Supreme Ruler, the God of victories, pulled them up quite short." An unlooked-for personage, Queen Catherine de' Medici, then for the first time entered actively upon the scene. We borrow the very words of the Venetian ambassadors who lived within her sphere. The first, Lorenzo Contarini, wrote in 1552: "The queen is younger than the king, but only thirteen days; she is not pretty, but she is possessed of extraordinary wisdom and prudence; no doubt of her being fit to govern; nevertheless she is not consulted or considered so much as she well might be." Five years later, in 1557, after the battle and capture of Saint-Quentin, France was in a fit of stupor; Paris believed the enemy to be already beneath her walls; many of the burgesses were packing up and flying, some to Orléans, some to Bourges, some still further. The king had gone to Compiègne "to get together," says Brantôme, "a fresh army." Queen Catherine was alone at Paris. Of her own motion "she went to the parliament [according to the *Mémoires de la Châtre* it was to the Hôtel de Ville that she went and made her address] in full state accompanied by the cardinals, princes, and prin-

cesses; and there in the most impressive language, she set forth the urgent state of affairs at the moment. She pointed out that, in spite of the enormous expenses into which the Most Christian king had found himself drawn in his late wars, he had shown the greatest care not to burthen the towns. In the continuous and extreme pressure of requirements her Majesty did not think that any further charge could be made on the people of the country-places, who in ordinary times always bear the greatest burden. With so much sentiment and eloquence that she touched the heart of everybody, the queen then explained to the parliament that the king had need of 300,000 livres, 25,000 to be paid every two months; and she added that she would retire from the place of session, so as not to interfere with liberty of discussion; and she, accordingly, retired to an adjoining room. A resolution to comply with the wishes of her Majesty was voted, and the queen, having resumed her place, received a promise to that effect. A hundred notables of the city offered to give at once 3000 francs apiece. The queen thanked them in the sweetest form of words; and thus terminated this session of parliament with so much applause for her Majesty and such lively marks of satisfaction at her behavior that no idea can be given of them. Throughout the whole city nothing was spoken of but the queen's prudence and the happy manner in which she proceeded in this enterprise."

Such is the account not of a French courtier but of the Venetian ambassador, Giacomo Lorenzo, writing confidentially to his government. From that day the position of Catherine de' Medici was changed in France, amongst the people as well as at court. "The king went more often to see her; he added to his habits that of holding court at her apartments for about an hour every day after supper in the midst of the lords and ladies." It is not to be discovered anywhere in the contemporary *Mémoires*, whether Catherine had anything to do with the resolution taken by Henry II. on returning from Compiègne; but she thenceforward assumed her place and gave a foretaste of the part she was to play in the government of France. Unhappily for the honor of Catherine and for the welfare of France, that part soon ceased to be judicious, dignified, and salutary, as it had been on that day of its first exhibition.

On entering Paris again the king at once sent orders to the duke of Guise to return in haste from Italy with all the troops

he could bring. Every eye and every hope were fixed upon the able and heroic defender of Metz who had forced Charles V. to retreat before him. A general appeal was at the same time addressed to "all soldiers, gentlemen and others, who had borne or were capable of bearing arms to muster at Laon under the duke of Nevers, in order to be employed for the service of the king and for the *tuition* (protection) of their country, their families, and their property." Guise arrived on the 20th of October, 1557, at Saint-Germain-en-Laye where the court happened to be just then: every mark of favor was lavished upon him; all the resources of the state were put at his disposal; there was even some talk of appointing him viceroy; but Henry II. confined himself to proclaiming him, on the very day of his arrival, lieutenant-general of the armies throughout the whole extent of the monarchy both within and without the realm. His brother, the cardinal of Lorraine, who was as ambitious and almost as able as he, had the chief direction in civil, financial, and diplomatic affairs; never, since the great mayors-of-the-palace under the Merovingian kings, had similar power been in the hands of a subject. Like a man born to command, Guise saw that, in so complicated a situation, a brilliant stroke must be accomplished and a great peril be met by a great success. "He racked his brains for all sorts of devices for enabling him to do some remarkable deed which might humble the pride of that haughty Spanish nation and revive the courage of his own men; and he took it that those things which the enemy considered as the most secure would be the least carefully guarded. Some years previously it had been suggested to the constable that an attempt might be made upon Calais negligently guarded as it was and the place itself not being in good order. The duke of Guise put the idea of this enterprise forward once more and begged the king's permission to attempt it, without saying a word about it to anybody else, which the king considered to be a very good notion." Guise took the command of the army and made a feint of directing its movements towards an expedition in the east of the kingdom, but suddenly turning westwards, he found himself on the night of January 1, 1558, beneath the walls of Calais, "whither, with right good will, all the princes, lords, and soldiers had marched." On the 3rd of January he took the two forts of Nieullay and Risbank which covered the approaches to the place. On the 4th he prepared for and on the 6th he delivered the assault upon the citadel itself, which was

carried; he left there his brother, the duke of Aumale, with a sufficient force for defence; the portion of the English garrison which had escaped at the assault fell back within the town; the governor, Lord Wentworth, "like a man in desperation, who saw he was all but lost," made vain attempts to recover this important post under cover of night and of the high sea which rendered impossible the prompt arrival of any aid for the French; but "they held their own inside the castle." The English requested the duke of Aumale "to parley so as to come to some honorable and reasonable terms;" and Guise assented. On the 8th of January, whilst he was conferring in his tent with the representatives of the governor, Coligny's brother, d'Andelot, entered the town at the solicitation of the English themselves, who were afraid of being all put to the sword. The capitulation was signed. The inhabitants with their wives and children had their lives spared and received permission to leave Calais freely and without any insult and withdraw to England or Flanders. Lord Wentworth and fifty other persons, to be chosen by the duke of Guise, remained prisoners of war; with this exception, all the soldiers were to return to England, but with empty hands. The place was left with all the cannons, arms, munitions, utensils, engines of war, flags and standards which happened to be in it. The furniture, the gold and silver, coined or other, the merchandise, and the horses passed over to the disposal of the duke of Guise. Lastly the vanquished, when they quitted the town, were to leave it intact, having no power to pull down houses, unpave streets, throw up earth, displace a single stone, pull out a single nail. The conqueror's precautions were as deliberate as his audacity had been sudden. On the 9th of January, 1558, after a week's siege, Calais, which had been in the hands of the English for two hundred and ten years, once more became a French town, in spite of the inscription which was engraved on one of its gates, and which may be turned into the following distich:

"A siege of Calais may seem good,
When lead and iron swim like wood."

The joy was so much the greater in that it was accompanied by great surprise: save a few members of the king's council, nobody expected this conquest. "I certainly thought that you must be occupied in preparing for some great exploit, and that you wished to wait until you could apprise me of the execution

rather than the design," wrote Marshal de Brissac to the duke of Guise on the 22nd of January from Italy. Foreigners were not less surprised than the French themselves; they had supposed that France would remain for a long while under the effects of the reverse experienced at Saint-Quentin. "The loss of Calais," said Pope Paul IV., "will be the only dowry that the queen of England will obtain from her marriage with Philip. For France such a conquest is preferable to that of half the kingdom of England." When Mary Tudor, already seriously ill, heard the news, she exclaimed from her death-bed, on the 20th of January, "If my heart is opened, there will be found graven upon it the word Calais." And when the Grand Prior of France, on repairing to the court of his sister, Mary of Lorraine, in Scotland, went to visit Queen Elizabeth who had succeeded Mary Tudor, she, after she had made him dance several times with her, said to him, "My dear prior, I like you very much, but not your brother who robbed me of my town of Calais."

Guise was one of those who knew that it is as necessary to follow up a success accomplished as to proceed noiselessly in the execution of a sudden success. When he was master of Calais he moved rapidly upon the neighboring fortresses of Guines and Ham; and he had them in his power within a few days, notwithstanding a resistance more stout than he had encountered at Calais. During the same time the duke of Nevers, encouraged by such examples, also took the field again and gained possession, in Champagne and the neighborhood, of the strong castles of Herbemont, Jamoigne, Chigny, Rossignol, and Villemont. Guise had no idea of contenting himself with his successes in the west of France; his ambition carried him into the east also, to the environs of Metz, the scene of his earliest glory. He heard that Vieilleville, who had become governor of Metz, was setting about the reduction of Thionville, "the best picture of a fortress I ever saw," says Montluc. "I have heard," wrote Guise to Vieilleville, "that you have a fine enterprise on hand; I pray you do not commence the execution of it, in any fashion whatever, until I be with you; having given a good account of Calais and Guines, as lieutenant-general of his Majesty in this realm, I should be very vexed if there should be done therein anything of honor and importance without my presence." He arrived before Thionville on the 4th of June 1558. Vieilleville and his officers were much put out at his interference. "The duke might surely have

dispensed with coming," said D'Estrées, chief officer of artillery; "it will be easy for him to swallow what is all chewed ready for him." But the bulk of the army did not share this feeling of jealousy. When the pioneers, drawn up, caught sight of Guise, "Come on, sir," they cried, "come and let us die before Thionville; we have been expecting you this long while." The siege lasted three weeks longer. Guise had with him two comrades of distinction, the Italian Peter Strozzi, and the Gascon Blaise de Montluc. On the 20th of June Strozzi was mortally wounded by an arquebus-shot, at the very side of Guise, who was talking to him with a hand upon his shoulder, "Ah! by God's head, sir," cried Strozzi in Italian, "the king to-day loses a good servant and so does your Excellency." Guise, greatly moved, attempted to comfort him, and spoke to him the name of Jesus Christ; but Strozzi was one of those infidels so common at that time in Italy: "'Sdeath," said he, "what Jesus are you come hither to remind me of? I believe in no God; my game is played." "You will appear to-day before His face," persisted Guise, in the earnestness of his faith. "'Sdeath," replied Strozzi, "I shall be where all the others are who have died in the last six thousand years." The eyes of Guise remained fixed awhile upon his comrade dying in such a frame of mind; but he soon turned all his thoughts once more to the siege of Thionville. Montluc supported him valiantly. A strong tower still held out, and Montluc carried it at the head of his men. Guise rushed up, and, threw his arm round the warrior's neck, saying, "Monseigneur, I now see clearly that the old proverb is quite infallible: a good horse will go to the last. I am off at once to my quarters to report the capture to the king. Be assured that I shall not conceal from him the service you have done." The reduction of Thionville was accomplished on that very day, June 22, 1558. That of Arlon, a rich town in the neighborhood, followed very closely. Guise, thoroughly worn out, had ordered the approaches to be made next morning at day-break, requesting that he might be left to sleep until he awoke of himself; when he did awake, he inquired whether the artillery had yet opened fire; he was told that Montluc had surprised the place during the night; "That is making the pace very fast," said he, as he made the sign of the cross; but he did not care to complain about it. Under the impulse communicated by him the fortunes of France were reviving everywhere. A check received before Gravelines, on the 13th of July, 1558, by a division commanded by De Termes,

governor of Calais, did not subdue the national elation and its effect upon the enemy themselves. "It is an utter impossibility for me to keep up the war," wrote Philip II., on the 15th of February, 1559, to Granville. On both sides there was a desire for peace; and conferences were opened at Cateau-Cambrésis. On the 6th of February, 1559, a convention was agreed upon for a truce which was to last during the whole course of the negotiation, and for six days after the separation of the plenipotentiaries, in case no peace took place.

It was concluded on the 2nd of April, 1559, between Henry II. and Elizabeth, who had become queen of England at the death of her sister Mary [November 17th, 1558]; and next day, April 3rd, between Henry II., Philip II. and the allied princes of Spain, amongst others the prince of Orange, William *the Silent*, who, whilst serving in the Spanish army, was fitting himself to become the leader of the reformers and the liberator of the Low Countries. By the treaty with England, France was to keep Calais for eight years in the first instance, and on a promise to pay 500,000 gold crowns to queen Elizabeth or her successors. The money was never paid and Calais was never restored, and this without the English government's having considered that it could make the matter a motive for renewing the war. By the treaty with Spain, France was to keep Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and have back Saint-Quentin, le Catelet and Ham; but she was to restore to Spain or her allies a hundred and eighty-nine places in Flanders, Piedmont, Tuscany, and Corsica. The malcontents, for the absence of political liberty does not suppress them entirely, raised their voices energetically against this last treaty signed by the king, with the sole desire, it was supposed, of obtaining the liberation of his two favorites, the constable de Montmorency and marshal de Saint-André, who had been prisoners in Spain since the defeat at Saint-Quentin. "Their ransom," it was said, "has cost the kingdom more than that of Francis I." Guise himself said to the king, "A stroke of your Majesty's pen costs more to France than thirty years of war cost." Ever since that time the majority of historians, even the most enlightened, have joined in the censure that was general in the sixteenth century; but their opinion will not be endorsed here: the places which France had won during the war, and which she retained by the peace, Metz, Toul, and Verdun on her frontier in the north-east, facing the imperial or Spanish possessions, and Boulogne and Calais on her coasts in the north-west, facing England, were, as regarded the integrity

of the State and the security of the inhabitants, of infinitely more importance than those which she gave up in Flanders and Italy. The treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, too, marked the termination of those wars of ambition and conquest which the kings of France had waged beyond the Alps: an injudicious policy which, for four reigns, had crippled and wasted the resources of France in adventurous expeditions, beyond the limits of her geographical position and her natural and permanent interests.

More or less happily, the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis had regulated all those questions of external policy which were burthensome to France; she was once more at peace with her neighbors, and seemed to have nothing more to do than to gather in the fruits thereof. But she had in her own midst questions far more difficult of solution than those of her external policy, and these perils from within were threatening her more seriously than any from without. Since the death of Francis I., the religious ferment had pursued its course, becoming more general and more fierce; the creed of the reformers had spread very much; their number had very much increased; permanent churches, professing and submitting to a fixed faith and discipline, had been founded; that of Paris was the first, in 1555; and the example had been followed at Orleans, at Chartres, at Lyons, at Toulouse, at Rochelle, in Normandy, in Touraine, in Guienne, in Poitou, in Dauphiny, in Provence, and in all the provinces, more or less. In 1561, it was calculated that there were 2150 reformed, or, as the expression then was, *rectified* (*dressées*), churches. "And this is no fanciful figure; it is the result of a census taken at the instigation of the deputies who represented the reformed churches at the conference of Poissy on the demand of Catherine de' Medici, and in conformity with the advice of Admiral de Coligny." [*La Réformation en France pendant sa première période*, by Henri Luttheroth, pp. 127—132]. It is clear that the movement of the Reformation in the sixteenth century was one of those spontaneous and powerful movements which have their source and derive their strength from the condition of men's souls and of whole communities, and not merely from the personal ambitions and interests which soon come and mingle with them, whether it be to promote or to retard them. One thing has been already here stated and confirmed by facts: it was specially in France that the Reformation had this truly religious and sincere character; very far from supporting or tolerating

it, the sovereign and public authorities opposed it from its very birth; under Francis I. it had met with no real defenders but its martyrs; and it was still the same under Henry II. During the reign of Francis I., within a space of twenty-three years, there had been eighty-one capital executions for heresy; during that of Henry II., twelve years, there were ninety-seven for the same cause, and at one of these executions Henry II. was present in person on the space in front of Notre-Dame: a spectacle which Francis I. had always refused to see. In 1551, 1557 and 1559 Henry II., by three royal edicts, kept up and added to all the prohibitions and penalties in force against the reformers. In 1550, the massacre of the Vaudians was still in such lively and odious remembrance that a noble lady of Provence, Madame de Cental, did not hesitate to present a complaint, in the name of her despoiled, proscribed, and murdered vassals, against the cardinal de Tournon, the count de Grignan, and the premier president Maynier d'Oppède, as having abused, for the purpose of getting authority for this massacre, the religious feelings of the king, who on his death-bed had testified his remorse for it. "This cause," says De Thou, "was pleaded with much warmth and occupied fifty audiences, with a large concourse of people, but the judgment took all the world by surprise. Guérin alone, advocate-general in 1545, having no support at court, was condemned to death and was scapegoat for all the rest. D'Oppède defended himself with fanatical pride, saying that he only executed the king's orders, like Saul, whom God commanded to exterminate the Amalekites. He had the duke of Guise to protect him; and he was sent back to discharge the duties of his office. Such was the prejudice of the Parliament of Paris against the reformers that it interdicted the *hedge-schools* (*écoles buissonnières*), schools which the protestants held out in the country to escape from the jurisdiction of the precentor of Notre-Dame de Paris, who had the sole supervision of primary schools. Hence comes the proverb: *to play truant* (*faire l'école buissonnière*—*to go to hedge-school*). All the resources of French civil jurisdiction appeared to be insufficient against the reformers. Henry II. asked the pope for a bull transplanting into France the Spanish inquisition, "the only real means of extirpating the root of the errors." It was the characteristic of this inquisition that it was completely in the hands of the clergy and that its arm was long enough to reach the lay and the clerical indifferently. Pope Paul IV. readily gave the king, in April, 1557, the bull he asked for, but

the Parliament of Paris refused to enregister the royal edict which gave force in France to the pontifical brief. In 1559 the pope replied to this refusal by a bull which comprised in one and the same anathema all heretics, though they might be kings or emperors, and declared them to have "forfeited their benefices, states, kingdoms, or empires, the which should devolve on the first to seize them, without power on the part of the Holy See itself to restore them" [*Magnum Bullarium Romanum a B[eato] Leone Magno ad Paulum IV.*, t. i. p. 841: Luxembourg, 1742]. The parliament would not consent to enregister the decree unless there were put in it a condition to the effect that clerics alone should be liable to the inquisition, and that the judges should be taken from amongst the clergy of France. For all their passionate opposition to the Reformation, the magistrates had no idea of allowing either the kingdom or France to fall beneath the yoke of the papacy.

Amidst all these disagreements and distractions in the very heart of Catholicism, the Reformation went on growing from day to day. In 1558, Lorenzo, the Venetian ambassador, set down even then the number of the reformers at four hundred thousand. In 1559, at the death of Henry II., Claude Haton, a priest and contemporary chronicler on the Catholic side, calculated that they were nearly a quarter of the population of France. They held at Paris, in May, 1559, their first general synod; and eleven fully established churches sent deputies to it. This synod drew up a form of faith called the *Gallican Confession*, and likewise a form of discipline. "The burgess-class, for a long while so indifferent to the burnings that took place, were astounded at last at the constancy with which the pile was mounted by all those men and all those women who had nothing to do but to recant in order to save their lives. Some could not persuade themselves that people so determined were not in the right; others were moved with compassion: 'Their very hearts,' say contemporaries, 'wept together with their eyes.'" It needed only an opportunity to bring these feelings out. Some of the faithful one day in the month of May, 1558, on the public walk in the Pré-aux-Clercs, began to sing the psalms of Marot. Their singing had been forbidden by the Parliament of Bordeaux, but the practice of singing those psalms had but lately been so general that it could not be looked upon as peculiar to heretics. All who happened to be there, suddenly animated by one and the same feeling, joined in with the singers as if to protest against the punish-

ments which were being repeated day after day. This manifestation was renewed on the following days. The king of Navarre, Anthony de Bourbon, Prince Louis de Condé, his brother, and many lords took part in it together with a crowd, it is said, of five or six thousand persons. It was not in the Pré-aux-Clercs only and by singing that this new state of mind revealed itself amongst the highest classes as well as amongst the populace. The queen of Navarre, Jeanne d'Albret, in her early youth "was as fond of a ball as of a sermon," says Brantôme, "and she had advised her spouse, Anthony de Bourbon, who inclined towards Calvinism, not to perplex himself with all these opinions." In 1559 she was passionately devoted to the faith and the cause of the Reformation. With more levity but still in sincerity her brother-in-law, Louis de Condé, put his ambition and his courage at the service of the same cause. Admiral de Coligny's younger brother, Francis d'Andelot, declared himself a reformer to Henry II. himself who, in his wrath, threw a plate at his head and sent him to prison in the castle of Melun. Coligny himself, who had never disguised the favorable sentiments he felt towards the reformers, openly sided with them on the ground of his own personal faith as well as of the justice due to them. At last the Reformation had really great leaders, men who had power and were experienced in the affairs of the world; it was becoming a political party as well as a religious conviction; and the French reformers were henceforth in a condition to make war as well as die at the stake for their faith. Hitherto they had been only believers and martyrs; they became the victors and the vanquished, alternately, in a civil war.

A new position for them and as formidable as it was grand. It was destined to bring upon them cruel trials and the worth of them in important successes; first the Saint-Bartholomew, then the accession of Henry IV. and the edict of Nantes. At a later period, under Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., the complication of the religious question and the political question cost them the advantages they had won; the edict of Nantes disappeared together with the power of the protestants in the State. They were no longer anything but heretics and rebels. A day was to come when, by the force alone of moral ideas, and in the name alone of conscience and justice, they would recover all the rights they had for a time possessed and more also; but in the sixteenth century that day was still distant, and armed strife was for the reformers their only means of defense and

salvation. God makes no account of centuries, and a great deal is required before the most certain and the most salutary truths get their place and their rights in the minds and communities of men.

On the 29th of June, 1559, a brilliant tournament was celebrated in list erected at the end of the street of Saint-Antoine, almost at the foot of the Bastille. Henry II., the queen, and the whole court had been present at it for three days. The entertainment was drawing to a close. The king, who had run several tilts "like a sturdy and skilful cavalier," wished to break yet another lance, and bade the count de Montgomery, captain of the guards, to run against him. Montgomery excused himself; but the king insisted. The tilt took place. The two jousts, on meeting, broke their lances skilfully; but Montgomery forgot to drop at once, according to usage, the fragment remaining in his hand; he unintentionally struck the king's helmet and raised the visor, and a splinter of wood entered Henry's eye, who fell forward upon his horse's neck. All the appliances of art were useless; the brain had been injured. Henry II. languished for eleven days and expired on the 10th of July, 1559, aged forty years and some months. An insignificant man and a reign without splendor, though fraught with facts pregnant of grave consequences.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FRANCIS II. JULY 10, 1559—DECEMBER 5, 1560.

DURING the course, and especially at the close of Henry II.'s reign, two rival matters, on the one hand the numbers, the quality, and the zeal of the reformers, and on the other, the anxiety, prejudice, and power of the catholics, had been simultaneously advancing in development and growth. Between the 16th of May, 1558, and the 10th of July, 1559, fifteen capital sentences had been executed in Dauphiny, in Normandy, in Poitou, and at Paris. Two royal edicts, one dated July 24, 1558, and the other June 14, 1559, had renewed and aggravated the severity of penal legislation against heretics. To secure the registration of the latter, Henry II., together with the princes and the officers of the crown, had repaired in person

to parliament; some disagreement had already appeared in the midst of that great body, which was then composed of a hundred and thirty magistrates; the seniors who sat in the great chamber had in general shown themselves to be more inclined to severity, and the juniors who formed the chamber called *La Tournelle* more inclined to indulgence towards accusations of heresy. The disagreement reached its climax in the very presence of the king. Two councillors, *Dubourg* and *Dufaure*, spoke so warmly of reforms which were according to them necessary and legitimate, that their adversaries did not hesitate to tax them with being reformers themselves. The king had them arrested and three of their colleagues with them. Special commissioners were charged with the preparation of the case against them. It has already been mentioned that one of the most considerable amongst the officers of the army, *Francis d'Andelot*, brother of Admiral *Coligny*, had, for the same cause, been subjected to a burst of anger on the part of the king. He was in prison at *Meaux* when *Henry II.* died. Such were the personal feelings and the relative positions of the two parties when *Francis II.*, a boy of sixteen, a poor creature both in mind and body, ascended the throne.

Deputies from parliament went, according to custom, to offer their felicitations to the new king and to ask him "to whom it was his pleasure that they should, thenceforward, apply for to learn his will and receive his commands." *Francis II.* replied, "With the approbation of the queen my mother, I have chosen the duke of *Guise* and the cardinal of *Lorraine*, my uncles, to have the direction of the State; the former will take charge of the department of war, the latter the administration of finance and justice." Such had, in fact, been his choice, and it was no doubt with his mother's approbation that he had made it. Equally attentive to observe the proprieties and to secure her own power, *Catherine de' Medici*, when going out to drive with her son and her daughter-in-law *Mary Stuart* on the very day of *Henry II.*'s death, said to *Mary*, "Step in, madame: it is now your turn to go first." During the first days of mourning she kept herself in a room entirely hung with black; and there was no light beyond two wax-candles burning on an altar covered with black cloth. She had upon her head a black veil which shrouded her entirely and hid her face; and, when any one of the household went to speak to her, she replied in so agitated and so weak a tone of voice that it was impossible to catch her words, what-

ever attention might be paid to them. But her presence of mind and her energy, so far as the government was concerned, were by no means affected by it; he who had been the principal personage at the court under Henry II., the constable de Montmorency, perfectly understood, at his first interview with the queen-mother, that he was dismissed, and all he asked of her was that he might go and enjoy his repose in freedom at his residence of Chantilly, begging her at the same time to take under her protection the heirs of his house. Henry II.'s favorite, Diana de Poitiers, was dismissed more harshly. "The king sent to tell Madame de Valentinois," writes the Venetian ambassador, "that for her evil influence (*mali officii*) over the king his father she would deserve heavy chastisement; but, in his royal clemency, he did not wish to disquiet her any further; she must, nevertheless, restore to him all the jewels given her by the king his father." "To bend Catherine de' Medici, Diana was also obliged," says De Thou, "to give up her beautiful house at Chenonceaux on the Cher, and she received in exchange the castle of Chaumont on the Loire." The Guises obtained all the favors of the court at the same time that they were invested with all the powers of the state.

In order to give a good notion of Duke Francis of Guise and his brother the cardinal of Lorraine, the two heads of the house, we will borrow the very words of those two men of their age who had the best means of seeing them close and judging them correctly, the French historian De Thou and the Venetian ambassador John Micheli. "The cardinal of Lorraine," says De Thou, "was of an impetuous and violent character; the duke of Guise, on the contrary, was of a gentle and moderate disposition. But as ambition soon overleaps the confines of restraint and equity, he was carried away by the violent counsels of the cardinal or else surrendered himself to them of his own accord, executing, with admirable prudence and address, the plans which were always chalked out by his brother." The Venetian ambassador enters into more precise and full details. "The cardinal," he says, "who is the leading man of the house, would be, by common consent, if it were not for the defects of which I shall speak, the greatest political power in this kingdom. He has not yet completed his thirty-seventh year; he is endowed with a marvellous intellect, which apprehends from half a word the meaning of those who converse with him; he has an astonishing memory,

a fine and noble face, and a rare eloquence which shows itself freely on any subject but especially in matters of politics. He is very well versed in letters: he knows Greek, Latin, and Italian. He is very strong in the sciences, chiefly in theology. The externals of his life are very proper and very suitable to his dignity, which could not be said of the other cardinals and prelates, whose habits are too scandalously irregular. But his great defect is shameful cupidity, which would employ, to attain its ends, even criminal means, and likewise great duplicity, whence comes his habit of scarcely ever saying that which is. There is worse behind. He is considered to be very ready to take offence, vindictive, envious, and far too slow in benefaction. He excited universal hatred by hurting all the world as long as it was in his power to. As for Mgr. de Guise, who is the oldest of the six brothers, he cannot be spoken of save as a man of war, a good officer. None in this realm has delivered more battles and confronted more dangers. Everybody lauds his courage, his vigilance, his steadiness in war, and his coolness, a quality wonderfully rare in a Frenchman. His peculiar defects are first of all stinginess towards soldiers; then he makes large promises, and even when he means to keep his promise he is infinitely slow about it."

To the sketch of the cardinal of Lorraine Brantôme adds that he was "as indeed he said, a coward by nature:" a strange defect in a Guise.

It was a great deal, towards securing the supremacy of a great family and its leading members, to thus possess the favor of the court and the functions of the government; but the power of the Guises had a still higher origin and a still deeper foundation. "It was then," said Michel de Castelnau, one of the most intelligent and most impartial amongst the chroniclers of the sixteenth century, "that schism and divisions in religious matters began to be mixed up with affairs of State. Well, all the clergy of France and nearly all the noblesse and the people who belonged to the Roman religion, considered that the cardinal of Lorraine and the duke of Guise, were as it were called of God to preserve the Catholic religion established in France for the last twelve hundred years. And it seemed to them not only an act of impiety to change or alter it in any way whatever but also an impossibility to do so without ruin to the State. The late king, Henry, had made a decree in the month of June, 1559, being then at Écouen, by which the judges were bound to sentence

all Lutherans to death and which was published and confirmed by all the parliaments, without any limitation or modification whatever, and with a warning to the judges not to mitigate the penalty as they had done for some years previously. Different judgments were pronounced upon the decree: those who took the most political and most zealous view of religion considered that it was necessary, as well to preserve and maintain the Catholic religion as to keep down the seditious who under the cloak of religion, were doing all they could to upset the political condition of the kingdom. Others, who cared nothing for religion or for the State or for order in the body politic, also thought the decree necessary, not at all for the purpose of exterminating the protestants, for they held that it would tend to multiply them, but because it would offer a means of enriching themselves by the confiscations ensuing upon condemnation, and because the king would thus be able to pay off forty two millions of livres which he owed and have money in hand, and, besides that, satisfy those who were demanding recompense for the services they had rendered the crown, wherein many placed their hopes." [*Mémoires de Michel de Castelnau*, in the Petitot collection, Series I., t. xxxiii. pp. 24-27.]

The Guises were, in the sixteenth century, the representatives and the champions of these different cliques and interests, religious or political, sincere in their belief or shameless in their avidity, and all united under the flag of the catholic Church. And so, when they came into power, "there was nothing," says a protestant chronicler, "but fear and trembling at their name." Their acts of government soon confirmed the fears as well as the hopes they had inspired. During the last six months of 1559 the edict issued by Henry II. from Écouen was not only strictly enforced but aggravated by fresh edicts: a special chamber was appointed and chosen amongst the Parliament of Paris, which was to have sole cognizance of crimes and offences against the catholic religion. A proclamation of the new king Francis II. ordained that houses in which assemblies of reformers took place should be razed and demolished. It was "death to the promoters of unlawful assemblies for purposes of religion or for any other cause." Another royal act provided that all persons, even relatives, who received amongst them any one condemned for heresy should seize him and bring him to justice, in default whereof they would suffer the same penalty as he. Individual condemnations and execu-

tions abounded after these general measures; between the 2nd of August and the 31st of December, 1559, eighteen persons were burned alive for open heresy, or for having refused to communicate according to the rites of the catholic Church or go to mass, or for having hawked about forbidden books. Finally, in December, the five councillors of the Parliament of Paris whom, six months previously, Henry II. had ordered to be arrested and shut up in the Bastille, were dragged from prison and brought to trial. The chief of them, Anne Dubourg, nephew of Anthony Dubourg chancellor of France under Francis I., defended himself with pious and patriotic persistency, being determined to exhaust all points of law and all the chances of justice he could hope for without betraying his faith. Everything shows that he had nothing to hope for from his judges; one of them, the president Minard, as he was returning from the palace on the evening of December 12, 1559, was killed by a pistol-shot; the assassin could not be discovered; but the crime, naturally ascribed to some friend of Dubourg, served only to make certain and to hasten the death of the prisoner on trial. Dubourg was condemned on the 22nd of December, and heard unmoved the reading of his sentence: "I forgive my judges," said he; "they have judged according to their own lights, not according to the light that comes from on high. Put out your fires, ye senators; be converted; and live happily. Think without ceasing of God and on God." After these words which were taken down by the clerk of the court "and which I have here copied," says De Thou, Dubourg was taken on the 23rd of December, in a tumbril to the Place de Grève. As he mounted the ladder he was heard repeating several times, "Forsake me not, my God, for fear lest I forsake Thee." He was strangled before he was cast into the flames [De Thou, t. iii. pp. 399-402], the sole favor his friends could obtain for him.

But extreme severity on the part of the powers that be is effectual only when it falls upon a country or upon parties that are effete with age or already vanquished and worn out by long struggles; when, on the contrary, it is brought to bear upon parties in the flush of youth, eager to proclaim and propagate themselves, so far from intimidating them it animates them and thrusts them into the arena into which they were of themselves quite eager to enter. As soon as the rule of the catholics, in the persons and by the actions of the Guises, became sovereign and aggressive, the threatened reformers put themselves

into the attitude of defence. They too had got for themselves great leaders, some valiant and ardent, others prudent or even timid, but forced to declare themselves when the common cause was greatly imperilled. The house of Bourbon, issuing from St. Louis, had for its representatives in the sixteenth century Anthony de Bourbon, king of Navarre and husband of Jeanne d'Albret, and his brother Louis de Bourbon, prince of Condé. The king of Navarre, weak and irresolute though brave enough, wavered between catholicism and the reformation, inclining rather in his heart to the cause of the reformation to which the queen his wife, who at first showed indifference, had before long become passionately attached. His brother, the prince of Condé, young, fiery, and often flighty and rash, put himself openly at the head of the reformed party. The house of Bourbon held itself to be the rival perforce of the house of Lorraine. It had amongst the high noblesse of France two allies, more fitted than any others for fighting and for command: Admiral de Coligny and his brother, Francis d'Andelot, both of them nephews of the constable Anne de Montmorency, both of them already experienced and famous warriors, and both of them devoted, heart and soul, to the cause of the reformation. Thus, at the accession of Francis II., whilst the catholic party, by means of the Guises and with the support of the majority of the country, took in hand the government of France, the reforming party ranged themselves round the king of Navarre, the prince of Condé, and Admiral de Coligny, and became under their direction, though in a minority, a powerful opposition, able and ready, on the one hand, to narrowly watch and criticise the actions of those who were in power, and on the other to claim for their own people not by any means freedom as a general principle in the constitution of the State, but free manifestation of their faith and free exercise of their own form of worship.

Apart from, we do not mean to say above, these two great parties which were arrayed in the might and appeared as the representatives of the national ideas and feelings, the queen-mother, Catherine de' Medici was quietly laboring to form another, more independent of the public, and more docile to herself, and, above all, faithful to the crown and to the interests of the kingly house and its servants; a party strictly catholic but regarding as a necessity the task of humoring the reformers and granting them such concessions as might prevent explosions fraught with peril to the State; a third party

(*tiers parti*), as we should say now-a-days, politic and prudent, somewhat lavish of promises without being sure of the power to keep them, not much embarrassed at having to change attitude and language according to the shifting phases of the moment, and anxious above everything to maintain public peace and to put off questions which it could not solve pacifically. In the sixteenth century, as at every other time, worthy folks of moderate views and nervous temperaments, ambitious persons combining greed with suppleness, old servants of the crown, and officials full of scruples and far from bold in the practical part of government, were the essential elements of this party. The constable De Montmorency sometimes issued forth from Chantilly to go and aid the queen-mother, in whom he had no confidence, but whom he preferred to the Guises. A former councillor of the parliament, for a long while chancellor under Francis I. and Henry II. and again summoned, under Francis II., by Catherine de' Medici to the same post, Francis Olivier, was an honorable executant of the party's indecisive but moderate policy. He died on the 15th of March, 1560; and Catherine, in concert with the cardinal of Lorraine had the chancellorship thus vacated conferred upon Michael de l'Hospital, a magistrate already celebrated and destined to become still more so. As soon as he entered upon this great office he made himself remarkable by the marvellous ability he showed in restraining within bounds "the Lorraines themselves whose servant he was," says the protestant chronicler Regnier de la Planche: "to those who had the public weal at heart he gave hope that all would at last turn out well, provided that he were let alone, and, to tell the truth, it would be impossible to adequately describe the prudence he displayed; for, assuredly, although if he had taken a shorter road towards manfully opposing the mischief he would have deserved more praise, and God would perhaps have blessed his constancy, yet, so far as one can judge, he alone, by his moderate behavior, was the instrument made use of by God for keeping back many an impetuous flood under which every Frenchman would have been submerged. External appearances, however, seemed to the contrary. In short, when any one represented to him some trouble that was coming, he always had these words on his lips, 'Patience, patience: all will go well.'" This philosophical and patriotic confidence on the part of chancellor de l'Hospital was fated to receive some cruel falsifications.

A few months and hardly so much after the accession of

Francis II. a serious matter brought into violent collision the three parties whose characteristics and dispositions have just been described. The supremacy of the Guises was insupportable to the reformers and irksome to many lukewarm or wavering members of the catholic nobility. An edict of the king's had revoked all the graces and alienations of domains granted by his father. The crown refused to pay its most lawful debts; and duns were flocking to the court. To get rid of them, the cardinal of Lorraine had a proclamation issued by the king, warning all persons, of whatever condition, who had come to dun for payment of debts, for compensations or for graces, to take themselves off within twenty-four hours on pain of being hanged; and, that it might appear how seriously meant the threat was, a very conspicuous gibbet was erected at Fontainebleau close to the palace. It was a shocking affront. The malcontents at once made up to the reformers. Independently of the general oppression and perils under which these latter labored, they were liable to meet everywhere, at the corners of the streets, men posted on the look out, who insulted them and denounced them to the magistrates if they did not uncover themselves before the madonnas set up in their way, or if they did not join in the litanies chanted before them. A repetition of petty requisitions soon becomes an odious tyranny. An understanding was established between very different sorts of malcontents; they all said and spread abroad that the Guises were the authors of these oppressive and unjustifiable acts. They made common cause in seeking for means of delivering themselves, at the same time drawing an open distinction between the Guises and the king, the latter of whom there was no idea of attacking. The inviolability of kings and the responsibility of ministers, those two fundamental maxims of a free monarchy, had already become fixed ideas; but how were they to be taken advantage of and put in practice when the institutions whereby political liberty exerts its powers and keeps itself secure were not in force? The malcontents, whether reformers or catholics, all cried out for the states-general. Those of Tours, in 1484, under Charles VIII., had left behind them a momentous and an honored memory. But the Guises and their partisans energetically rejected this cry. "They told the king that whoever spoke of convoking the states-general was his personal enemy and guilty of high treason, for his people would fain impose law upon him from whom they ought to take it; in such sort that there would be

left to him nothing of a king but the bare title. The queen-mother, though all the while giving fair words to the malcontents, whether reformers or others, was also disquieted at their demands, and she wrote to her son-in-law, Philip II. king of Spain, 'that they wanted, by means of the said states, to reduce her to the condition of a maid-of-all-work.' Whereupon Philip replied 'that he would willingly employ all his forces to uphold the authority of the king his brother-in-law and of his ministers, and that he had forty thousand men all ready in case anybody should be bold enough to attempt to violate it.'

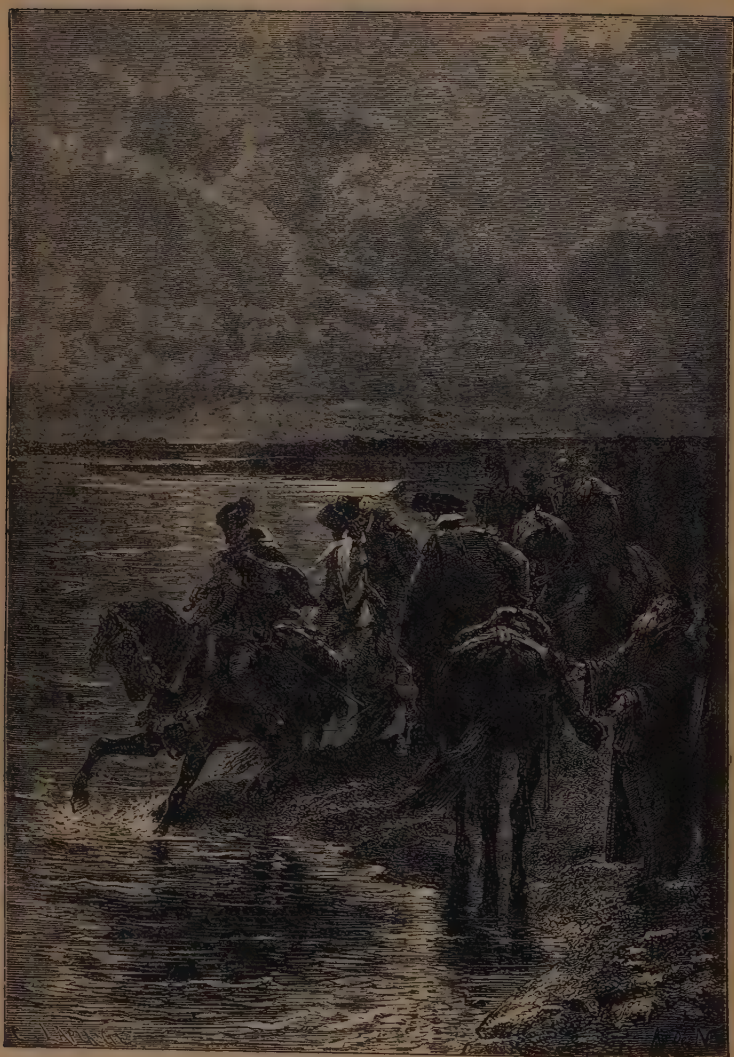
In their perplexity, the malcontents, amongst whom the reformers were becoming day by day the most numerous and the most urgent, determined to take the advice of the greatest lawyers and most celebrated theologians of France and Germany. They asked whether it would be permissible, with a good conscience and without falling into the crime of high-treason, to take up arms for the purpose of securing the persons of the duke of Guise and the cardinal of Lorraine and forcing them to render an account of their administration. The doctors, on being consulted, answered that it would be allowable to oppose by force the far from legitimate supremacy of the Guises, provided that it were done under the authority of princes of the blood, born administrators of the realm in such cases, and with the consent of the orders composing the State, or the greatest and soundest portions of those orders. A meeting of the princes who were hostile to the Guises was held at Vendôme to deliberate as to the conduct to be adopted in this condition of opinions and parties; the king of Navarre and his brother the prince of Condé, Coligny, d'Andelot, and some of their most intimate friends took part in it; and d'Ardres, confidential secretary to the constable De Montmorency, was present. The prince of Condé was for taking up arms at once and swoop down upon the Guises, taking them by surprise. Coligny formally opposed this plan: the king, at his majority, had a right, he said, to choose his own advisers; no doubt it was a deplorable thing to see foreigners at the head of affairs, but the country must not, for the sake of removing them, be rashly exposed to the scourge of civil war; perhaps it would be enough if the queen-mother were made acquainted with the general discontent. The constable's secretary coincided with Coligny, whose opinion was carried. It was agreed that the prince of Condé should restrain his ardor and let himself be vaguely regarded as the possible leader of the enterprise if it



CATHERINE DE' MEDICI, (In Her Young Days).



ANNE DE MONTMORENCY.



CONDE AT THE FORD.

were to take place, but without giving it, until further notice, his name and co-operation. He was called *the mute captain*.

There was need of a less conspicuous and more pronounced leader for that which was becoming a conspiracy. And one soon presented himself in the person of Godfrey de Barri, lord of La Renaudie, a nobleman of an ancient family of Perigord, well-known to Duke Francis of Guise, under whose orders he had served valiantly at Metz in 1552, and who had for some time protected him against the consequences of a troublesome trial at which La Renaudie had been found guilty by the Parliament of Paris of forging and uttering false titles. Being forced to leave France he retired into Switzerland, to Lausanne and Geneva, where it was not long before he showed the most passionate devotion for the Reformation. "He was a man," says De Thou, "of quick and insinuating wits, ready to undertake anything, and burning with desire to avenge himself and wipe out, by some brilliant deed, the infamy of a sentence which he had incurred rather through another's than his own crime. He, then, readily offered his services to those who were looking out for a second leader, and he undertook to scour the kingdom in order to win over the men whose names had been given him. He got from them all a promise to meet him at Nantes in February, 1560, and he there made them a long and able speech against the Guises, ending by saying, 'God bids us to obey kings even when they ordain unjust things, and there is no doubt but that they who resist the powers that God has set up do resist His will. We have this advantage that we, ever full of submission to the prince, are set against none but traitors hostile to their king and their country, and so much the more dangerous in that they nestle in the very bosom of the State and, in the name and clothed with the authority of a king who is a mere child, are attacking the kingdom and the king himself. Now, in order that you may not suppose that you will be acting herein against your consciences, I am quite willing to be the first to protest and take God to witness that I will not think or say or do anything against the king, against the queen his mother, against the princes his brothers, or against those of his blood; and that, on the contrary, I will defend their majesty and their dignity and, at the same time, the authority of the laws and the liberty of the country against the tyranny of a few foreigners'" [*De Thou*, t. iii. pp. 467-480].

"Out of so large an assemblage," adds the historian, "there was not found to be one whom so delicate an enterprise caused

to recoil or who asked for time to deliberate. It was agreed that, before anything else, a large number of persons, without arms and free from suspicion, should repair to court and there present a petition to the king, beseeching him not to put pressure upon consciences any more, and to permit the free exercise of religion; that at almost the same time a chosen body of horsemen should repair to Blois where the king was, that their accomplices should admit them into the town and present a new petition to the king against the Guises, and that, if these princes would not withdraw and give an account of their administration, they should be attacked sword in hand; and, lastly, that the prince of Condé, who had wished his name to be kept secret up to that time, should put himself at the head of the conspirators. The 15th of June was the day fixed for the execution of it all."

But the Guises were warned; one of La Renaudie's friends had revealed the conspiracy to the cardinal of Lorraine's secretary; and from Spain, Germany, and Italy they received information as to the conspiracy hatched against them. The cardinal, impetuous and pusillanimous too, was for calling out the troops at once; but his brother the duke, "who was not easily startled," was opposed to anything demonstrative. They removed the king to the castle of Amboise, a safer place than the town of Blois; and they concerted measures with the queen-mother to whom the conspirators were, both in their plans and their persons, almost as objectionable as to them. She wrote, in a style of affectionate confidence, to Coligny, begging him to come to Amboise and give her his advice. He arrived in company with his brother d'Andelot and urged the queen-mother to grant the reformers liberty of conscience and of worship, the only way to checkmate all the mischievous designs and to restore peace to the kingdom. Something of what he advised was done: a royal decree was published and carried up to the parliament on the 15th of March, ordaining the abolition of every prosecution on account of religion, *in respect of the past only* and under reservations which rendered the grace almost inappreciable. The Guises, on their side, wrote to the constable De Montmorency to inform him of the conspiracy, "of which you will feel as great horror as we do," and they signed: *Your thoroughly best friends*. The prince of Condé himself, though informed about the discovery of the plot, repaired to Amboise without showing any signs of being disconcerted at the cold reception offered him by the Lorraine

princes. The duke of Guise, always bold, even in his precautions, "found an honorable means of making sure of him," says Castelnau, "by giving him the guard at the gate of the town of Amboise," where he had him under watch and ward himself. The lords and gentlemen attached to the court made sallies all around Amboise to prevent any unexpected attack. "They caught a great many troops badly led and badly equipped. Many poor folks in utter despair and without a leader asked pardon as they threw down upon the ground some wretched arms they bore, and declared that they knew no more about the enterprise than that there had been a time appointed them to see a petition presented to the king which concerned the welfare of his service and that of the kingdom." [*Mémoires de Castelnau*, pp. 49-50]. On the 18th of March, La Renaudie, who was scouring the country, seeking to rally his men, encountered a body of royal horse who were equally hotly in quest of the conspirators; the two detachments attacked one another furiously; La Renaudie was killed, and his body, which was carried to Amboise, was strung up to a gallows on the bridge over the Loire with this scroll: "This is La Renaudie, called La Forest, captain of the rebels, leader and author of the sedition." Disorder continued for several days in the surrounding country; but the surprise attempted against the Guises was a failure, and the important result of the *riot of Amboise* (*tumult d'Amboise*), as it was called, was an ordinance of Francis II., who, on the 17th of March, 1560, appointed Duke Francis of Guise "his lieutenant-general, representing him in person absent and present in this good town of Amboise and other places of the realm, with full power, authority, commission and special mandate to assemble all the princes, lords, and gentlemen, and generally to command, order, provide, and dispose of all things requisite and necessary."

The young king was, nevertheless, according to what appears, somewhat troubled at all this uproar and at the language of the conspirators: "I don't know how it is," said he sometimes to the Guises, "but I hear it said that people are against you only. I wish you could be away from here for a time, that we might see whether it is you or I that they are against." But the Guises set about removing this idea by telling the king "that neither he nor his brothers would live one hour after their departure, and that the house of Bourbon were only seeking how to exterminate the king's house." The

caresses of the young queen Mary Stuart were enlisted in support of these assertions of her uncles. They made a cruel use of their easy victory: "for a whole month," according to contemporary chronicles, "there was nothing but hanging or drowning folks. The Loire was covered with corpses strung, six, eight, ten and fifteen, to long poles. . . ." "What was strange to see," says Regnier de la Planche, "and had never been wont under any form of government, they were led out to execution without having any sentence pronounced against them publicly, or having the cause of their death declared, or having their names mentioned. They of the Guises reserved the chief of them, after dinner, to make sport for the ladies; the two sexes were ranged at the windows of the castle, as if it were a question of seeing some mummery played. And what is worse, the king and his young brothers were present at these spectacles, as if the desire were to 'blood' them; the sufferers were pointed out to them by the cardinal of Lorraine with all the signs of a man greatly rejoiced, and when the poor wretches died with more than usual firmness, he would say, 'See, sir, what brazenness and madness: the fear of death cannot abate their pride and felony. What would they do, then, if they had you in their clutches?'"

It was too much vengeance to take and too much punishment to inflict for a danger so short-lived and so strictly personal. So hideous was the spectacle that the duchess of Guise, Anne d'Este, daughter of Renée of France, duchess of Ferrara, took her departure one day, saying, as she did so, to Catherine de' Medici, "Ah! madame, what a whirlwind of hatred is gathering about the heads of my poor children!" There was, throughout a considerable portion of the country, a profound feeling of indignation against the Guises. One of their victims, Villemongey, just as it came to his turn to die, plunged his hands into his comrades' blood, saying, "Heavenly Father, this is the blood of Thy children: Thou wilt avenge it!" John d'Aubigné, a nobleman of Saintonge, as he passed through Amboise one market-day with his son, a little boy eight years old, stopped before the heads fixed upon the posts and said to the child, "My boy, spare not thy head, after mine, to avenge these brave chiefs; if thou spare thyself, thou shalt have my curse upon thee." The Chancellor Olivier himself, for a long while devoted to the Guises, but now seriously ill and disquieted about the future of his soul, said to himself, quite low, as he saw the cardinal of Lorraine, from whom he had just re-

ceived a visit, going out, "Ah! cardinal, you are getting us all damned!"

The mysterious chieftain, *the mute captain* of the conspiracy of Amboise, Prince Louis of Condé, remained unattainted, and he remained at Amboise itself. People were astounded at his security. He had orders not to move away; his papers were seized by the grand prelate; but his coolness and his pride did not desert him for an instant. We will borrow from the *Histoire des Princes de Condé* (t. i. pp. 68-71), by the duke of Aumale, the present heir, and a worthy one, of that line, the account of his appearance before Francis II., "in full council, in presence of the two queens, the knights of the order, and the great officers of the crown. 'As I am certified,' said he, 'that I have near the king's person enemies who are seeking the ruin of me and mine, I have begged him to do me so much favor as to hear my answer in this company here present. Now, I declare that, save his own person and the persons of his brothers, of the queen his mother and of the queen regnant, those who have reported that I was chief and leader of certain sedition-mongers who are said to have conspired against his person and state, have falsely and miserably lied. And renouncing, for the nonce, my quality as prince of the blood, which I hold, however, of God alone, I am ready to make them confess, at the sword's point, that they are cowards and rascals, themselves seeking the subversion of the state and the crown, whereof I am bound to promote the maintenance by a better title than my accusers. If there be, amongst those present, any one who has made such a report and will maintain it, let him declare as much this moment.' The duke of Guise, rising to his feet, protested that he could not bear to have so great a prince any longer calumniated, and offered to be his second. Condé, profiting by the effect produced by his proud language, demanded and obtained leave to retire from the court; which he quitted at once."

All seemed to be over; but the whole of France had been strongly moved by what had just taken place; and, though the institutions which invite a people to interfere in its own destinies were not at the date of the sixteenth century in regular and effective working order, there was everywhere felt, even at court, the necessity of ascertaining the feeling of the country. On all sides there was a demand for the convocation of the states-general. The Guises and the queen-mother, who dreaded this great and independent national

power, attempted to satisfy public opinion by calling an assembly of notables, not at all numerous and chosen by themselves. It was summoned to meet on August 21, 1560, at Fontainebleau, in the apartments of the queen-mother. Some great lords, certain bishops, the constable De Montmorency, two marshals of France, the privy councillors, the knights of the order, the secretaries of state and finance, Chancellor de l'Hospital and Coligny took part in it; the king of Navarre and the prince of Condé did not respond to the summons they received; the constable rode up with a following of six hundred horse. The first day was fully taken up by a statement, presented to the assembly by l'Hospital, of the evils that had fallen upon France and by a declaration on the part of the Guises that they were ready to render an account of their administration and of their actions. Next day, just as the bishop of Valence was about to speak, Coligny went up to the king, made two genuflections, stigmatized in energetic terms the Amboise conspiracy and every similar enterprise, and presented two petitions, one intended for the king himself and the other for the queen-mother: "They were forwarded to me in Normandy," said he, "by faithful Christians who make their prayers to God in accordance with the true rules of piety. They asked for nothing but the liberty of holding their own creed and that of having temples and celebrating their worship in certain fixed places. If necessary, this petition would be signed by fifty thousand persons." "And I," said the duke of Guise brusquely, "would find a million to sign a contrary petition." This incident went no further between the two speakers. A great discussion began as to the reforms desirable in the Church and as to the convocation of a general council or, in default thereof, a national council. The cardinal of Lorraine spoke last and vehemently attacked the petitions presented by Admiral de Coligny: "Though couched in moderate and respectful terms," said he, "this document is, at bottom, insolent and seditious; it is as much as to say that those gentry would be obedient and submissive if the king would be pleased to authorize their mischievous sentiments. For the rest," he added, "as it is merely a question of improving morals and putting in force strict discipline, the meeting of a council, whether general or national, appears to me quite unnecessary. I consent to the holding of the states-general."

The opinion of the cardinal of Lorraine was adopted by the king, the queen-mother, and the assemblage. An edict dated

August 26, convoked a meeting of the states-general at Meaux on the 10th of December following. As to the question of a council, general or national, it was referred to the decision of the pope and the bishops of France. Meanwhile, it was announced that the punishment of sectaries would, for the present, be suspended, but that the king reserved to himself and his judges the right of severely chastising those who had armed the populace and kindled sedition. "Thus it was," adds De Thou, "that the protestant religion, hitherto so hated, began to be tolerated and in a manner authorized, by consent of its enemies themselves" [*Histoire Universelle*, t. iii. p. 535].

The elections to the states-general were very stormy; all parties displayed the same ardor; the Guises by identifying themselves more and more with the Catholic cause and employing, to further its triumph, all the resources of the government; the reformers by appealing to the rights of liberty and to the passions bred of sect and of local independence. A royal decree was addressed to all the bailiffs of the kingdom: "Ye shall not fail," said the king to them, "to keep your eyes open and give orders that such mischievous spirits as may be composed of the remnants of the Amboise rebellion or other gentry studious of innovation and alteration in the state be so discovered and restrained that they be not able to corrupt by their machinations, under whatsoever pretexts they may hide them, simple folks led on by confidence in the clemency whereof we have heretofore made use." The bailiffs followed, for the most part successfully but in some cases vainly, the instructions they had received. One morning in December, 1560, the duke of Guise was visited by a courier from the count de Villars, governor of Languedoc; he informed the duke that the deputies of that province had just been appointed and that they all belonged to the new religion and were amongst the most devoted to the sect; there was not a moment to lose, "for they were men of wits, great reputation, and circumspection. The governor was very vexed at not having been able to prevent their election and departure; but plurality of votes had carried the day against him." This despatch was "no sooner received than some men were got ready to go and meet those deputies, in order to put them in a place where they would never have been able to do good or harm." The deputies of Languedoc escaped this ambushade and arrived safe and sound at Orleans; but they "were kept under strict watch and their papers were confiscated up to the

moment when the death of the king occurred to deliver them from all fear" [*Histoire des États généraux*, by G. Picot, t. ii. pp. 25-29]. In Provence, in Dauphiny, in the countship of Avignon, at Lyons, on occasion and in the midst of the electoral struggle, several local risings, seizures of arms, and surprisals of towns took place and disturbed the public peace. There was not yet religious civil war, but there were the preparatory note and symptoms of it.

At the same time that they were thus laboring to keep out of the approaching states-general adversaries of obscure rank and belonging to the people, the Guises had very much at heart a desire that the great leaders of the reformers and of the Catholic malcontents, especially the two princes of the house of Bourbon, the king of Navarre and the prince of Condé, should come to this assembly and there find themselves under the thumb of their enemies. They had not gone to the assemblage of notables at Fontainebleau, and their hostility to the Guises had been openly shown during and since that absence. Nothing was left untried to attract them, not to Meaux any longer, but to Orleans, whither the meeting of the states-general had been transferred. King Francis II., a docile instrument in the hands of his uncles and his young queen their niece, wrote letter after letter to the king of Navarre, urging him to bring with him his brother the prince of Condé to clear himself of the accusations brought against him "by these miserable heretics, who made marvellous charges against him. . . . Condé would easily prove the falsity of the assertions made by these rascals." The king of Navarre still hesitated; the king insisted haughtily. "I should be sorry," he wrote on the 30th of August, 1560, "that into the heart of a person of such good family and one that touches me so nearly, so miserable an inclination should have entered; being able to assure you that whereinsoever he refuses to obey me I shall know perfectly well how to make it felt that I am king." The prince of Condé's mother-in-law, the countess of Roze, wrote to the queen-mother that the prince would appear at court if the king commanded it, but she begged her beforehand not to think it strange if, on going to a place where his most cruel enemies had every power, he went attended by his friends. Whether she really were, or only pretended to be, shocked at what looked like a threat, Catherine replied that no person in France had a right to approach the king in any other wise than with his ordinary following, and

that, if the prince of Condé went to court with a numerous escort, he would find the king still better attended. At last the king of Navarre and his brother made up their minds. How could they elude formal orders? Armed resistance had become the only possible resource, and the prince of Condé lacked means to maintain it; his scarcity of money was such that, in order to procure him a thousand gold crowns, his mother-in-law had been obliged to pledge her castle of Germany to the constable De Montmorency. In spite of fears and remonstrances on the part of their most sincere friends, the two chiefs of the house of Bourbon left their homes and set out for Orleans. On their arrival before Poitiers, great was their surprise; the governor, Montpezat, shut the gates against them as public enemies. They were on the point of abruptly retracing their steps; but Montpezat had ill understood his instructions; he ought to have kept an eye upon the Bourbons without displaying any bad disposition towards them; so long as they prosecuted their journey peacefully, the object was, on the contrary, to heap upon them marks of respect, and neglect nothing to give them confidence. Marshal de Termes, despatched in hot haste, went to open the gates of Poitiers to the princes and receive them there with the honors due to them. They resumed their route and arrived on the 30th of October at Orleans.

The reception they there met with cannot be better described than it has been by the duke of Aumale: "Not one of the crown's officers came to receive the princes; no honor was paid them; the streets were deserted, silent, and occupied by a military guard. In conformity with usage the king of Navarre presented himself on horseback at the great gate of the royal abode; it remained closed. He had to pocket the insult and pass on foot through the wicket, between a double row of gentlemen wearing an air of insolence. The king awaited the princes in his chamber; behind him were ranged the Guises and the principal lords; not a word, not a salutation on their part. After this freezing reception, Francis II. conducted the two brothers to his mother, who received them, according to Regnier de la Planche's expression, 'with crocodile's tears.' The Guises did not follow them thither, in order to escape any personal dispute and so as not to be hearers of the severe words which they had themselves dictated to the young monarch. The king questioned Condé sharply; but the latter, 'who was endowed with great courage and spoke as well as

ever any prince or gentleman in the world, was not at all startled, and defended his cause with many good and strong reasons,' protesting his own innocence and accusing the Guises of calumnation. When he haughtily alluded to the word of honor which had been given him, the king, interrupting him, made a sign; and the two captains of the guard, Brézé, and Chavigny, entered and took the prince's sword. He was conducted to a house in the city, near the Jacobins', which was immediately barred, crenelated, surrounded by soldiers and converted into a veritable bastille. Whilst they were removing him thither, Condé exclaimed loudly against this brazen violation of all the promises of safety by which he had been lured on when urged to go to Orleans. The only answer he received was his committal to absolutely solitary confinement and the withdrawal of his servants. The king of Navarre vainly asked to have his brother's custody confided to him; he obtained nothing but a coarse refusal; and he himself, separated from his escort, was kept under ocular supervision in his apartment."

The trial of the prince of Condé commenced immediately. He was brought before the privy council. He claimed, as a prince of the blood and knight of the order of St. Michael, his right to be tried only by the court of parliament furnished with the proper complement of peers and knights of the order. This latter safeguard was worth nothing in his case, for there had been created, just lately, eighteen new knights, all friends and creatures of the Guises. His claim, however, was rejected; and he repeated it, at the same time refusing to reply to any interrogation and appealing "from the king ill advised to the king better advised." A priest was sent to celebrate mass in his chamber; but "I came," said he, "to clear myself from the calumnies alleged against me, which is of more consequence to me than hearing mass." He did not attempt to conceal his antipathy towards the Guises and the part he had taken in the hostilities directed against them. An officer, to whom permission had been given to converse with him in the presence of his custodians, told him "that an appointment (accommodation) with the duke of Guise would not be an impossibility for him." "Appointment between him and me!" answered Condé: "it can only be at the point of the lance." The Duchess René of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII., having come to France at this time, went to Orleans to pay her respects to the king. The duke of Guise was her son-in-law,

and she reproached him bitterly with Condé's trial: "You have just opened," said she, "a wound which will bleed a long while: they who have dared to attack persons of the blood royal have always found it a bad job." The prince asked to see, in the presence of such persons as the king might appoint, his wife, Eleanor of Roye, who, from the commencement of the trial, "solicited this favor night and day, often throwing herself on her knees before the king with tears incredible; but the cardinal of Lorraine, fearing lest his majesty should be moved with compassion, drove away the princess most rudely, saying that, if she had her due, she would herself be placed in the lowest dungeon." For them of Guise the princess was a thorn in the flesh, for she lacked not wits or language or courage, inasmuch that they had some discussion about making away with her. [*Memoires de Castelnau*, p. 119; *Histoire de l'État de France, tant de la Republique que de la Religion, sous François II.*, by L. Regnier, sieur de la Planche.] She demanded that at any rate able lawyers might act as counsel for her husband. Peter Robert and Francis de Marillac, advocates of renown in the Parliament of Paris, were appointed by the king for that purpose, but their assistance proved perfectly useless; on the 26th of November, 1560, the prince of Condé was sentenced to death; and the sentence was to be carried out on the 10th of December, the very day of the opening of the states-general. Most of the historians say that, when it came to the question of signing it, three judges only, Chancellor de l'Hospital, the councillor of state Duportail, and the aged count of Sancerre, Louis de Bueil, refused to put their names to it. "For my part," says the scrupulous de Thou, "I can see nothing quite certain as to all that. I believe that the sentence of death was drawn up and not signed. I remember to have heard it so said a long while afterwards by my father, a truthful and straightforward man, to whom this form of sentence had always been distasteful."

Many contemporaries report, and de Thou accords credence to the report, that, in order to have nothing more to fear from the house of Bourbon, the Guises had resolved to make away with king Anthony of Navarre as well as his brother the prince of Condé, but by another process. Feeling persuaded that it would be impossible to obtain against the elder brother a sentence ever so little in accordance with justice, for his conduct had been very reserved, they had, it is said, agreed that king Francis II. should send for the king of Navarre into his

closet and reproach him severely for his secret complicity with his brother Condé, and that if the king of Navarre defended himself stubbornly, he should be put to death on the spot by men posted there for the purpose. It is even added that Francis II. was to strike the first blow. Catherine de' Medici, who was beginning to be disquieted at the arrogance and successes of the Lorraine princes, sent warning of this peril to the king of Navarre by Jacqueline de Longwy, duchess of Montpensier; and, just as he was proceeding to the royal audience from which he was not sure to return, Anthony de Bourbon, who was wanting in head rather than in heart, said to Renty, one of his gentleman, "If I die yonder, carry my blood-stained shirt to my wife and my son, and tell my wife to send it round to the foreign princes of Christendom that they may avenge my death, as my son is not yet of sufficient age." We may remark that the wife was Jeanne d'Albret and the son was to be Henry IV. According to the chroniclers, when Francis II. looked in the eyes of the man he was to strike, his fierce resolve died away: the king of Navarre retired, safe and sound, from the interview, and the duke of Guise, irritated at the weakness of the king his master, muttered between his teeth, "'Tis the very whitest liver that ever was."

In spite of De Thou's endorsement of this story, it is doubtful whether its authenticity can be admitted; if the interview between the two kings took place, prudence on the part of the king of Navarre seems to be quite as likely an explanation of the result as hesitation to become a murderer on the part of Francis II.

One day Condé was playing cards with some officers on guard over him, when a servant of his who had been permitted to resume attendance on his master, pretending to approach him for the purpose of picking up a card, whispered in his ear, "Our gentleman is croqued." The prince, mastering his emotion, finished his game. He then found means of being for a moment alone with his servant, and learned from him that Francis II. was dead [*Histoire des Princes de Condé*, by the Duke d'Aumale, t. i. p. 94]. On the 17th of November, 1560, as he was mounting his horse to go hunting, he fainted suddenly. He appeared to have recovered, and was even able to be present when the final sentence was pronounced against Condé; but on the 29th of November there was a fresh fainting-fit. It, appears that Ambrose Paré, at that time first surgeon of his day and a faithful reformer, informed his

patron, Admiral Coligny, that there would not be long to wait and that it was all over with the king. Up to the very last moment, either by themselves or through their niece Mary Stuart, the Guises preserved their influence over him; Francis II. sent for the king of Navarre to assure him that it was quite of his own accord and not by advice of the Guises, that he had brought Condé to trial. He died on the 5th of December, 1560, of an effusion on the brain, resulting from a fistula and an abscess in the ear. Through a fog of brief or doubtful evidence we can see at the bedside of this dying king his wife Mary Stuart, who gave him to the last her tender ministrations, and Admiral de Coligny, who, when the king had heaved his last sigh, rose up and, with his air of pious gravity, said aloud before the cardinal de Lorraine and the others who were present, "Gentlemen, the king is dead. A lesson to us to live." At the same moment the constable De Montmorency, who had been ordered some time ago to Orleans but had, according to his practice, travelled but slowly, arrived suddenly at the city-gate, threatened to hang the ill-informed keepers of it who hesitated to let him enter, and hastened to fold in his arms his niece, the princess of Condé, whom the death of Francis II. restored to hope.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHARLES IX. AND THE RELIGIOUS WARS (1560—1574).

WE now enter upon the era of the civil wars, massacres, and assassinations caused by religious fanaticism or committed on religious pretexts. The latter half of the sixteenth century is the time at which the human race saw the opening of that great drama, of which religious liberty is the beginning and the end; and France was then the chief scene of it. At the close of the fifteenth and at the commencement of the sixteenth centuries, religious questions had profoundly agitated Christian Europe; but towards the middle of the latter century they had obtained in the majority of European States solutions which, however incomplete, might be regarded as definitive. Germany was divided into Catholic States and Protestant States which had established between themselves relations of an al-

most pacific character. Switzerland was entering upon the same course. In England, Scotland, the Low Countries, the Scandinavian States, and the free towns their neighbors, the Reformation had prevailed or was clearly tending to prevail. In Italy, Spain and Portugal, on the contrary, the Reformation had been stifled and Catholicism remained victorious. It was in France that, notwithstanding the inequality of forces, the struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism was most obstinately maintained and appeared for the longest time uncertain. After half a century of civil wars and massacres it terminated in Henry IV., a Protestant king who turned Catholic, but who gave Protestants the edict of Nantes: a precious, though insufficient and precarious, pledge, which served France as a point of departure towards religious liberty and which protected it for nearly a century, in the midst of the brilliant victory won by catholicism. [The edict of Nantes, published by Henry IV. in 1598, was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685.]

For more than three centuries civilized Europe has been discussing, *pro* or *con*, the question of religious liberty, but from instinct and with passion far more than with a serious understanding of what is at the bottom of things. Even in our own day it is not without difficulty that a beginning is being made to understand and accept that principle in its true sense and in all its bearings. Men were wonderfully far from it in 1560, at the accession of Charles IX., a child ten years old; they were entering, in blind confidence, upon a religious war, in order to arrive, only after four centuries of strife and misconception, at a vindication of religious liberty. "Woe, to thee, O country, that hast a child for king!" said, in accordance with the Bible, the Venetian, Michael Suriano, ambassador to France at that time. Around that royal child and seeking to have the mastery over France by being masters over him, were struggling the three great parties at that time occupying the stage in the name of religion: the Catholics rejected altogether the idea of religious liberty for the Protestants; the Protestants had absolute need of it, for it was their condition of existence; but they did not wish for it in the case of the Catholics their adversaries. The third party (*tiers parti*), as we call it now-a-days, wished to hold the balance continually wavering between the Catholics and the Protestants, conceding to the former and the latter, alternately, that measure of liberty which was indispensable for most imperfect mainte-

nance of the public peace and reconcilable with the sovereign power of the kingship. On such conditions was the government of Charles IX. to establish its existence.

The death of Francis II. put an end to a grand project of the Guises, which we do not find expressly indicated elsewhere than in the *Mémoires* of Michael de Castelnau, one of the best informed and most intelligent historians of the time. "Many Catholics," says he, "were then of opinion that, if the authority of the duke of Guise had continued to be armed with that of the king as it had been, the Protestants would have had enough to do. For orders had been sent to all the principal lords of the kingdom, officers of the crown and knights of the order, to show themselves in the said city of Orleans on Christmas-day at the opening of the states, for that they might be all made to sign the confession of the catholic faith in the presence of the king and the chapter of the order; together with all the members of the privy council, reporting-masters (of petitions), domestic officers of the king's household, and all the deputies of the estates. The same confession was to be published throughout all the said kingdom, in order to have it sworn by all the judges, magistrates, and officers, and, finally, all private persons from parish to parish. And in default of so doing, proceedings were to be taken by seizures, condemnations, executions, banishments, and confiscations. And they who did repent themselves and abjured their protestant religion were to be absolved." *Mémoires de Michel de Castelnau*, book ii. chap. xii. p. 121, in the Petitot collection.] It is not to be supposed that, even if circumstances had remained as they were under the reign of Francis II., such a plan could have been successful; but it is intelligible that the Guises had conceived such an idea: they were victorious; they had just procured the condemnation to death of the most formidable amongst the protestant princes, their adversary, Louis de Condé; they were threatening the life of his brother the king of Navarre; and the house of Bourbon seemed to be on the point of disappearing beneath the blows of the ambitious, audacious and by no means scrupulous house of Lorraine. Not even the prospect of Francis II.'s death arrested the Guises in their work and their hopes; when they saw that he was near his end, they made a proposal to the queen-mother to unite herself completely with them, leave the prince of Condé to execution, rid herself of the king of Navarre, and become regent of the kingdom during the minority of her son Charles, taking them, the

Lorraine princes and their party, for necessary partners in her government. But Catherine de' Medici was more prudent, more judicious, and more egotistical in her ambition than the Guises were in theirs; she was not, as they were, exclusively devoted to the catholic party; it was power that she wanted, and she sought for it every day amongst the party or the mixture of parties in a condition to give it her. She considered the catholic party to be the strongest, and it was hers; but she considered the protestant party strong enough to be feared and to give her a certain amount of security and satisfaction: a security necessary, moreover, if peace at home and not civil war were to be the habitual and general condition of France. Catherine was, finally, a woman and very skilful in the strifes of court and of government, whilst, on the field of battle, the victories though won in her name, would be those of the Guises more than her own. Without openly rejecting the proposals they made to her under their common apprehension of Francis II.'s approaching death, she avoided making any reply. She had, no doubt, already taken her precautions and her measures in advance; her confidante, Jacqueline de Longwy, duchess of Montpensier and a zealous protestant, had brought to her rooms at night Anthony de Bourbon, king of Navarre, and Catherine had come to an agreement with him about the partition of power between herself and him at the death of the king her son. She had written to the constable De Montmorency, a rival of the Guises and their foe though a staunch Catholic, to make haste to Orleans, where his presence would be required. As soon as Chancellor de l'Hospital became aware of the proposals which were being made by the Guises to the queen-mother, he flew to her and opposed them with all the energy of his great and politic mind and sterling nature. Was she going to deliver the prince Condé to the scaffold, the house of Bourbon to ruin, France to civil war, and the independence of the crown and of that royal authority which she was on the point of wielding herself to the tyrannical domination of her rivals the Lorraine princes and of their party? Catherine listened with great satisfaction to this judicious and honest language. When the crown passed to her son Charles she was free from any serious anxiety as to her own position and her influence in the government. The new king, on announcing to the parliament the death of his brother, wrote to them that "confiding in the virtues and prudence of the queen-mother, he had begged her to take in hand the administration

of the kingdom, with the wise counsel and advice of the king of Navarre and the notables and great personages of the late king's council." A few months afterwards the states-general, assembling first at Orleans and afterwards at Pontoise, ratified this declaration by recognizing the placement of "the young king Charles IX.'s guardianship in the hands of Catherine de' Medici, his mother, together with the principal direction of affairs but without the title of regent." The king of Navarre was to assist her in the capacity of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Twenty-five members specially designated were to form the king's privy council [*Histoire des États généraux*, by M. Picot, t. ii. p. 73]. And in the privacy of her motherly correspondence Catherine wrote to the queen of Spain, her daughter Elizabeth, wife of Philip II.: "Madame, my dear daughter, all I shall tell you is not to be the least anxious and to rest assured that I shall spare no pains to so conduct myself that God and everybody may have occasion to be satisfied with me. . . . You have seen the time when I was as happy as you are, not dreaming of ever having any greater trouble than that of not being loved as I should have liked to be by the king your father. God took him from me, and is not content with that; He has taken from me your brother whom I loved you well know how much, and has left me with three young children and in a kingdom where all is division, having therein not a single man in whom I can trust, and who has not some particular object of his own."

The queen-mother of France, who wrote to her daughter the queen of Spain with such firmness of tone and such independence of spirit, was, to use the words of the Venetian ambassador, John Michieli, who had lived at her court, "a woman of forty-three, of affable manners, great moderation, superior intelligence, and ability in conducting all sorts of affairs, especially affairs of State. As mother, she has the personal management of the king; she allows no one else to sleep in his room; she is never away from him. As regent and head of the government, she holds everything in her hands, public offices, benefices, graces, and the seal which bears the king's signature, and which is called the *cachet* (privy-seal or signet). In the council, she allows the others to speak; she replies to any one who needs it; she decides according to the advice of the council or according to what she may have made up her mind to. She opens the letters addressed to the king by his ambassadors and by all the ministers. . . . She has great designs and does not

allow them to be easily penetrated. As for her way of living, she is very fond of her ease and pleasure; she observes few rules; she eats and drinks a great deal; she considers that she makes up for it by taking a great deal of exercise a-foot and a-horseback; she goes a-hunting; and last year she always joined the king in his stag-chases, through the woods and thick forests, a dangerous sort of chase for any one who is not an excellent rider. She has an olive complexion and is already very fat; accordingly the doctors have not a good opinion of her life. She has a dower of 300,000 francs a year, double that of other queens-dowager. She was formerly always in money-difficulties and in debt; now, she not only keeps out of debt, but she spends and gives more liberally than ever" [*Relations des ambassadeurs vénitiens*, published by A. N. Tommaseo, t. i. pp. 427-429].

As soon as the reign of Charles IX. and the queen-mother's government were established, notice was sent to the prince of Condé that he was free. He refused to stir from prison; he would wait, he said, until his accusers were confined there. He was told that it was the king's express order, and was what Francis II. on his death-bed had himself impressed upon the king of Navarre. Condé determined to set out for La Fère, a place belonging to his brother Anthony de Bourbon, and there await fresh orders from the king. In February, 1561, he left La Fère for Fontainebleau. On his road to Paris, his friends flocked to him and made him a splendid escort. On approaching the king's palace Condé separated himself from his following, and advanced alone with two of his most faithful friends. All the lords of the court, the duke of Guise amongst them, went to meet him. On the 15th of March he was admitted to the privy council. Chancellor de l'Hospital, on the prince's own demand, affirmed that no charge had been found against him. The king declared his innocence in a deed signed by all the members of the council. On the 13th of June, in solemn session, the Parliament of Paris, sitting as a court of Peers, confirmed this declaration. Notwithstanding the duke of Guise's co-operation in all these acts, Condé desired something of a more personal kind on his part. On the 24th of August, at St Germain, in presence of the king, the queen-mother, the princes and the court, the duke of Guise, in reply to a question from the king, protested, "that he had not, and would never have desired to, put forward anything against the prince's honor, and that he had been neither the

author nor the instigator of his imprisonment." "Sir," said Condé, "I consider wicked and contemptible him or them who caused it." "So I think, sir," answered Guise, "And it does not apply to me at all." Whereupon they embraced, and a report was drawn up of the ceremony which was called their reconciliation. Just as it was ending, Marshal Francis de Montmorency, eldest son of the constable and far more inclined than his father was towards the cause of the reformers, arrived with a numerous troop of friends whom he had mustered to do honor to Condé. The court was a little excited at this incident. The constable declared that, having the honor to be so closely connected with the princes of Bourbon, his son would have been to blame if he had acted differently. The aged warrior had himself negotiated this reconciliation; and when it was accomplished and the duke of Guise had performed his part in it with so much complaisance, the constable considered himself to be quits with his former allies and free to follow his leaning towards the catholic party. "The veteran," says the duke of Aumale. "did not pique himself on being a theologian; but he was sincerely attached to the catholic faith because it was the old religion and the king's; and he separated himself definitively from those religious and political innovators whom he had at first seemed to countenance and amongst whom he reckoned his nearest relatives." In vain did his eldest son try to hold him back; a close union was formed between the constable De Montmorency, the duke of Guise and Marshal de Saint André, and it became the catholic triumvirate against which Catherine de' Medici had at one time to defend herself, and of which she had at another to avail herself in order to carry out the policy of see-saw she had adopted as her chief means of government.

Before we call to mind and estimate as they deserve the actions of that government, we must give a correct idea of the moral condition of the people governed, of their unbridled passions, and of the share of responsibility reverting to them in the crimes and shocking errors of that period. It is a mistake and an injustice, only too common, to lay all the burthen of such facts and the odium justly due to them upon the great actors almost exclusively whose names have remained attached to them in history; the people themselves have very often been the prime movers in them; they have very often preceded and urged on their masters in the black deeds which have sullied their history; and on the masses as well as on the

leaders ought the just sentence of posterity to fall. The moment we speak of the St. Bartholomew, it seems as if Charles IX., Catherine de' Medici, and the Guises issued from their grave to receive that sentence; and God forbid that we should wish to deliver them from it; but it hits the nameless populace of their day as well as themselves, and the hands of the people far more than the will of kings began the tale of massacres for religion's sake. This is no vague and general assertion; and to show it, we shall only have to enumerate, with their dates, the principal facts of which history has preserved the memory whilst stigmatizing them, with good reason, as massacres or murders. The greater number, as was to be expected, are deeds done by Catholics, for they were by far the more numerous and more frequently victorious; but Protestants also have sometimes deserved a place in this tragic category, and when we meet with them, we will assuredly not blot them out.

We confine the enumeration to the reign of Charles IX., and in it we place only such massacres and murders as were not the results of any legal proceeding. We say nothing of judicial sentences and executions, however outrageous and iniquitous they may have been.

The first fact which presents itself is a singular one. Admiral de Coligny's eldest brother, Odet de Châtillon, was a Catholic, bishop of Beauvais and a cardinal; in 1550, he had gone to Rome and had co-operated in the election of Pope Julius III.; in 1554, he had published some *Constitutions synodales* (synodal regulations) to remedy certain abuses which had crept into his diocese; and, in 1561, he proposed to make in the celebration of the Lord's Supper some modifications which smacked, it is said, of the innovations of Geneva. The populace of Beauvais was so enraged at this that they rose up against him, massacred a schoolmaster whom he tried to protect, and would have massacred the bishop himself if troops sent from Paris had not come to his assistance.

In the same year, 1561, the protestants had a custom of meeting at Paris for their religious exercises in a house called *the Patriarch's house*, very near the church of St. Médard. On the 27th of December, whilst the reformed minister was preaching, the Catholics had all the bells in St. Médard rung in full peal. The minister sent two of his congregation to beg the incumbent to have the bell-ringing stopped for a short time. The mob threw themselves upon the two messengers: one was

killed, and the other, after having made a stout defence, returned badly wounded to *the Patriarch's house* and fell dead at the preacher's feet. The provost of tradesman was for having the bells stopped; the riot became violent; the house of the reformers was stormed; and the provost's archers had great difficulty in putting a stop to the fight. More than a hundred persons, it is said, were killed or wounded.

In 1562, in the month of February, whilst the Guises were travelling in Germany with the object of concluding, in the interests of policy, alliances with some German Lutheran princes, disturbances broke out at Cahors, Amiens, Sens, and Tours between the Protestants and the Catholics. Which of the two began them? It would be difficult to determine. The passions that lead to insult, attack, defence, and vengeance were mutually felt and equally violent on both sides. Montluc was sent to Guienne by the queen-mother to restore order there; but nearly everywhere he laid the blame on the Protestants. His *Mémoires* proved that he harried them without any form of justice. "At Sauveterre," says he, "I caught five or six, all of whom I had hanged without expense of paper or ink and without giving them a hearing, for those gentry are regular Chrysostoms (*parlent d'or*)." "I was informed that at Gironde there were sixty or eighty Huguenots belonging to them of La Réole, who had retreated thither; the which were all taken, and I had them hanged to the pillars of the market-place, without further ceremony. One hanged has more effect than a hundred slain." When Montluc took Monségur, "the massacre lasted for ten hours or more," says he, "because search was made for them in the houses; the dead were counted and found to be more than seven hundred" [*Mémoires de Montluc*, t. ii. pp. 442, 443-447].

Almost at the very time at which Montluc, who had been sent to Guienne to restore order there between the Catholics and the Protestants, was treating the latter with this shocking severity, an incident, more serious because of the rank of the persons concerned, took place at Vassy, a small town in Champagne, near which the duke of Guise passed on returning from Germany. Hearing, as he went, the sound of bells, he asked what it meant. "It is the church of the Huguenots of Vassy," was the answer. "Are there many of them?" asked the duke. He was told that there were, and that they were increasing more and more. "Then," says the chronicler; "he began to mutter and to put himself in a white heat, gnawing

his beard as he was wont to do when he was enraged or had a mind to take vengeance." Did he turn aside out of his way, with his following, to pass right through Vassy, or did he confine himself to sending some of his people to bring him an account of what was happening there? When a fact which was at the outset insignificant has become a great event it is hardly possible to arrive at any certain knowledge of the truth as to the small details of its origin. Whatever may have been the case in the first instance, a quarrel and, before long, a struggle began between the preacher's congregation and the prince's following. Being informed of the matter whilst he was at table, the duke of Guise rose up, went to the spot, found the combatants very warmly at work, and himself received several blows from stones; and, when the fight was put a stop to, forty-nine persons had been killed in it, nearly all on the protestant side; more than two hundred others, it is said, came out of it severely wounded; and, whether victors or vanquished, all were equally irritated. The Protestants complained vehemently; and Conde offered, in their name, fifty thousand men to resent this attack, but his brother the king of Navarre, on the contrary, received with a very bad grace the pleading of Theodore de Bèze. "It is true that the Church of God should endure blows and not inflict them," said De Bèze: "but remember, I pray you, that it is an anvil which has used up a great many hammers."

The massacre of Vassy, the name which has remained affixed to it in history, rapidly became contagious. From 1562 to 1572, in Languedoc, in Provence, in Dauphiny, in Poitou, in Orleanness, in Normandy even and in Picardy, at Toulouse, at Gaillac, at Fréjus, at Troyes, at Sens, at Orleans, at Amiens, at Rouen, and in many other towns, spontaneous and disorderly outbreaks between religiously opposed portions of the populace took place suddenly, were repeated, and spread, sometimes with the connivance of the local authorities, judicial or administrative, but more often through the mere brutal explosion of the people's passions. It is distasteful to us to drag numerous examples from oblivion; but we will cite just two, faithful representations of those sad incidents and attested by authentic documents. The little town of Gaillac was almost entirely catholic; the Protestants, less numerous, had met the day after Pentecost, May 18, 1562, to celebrate the Lord's Supper: "The inhabitants in the quarter of the Château de l'Orme, who are all artisans or vine-dressers," says the chronicler,

"rush to arms, hurry along with them all the Catholics of the town, invest the place of assembly, and take prisoners all who were present. After this capture, they separate: some remain in the meeting-house, on guard over the prisoners; the rest go into dwellings to work there will upon those of the religion who had remained there. Then they take the prisoners, to the number of sixty or eighty, into a gallery of the Abbey of St. Michael, situated on a steep rock at the base of which flows the river Tarn; and there, a field-laborer, named Cabral, having donned the robe and cape of the judge's deputy whom he had slain with his own hand, pronounces judgment and sentences all the prisoners to be thrown from the gallery into the river, telling them to go and eat fish as they had not chosen to fast during Lent; which was done forthwith. Divers boatmen who were on the river despatched with their oars those who tried to save themselves by swimming" [*Histoire générale du Languedoc*, liv. xxxviii. f. v., p. 227]. At Troyes in Champagne, "during the early part of August, 1572, the majority of the Protestants of the town, who were returning from Esle-au-Mont, where they had a meeting-house and a pastor under authorization from the king, were assailed in the neighborhood of Croncels by the excited populace. A certain number of individuals, accompanying a mother carrying a child which had just received baptism, were pursued by showers of stones; several were wounded, and the child was killed in its mother's arms." This affair did not give rise to any prosecution: "It is no use to think about it any longer," said the delegate of the bailiff and of the mayor of Troyes in a letter from Paris on the 27th of August. The St. Bartholomew had just taken place on the 24th of August [*Histoire de la Ville de Troyes*, by H. Bou-tiot, t. iii. p. 25].

Where they happened to be the stronger and where they had either vengeance to satisfy or measures of security to take, the Protestants were not more patient or more humane than the Catholics. At Nîmes, in 1567, they projected and carried out, in the town and the neighboring country, a massacre in which a hundred and ninety-two Catholics perished; and several churches and religious houses were damaged or completely destroyed. This massacre, perpetrated on St. Michael's day, was called *the Michaelade*. The barbarities committed against the Catholics in Dauphiny and in Provence by Francis de Beaumont, baron of Adrets, have remained as historical as the massacre of Vassy, and he justified them on the same grounds

as Montluc had given for his in Guienne: "Nobody commits cruelty in repaying it," said he; "the first are called cruelties, the second justice. The only way to stop the enemy's barbarities is to meet them with retaliation." Though experience ought to have shown them their mistake, both Adrets and Montluc persisted in it. A case, however, is mentioned in which Adrets was constrained to be merciful. After the capture of Montbrison, he had sentenced all the prisoners to throw themselves down, with their hands tied behind them, from the top of the citadel: one of them made two attempts and thought better of it: "Come, twice is enough to take your soundings," shouted the baron who was looking on; "I'll give you four times to do it in," rejoined the soldier. And this good saying saved his life.

The weak and undecided government of Catherine de' Medici tried several times, but in vain, to prevent or repress these savage explosions of passion and strife amongst the people; the sterling moderation of Chancellor de l'Hospital was scarcely more successful than the hypocritical and double-faced attentions paid by Catherine de' Medici to both the catholic and the protestant leaders; the great maladies and the great errors of nations require remedies more heroic than the adroitness of a woman, the wisdom of a functionary, or the hopes of a philosopher. It was formal and open civil war between the two communions and the two parties that, with honest and patriotic desire, L'Hospital and even Catherine were anxious to avoid. From 1561 to 1572 there were in France eighteen or twenty massacres of Protestants, four or five of Catholics, and thirty or forty single murders sufficiently important to have been kept in remembrance by history; and during that space of time formal civil war, religious and partisan, broke out, stopped and recommenced in four campaigns signalized, each of them, by great battles and four times terminated by impotent or deceptive treaties of peace which, on the 24th of August, 1572, ended, for their sole result, in the greatest massacre of French history, the St. Bartholomew.

The first religious war, under Charles IX., appeared on the point of breaking out in April, 1561, some days after that the duke of Guise, returning from the massacre of Vassy, had entered Paris, on the 16th of March, in triumph. The queen-mother, in dismay, carried off the king to Melun at first and then to Fontainebleau, whilst the prince of Condé, having retired to Meaux, summoned to his side his relatives, his friends,

and all the leaders of the reformers, and wrote to Coligny "that Cæsar had not only crossed the Rubicon, but was already at Rome, and that his banners were beginning to wave all over the neighboring country." For some days Catherine and L'Hospital tried to remain out of Paris with the young king whom Guise, the constable De Montmorency and the king of Navarre, the former being members and the latter an ally of the triumvirate, went to demand back from them. They were obliged to submit to the pressure brought to bear upon them. The constable was the first to enter Paris, and went on the 2nd of April, and burnt down the two places of worship which, by virtue of the decree of January 17, 1561, had been granted to the Protestants. Next day the king of Navarre and the duke of Guise, in their turn, entered the city in company with Charles IX. and Catherine. A council was assembled at the Louvre to deliberate as to the declaration of war, which was deferred. Whilst the king was on his way back to Paris, Condé hurried off to take up his quarters at Orleans, whither Coligny went promptly to join him. They signed with the gentlemen who came to them from all parts a compact of association "for the honor of God, for the liberty of the king, his brothers and the queen-mother, and for the maintenance of decrees;" and Condé, in writing to the protestant princes of Germany to explain to them his conduct, took the title of *protector of the House and Crown of France*. Negotiations still went on for nearly three months. The chiefs of the two parties attempted to offer one another generous and pacific solutions; they even had two interviews; but Catherine was induced by the catholic triumvirate to expressly declare that she could not allow in France more than one single form of worship. Condé and his friends said that they could not lay down their arms until the triumvirate was overthrown and the execution of decrees granting them liberty of worship, in certain places and to a certain extent, had been secured to them. Neither party liked to acknowledge itself beaten in this way without having struck a blow. And in the early part of July, 1562, the first religious war began.

We do not intend to dwell upon any but its leading facts, facts which at the moment when they were accomplished might have been regarded as decisive in respect of the future. In this campaign there were two; the battle of Dreux, on the 19th of December, 1562; and the murder of the duke of Guise by Poltrot, on the 18th of February, 1563.

The two armies met in the plain of Dreux with pretty nearly equal forces, the royal army being superior in artillery and the protestant in cavalry. When they had arrived in front of one another, the triumvirs sent to ask the queen-mother's authority to give battle. "I am astounded," said Catherine to her favorite adviser Michael de Castelnau, "that the constable, the duke of Guise and Saint-André, being good, prudent, and experienced captains, should send to ask counsel of a woman and a child, both full of sorrow at seeing things in such extremity as to be reduced to the risk of a battle between fellow-countrymen." "Hereupon," says Castelnau, "in came the king's nurse, who was a Huguenot, and the queen, at the same time that she took me to see the king who was still in bed, said to me with great agitation and jeeringly, 'We had better ask the king's nurse whether to give battle or not: what think you?' Then the nurse, as she followed the queen into the king's chamber according to her custom, said several times that, as the Huguenots would not listen to reason she would say, Give battle. Whereupon there was, at the privy council, much discourse about the good and the evil that might result therefrom; but the resolution arrived at was that they who had arms in their hands ought not to ask advice or orders from the court; and I was despatched on the spot to tell them from the king and the queen that, as good and prudent captains, they were to do what they considered most proper." Next day, at ten in the morning, the armies met: "Then every one," says La Noue, one of the bravest amongst the reformers' leaders, "steadied himself, reflecting that the men he saw coming towards him were not Spaniards or English or Italians, but Frenchmen, that is, the bravest of the brave, amongst whom there were some who were his own comrades, relatives and friends, and that within an hour they would have to be killing one another, which created some sort of horror of the fact, without, however, diminution of courage. . . . One thing worthy of being noted," continues La Noue, "is the long duration of the fight, it being generally seen in battles that all is lost or won within a single hour, whereas this began about one p.m. and there was no issue until after five. Of a surety, there was marvellous animosity on both sides, whereof sufficient testimony is to be found in the number of dead, which exceeded seven thousand, as many persons say; the majority whereof were killed in the fight rather than the pursuit. . . . Another incident was the capture of the two chiefs of the armies, a

thing which rarely happens, because generally they do not fight until the last moment and in extremity; and often a battle is as good as won before they come to this point. But in this case they did not put it off so long, for, at the very first, each was minded to set his men an example of not sparing themselves. The constable De Montmorency was the first taken, and seriously wounded, having always received wounds in seven battles at which he was present; which shows the boldness that was in him. The prince of Condé was taken at the end, also wounded. As both of them had good seconds, it made them the less fearful of danger to their own persons, for the constable had M. de Guise, and the prince of Condé Admiral de Coligny, who showed equally well to the front in the mellay. . . . Finally I wish to bring forward another matter which will be supernumerary because it happened after the battle, and that is, the courteous and honorable behavior of the duke of Guise, victorious towards the prince of Condé a prisoner; which most men, on one side as well as on the other, did not at all think he would have been disposed to exhibit, for it is well known how hateful, in civil wars, are the chiefs of parties, and what imputations are made upon them. Nevertheless here quite the contrary happened: for, when the prince was brought before the duke, the latter spoke to him respectfully and with great gentleness of language, wherein he could not pretend that there was any desire to pique him or blame him. And whilst the prince stayed in the camp, the duke often dined with him. And forasmuch as on this day of the battle there were but few beds arrived, for the baggage had been half-plundered and dispersed, the duke of Guise offered his own bed to the prince of Condé, which the prince would accept in respect of the half only. And so these two great princes, who were like mortal foes, found themselves in one bed, one triumphant and the other captive, taking their repast together" [*Mémoires de François de La Noue*, in the Petitot collection; 1st series, t. xxxiv. pp. 172—178].

The results of the battle of Dreux were serious, and still more serious from the fate of the chiefs than from the number of the dead. The commanders of the two armies, the constable De Montmorency and the prince of Condé, were wounded and prisoners. One of the triumvirs, Marshal de Saint-André, had been killed in action. The Catholics' wavering ally, Anthony de Bourbon, king of Navarre, had died before the battle of a wound which he had received at the

siege of Rouen; and on his death-bed had resumed his protestant bearing, saying that, if God granted him grace to get well, he would have nothing but the Gospel preached throughout the realm. The two staffs (*états-majors*), as we would now say, were disorganized: in one, the duke of Guise alone remained unhurt and at liberty; in the other, Coligny, in Condé's absence, was elected general-in-chief of the Protestants. At Paris, for a while, it was believed that the battle was lost. "If it had been," says Montluc, "I think that it was all over with France, for the State would have changed and so would the religion; a young king can be made to do as you please." Catherine de' Medici showed a facile resignation to such a change: "Very well," she had said, "then we will pray to God in French." When the victory became known there was general enthusiasm for the duke of Guise; but he took a very modest advantage of it, being more anxious to have his comrades' merits appreciated than his own. At Blois, as he handed the queen-mother her table-napkin at dinner-time, he asked her if he might have an audience of her after the repast: "Jesu! my dear cousin," said Catherine, "whatever are you saying?" "I say it, madame, because I would fain show you in the presence of everybody what I have done, since my departure from Paris, with your army which you gave in charge to me together with the constable, and also present to you all the good captains and servants of the king and of yourself who have served you faithfully, as well your own subjects as also foreigners, and horsemen and foot;" whereupon he discoursed about the battle of Dreux "and painted it so well and so to the life," says Brantôme, "that you would have said that they were still about it, whereat the queen felt very great pleasure. . . . Every one listened very attentively, without the least noise in the world; and he spoke so well that there was none who was not charmed, for the prince was the best of speakers and eloquent, not with a forced and overladen eloquence, but simple and soldierly, with a grace of his own to match; so much so that the queen-mother said that she had never seen him in such good form." [Brantôme, *Vies des grands Capitaines*, t. ii. pp. 247-250]. The good form, however, was not enough to prevent the ill humor and jealousy felt by the queen-mother and her youthful son the king at such a great success which made Guise so great a personage. After the victory of Dreux he had written to the king to express his wish to see conferred

upon a candidate of his own choosing the marshal's bâton left vacant by the death of Saint-André. "See now," said Charles IX. to his mother and some persons who were by, "if the duke of Guise does not act the king well; you would really say that the army was his and that victory came from his hand, making no mention of God who, by His great goodness, hath given it us. He thrusts the bargain into my fist (dictates to me). Yet must I give him a civil answer to satisfy him; for I do not want to make trouble in my kingdom and irritate a captain to whom my late father and I have given so much credit and authority." The king almost apologized for having already disposed of the bâton in favor of the marquis de Vieilleville, and he sent the duke of Guise the collar of the order for two of his minions, and at the same time the commission of lieutenant-general of the kingdom and commander-in-chief of the army for himself. Guise thanked him, pretending to be satisfied: the king smiled as he read his letter; and "*Non ti fidar e non sarai gabbato*" (*Don't trust and you'll not be duped*), he said in the words of the Italian proverb.

He had not to disquiet himself for long about this rival. On the 18th of February, 1563, the duke of Guise was vigorously pushing forward the siege of Orleans, the stronghold of the Protestants, stoutly defended by Coligny. He was apprised that his wife, the duchess Anne d'Este, had just arrived at a castle near the camp with the intention of using her influence over her husband in order to spare Orleans from the terrible consequences of being taken by assault. He mounted his horse to go and join her, and he was chatting to his aide-de-camp Rostaing about the means of bringing about a pacification when, on arriving at a cross-road where several ways met, he felt himself struck in the right shoulder, almost under the arm, by a pistol-shot fired from behind a hedge at a distance of six or seven paces. A white plume upon his head had made him conspicuous, and as, for so short a ride, he had left off his cuirass, three balls had passed through him from side to side, "That shot has been in keeping for me a long while," said he: "I deserve it for not having taken precautions." He fell upon his horse's neck, as he vainly tried to draw his sword from the scabbard; his arm refused its office. When he had been removed to the castle, where the duchess, in tears, received him, "I am vexed at it," said he, "for the honor of France;" and to his son Henry, prince of Joinville, a boy of thirteen, he added, kissing him, "God grant you grace.

my son, to become a good man." He languished for six days, amidst useless attentions paid him by his surgeons, giving Catherine de' Medici, who came daily to see him, the most pacific counsels, and taking of the duchess his wife the most tender farewells mingled with the most straightforward and honest avowals: "I do not mean to deny," he said to her, "that the counsels and frailties of youth have led me sometimes into something at which you had a right to be offended; I pray you to be pleased to excuse me and forgive me." His brother, the cardinal De Guise, bishop of Metz, which the duke had so gloriously defended against Charles V., warned him that it was time to prepare himself for death by receiving the sacraments of the Church: "Ah! my dear brother," said the duke to him, "I have loved you greatly in times past, but I love you now still more than ever, for you are doing me a truly brotherly turn." On the 24th of February they still offered him aliment to sustain his rapidly increasing weakness: but "Away, away," said he; "I have taken the manna from heaven whereby I feel myself so comforted that it seems to me as if I were already in paradise. This body has no further need of nourishment;" and so he expired on the 24th of February, 1563, an object, at his death, of the most profound regret amongst his army and his party as well as his family, after having been during his life the object of their lively admiration. "I do not forget," says his contemporary Stephen Pasquier in reference to him, "that it was no small luck for him to die at this period, when he was beyond reach of the breeze, and when shifting fortune had not yet played him any of those turns whereby she is so cunning in lowering the horn of the bravest."

It is a duty to faithfully depict this pious and guileless death of a great man, at the close of a vigorous and aglorious life, made up of good and evil without the evil's having choked the good. This powerful and consolatory intermixture of qualities is the characteristic of the eminent men of the sixteenth century, Catholics or Protestants, soldiers or civilians; and it is a spectacle wholesome to be offered in times when doubt and moral enfeeblement are the common malady even of sound minds and of honest men.

The murderer of Duke Francis of Guise was a petty nobleman of Angoumois, John Poltrot, lord of Méré, a fiery Catholic in his youth, who afterwards became an equally fiery Protestant and was engaged with his relative La Renaudie in

the conspiracy against the Guises. He had been employed constantly from that time, as a spy it is said, by the chiefs of the reformers, a vocation for which, it would seem, he was but little adapted, for the indiscretion of his language must have continually revealed his true sentiments. When he heard, in 1562, of the death of Anthony de Bourbon, king of Navarre, "That," said he, "is not what will put an end to the war; what is wanted is the dog with the big collar." "Whom do you mean?" asked somebody. "The great Guisard; and here's the arm that will do the trick." "He used to show," says D'Aubigné, "bullets cast to slay the Guisard, and thereby rendered himself ridiculous." After the battle of Dreux he was bearer of a message from the lord of Soubise to Admiral de Coligny, to whom he gave an account of the situation of the reformers in Dauphiny and in Lyonness. His report no doubt interested the admiral, who gave him twenty crowns to go and play spy in the camp of the duke of Guise, and, some days later, a hundred crowns to buy a horse. It was thus that Poltrot was put in a position to execute the design he had been so fond of proclaiming before he had any communication with Coligny. As soon as, on the 18th of February, 1563, in the outskirts of Orleans, he had, to use his own expression, done his trick, he fled full gallop, so as not to bear the responsibility of it; but, whether it were that he was troubled in his mind or that he was ill-acquainted with the region, he wandered round and round the place where he had shot the duke of Guise, and was arrested on the 20th of February by men sent in search of him. Being forthwith brought before the privy council, in the presence of the queen-mother, and put to the torture, he said that Admiral de Coligny, Theodore de Bèze, la Rochefoucauld, Soubise, and other Huguenot chiefs had incited him to murder the duke of Guise, persecutor of the faithful, "as a meritorious deed in the eyes of God and men." Coligny repudiated this allegation point blank. Shrinking from the very appearance of hypocrisy, he abstained from any regret at the death of the duke of Guise, "The greatest blessing," said he, "which could come to this realm and to the Church of God, especially to myself and all my house;" and he referred to conversations he had held with the cardinal of Lorraine and the duchess of Guise and to a notice which he had sent, a few days previously, to the duke of Guise himself "to take care, for there was somebody under a bond to kill him." Lastly, he demanded that, to set in a clear light "his integrity, innocence and good repute,"

Polttrot should be kept, until peace was made, in strict confinement, so that the admiral himself and the murderer might be confronted. It was not thought to be obligatory or possible to comply with this desire; amongst the public there was a passionate outcry for prompt chastisement. Polttrot, removed to Paris, put to the torture and questioned by the commissioners of parliament, at one time confirmed and at another disavowed his original assertions. Coligny, he said, had not suggested the project to him, but had cognizance of it and had not attempted to deter him. The decree sentenced Polttrot to the punishment of regicides. He underwent it on the 18th of March, 1563, in the Place de Grève, preserving to the very end that fierce energy of hatred and vengeance which had prompted his deed. He was heard saying to himself in the midst of his torments and as if to comfort himself, "For all that, he is dead and gone—the persecutor of the faithful, and he will not come back again." The angry populace insulted him with yells; Polttrot added, "If the persecution does not cease, vengeance will fall upon this city, and the avengers are already at hand."

Catherine de' Medici, well pleased, perhaps, that there was now a question personally embarrassing for the admiral and as yet in abeyance, had her mind entirely occupied apparently with the additional weakness and difficulty resulting to the position of the crown and the catholic party from the death of the duke of Guise; she considered peace necessary; and, for reasons of a different nature, Chancellor de l'Hospital was of the same opinion: he drew attention to "scruples of conscience, the perils of foreign influence, and the impossibility of curing by an application of brute force a malady concealed in the very bowels and brains of the people." Negotiations were entered into with the two captive generals, the prince of Condé and the constable De Montmorency; they assented to that policy; and, on the 19th of March, peace was concluded at Amboise in the form of an edict which granted to the Protestants the concessions recognized as indispensable by the crown itself, and regulated the relations of the two creeds, pending "the remedy of time, the decisions of a holy council, and the king's majority." Liberty of conscience and the practice of the religion "called reformed" were recognized "for all barons and lords high-justiciary, in their houses, with their families and dependents; for nobles having fiefs without vassals and living on the king's lands, but for them and their families personally."

The burgesses were treated less favorably; the reformed worship was maintained in the towns in which it had been practised up to the 7th of March in the current year; but, beyond that and noblemen's mansions, this worship might not be celebrated save in the faubourgs of one single town in every bailiwick or seneschalty. Paris and its district were to remain exempt from any exercise "of the said reformed religion."

During the negotiations and as to the very basis of the edict of March 19, 1563, the Protestants were greatly divided: the soldiers and the politicians, with Condé at their head, desired peace, and thought that the concessions made by the Catholics ought to be accepted. The majority of the reformed pastors and theologians cried out against the insufficiency of the concessions, and were astonished that there should be so much hurry to make peace when the Catholics had just lost their most formidable captain. Coligny, moderate in his principles, but always faithful to his Church when she made her voice heard, showed dissatisfaction at the selfishness of the nobles: "To confine the religion to one town in every bailiwick," he said, "is to ruin more churches by a stroke of the pen than our enemies could have pulled down in ten years; the nobles ought to have recollected that example had been set by the towns to them, and by the poor to the rich." Calvin, in his correspondence with the reformed Churches of France, severely handled Condé on this occasion. At the moment when peace was made, the pacific were in the right; the death of the duke of Guise had not prevented the battle of Dreux from being a defeat for the reformers; and, when war had to be supported for long, it was especially the provincial nobles and the people on their estates who bore the burthen of it. But when the edict of Amboise had put an end to the first religious war, when the question was no longer as to who won or lost battles, but whether the conditions of that peace to which the Catholics had sworn were loyally observed, and whether their concessions were effective in insuring the modest amount of liberty and security promised to the Protestants, the question changed front and it was not long before facts put the malcontents in the right. Between 1563 and 1567 murders of distinguished Protestants increased strangely and excited amongst their families anxiety accompanied by a thirst for vengeance. The Guises and their party, on their side, persisted in their outcries for proceedings against the instigators, known or presumed, of the murder of Duke Francis. It was plainly against

Admiral de Coligny that these cries were directed; and he met them by a second declaration, very frank as a denial of the deed which it was intended to impute to him, but more hostile than ever to the Guises and their party: "The late duke," said he, "was of the whole army the man I had most looked out for on the day of the last battle; if I could have brought a gun to bear upon him to kill him, I would have done it; I would have ordered ten thousand arquebusiers, had so many been under my command, to single him out amongst all the others, whether in the field, or from over a wall or from behind a hedge. In short, I would not have spared any of the means permitted by the laws of war in time of hostility to get rid of so great an enemy as he was for me and for so many other good subjects of the king."

After three years of such deadly animosity between the two parties and the two houses, the king and the queen-mother could find no other way of stopping an explosion than to call the matter on before the privy council and cause to be there drawn up, on the 29th of January, 1566, a solemn decree "declaring the admiral's innocence on his own affirmation, given in the presence of the king and the council as before God himself, that he had not had anything to do with or approved of the said homicide. Silence for all time to come was consequently imposed upon the attorney-general and everybody else; inhibition and prohibition were issued against the continuance of any investigation or prosecution. The king took the parties under his safeguard, and enjoined upon them that they should live amicably in obedience to him." By virtue of this injunction, the Guises, the Colignies and the Montmorencies ended by embracing, the first-named accommodating themselves with a pretty good grace to this demonstration: "but God knows what embraces!" [Words used in *la Harenga*, a satire of the day in burlesque verse upon the cardinal of Lorraine]. Six years later the St. Bartholomew brought the true sentiments out into broad daylight.

At the same time that the war was proceeding amongst the provinces with this passionate doggedness, royal decrees were alternately confirming and suppressing or weakening the securities for liberty and safety which the decree of Amboise, on the 19th of March, 1563, had given to the Protestants by way of re-establishing peace. It was a series of contradictory measures which were sufficient to show the party-strife still raging in the heart of the government. On the 14th of June,

1563, Protestants were forbidden to work, with shops open, on the days of catholic festivals. On the 14th of December, 1563, it was proclaimed that Protestants might not gather alms for the poor of their religion, unless in places where that religion was practised, and nowhere else. On the 24th of June, 1564, a proclamation from the king interdicted the exercise of the reformed religion within the precincts of any royal residence. On the 4th of August, 1564, the reformed Churches were forbidden to hold synods and make collections of money, and their ministers to quit their places of residence and to open schools. On the 12th of November, 1567, a king's ordinance interdicted the conferring of judiciary offices on non-catholics. In vain did Condé and Coligny cry out loudly against these violations of the peace of Amboise; in vain, on the 16th of August, 1563, at the moment of proclaiming the king's majority, was an edict issued giving full and entire confirmation to the edict of the 19th of March preceding, with the addition of prescriptions favorable to the royal authority as well as, at the same time, to the maintenance of the public peace; scarcely any portion of these prescriptions was observed; the credit of Chancellor de l'Hospital was clearly very much on the decline; and, whilst the legal government was thus falling to pieces or languishing away, Gaspard de Tavannes, a proved soldier and royalist, who, however, was not yet marshal of France, was beginning to organize, under the name of *Brotherhood of the Holy Spirit*, a secret society intended to renew the civil war "if it happened that occasion should offer for repressing and chastising them of the religion called reformed." It was the League in its cradle. At the same time, the king had orders given for a speedy levy of six thousand Swiss, and an army-corps was being formed on the frontiers of Champagne. The queen-mother neglected no pains, no caresses to hide from Condé the true moving cause at the bottom of all these measures; and as "he was," says the historian Davila, "by nature very ready to receive all sorts of impressions," he easily suffered himself to be lulled to sleep. One day, however, in June, 1567, he thought it about time to claim the fulfilment of a promise that had been made him at the time of the peace of Amboise of a post which would give him the rank and authority of lieutenant-general of the kingdom, as his late brother, the king of Navarre, had been; and he asked for the sword of constable which Montmorency, in consequence of his great age, seemed disposed to resign to the king. Catherine avoided

giving any answer; but her favorite son, Henry, duke of Anjou, who was as yet only sixteen, repudiated this idea with so much haughtiness that Condé felt called upon to ask some explanations; there was no longer any question of war with Spain or of an army to be got together, "What, pray, will you do," he asked, "with the Swiss you are raising?" The answer was, "We shall find good employment for them."

It is the failing of a hypocritical and lying policy, however able, that, if it do not succeed promptly, a moment arrives when it becomes transparent and lets in daylight. Even Condé could not delude himself any longer: the preparations were for war against the reformers. He quitted the court to take his stand again with his own party. Coligny, D'Andelot, Rochefoucauld, La Noue, and all the accredited leaders amongst the Protestants, whom his behavior, too full of confidence or of complaisance towards the court, had shocked or disquieted, went and joined him. In September, 1567, the second religious war broke out.

It was short and not decisive for either party. At the outset of the campaign, success was with the Protestants; forty towns, Orleans, Montereau, Lagny, Montauban, Castres, Montpellier, Uzès, &c., opened their gates to them or fell into their hands. They were within an ace of surprising the king at Monceaux, and he never forgot, says Montluc, that "the Protestants had made him do the stretch from Meaux to Paris at something more than a walk." It was around Paris that Condé concentrated all the efforts of the campaign. He had posted himself at St. Denis with a small army of 4000 foot and 2000 horse. The constable De Montmorency commanded the royal army, having a strength of 16,000 foot and 3000 horse. Attempts were made to open negotiations; but the constable broke them off brusquely, roaring out that the king would never tolerate two religions. On the 10th of November, 1567, the battle began at St. Denis and was fought with alternations of partial success and reverse, which spread joy and sadness through the two hosts in turn; but in resisting a charge of cavalry, led to victory by Condé, the constable fell with and under his horse; a Scot called out to him to surrender; for sole response, the aged warrior, "abandoned by his men, but not by his manhood," says D'Aubigné, smashed the Scot's jaw with the pomel of his broken sword; and at the same moment he fell mortally wounded by a shot through the body. His death left the victory uncertain and the royal army disorganized. The cam-

paign lasted still four months, thanks to the energetic perseverance of Coligny and the inexhaustible spirits of Condé, both of whom excelled in the art of keeping up the courage of their men. "Where are you taking us now?" asked an ill-tempered officer one day. "To meet our German allies," said Condé. "And suppose we don't find them?" "Then we will breathe on our fingers, for it is mighty cold." They did at last, at Pont-à-Mousson, meet the German reinforcements, which were being brought up by Prince John Casimir, son of the elector-palatine, and which made Condé's army strong enough for him to continue the war in earnest. But these new comers declared that they would not march any further unless they were paid the hundred thousand crowns due to them. Condé had but two thousand. "Thereupon," says La Noue, "was there nothing for it but to make a virtue of necessity; and he as well as the admiral employed all their art, influence, and eloquence to persuade every man to divest himself of such means as he possessed for to furnish this contribution which was so necessary. They themselves were the first to set an example, giving up their own silver plate. . . . Half from love and half from fear this liberality was so general that, down to the very soldiers' varlets, every one gave; so that at last it was considered a disgrace to have contributed little. When the whole was collected, it was found to amount, in what was coined as well as in plate and gold chains, to more than 80,000 livres which came in so timely that, without it, there would have been a difficulty in satisfying the reiters. . . . Was it not a thing worthy of astonishment to see an army, itself unpaid, despoiling itself of the little means it had of relieving its own necessities and sparing that little for the accommodation of others, who, peradventure, scarcely gave them a thankee for it?" [*Mémoires de La Noue*, in the Petitot collection, 1st Series, t. xxxiv. p. 207.]

So much generosity and devotion amongst the humblest as well as the most exalted ranks of the army deserved not to be useless: but it turned out quite differently. Condé and Coligny led back to Paris their new army, which, it is said, was from 18,000 to 20,000 strong, and seemed to be in a condition either to take Paris itself, or to force the royal army to enter the field and accept a decisive battle. To bring that about, Condé thought the best thing was to besiege Chartres, "the key to the granary of Paris," as it was called, and "a big thorn," according to La Noue, "to run into the foot of the Parisians." But

Catherine de' Medici had quietly entered once more into negotiations with some of the protestant chiefs, even with Condé himself. Charles IX. published an edict in which he distinguished between heretics and rebels, and assured of his protection all Huguenots who should lay down arms. Chartres seemed to be on the point of capitulating when news came that peace had just been signed at Longjumeau, on the 23rd of March. The king put again in force the edict of Amboise of 1563, suppressing all the restrictions which had been tacked on to it successively. The prince of Condé and his adherents were reinstated in all their possessions, offices, and honors; and Condé was "held and reputed good relative, faithful subject, and servant of the king." The reformers had to disband, restore the new places they had occupied, and send away their German allies, to whom the king undertook to advance the hundred thousand gold crowns which were due to them. He further promised, by a secret article, that he too would *at a later date* dismiss his foreign troops and a portion of the French.

This news caused very various impressions amongst the protestant camp and people. The majority of the men of family engaged in the war, who most frequently had to bear the expense of it, desired peace. The personal advantages accruing to Condé himself made it very acceptable to him. But the ardent reformers, with Coligny at their head, complained bitterly of others' being lured away by fine words and exceptional favors and not prosecuting the war when, to maintain it, there was so good an army and the chances were so favorable. A serious dispute took place between the pacific negotiators and the malcontents. Chancellor de l'Hospital wrote, in favor of peace, *a discourse on the pacific settlement of the troubles of the year 1567, containing the necessary causes and reasons of the treaty, together with the means of reconciling the two parties to one another and keeping them in perpetual concord; composed by a high personage, true subject and faithful servant of the French crown.* But, if the chancellor's reasons were sound, the hopes he hung upon them were extravagant; the parties were at that pitch of passion at which reasoning is in vain against impressions, and promises are powerless against suspicions. Concluded "through the vehemence of the desire to get home again," as La Noue says, the peace of Longjumeau was none the less known as *the little peace, the patched-up peace, the lame and rickety peace*; and neither they who

wished for it nor they who spurned it prophesied its long continuance.

Scarcely six months have elapsed, in August, 1568, the third religious war broke out. The written guarantees given in the treaty of Longjumeau for security and liberty on behalf of the Protestants were misinterpreted or violated. Massacres and murders of Protestants became more numerous and were committed with more impunity than ever: in 1568 and 1569, at Amiens, at Auxerre, at Orleans, at Rouen, at Bourges, at Troyes, and at Blois, Protestants, at one time to the number of 140, or 120, or 53, or 40, and at another singly, with just their wives and children, were massacred, burnt, and hunted by the excited populace, without any intervention on the part of the magistrates to protect them or to punish their murderers. The contemporary protestant chroniclers set down at ten thousand the number of victims who perished in the-course of these six months which were called a time of peace: we may, with De Thou, believe this estimate to be exaggerated, but, without doubt, the peace of Longjumeau was a lie, even before the war began again.

During this interval Condé was living in Burgundy at Noyers, a little fortress he possessed through his wife, Frances of Orleans, and Coligny was living not far from Noyers at Tanlay, which belonged to his brother D'Andelot. They soon discovered, both of them, not only what their party had to suffer but what measures were in preparation against themselves. Agents went and sounded the depth of the moats of Noyers, so as to report upon the means of taking the place. The queen-mother had orders given to Gaspard de Tavannes to surround the prince of Condé at Noyers. "The queen is counselled by passion rather than by reason," answered the old warrior; "I am not the sort of man to succeed in this ill-planned enterprise of distaff and pen; if her Majesty will be pleased to declare open war, I will show how I understand my duty." Shocked at the dishonorable commands given him, Tavannes resolved to indirectly raise Condé's apprehensions in order to get him out of Burgundy, of which he, Tavannes, held the governorship; and he sent close past the walls of Noyers bearers of letters containing these words, "The stag is in the toils; the hunt is ready." Condé had the bearers arrested, understood the warning and communicated it to Coligny, who went and joined him at Noyers, and they decided both of them upon quitting Burgundy without delay to go and seek over the Loire at La Rochelle,

which they knew to be devoted to their cause, a sure asylum and a place suitable for their purposes as a centre of warlike operations. They set out together on the 24th of August, 1568. Condé took with him his wife and his four children, two of tender age. Coligny followed him in deep mourning; he had just lost his wife, Charlotte de Laval, that worthy mate of his, who six years previously, in a grievous crisis for his soul as well as his cause, had given him such energetic counsels; she had left him one young daughter and three little children, the two youngest still in the nurse's arms. His sister-in-law, Annie de Salm, wife of his brother D'Andelot, was also there with a child of two years, whilst her husband was scouring Anjou and Brittany to rally the friends of his cause and his house. A hundred and fifty men, soldiers and faithful servants, escorted these three noble and pious families who were leaving their castles to go and seek liberties and perils in a new war. When they arrived at the bank of the Loire, they found all points in the neighborhood guarded; the river was low; and a boatman pointed out to them, near Sancerre, a possible ford. Condé went over first, with one of his children in his arms. They all went over singing the psalm *When Israel went out of Egypt*, and on the 19th of September, 1568, Condé entered La Rochelle. "I fled as far as I could," he wrote the next day, "but when I got here I found the sea; and, inasmuch as I don't know how to swim, I was constrained to turn my head round and gain the land, not with feet but with hands." He assembled the burgesses of La Rochelle and laid before them the pitiable condition of the kingdom, the wicked designs of people who were their enemies as well as his own; he called upon them to come and help, he promised to be aidful to them in all their affairs, and "as a pledge of my good faith," said he, "I will leave you my wife and children, the dearest and most precious jewels I have in this world." The mayor of La Rochelle, La Haise, responded by offering him "lives and property in the name of all the citizens," who confirmed this offer with an outburst of popular enthusiasm. The protestant nobles of Saintonge and Poitou flocked in. A royal ally was announced; the queen of Navarre, Jeanne d'Albret, was bringing her son Henry, fifteen years of age, whom she was training up to be Henry IV. Condé went to meet them, and, on the 28th of September, 1568, all this flower of French protestantism was assembled at La Rochelle, ready and resolved to commence the third religious war.

It was the longest and most serious of the four wars of this kind which so profoundly agitated France in the reign of Charles IX. This one lasted from the 24th of August, 1568, to the 8th of August, 1570, between the departure of Condé and Coligny for La Rochelle and the treaty of peace of St. Germain-en-Laye: a hollow peace, like the rest, and only two years before the St. Bartholomew. On starting from Noyers with Coligny, Condé had addressed to the king, on the 23rd of August, a letter and a request wherein "after having set forth the grievances of the reformers, he attributed all the mischief to the cardinal of Lorraine, and declared that the protestant nobles felt themselves constrained, for the safety of the realm, to take up arms against that infamous priest, *that tiger of France*, and against his accomplices." He bitterly reproached the Guises "with treating as mere *policists*, that is, men who sacrifice religion to temporal interests, the Catholics inclined to make concessions to the reformers, especially the chancellor De l'Hospital and the sons of the late constable De Montmorency. The Guises, indeed, and their friends did not conceal their distrust of De l'Hospital, any more than he concealed his opposition to their deeds and their designs. Whilst the peace of Longjumeau was still in force, Charles IX. issued a decree interdicting all reformers from the chairs of the University and the offices of the judicature; L'Hospital refused to seal it: "God save us from the chancellor's mass!" was the remark at court. L'Hospital, convinced that he would not succeed in preserving France from a fresh civil war, made up his mind to withdraw, and go and live for some time at his estate of Vignay [a little hamlet in the commune of Gironville, near Étampes, Seine-et-Oise]. The queen-mother eagerly took advantage of his withdrawal to demand of him the seals, of which, she said, she might have need daily: L'Hospital gave them up at once, at the same time retaining his title of chancellor and letting the queen know "that he would take pains to recover his strength in order to return to his post, if and when it should be the king's and queen's pleasure." From his rural home he wrote to his friends: "I am not downhearted because the violence of the wicked has snatched from me the seals of the kingdom. I have not done as sluggards and cowards do who hide themselves at the first show of danger and obey the first impulses of fear. As long as I was strong enough, I held my own. Deprived of all support, even that of the king and queen, who dared no longer defend me, I retired, deploring the unhappy

condition of France. Now I have other cares; I return to my interrupted studies and to my children, the props of my old age and my sweetest delight. I cultivate my fields. The estate of Vignay seems to me a little kingdom, if any man may consider himself master of anything here below. . . . I will tell you more; this retreat, which satisfies my heart, also flatters my vanity; I like to imagine myself in the wake of those famous exiles of Athens or Rome whom their virtues rendered formidable to their fellow-citizens. Not that I dare compare myself with those great men; but I say to myself that our fortunes are similar. I live in the midst of a numerous family whom I love; I have books; I read, write, and meditate; I take pleasure in the games of my children; the most frivolous occupations interest me. In fine all my time is filled up, and nothing would be wanting to my happiness if it were not for the awful apparition hard by which sometimes comes bringing trouble and desolation to my heart."

This "apparition hard by" was war, everywhere present or imminent in the centre and south-west of France, accompanied by all those passions of personal hatred and vengeance which are characteristic of religious wars, and which add so much of the moral sufferings to the physical calamities of life. L'Hospital, when sending the seals to the queen-mother who demanded them of him, considered it his bounden duty to give her *without any mincing*, and the king whom she governed, a piece of patriotic advice: "At my departure," he says in his will and testament, "I prayed of the king and queen this thing, that, as they had determined to break the peace and proceed by war against those with whom they had previously made peace, and as they were driving me from the court because they had heard it said that I was opposed to and ill content with their enterprise, I prayed them, I say, that if they did not acquiesce in my counsel, they would, at the very least, some time after they had glutted and satiated their hearts and their thirst with the blood of their subjects, embrace the first opportunity that offered itself for making peace, before that things were reduced to utter ruin; for, whatever there might be at the bottom of this war, it could not but be very pernicious to the king and the kingdom."

During the two years that it lasted, from August, 1568 to August, 1570, the third religious war under Charles IX. entailed two important battles and many deadly faction-fights which spread and inflamed to the highest pitch the passions of

the two parties. On the 13th of March, 1569, the two armies, both about twenty thousand strong, and appearing both of them anxious to come to blows, met near Jarnac, on the banks of the Charente: the royal army had for its chief Catherine de' Medici's third son Henry, duke of Anjou, advised by the veteran warrior Gaspard de Tavannes, and supported by the young duke Henry of Guise, who had his father to avenge and his own spurs to win. The prince of Condé, with Admiral de Coligny for second, commanded the protestant army. We make no pretension to explain and discuss here the military movements of that day and the merits or demerits of the two generals confronted; the duke of Aumale has given an account of them and criticised them in his *Histoire des Princes de Condé*, with a complete knowledge of the facts and with the authority that belongs to him. "The encounter on the 13th of March, 1569, scarcely deserves," he says, "to be called a battle; it was nothing but a series of fights maintained by troops separated and surprised against an enemy which, more numerous to begin with, was attacking with its whole force united." A tragic incident at the same time gave this encounter an importance which it has preserved in history. Admiral de Coligny, forced to make a retrograde movement, had sent to ask the prince of Condé for aid; by a second message he urged the prince not to make a fruitless effort and to fall back himself in all haste: "God forbid," answered Condé, "that Louis de Bourbon should turn his back to the enemy!" and he continued his march, saying to his brother-in-law, Francis de la Rochefoucauld, who was marching beside him, "My uncle has made a 'clerical error' (*pas de clerc*, a slip); but the wine is drawn and it must be drunk." On arriving at the battle-field, whither he had brought with him but three hundred horse, at the very moment when, with this weak escort, he was preparing to charge the deep column of the duke of Anjou, he received from La Rochefoucauld's horse a kick which broke one of the bones of his leg; and he had already crushed an arm by a fall. We will borrow from the duke of Aumale the glorious and piteous tale of this incident: "Condé turned round to his men-at-arms, and showing first his injured limbs and then the device, 'Sweet is danger for Christ and for fatherland!' which fluttered upon his banner in the breeze, 'Nobles of France,' he cried, 'this is the desired moment! Remember in what plight Louis de Bourbon enters the battle for Christ and fatherland!' Then, lowering his head

he charges with his three hundred horse upon the eight hundred lances of the duke of Anjou. The first shock of his charge was irresistible; such for a moment was the disorder amongst the Catholics that many of them believed the day was lost; but fresh bodies of royalists arrive one after another. The prince has his horse killed under him; and in the midst of the confusion, hampered by his wounds, he cannot mount another. In spite of all his brave comrades do not desert him; Soubise and a dozen of them, covered with wounds, are taken; an old man, named La Vergne, who had brought with him twenty-five sons or nephews, is left upon the field with fifteen of them, 'all in a heap,' says D'Aubigné. Left almost alone, with his back against a tree, one knee upon the ground, and deprived of the use of one leg, Condé still defends himself; but his strength is failing him; he sees two Catholic gentlemen to whom he had rendered service, Saint-Jean and D'Argence; he calls to them, raises the vizor of his helmet and holds out to them his gauntlets. The two horsemen dismount and swear to risk their lives to save his. Others join them and are eager to assist the glorious captive. Meanwhile the royal cavalry continues the pursuit; the squadrons successively pass close by the group which has formed round Condé. Soon he spies the red cloaks of the duke of Anjou's guards. He points to them with his finger. D'Argence understands him, and, 'Hide your face!' he cries. 'Ah! D'Argence, D'Argence, you will not save me,' replies the prince. Then, like Cæsar, covering up his face, he awaited death; the poor soul knew only too well the perfidious character of the duke of Anjou, the hatred with which he was hunting him down and sanguinary orders he would give. The guards had gone by when their captain, Montesquiou, learned the name of this prisoner, 'Slay, slay, moerdioux!' he shouted; then suddenly wheeling his horse round he returns at a gallop and with a pistol-shot fired from behind shatters the hero's skull." [*Histoire des Princes de Condé*, by M. le duc d'Aumale, t. ii. pp. 65-72.]

The death of Condé gave to the battle of Jarnac an importance not its own. A popular ditty of the day called that prince "the great enemy of the mass." "His end," says the duke of Aumale, "was celebrated by the Catholics as a deliverance; a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted at court and in all the churches of France. The flags taken were sent to Rome, where Pope Pius IV. went with them in state to St. Peter's. As for the duke Anjou, he showed his joy and his baseness together by

the ignoble treatment he caused to be inflicted upon the remains of his vanquished relative, a prince of the blood who had fallen sword in hand. At the first rumor of Condé's death, the duke of Montpensier's secretary, Coustureau, had been despatched from head-quarters with Baron de Magnac to learn the truth of the matter: 'We found him there,' he relates, 'laid upon an ass; the said baron took him by the hair of the head for to lift up his face which he had turned towards the ground, and asked me if I recognized him. But as he had lost an eye from his head, he was mightily disfigured; and I could say no more than that it was certainly his figure and his hair, and further than that I was unable to speak.' Meanwhile," continues the duke of Aumale, "the accounts of those present removed all doubt; and the corpse, thus thrown across an ass, with arms and legs dangling, was carried to Jarnac, where the duke of Anjou lodged on the evening of the battle. There the body of Condé was taken down amidst the sobs of some protestant prisoners, who kissed, as they wept, the remains of their gallant chief. This touching spectacle did not stop the coarse ribaldry of the duke of Anjou and his favorites; and for two days the prince's remains were left in a ground-floor room, there exposed to the injurious action of the air and to the gross insults of the courtiers. The duke of Anjou at last consented to give up the body of Condé to the duke of Longueville, his brother-in-law, who had it interred with due respect at Vandôme in the burial-place of his ancestors."

When in 1569 he thus testified, from a mixture of hatred and fear, an ignoble joy at the death of Louis de Condé, the valiant chief of Protestantism, the duke of Anjou did not foresee that, nearly twenty years later, in 1588, when he had become Henry III., king of France, he would also testify, still from a mixture of hatred and fear, the same ignoble joy at sight of the corpse of Henry de Guise, the valiant chief of Catholicism, murdered by his order and in his palace.

As soon as Condé's death was known at La Rochelle, the queen of Navarre, Jeanne d'Albret, hurried to Tonnay-Charrente, whither the protestant army had fallen back; she took with her her own son Henry, fifteen years old, and Henry de Bourbon, the late prince of Condé's son, who was seventeen; and she presented both of them to the army. The younger, the future Henry IV., stepped forward briskly: "Your cause," said he "is mine; your interests are mine; I swear on my soul, honor, and life, to be wholly yours." The young Condé took

the same oath. The two princes were associated in the command, under the authority of Coligny, who was immediately appointed lieutenant-general of the army. For two years their double signature figured at the bottom of the principal official acts of the reformed party; and they were called "the admiral's pages." On both of them Jeanne passionately enjoined union between themselves and equal submission on their part to Coligny, their model and their master in war and in devotion to the common cause. Queen, princes, admiral, and military leaders of all ranks stripped themselves of all the diamonds, jewels, and precious stones which they possessed and which Elizabeth, the queen of England, took in pledge for the twenty thousand pounds sterling she lent them. The queen of Navarre reviewed the army, which received her with bursts of pious and warlike enthusiasm; and leaving to Coligny her two sons, as she called them, she returned alone to La Rochelle, where she received a like reception from the inhabitants, "rough and loyal people," says La Noue, "and as warlike as mercantile." After her departure, a body of German horse, commanded by Count Mansfeld, joined Coligny in the neighborhood of Limoges. Their arrival was an unhoped-for aid. Coligny distributed amongst them a medal bearing the effigy of Queen Jeanne of Navarre with this legend: "Alone, and with the rest, for God, the king, the laws, and peace."

With such dispositions on one side and the other, war was resumed and pushed forward eagerly from June, 1569, to June 1570, with alternations of reverse and success. On the 23rd of June, 1569, a fight took place at Roche l' Abeille, near St. Yrieix in Limousin, wherein the Protestants had the advantage. The young Catholic noblemen, with Henry de Guise at their head, began it rashly, against the desire of their general, Gaspard de Tavannes, to show off their bravery before the eyes of the queen-mother and the cardinal of Lorraine, both of whom considered the operations of the army too slow and its successes too rare. They lost five hundred men and many prisoners, amongst others, Philip Strozzi, whom Charles IX. had just made colonel-general of the infantry. They took their revenge on the 7th of September, 1569, by forcing Coligny to raise the siege of Poitiers, which he had been pushing forward for more than two months, and on the 3rd of October following, at the battle of Moncontour in Poitou, the most important of the campaign, which they won brilliantly, and in which the protestant army lost five or six thousand men and a great part

of their baggage. Before the action began, "two gentlemen on the side of the Catholics, being in an out-of-the-way spot, came to speech," says La Noue, "with some of the (protestant) religion, there being certain ditches between them: 'Sirs,' said they, 'we bear the marks of enemies, but we do not hate you in any wise or your party. Warn the admiral to be very careful not to fight, for our army is marvellously strong by reason of reinforcements that have come in to it, and it is very determined withal. Let the admiral temporise for a month only, for all the nobles have sworn and said to Monseigneur that they will not wait any longer, that he must employ them within that time and they will then do their duty. Let the admiral remember that it is dangerous to stem the fury of Frenchmen, the which, however, will suddenly ooze away; if they have not victory speedily, they will be constrained to make peace, and will offer it you on advantageous terms. Tell him that we know this from a good source, and greatly desired to advertise him of it.' Afterwards they retired. The others," continues La Noue, "went incontinently to the admiral for to make their report, which was to his taste. They told it also to others of the principals; and some there were who desired that it should be acted upon; but the majority opined that this notice came from suspected persons who had been accustomed to practice fraud and deceit, and that no account should be made of it." The latter opinion prevailed; and the battle of Moncontour was fought with extreme acrimony, especially on the part of the Catholics, who were irritated by the cruelties, as La Noue himself says, which the Protestants had but lately practiced at the fight of La Roche l'Abeille. Coligny was wounded in the action, after having killed with his own hand the marquis Philibert of Baden; and the mellay had been so hot that the admiral's friends found great difficulty in extricating him and carrying him off the field to get his wound attended to. Three weeks before the battle, on the 13th of September, Coligny had been sentenced to death by the Parliament of Paris and hanged in effigy on the Place de Grève; and a reward of 50,000 gold crowns had been offered to whosoever should give him up to the king's justice *dead or alive*, words added, it is said, to the decree at the desire of Charles IX. himself. Family sorrows were in Coligny's case added to political reverses; on the 27th of May, in this same year 1569, he had lost his brother, D'Andelot, his faithful comrade in his religious as well as his warlike career. "He found himself," says D'Aubigné, "sad-

dled with the blame due to accident, his own merits being passed over in silence; with the remnant of an army which, when it was whole, was in despair even before the late disaster; with weak towns, dismayed garrisons, and foreigners without baggage; himself moneyless, his enemies very powerful and pitiless towards all, especially towards him; abandoned by all the great, except one woman, the queen of Navarre, who, having nothing but the title, had advanced to Niort in order to lend a hand to the afflicted and to affairs in general. This old man, worn down by fever, endured all these causes of anguish and many others that came to rack him more painfully than his grievous wound. As he was being borne along in a litter, Lestrange, an old nobleman, and one of his principal counsellors, travelling in similar fashion and wounded likewise, had his own litter, where the road was broad, moved forward in front of the admiral's and, putting his head out at the door, he looked steadily at his chief, saying, with tears in his eyes, *Yet God is very merciful*. Thereupon, they bade one another farewell, perfectly at one in thought, without being able to say more. This great captain confessed to his intimates that these few friendly words restored him and set him up again in the way of good thoughts and firm resolutions for the future." He was so much restored that, between the end of 1569 and the middle of 1570, he marched through the south and the centre of France the army which he had reorganized, and with which, wherever he went, he restored, if not security, at any rate confidence and zeal, to his party. On arriving at Arnay-le-Duc, in Burgundy, he found himself confronted by Marshal de Cossé with thirteen thousand men of the king's troops. Coligny had barely half as many; but he did not hesitate to attack, and on the 13th of June, 1570, he was so near victory that the road was left open before him. On the 7th of July he arrived at Charité-sur-Loire. Alarm prevailed at Paris. A truce for ten days was signed, and negotiations were reopened for a fresh attempt at peace.

"If any one, in these lamentable wars, worked hard both with body and mind," says La Noue, "it may be said to have been the admiral, for, as regards the greatest part of the burthen of military affairs and hardships, it was he who supported them with much constancy and buoyancy; and he was as respectful in his bearing towards the princes his superiors as he was modest towards his inferiors. He always had piety in singular esteem, and a love of justice, which made him valued

and honored by them of the party which he had embraced. He did not seek ambitiously for commands and honors; they were thrust upon him because of his competence and his expertness. When he handled arms and armies, he showed that he was very conversant with them, as much so as any captain of his day, and he always exposed himself courageously to danger. In difficulties, he was observed to be full of magnanimity and resource in getting out of them, always showing himself quite free from swagger and parade. In short, he was a personage worthy to re-establish an enfeebled and a corrupted State. I was fain to say these few words about him in passing, for, having known him and been much with him and having profited by his teaching, I should have been wrong if I had not made truthful and honorable mention of him." [*Mémoires de La Noue*, in the Petitot collection, 1st series, t. xxxiv. p. 288.]

The negotiations were short. The war had been going on for two years. The two parties, victorious and vanquished by turns, were both equally sick of it. In vain did Philip II., king of Spain, offer Charles IX. an aid of nine thousand men to continue it. In vain did Pope Pius V. write to Catherine de' Medici, "as there can be no communion between Satan and the children of the light, it ought to be taken for certain that there can be no compact between Catholics and heretics, save one full of fraud and feint." "We had beaten our enemies," says Montluc, "over and over again; but notwithstanding that, they had so much influence in the king's council that the decrees were always to their advantage. We won by arms, but they won by those devils of documents." Peace was concluded at St. Germain-en-Laye on the 8th of August, 1570, and it was more equitable and better for the reformers than the preceding treaties; for, besides a pretty large extension as regarded free exercise of their worship and their civil rights in the State, it granted "for two years, to the princes of Navarre and Condé and twenty noblemen of the religion, who were appointed by the king, the wardenship of the towns of La Rochelle, Cognac, Montauban, and La Charité, whither those of the religion who dared not return so soon to their own homes might retire." All the members of the parliament, all the royal and municipal officers and the principal inhabitants of the towns where the two religions existed were further bound over on oath "to maintenance of the edict."

Peace was made; but it was the third in seven years, and very shortly after each new treaty civil war had recommenced.

No more was expected from the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye than had been effected by those of Amboise and Longjumeau, and on both sides men sighed for something more stable and definitive. By what means to be obtained and with what pledges of durability? A singular fact is apparent between 1570 and 1572; there is a season, as it were, of marriages and matrimonial rejoicings. Charles IX. went to receive at the frontier of his kingdom his affianced bride, Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of the emperor Maximilian II., who was escorted by the archbishop of Trèves, chancellor of the empire; the nuptials were celebrated at Mézières on the 26th of November, 1570; the princes and great lords of the protestant party were invited; they did not think it advisable to withdraw themselves from their asylum at La Rochelle; but Coligny wrote to the queen-mother to excuse himself, whilst protesting his forgetfulness of the past and his personal devotion. Four months afterwards, Coligny himself married again; it was three years since he had lost his noble wife, Charlotte de Laval, and he had not contemplated anything of the kind, when, in the concluding weeks of 1570, he received from the castle of St. André de Briord, in Le Bugey, a letter from a great lady, thirty years of age, Jacqueline de Montbel, daughter of Count d'Entremont, herself a widow, who wrote to him "that she would fain marry a saint and a hero, and that he was that hero." "I am but a tomb," replied Coligny. But Jacqueline persisted, in spite of the opposition shown by her sovereign, Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, who did not like his fair subjects to marry foreigners; and in February, 1571, she furtively quitted her castle, dropped down the Rhone in a boat as far as Lyons, mounted on horseback, and, escorted by five devoted friends, arrived at La Rochelle. All Coligny's friends were urgent for him to accept this passionate devotion proffered by a lady who would bring him territorial possessions valuable to the Protestants, "for they were an open door to Geneva." Coligny accepted; and the marriage took place at La Rochelle on the 24th of March, 1571. "Madame Jacqueline wore on this occasion," says a contemporary chronicler, "a skirt in the Spanish fashion of black gold-tissue, with bands of embroidery in gold and silver twist, and, above, a doublet of white silver-tissue embroidered in gold, with large diamond-buttons." She was nevertheless at that moment almost as poor as the German arquebusiers who escorted her litter; for an edict issued by the duke of Savoy on the 31st of January,

1569, caused her the loss of all her possessions in her own country. She was received in France with the respect due to her; and when, five months after the marriage, Charles IX. summoned Coligny to Paris "to serve him in his most important affairs, as a worthy minister, whose virtues were sufficiently known and tried," he sent at the same time to *Madame l'Amirale* a safe-conduct in which he called her *my fair cousin*. Was there any one belonging to that august and illustrious household who had at that time a presentiment of their impending and tragic destiny?

At the same period, the queen of Navarre, Jeanne d'Albret, obtained for her young nephew, Henry de Bourbon, prince of Condé, son of the hero of Jarnac and companion of Henry of Navarre, the hand of his cousin, Mary of Cleves; and there was still going on in London, on behalf of one of Charles IX.'s brothers, at one time the duke of Anjou and at another the duke of Alençon, the negotiation which was a vain attempt to make Queen Elizabeth espouse a French prince.

Coincidentally with all these marriages or projects of marriage amongst princes and great lords came the most important of all, that which was to unite Henry of Navarre and Charles IX.'s sister, Marguerite de Valois. There had already, thirteen or fourteen years previously, been some talk about it, in the reign of King Henry II., when Henry of Navarre and Marguerite de Valois, each born in 1553, were both of them mere babies. This union between the two branches of the royal house, one catholic and the other protestant, ought to have been the most striking sign and the surest pledge of peace between Catholicism and Protestantism. The political expediency of such a step appeared the more evident and the more urgent in proportion as the religious war had become more direful and the desire for peace more general. Charles IX. embraced the idea passionately. At the outset he encountered an obstacle. The young duke of Guise had already paid court to Marguerite and had obtained such marked favor with her that the ambassador of Spain wrote to the king: "There is no public topic in France just now save the marriage of my Lady Marguerite with the duke of Guise." People even talked of a tender correspondence between the princess and the duke, which was carried on through one of the queen's ladies, the countess of Mirandola, who was devoted to the Guises and a favorite with Marguerite. "If it be so," said Charles IX. savagely, "we will kill him;" and he gave such peremptory orders on this subject that Henry

de Guise, somewhat disquieted, avoided for a while taking part in the royal hunts, and thought it well that there should be resumed on his behalf a project of marriage with Catherine of Cleves, widow of the prince of Portien (le Porcien) and the wealthy heiress to some great domains, especially the countship of Eu. So long as he had some hope of marrying Marguerite de Valois, the duke of Guise had repudiated, not without offensiveness, all idea of union with Catherine of Cleves: "Anybody who can make me marry the princess of Portien," said he, "could make me marry a negress." He, nevertheless, contracted this marriage, so greatly disdained, on the 4th of October, 1570; and at this price, recovered the good graces of Charles IX. The queen-mother charged the cardinal Louis de Lorraine, him whom the people called *Cardinal Bottles* (from his conviviality), to publicly give the lie to any rumor of a possible engagement between her daughter Marguerite and Henry de Guise; and a grand council of the king's, after three holdings, adopted in principle the marriage of Marguerite de Valois with "the little prince of Béarn."

Charles IX. at once set his hand to the work to turn this resolution to good account, being the only means, he said, of putting a stop at last to this incessantly renewed civil war which was the plague of his life as well as of his kingdom. He first of all sent Marshal de Cossé to La Rochelle to sound Coligny as to his feelings upon this subject and to urge him to thus cut short public woes and the reformers' grievances. "The king has alway desired peace," said the marshal; "he wishes it to be lasting; he has proved only too well, to his own misery and that of his people, of all the evils which can afflict a state, the most direful is civil war. But what means this withdrawal, since the signing of peace at St. Germain, of the queen of Navarre and her children, of the prince of Condé, and so many lords and distinguished nobles, still separated from their houses and their families and collected together in a town like Rochelle, which has great advantages by land and sea for all those who would fain begin the troubles again? Why have they not returned home? During the hottest part of the war, they ardently desired to see once more their houses, their wives, and their children; and now when peace leaves them free to do so, they prefer to remain in a land which is in some sort foreign, and where, in addition to great expenses, they are deprived of the conveniences they would find at home. The king cannot make out such absurdity; or, rather, he is very apprehensive that

this long stay means the hatching of some evil design." The Protestants defended themselves warmly against this supposition; they alleged, in explanation of their persistent disquietude, the very imperfect execution of the conditions granted by the peace of St. Germain and the insults, the attacks which they had still to suffer in many parts of the kingdom, and quite recently at Rouen and at Orange. The king attempted, without any great success, to repress these disorders amongst the populace—The queen of Navarre, the two princes, Coligny, and many protestant lords remained still at La Rochelle, where was being held at this time a general synod of the reformed Churches. Charles IX. sent thither Marshal de Biron, with formal orders to negotiate the marriage of Marguerite de Valois and the prince of Navarre and to induce that prince, his mother the queen of Navarre, and Coligny to repair to the court in order to conclude the matter. The young prince was at that time in Béarn. The queen his mother answered, "That she would consult her spiritual advisers and, as soon as her conscience was at rest, there were no conditions she would not accept with a view of giving satisfaction to the king and the queen, of marking her obedience and respect towards them, and of securing the tranquillity of the State, an object for which she would willingly sacrifice her own life. . . . But," she added, "I would rather sink to the condition of the humblest damoisel in France than sacrifice to the aggrandizement of my family my own soul and my son's."

In September, 1571, Charles IX. and the queen-mother repaired to Blois; and at their urgent request Coligny went thither to talk over the projected marriage and the affairs of Europe. The king received him with emotional satisfaction, calling him *my father*, and saying to him, "Now we have you, and you shall not escape us when you wish to." Jeanne d'Albret, more distrustful, or, one ought rather to say, more clear-sighted, refused to leave La Rochelle and continued to negotiate vaguely and from a distance. Catherine de' Medici insisted: "Satisfy," she wrote to her, "the extreme desire we have to see you in this company; you will be loved and honored therein as accords with reason and with what you are." Jeanne still waited. It was only in the following year, at the end of January, that, having earnestly exhorted her son 'to remain Bearn-wards whilst she was at the court of France," she set out for Blois, where Charles IX. received her most affectionately, calling her *my good aunt*, *my dear aunt*, and lavishing upon her

promises as well as endearments. Jeanne was a strict and a judicious person; and the manners and proceedings of the court at Blois displeased her. On the 8th of March, 1572, she wrote to her son: "I find it necessary to negotiate quite contrariwise to what I had expected and what had been promised me; I have no liberty to speak to the king or my Lady Marguerite, only to the queen-mother, who treats me as if I were dirt. . . . Seeing, then, that no advance is made, and that the desire is to make me hurry matters and not conduct them orderly, I have thrice spoken thereof to the queen, who does nothing but make a fool of me, and tell everybody the opposite of what I told her; in such sort that my friends find fault with me, and I know not how to bring her to book, for when I say to her, 'Madame, it is reported that I said so-and-so to you,' though it was she herself who reported it, she denies it flatly, and laughs in my face, and uses me in such wise that you might really say that my patience passes that of Griselda. . . . Thenceforward I have a troop of Huguenots who come to converse with me, rather for the purpose of being spies upon me than of assisting me. Then I have some of another humor who hamper me no less, and who are religious hermaphrodites. I defend myself as best I may. . . . I am sure that if you only knew the trouble I am in you would have pity upon me, for they give me empty speeches and raillery instead of treating with me gravely as the matter deserves; in such sort that I am bursting, because I am so resolved not to lose my temper that my patience is a miracle to see. . . . I found your letter very much to my taste; I will show it to my Lady Marguerite if I can. She is beautiful and discreet and of good demeanor, but brought up in the most accursed and most corrupt society that ever was. I would not, for anything in the world, have you here to remain here. That is why I desire to get you married, and you and your wife withdrawn from this corruption; for though I believed it to be very great, I find it still more so. Here it is not the men who solicit the women; it is the women who solicit the men. If you were here, you would never escape without a great deal of God's grace."

Side by side with this motherly and Christianly scrupulous negotiation, Coligny set on foot another, noble and dignified also, but even less in harmony with the habits and bent of the government which it concerned. The puritan warrior was at the same time an ardent patriot; he had at heart the greatness of France as much as he had his personal creed; the reverses

of Francis I. and the preponderance of Spain in Europe oppressed his spirit with a sense of national decadence, from which he wanted France to lift herself up again. The moment appeared to him propitious: let the king ally himself with Queen Elizabeth of England, the prince of Orange in the Low Countries and the protestant princes of Germany; here was for France a certain guarantee of power in Europe and at the same time a natural opportunity for conquering Flanders, a possession so necessary to her strength and her security. But high above this policy, so thoroughly French, towered a question still more important than that of even the security and the grandeur of France; that was the partition of Europe between Catholicism and Protestantism; and it was in a country catholic in respect of the great majority and governed by a kingship with which Catholicism was hereditary that, in order to put a stop to civil war between French Catholics and Protestants, Coligny pressed the king to put himself at the head of an essentially protestant coalition and make it triumphant in Europe. This was, in the sixteenth century, a policy wholly chimerical, however patriotic its intentions may have been; and the French protestant hero who recommended it to Charles IX. did not know that Protestantism was on the eve of the greatest disaster it would have to endure in France.

A fact of a personal character tended to mislead Coligny. By his renown, by the loftiness of his views, by the earnest gravity of his character and his language he had produced a great effect upon Charles IX., a young king of warm imagination and impressible and sympathetic temperament but, at the same time, of weak judgment. He readily gave way, in Coligny's company, to outpourings which had all the appearance of perfect and involuntary frankness. "Speaking one day to the admiral about the course of conduct to be adopted as to the enterprise against Flanders, and well knowing that the queen-mother lay under his suspicion, 'My dear father,' said he, 'there is one thing herein of which we must take good heed; and that is that the queen, my mother, who likes to poke her nose everywhere as you know, learn nothing of this enterprise, at any rate as regards the main spring of it, for she would spoil all for us.' 'As you please, sir; but I take her to be so good a mother and so devoted to the welfare of your kingdom, that when she knows of it she will do nothing to spoil it.' 'You are mistaken, my dear father,' said the king; 'leave it to me only; I see quite well that you do not know my mother; she is the greatest

meddler in all the world.'” Another time, when he was speaking likewise to Téligny, Coligny’s son-in-law, about this enterprise against Flanders, the king said, “Wouldst have me speak to thee freely, Téligny? I distrust all these gentry; I am suspicious of Tavannes’ ambition; Vieilleville loves nothing but good wine; Cossé is too covetous; Montmorency cares only for his hunting and hawking; the count De Retz is a Spaniard; the other lords of my court and those of my council are mere block-heads; my *Secretaries of State*, to hide nothing of what I think, are not faithful to me; insomuch that to tell the truth I know not at what end to begin.” This tone of freedom and confidence had inspired Coligny with reciprocal confidence; he believed himself to have a decisive influence over the king’s ideas and conduct; and when the Protestants testified their distrust upon this subject he reproached them vehemently for it; he affirmed the king’s good intentions and sincerity; and he considered himself in fact, said Catherine de’ Medici with temper, “a second king of France.”

How much sincerity was there about these outpourings of Charles IX. in his intercourse with Coligny and how much reality in the admiral’s influence over the king? We are touching upon that historical question which has been so much disputed: was the St. Bartholomew a design, long ago determined upon and prepared for, of Charles IX. and his government, or an almost sudden resolution, brought about by events and the situation of the moment, to which Charles IX. was egged on, not without difficulty, by his mother Catherine and his advisers?

We recall to mind here what was but lately said in this very chapter as to the condition of minds and morals in the sixteenth century and as to the tragic consequences of it. *Masacre*, we add no qualifying terms to the word, was an idea, a habit, we might say almost a practice, familiar to that age, and one which excited neither the surprise nor the horror which are inseparable from it in our day. So little respect for human life and for truth was shown in the relations between man and man! Not that those natural sentiments, which do honor to the human race, were completely extinguished in the hearts of men; they reappeared here and there as a protest against the vices and the crimes of the period; but they were too feeble and too rare to struggle effectually against the sway of personal passions and interests, against atrocious hatreds and hopes, against intellectual aberrations and moral corruption. To betray and to kill were deeds so common that they

caused scarcely any astonishment and that people were almost resigned to them beforehand. We have cited fifteen or twenty cases of *the massacres* which in the reign of Charles IX., from 1562 to 1572, grievously troubled and steeped in blood such and such a part of France, without leaving any lasting traces in history. Previously to *the massacre* called the St. Bartholomew, *the massacre* of Vassy is almost the only one which received and kept its true name. *The massacre* of Vassy was, undoubtedly, an accident, a deed not at all forecast or prepared for. The St. Bartholomew *massacre* was an event for a long time forecast and announced, promised to the Catholics and thrown out as a threat to the Protestants, written beforehand, so to speak, in the history of the religious wars of France, but, nevertheless, at the moment at which it was accomplished and in the mode of its accomplishment, a deed unexpected so far as the majority of the victims were concerned and a cause of contest even amongst its originators. Accordingly it was, from the very first, a subject of surprise and horror, throughout Europe as well as in France; not only because of the torrents of blood that were shed, but also because of the extraordinary degree in which it was characterized by falsehood and ferocious hatred.

We will bring forward in support of this double assertion only such facts and quotations as appear to us decisive.

In 1565 Charles IX. and Catherine de' Medici had an interview at Bayonne with the duke of Alba, representative of Philip II., to consult as to the means of delivering France from heretics. "They agreed at last," says the contemporary historian Adriani [continuer of Guicciardini; he had drawn his information from the *Journal* of Cosmo de' Medici, grand duke of Tuscany, who died in 1574], "in the opinion of the catholic king, who thought that this great blessing could not have accomplishment save by the death of all the chiefs of the Huguenots and by a new edition, as the saying was, of *the Sicilian Vespers*: 'Take the big fish,' said the duke of Alba, 'and let the small fry go; one salmon is worth more than a thousand frogs.'" They decided that the deed should be done at Moulins in Bourbonnais, whither the king was to return. The execution of it was afterwards deferred to the date of the St. Bartholomew, in 1572, at Paris, because of certain suspicions which had been manifested by the Huguenots, and because it was considered easier and more certain to get them all together at Paris than at Moulins."

Catherine de' Medici charged Cardinal Santa Croce to assure Pope Pius V. "that she and her son had nothing more at heart than to get the admiral and all his confidants together some day and make a massacre (*un macello*) of them; but the matter," she said, "was so difficult that there was no possibility of promising to do it at one time more than at another."

La Noue bears witness in his *Mémoires* to "the resolution taken at Bayonne, with the duke of Alba aiding, to exterminate the *Huguenots* of France and the *beggars* (*gueux*) of Flanders; whereof warning had been given by those about whom there was no doubt. All these things, and many others as to which I am silent, mightily waked up those," he adds, "who had no desire to be caught napping. And I remember that the chiefs of the religion held, within a short time, three meetings, as well at Valeri as at Châtillon, to deliberate upon present occurrences and to seek out legitimate and honorable expedients for securing themselves against so much alarm, without having recourse to extreme remedies."

De Thou regards these facts as certain, and, after having added some details, he sums them all up in the words: "This is what passed at Bayonne in 1565."

In 1571, after the third religious war and the peace of St. Germain-en-Laye, Marshal de Tavannes wrote to Charles IX.: "Peace has a chance of lasting because neither of the two parties is willing or able to renew open war; but, if one of the two sees quite a safe opportunity for putting a complete end to what is at the root of the question, this it will take; for to remain for ever in the state now existing is what nobody can or ought to hope for. And there is no such near approximation to a complete victory as to take the persons. For to surprise what they (*the reformers*) hold, to put down their religion, and to break off all at once the alliances which support them—this is impossible. Thus there is no way but to take the chiefs all together for to make an end of it."

Next year, on the 24th of August, 1572, when the St. Bartholomew broke out, Tavannes took care to himself explain what he meant in 1571 by those words: *to take the chiefs all together for to make an end of it*. Being invested with the command in Paris, "he went about the city all day," says Brantôme, "and seeing so much blood spilt, he said and shouted to the people, 'Bleed, bleed; the doctors say that bleeding is as good all through this month of August as in May.'"

In the year which preceded the outbreak of the massacre,

when the marriage of Marguerite de Valois with the prince of Navarre was agreed upon and Coligny was often present at court, sometimes at Blois and sometimes at Paris, there arose between the king and the queen-mother a difference which there had been up to that time nothing to foreshadow. It was plain that the union between the two branches, catholic and protestant, of the royal house and the patriotic policy of Coligny were far more pleasing to Charles IX. than to his mother. On the matrimonial question the king's feeling was so strong that he expressed it roughly. Jeanne d'Albret having said to him one day that the pope would make them wait a long while for the dispensation requested for the marriage. "No, no, my dear aunt," said the king, "I honor you more than I do the pope, and I love my sister more than I fear him. I am not a Huguenot, but no more am I an ass. If the pope has too much of his nonsense, I will myself take Margot by the hand and carry her off to be married in open conventicle." Coligny, for his part, was so pleased with the measures that Charles IX. had taken in favor of the Low Countries in their quarrel with Philip II. and so confident himself of his influence over the king, that when Tavannes was complaining in his presence "that the vanquished should make laws for the victors," Coligny said to his face, "Whoever is not for war with Spain is not a good Frenchman and has the red cross inside him." The Catholics were getting alarmed and irritated. The Guises and their partisans left the court. It was near the time fixed for the marriage of Henry of Navarre and Marguerite de Valois; the new pope, Gregory XIII., who had at first shown more pliancy than his predecessors Pius V., attached to the dispensation conditions to which neither the intended husband nor King Charles IX. himself were inclined to consent. The Queen of Navarre, Jeanne d'Albret, who had gone to Paris in preparation for the marriage, had died there on the 8th of June, 1572; a death which had given rise to very likely ill-founded accusations of poisoning. "A princess," says D'Aubigné, "with nothing of a woman but the sex, with a soul full of everything manly, a mind fit to cope with affairs of moment, and a heart invincible in adversity." It was in deep mourning that her son, become king of Navarre, arrived at court, attended by eight hundred gentlemen, all likewise in mourning; "But," says Marguerite de Valois herself, "the nuptials took place a few days afterwards with such triumph and magnificence as none other's of my quality; the king of

Navarre and his troop having changed their mourning for very rich and fine clothes, and I being dressed royally, with crown and corset of tufted ermine, all blazing with crown-jewels, and the grand blue mantle with a train four ells long borne by three princesses, the people choking one another down below to see us pass." The marriage was celebrated on the 18th of August, by the cardinal of Bourbon, in front of the principal entrance of Notre-Dame. When the Princess Marguerite was asked if she consented, she appeared to hesitate a moment; but King Charles IX. put his hand a little roughly on her head, and made her lower it in token of assent. Accompanied by the king, the queen-mother and all the Catholics present, Marguerite went to hear mass in the choir; Henry and his protestant friends walked about the cloister and the nave; Marshal de Damville pointed out to Coligny the flags, hanging from the vaulted roof of Notre-Dame, which had been taken from the vanquished at the battle of Moncontour; "I hope," said the admiral, "that they will soon have others better suited for lodgment in this place." He was already dreaming of victories over the Spaniards.

Meanwhile Charles IX. was beginning to hesitate. He was quite willing to disconnect himself from the king of Spain, and even to incur his displeasure, but not to be actively embroiled with him and make war upon him; he could not conceal from himself that this policy, thoroughly French though it was, was considered in France too protestant for a catholic king. Coligny urged him vehemently; "If you want men," he said, "I have ten thousand at your service;" whereupon Tavannes said to the king, "Sir, whoever of your subjects uses such words to you, you ought to have his head struck off. How is it that he offers you that which is your own? It is that he has won over and corrupted them, and that he is a party-leader to your prejudice." Tavannes, a rough and faithful soldier did not admit that there could be amongst men moral ties of a higher kind than political ties. Charles IX., too weak in mind and character to think and act with independence and consistency in the great questions of the day, only sought how to elude them and to leave time, that, inscrutable master, to settle them in his place. His indecision brought him to a state of impotence and he ended by inability to do anything but dodge and lie, like his mother, and even with his mother. Whilst he was getting his sister married to the king of Navarre and concerting his policy with Coligny, he was adopting

towards the three principal personages who came to talk over those affairs with him three different sorts of language; to Cardinal Alessandrino, whom Pope Pius V. had sent to him to oppose the marriage, he said, "My lord cardinal, all that you say to me is sound; I acknowledge it and I thank the pope and you for it; if I had any other means of taking vengeance on my enemies, I would not make this marriage; but I have no other. With Jeanne d'Albret, he lauded himself for the marriage as the best policy he could pursue, "I give my sister," he said, "not to the prince of Navarre but to all the Huguenots, to marry them as it were and take from them all doubt as to the unchangeable fixity of my edicts." And to humor his mother Catherine, he said to her, on the very evening of his interview with Jeanne d'Albret, "What think you, madame? Do I not play my partlet well?" "Yes, very well; but it is nothing if it is not continued." And Charles continued to play his part, even after the Bartholomew was over, for he was fond of saying with a laugh, "My big sister Margot caught all those Huguenot rebels in the bird-catching style. What has grieved me most is being obliged to dissimulate so long."

His contemporary catholic biographer, Papirius Masson, who was twenty-eight years old at the time of the St. Bartholomew, says of him, "He is impatient in waiting, ferocious in his fits of anger, skilfully masked when he wishes, and ready to break faith as soon as that appears to his advantage."

Such was the prince, fiery and flighty, inconsistent and artful, accessible to the most opposite sympathies as well as hatreds, of whom Catherine de' Medici and Admiral de Coligny were disputing the possession.

In the spring of 1572 Coligny might have considered himself the victor in this struggle; at his instance Charles IX. had written on the 27th of April to Count Louis of Nassau, leader of the protestant insurrection in Hainault, "that he was determined, so far as opportunities and the arrangements of his affairs permitted him, to employ the powers which God had put into his hands for the deliverance of the Low Countries from the oppression under which they were groaning." Fortified by this promise of the king's, Coligny had raised a body of French Protestants and had sent it under the command of La Noue to join the army of Louis of Nassau. The reformers had at first had some successes; they had taken Valenciennes and Mons; but the duke of Alba restored the

fortunes of the king of Spain; he re-entered Valenciennes and he was besieging Mons. Coligny sent to the aid of that place a fresh body of French under the orders of Senlis, one of his comrades in faith and arms. Before setting out, Senlis saw Charles IX., received from him money together with encouragement, and, in the corps he led, some Catholics were mixed with the Protestants. But from the very court of France there came to the duke of Alba warnings which put him in a position to surprise the French corps; and Senlis was beaten and made prisoner on the 10th of July. "I have in my hands," the duke of Alba sent word to his king, "a letter from the king of France which would strike you dumb if you were to see it; for the moment, it is expedient to say nothing about it." "News of the defeat of Senlis," says Tavannes, "comes flying to court and changes hearts and counsels. Disdain, despite is engendered in the admiral, who hurls this defeat upon the heads of those who have prevented the king from declaring himself; he raises a new levy of three thousand foot, and not regarding who he is and where he is, he declares, in the presumption of his audacity, that he can no longer hold his partisans and that it must be one of two wars, Spanish or civil. It is all thunderstorm at court; every one remains on the watch at the highest pitch of resolution." A grand council was assembled. Coligny did not care. He had already, at the king's request, set forth in a long memorial all the reasons for his policy of a war with Spain; the king had appeared struck with them; but, "as he only sought," says de Thou, "to gain time without its being perceived," he handed the admiral's memorial to the keeper of the seals, John de Morvilliers, requesting him to set forth also all the reasons for a pacific policy. Coligny, a man of resolution and of action, did not take any pleasure in thus prolonging the discussion; nevertheless he again brought forward and warmly advocated, at the grand council, the views he had so often expressed. They were almost unanimously rejected. Coligny did not consider himself bound to give them up: "I have promised," said he, "on my own account, my assistance to the prince of Orange; I hope the king will not take it ill if by means of my friends, and perhaps in person, I fulfil my promise." This reservation excited great surprise. "Madame," said Coligny to the queen-mother, "the king is to-day shunning a war which would promise him great advantages; God forbid that there should break out another which we cannot shun!" The council broke up in great agita-

tion. "Let the queen beware," said Tavannes, "of the king her son's secret counsels, designs, and sayings; if she do not look out, the Huguenots will have him. At any rate, before thinking of anything else, let her exert herself to regain the mother's authority which the admiral has caused her to lose."

The king was hunting at Brie. The queen-mother went and joined him; she shut herself up with him in a cabinet, and, bursting into tears, she said, "I should never have thought that, in return for having taken so much pains to bring you up and preserve to you the crown, you would have had heart to make me so miserable a recompense. You hide yourself from me, me who am your mother, in order to take counsel of your enemies. I know that you hold secret counsels with the admiral; you desire to plunge rashly into war with Spain, in order to give your kingdom, yourself, and the persons that are yours over as a prey to them of the religion. If I am so miserable a creature, yet before I see that, give me leave to withdraw to the place of my birth; remove from you your brother, who may call himself unfortunate in having employed his own life to preserve yours; give him at least time to withdraw out of danger and from the presence of enemies made in doing you service; Huguenots who desire not war with Spain but with France, and the subversion of all the Estates in order to set up themselves."

Tavannes himself terms these expressions "an artful harangue;" but, he says, "it moved, astounded, and dismayed the king, not so much on the score of the Huguenots as of his mother and brother, whose subtlety, ambition, and power in the State he knew; he marvelled to see his counsels thus revealed; he avowed them, asked pardon, promised obedience. Having sown this distrust, having shot this first bolt, the queen-mother, still in displeasure, withdrew to Monceaux. The trembling king followed her; he found her with his brother and sieurs De Tavannes, De Retz, and the secretary of state De Sauve, the last of whom threw himself upon his knees and received his Majesty's pardon for having revealed his counsels to his mother. The infidelity, the bravado, the audacity, the menaces, and the enterprises of the Huguenots were magnified with so much of truth and art that from friends behold them converted into enemies of the king, who, nevertheless, wavering as ever, could not yet give up the desire he had conceived of winning glory and reputation by war with Spain."

A fresh incident increased the agitation in the royal circle.

In July, 1572, the throne of Poland had become vacant. A Polish embassy came to offer it to the duke of Anjou. On his part and his mother's there was at first great eagerness to accept it; Catherine was charmed to see her favorite son becoming a king: "If we had required," says a Polish historian, "that the French should build a bridge of solid gold over the Vistula, they would have agreed." Hesitation soon took the place of eagerness; Henry demanded information and took time to reply. He had shown similar hesitation at the time of the negotiations entered upon in London, in 1571, with a view of making him the husband of Elizabeth, queen of England. Coligny, who was very anxious to have him away, pressed Charles IX. to insist upon a speedy solution: "If *Monsieur*," said he, "who would not have England by marriage, will not have Poland either by election, let him declare once for all that he will not leave France." The relations between the two brothers became day by day more uncomfortable: two years later, Henry, for a brief period king of Poland, himself told the story of them to his physician Miron. "When, by any chance," he said, "the queen-mother and I, after the admiral's departure, approached the king to speak to him of any matters, even those which concerned merely his pleasure, we found him marvellously quick-tempered and cross-grained, with rough looks and bearing, and his answers still more so. One day, a very short time before the St. Bartholomew, setting out expressly from my quarters to go and see the king, somebody told me on inquiry that he was in his cabinet, whence the admiral, who had been alone with him a very long while, had just that instant gone out. I entered at once, as I had been accustomed to do. But as soon as the king my brother perceived me, he, without saying anything to me, began walking about furiously and with long steps, often looking towards me askance and with a very evil eye, sometimes laying his hand upon his dagger and in so excited a fashion that I expected nothing else but that he would come and take me by the collar to poniard me. I was very vexed that I had gone in, reflecting upon the peril I was in, but still more upon how to get out of it; which I did so dexterously that, whilst he was walking with his back turned to me, I retreated quickly towards the door, which I opened, and, with a shorter obeisance than at my entry, I made my exit, which was scarcely perceived by him until I was outside. And straightway I went to look for the queen my mother; and, putting together

all reports, notifications, and suspicions, the time, and past circumstances, in conjunction with this last meeting, we remained both of us easily persuaded and as it were certain that it was the admiral who had impressed the king with some bad and sinister opinion of us, and we resolved from that moment to rid ourselves of him."

One idea immediately occurred to Catherine and her son. Two persons felt a passionate hatred towards Coligny: they were the widow of Duke Francis of Guise, Anne d'Este, become duchess of Nemours by a second marriage, and her son Henry de Guise, a young man of twenty-two. They were both convinced that Coligny had egged on Poltrot to murder Duke Francis, and they had sworn to exact vengeance. Being informed of the queen-mother's and the duke of Anjou's intention, they entered into it eagerly; the young duke of Guise believed his mother quite capable of striking down the admiral in the very midst of one of the great assemblies at court; the fair ladies of the sixteenth century were adepts in handling dagger and pistol. In default of the duchess of Nemours, her son was thought of for getting rid of Coligny. "It was at one time decided," says the duke de Bouillon in his *Mémoires*, "that M. de Guise should kill the admiral during a tilt-at-the-ring which the king gave in the garden of the Louvre, and in which all Messieurs were to lead sides. I was on that of the duke, who was believed to have an understanding with the admiral. On this occasion, it was so managed that our dresses were not ready, and the late duke and his side did not tilt at all. The resolution against the admiral was changed prudently; inasmuch as it was very perilous, for the person of the king and of Messieurs, to have determined to kill him in that place, there being present more than four hundred gentlemen of the religion, who might have gone very far in case of an assault upon that lord, who was so much beloved by them." Everything considered, it was thought more expedient to employ for the purpose an inferior agent; Catherine and the duke of Anjou sent for a Gascon captain, a dependant of the house of Lorraine, whom they knew to be resolute and devoted: "We had him shown the means he should adopt," says the duke of Anjou, "in attacking him whom we had in our eye; but, having well scanned him, himself and his movements and his speech and his looks, which had made us laugh and afforded us good pastime, we considered him too hare-brained and too much of a wind-bag to deal the blow well." They then applied

to an officer "of practice and experience in murder," Charles de Louviers, sieur de Maurevert, who was called *the king's slaughterman* (*le tueur du roi*), because he had already rendered such a service, and they agreed with him as to all the circumstances of place, time, and procedure most likely to secure the success of the deed, whilst giving the murderer chances of escape.

In such situations, there is scarcely any project the secret of which is so well kept that there does not get abroad some rumor to warn an observant mind; and when it is the fate of a religious or a popular hero that is in question, there is never any want of devoted friends or servants about him, ready to take alarm for him. When Coligny mounted his horse to go from Châtillon to Paris, a poor countrywoman on his estates threw herself before him, sobbing, "Ah! sir, ah! our good master, you are going to destruction; I shall never see you again if once you go to Paris; you will die there, you and all those who go with you." At Paris, on the approach of the St. Bartholomew, the admiral heard that some of his gentlemen were going away: "They treat you too well here," said one of them, Langoiran, to him; "better to be saved with the fools than lost for the sake of being thought over-wise." "The admiral was beset by letters which reminded him of the queen-mother's crooked ways, and the detestable education of the king, trained to every sort of violence and horrible sin; his Bible is Macchiavelli; he has been prepared by the blood of beasts for the shedding of human blood; he has been persuaded that a prince is not bound to observe an edict extorted by his subjects." To all these warnings Coligny replied at one time by affirming the king's good faith and at another by saying, "I would rather be dragged dead through the muck-heaps of Paris than go back to civil war." This great soul had his seasons, not of doubt as to his faith or discouragement as to his cause, but of profound sorrow at the atrocious or shameful spectacles and the public or private woes which had to be gone through.

Charles IX. himself felt some disquietude as to the meeting of the Guises and Coligny at his court. The Guises had quitted it before the 18th of August, the day fixed for the marriage of King Henry of Navarre with Marguerite de Valois. When the marriage was over, they were to return, and they did. At the moment of their returning, the king said to Coligny, with demonstrations of the most sincere friendship, "You

know, my dear father, the promise you made me not to insult any of the Guises as long as you remained at court. On their side, they have given me their word that they will have, for you and all the gentry of your following, the consideration you deserve. I rely entirely upon your word, but I have not so much confidence in theirs; I know that they are only looking for an opportunity of letting their vengeance burst forth; I know their bold and haughty character; as they have the people of Paris devoted to them and as, on coming hither, under pretext of the rejoicing at my sister's marriage, they have brought a numerous body of well-armed soldiers, I should be inconsolable if they were to take anything in hand against you; such an outrage would recoil upon me. That being so, if you think as I do, I believe the best thing for me is to order into the city the regiment of guards with such and such captains (he mentioned none but those who were not objects of suspicion to Coligny); this reinforcement," added the king, "will secure public tranquillity, and, if the factious make any disturbance, there will be men to oppose to them." The admiral assented to the king's proposal. He added that he was ready to declare "that never had he been guilty or approving of the death of Duke Francis of Guise, and that he set down as a calumniator and a scoundrel whoever said that he had authorized it." Though frequently going to the palace, both he and the Guises, they had not spoken when they met. Charles had promised the Lorraine princes "not to force them to make friends with Coligny more than was agreeable to them." He believed that he had taken every precaution necessary to maintain in his court, for some time at least, the peace he desired.

On Friday the 22nd of August, 1572, Coligny was returning on foot from the Louvre to the Rue des Fossés-St.-German-l'Auxerrois, where he lived; he was occupied in reading a letter which he had just received; a shot, fired from the window of a house in the cloister of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, smashed two fingers of his right hand and lodged a ball in his left arm; he raised his eyes, pointed out with his injured hand the house whence the shot had come, and reached his quarters on foot. Two gentlemen who were in attendance upon him rushed to seize the murderer; it was too late; Maurevert had been lodging there and on the watch for three days at the house of a canon, an old tutor to the duke of Guise; a horse from the duke's stable was waiting for him at the back of the house;

and, having done his job, he departed at a gallop. He was pursued for several leagues without being overtaken.

Coligny sent to apprise the king of what had just happened to him: "There," said he, "was a fine proof of fidelity to the agreement between him and the duke of Guise." "I shall never have rest, then!" cried Charles, breaking the stick with which he was playing tennis with the duke of Guise and Téligny, the admiral's son-in-law; and he immediately returned to his room. The duke of Guise took himself off without a word. Téligny speedily joined his father-in-law. Ambrose Paré had already attended to him, cutting off the two broken fingers; somebody expressed a fear that the balls might have been poisoned; "It will be as God pleases as to that," said Coligny; and, turning towards the minister, Merlin, who had hurried to him, he added, "pray that He may grant me the gift of perseverance." Towards mid-day, Marshals de Damville, De Cossé, and De Villars went to see him "out of pure friendship," they told him, "and not to exhort him to endure his mishap with patience: we know that you will not lack patience." "I do protest to you," said Coligny, "that death affrights me not; it is of God that I hold my life; when he requires it back from me, I am quite ready to give it up. But I should very much like to see the king before I die; I have to speak to him of things which concern his person and the welfare of his State, and which I feel sure none of you would dare to tell him of." "I will go and inform his Majesty. . . ." rejoined Damville; and he went out with Villars and Téligny, leaving Marshal De Cossé in the room. "Do you remember," said Coligny to him, "the warnings I gave you a few hours ago? You will do well to take your precautions."

About two p.m. the king, the queen-mother, and the dukes of Anjou and Alençon, her two other sons, with many of their high officers, repaired to the admiral's. "My dear father," said the king as he went in, "the hurt is yours; the grief and the outrage mine; but I will take such vengeance that it shall never be forgotten," to which he added his usual imprecations. "Then the admiral, who lay in bed sorely wounded," says the duke of Anjou himself in his account of this interview, "requested that he might speak privately to the king, which the king granted readily, making a sign to the queen my mother, and to me, to withdraw, which we did incontinently into the middle of the room, where we remained standing during this secret colloquy which caused us great misgiving. We saw our-

selves surrounded by more than two hundred gentlemen and captains of the admiral's party who were in the room and another adjoining and, besides, in a hall below, the which, with sad faces and the gestures and bearing of malcontents, were whispering in one another's ears, frequently passing and re-passing before and behind us, not with so much honor and respect as they ought to have done, and as if they had some suspicion that we had somewhat to do with the admiral's hurt. We were seized with astonishment and fear at seeing ourselves shut-in there, as my mother has since many times confessed to me, saying that she had never been in any place where there was so much cause for fright, and whence she had gone away with more relief and pleasure. This apprehension caused us to speedily break in upon the conversation the admiral was having with the king, under a polite excuse invented by the queen my mother, who, approaching the king, said out loud that she had no idea he would make the admiral talk so much, and that she saw quite well that his physicians and surgeons considered it bad for him, as it certainly was very dangerous and enough to throw him into a fever, which was, above everything, to be guarded against. She begged the king to put off the rest of their conversation to another time, when the admiral was better. This vexed the king mightily, for he was very anxious to hear the remainder of what the admiral had to say to him. However, he being unable to gainsay so specious an argument, we got the king away. And incontinently the queen-mother (and I too) begged the king to let us know the secret conversation which the admiral had held with him, and in which he had been unwilling that we should be participators; which the king refused several times to do. But finding himself importuned and hard pressed by us, he told us abruptly and with displeasure, swearing by God's-death 'that what the admiral said was true, that kings realized themselves as such in France only in so far as they had the power of doing harm or good to their subjects and servants, and that this power and management of affairs had slipped imperceptibly into the hands of the queen my mother and mine.' 'This superintendent domination, the admiral told me, might some day be very prejudicial to me and to all my kingdom, and that I should hold it in suspicion and beware of it; of which he was anxious to warn me, as one of my best and most faithful subjects, before he died. There, God's-death, as you wished to know, is what the admiral said to me.' This, said as it was with passion and fury, went

straight home to our hearts, which we concealed as best we might, both of us, however, defending ourselves in the matter. We continued this conversation all the way from the admiral's quarters to the Louvre, where, having left the king in his room, we retired to that of the queen my mother, who was piqued and hurt to the utmost degree at this language used by the admiral to the king, as well as at the credence which the king seemed to accord to it, and was fearful lest it should bring about some change and alteration in our affairs and in the management of the State. Being unable to resolve upon any course at the moment we retired, putting off the question till the morrow when I went to see my mother, who was already up. I had a fine racket in my head, and so had she, and for the time there was no decision come to save to have the admiral despatched by some means or other. It being impossible any longer to employ stratagems and artifices, it would have to be done openly, and the king brought round to that way of thinking. We agreed that, in the afternoon, we would go and pay him a visit in his closet, whither we would get the sieur de Nevers, Marshals de Tavannes and de Retz, and Chancellor de Birague to come, merely to have their opinion as to the means to be adopted for the execution, which we had already determined upon, my mother and I."

On Saturday, the 23rd of August, in the afternoon, the queen-mother, the duke of Anjou, Marshals de Tavannes and de Retz, the duke of Nevers, and the Chancellor de Birague met in the king's closet, who was irresolute and still talking of exacting from the Guises heavy vengeance for the murderous attack upon Coligny. Catherine "represented to him that the party of the Huguenots had already seized this occasion for taking up arms against him; they had sent," she said, "several despatches to Germany to procure a levy of ten thousand reiters and to the cantons of the Swiss for another levy of ten thousand foot; the French captains, partisans of the Huguenots, had already, most of them, set out to raise levies within the kingdom: time and place of meeting had already been assigned and determined. All the Catholics, on their side," added Catherine, "disgusted with so long a war and harassed by so many kinds of calamities, have resolved to put a stop to them; they have decided amongst them to elect a captain-general to form a league offensive and defensive against the Huguenots. The whole of France would thus be seen armed and divided into two great parties between which the king would remain isolated, without

any command and with about as much obedience. For so much ruin and calamity in anticipation and already within a finger's reach, and for the slaughter of so many thousands of men, a preventative may be found in a single sword-thrust; all that is necessary is to kill the admiral, the head and front of all the civil wars; the designs and the enterprises of the Huguenots will die with him, and the Catholics, satisfied with the sacrifice of two or three men, will remain forever in obedience to the king. . . . At the beginning," continues the duke of Anjou in his account, "the king would not by any means consent to have the admiral touched; feeling, however, some fear of the danger which we had so well depicted and represented to him, he desired that, in a case of such importance, every one should at once state his opinion." When each of those present had spoken, the king appeared still undecided. The queen-mother then resolved "to let him hear the truth *in toto* from Marshal de Retz, from whom she knew that he would take it better than from any other," says his sister Marguerite de Valois in her *Mémoires*, "as one who was more in his confidence and favor than any other. The which came to see him in the evening, about nine or ten, and told him that, as his faithful servant, he could not conceal from him the danger he was in if he were to abide by his resolution to do justice on M. de Guise, because it was necessary that he should know that the attack upon the admiral was not M. de Guise's doing alone, but that my brother Henry, the king of Poland, afterwards king of France, and the queen my mother had been concerned in it; which M. de Guise and his friends would not fail to reveal, and which would place his Majesty in a position of great danger and embarrassment." Towards midnight the queen-mother went down to the king, followed by her son Henry and four other councillors. They found the king more put out than ever. The conversation began again, and resolved itself into a regular attack upon the king: "The Guises," he was told, "will denounce the king himself together with his mother and brother; the Huguenots will believe that the king was in concert with the party, and they will take the whole royal family to task. War is inevitable. Better to win a battle in Paris, where we hold all the chiefs in our clutches, than put it to hazard in the field." "After a struggle of an hour and a half, Charles, in a violent state of agitation, still hesitated; when the queen-mother, fearing lest, if there were further delay, all would be discovered, said to him,

‘Permit me and your brother, sir, to retire to some other part of the kingdom.’ Charles rose from his seat: ‘By God’s death,’ said he, ‘since you think proper to kill the admiral, I consent; but all the Huguenots in Paris as well, in order that there remain not one to reproach me afterwards. Give the orders at once.’” And he went back into his room.

In order to relieve and satisfy her own passions and those of her favorite son, which were fear and love of power, the queen-mother had succeeded in working her king-son into a fit of weakness and mad anger. Anxious to profit by it, “she gave orders on the instant for the signal, which was not to have been given until an hour before daybreak,” says De Thou, “and, instead of the bell at the Palace of Justice, the tocsin was sounded by the bell of St. Germain-l’Auxerrois, which was nearer.”

Even before the king had given his formal consent, the projectors of the outrage had carefully prepared for its execution; they had apportioned out amongst themselves or to their agents the different quarters of the city. The Guises had reserved for themselves that in which they considered they had personal vengeance as well as religious enmity to satisfy, the neighborhood of St. Germain-l’Auxerrois, and especially Rue de Béthisy and Rue des Fossés-St.-Germain. Awakened by the noise around his house and, before long, by arquebus-shots fired in his court-yard, Coligny understood what was going to happen; he jumped out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, and, as he stood leaning against the wall, he said to the clergyman, Merlin, who was sitting up with him, “M. Merlin, say me a prayer; I commit my soul to my Saviour.” One of his gentlemen, Cornaton, entered the room. “What is the meaning of this riot?” asked Ambrose Paré, who had also remained with the admiral. “My lord,” said Cornaton to Coligny, “it is God calling us.” “I have long been ready to die,” said the admiral; “but you, my friends, save yourselves, if it is still possible.” All ran upstairs and escaped, the majority by the roof; a German servant, Nicholas Muss, alone remained with the admiral, “as little concerned,” says Cornaton, “as if there were nothing going on around him.” The door of his room was forced. Two men, servants of the Guises, entered first. One of them, Behme, attached to the duke of Guise’s own person, came forward, saying, “Art thou not the admiral?” “Young man,” said Coligny, “thou comest against a wounded and an aged man. Thou’lt not

shorten my life by much." Behme plunged into his stomach a huge pointed boar-spear which he had in his hand and then struck him on the head with it; Coligny fell, saying, "If it were but a man! But 'tis a horse-boy." Others came in and struck him in their turn. "Behme!" shouted the duke of Guise from the courtyard, "hast done?" "'Tis all over, my lord," was the answer; and the murderers threw the body out of the window, where it stuck for an instant either accidentally or voluntarily and as if to defend a last remnant of life. Then it fell. The two great lords who were waiting for it, turned over the corpse, wiped the blood off the face, and said, "Faith, 'tis he sure enough." Some have said that Guise gave him a kick in the face. A servant of the duke of Nevers cut off the head and took it to the queen-mother, the king, and the duke of Anjou. It was embalmed with care to be sent, it is said, to Rome. What is certain is that, a few days afterwards, Mandelot, governor of Lyons, wrote to the king: "I have received, sir, the letter your Majesty was pleased to write to me, whereby you tell me that you have been advertised that there is a man who has set out from over yonder with the head he took from the admiral after killing him, for to convey it to Rome, and to take care, when the said man arrives in this city, to have him arrested and to take from him the said head. Whereupon I incontinently gave such strict orders that, if he presents himself, the command which it pleases your Majesty to lay upon me will be acted upon. There hath not passed for these last few days by way of this city any person going Romewards save a squire of the duke of Guise's, named Paule, the which had departed four hours previously on the same day on which I received the said letter from your Majesty."

We do not find anywhere, in reference to this incident, any information going further than this reply of the governor of Lyons to Charles IX. However it may be, the remains of Coligny's body, after having been hung and exposed for some days on the gibbet of Montfaucon, were removed by Duke Francis de Montmorency, the admiral's relative and friend, who had them transferred to Chantilly and interred in the chapel of the castle. After having been subjected, in the course of three centuries, at one time to oblivion and at others to divers transferences, these sad relics of a great man, a great Christian, and a great patriot have been resting, for the last two and twenty years, in the very castle of Châtillon-sur-

Loing, his ancestors' own domain having once more become the property of a relative of his family, the duke of Luxembourg, to whom Count Anatole de Montesquiou transferred them, and who, in 1851, had them sealed up in a bit of wall in ruins, at the foot of an old tower, under the site of the bed-chamber of the duchesses of Châtillon, where, in all probability, Coligny was born. The more tardy the homage, the greater.

The actual murderers of Coligny, the real projectors of the St. Bartholomew, Catherine de' Medici and her son the duke of Anjou, at the very moment when they had just ordered the massacre were seized with affright at the first sound of their crime. The duke of Anjou finishes his story with this page: "After but two hours' rest during the night, just as the day was beginning to break, the king, the queen my mother, and I went to the frontal of the Louvre, adjoining the tennis-court, into a room which looks upon the area of the stable-yard, to see the commencement of the work. We had not been there long when, as we were weighing the issues and the consequence of so great an enterprise on which, sooth to say, we had up to that time scarcely bestowed a thought, we heard a pistol-shot fired. I could not say in what spot or whether it knocked over anybody; but well know I that the sound wounded all three of us so deeply in spirit that it knocked over our senses and judgment, stricken with terror and apprehension at the great troubles which were then about to set in. To prevent them, we sent a gentleman at once and with all haste to M. de Guise, to tell him and command him expressly from us to retire into his quarters and be very careful to take no steps against the admiral, this single command putting a stop to everything else, because it had been determined that in no spot in the city should any steps be taken until, as a preliminary, the admiral had been killed. But soon afterwards the gentleman returning told us that M. de Guise had answered him that the command came too late, that the admiral was dead and the work was begun throughout the rest of the city. So we went back to our original determination and let ourselves follow the thread and the course of the enterprise."

The enterprise, in fact, followed its *thread and natural course* without its being in the power of anybody to arrest or direct it. It had been absolutely necessary to give information of it the evening before to the provost-of-tradesmen of Paris, Le

Charron, president in the court of taxation (Board of Excise), and to the chief men of the city. According to Brantôme, "they made great difficulties and imported conscience into the matter; but M. de Tavannes, in the king's presence, rebuked them strongly and threatened them that, if they did not make themselves busy, the king would have them hanged. The poor devils, unable to do aught else, thereupon answered, 'Ha! is that the way you take it, sir, and you, monsieur? We swear to you that you shall hear news thereof, for we will ply our hands so well right and left that the memory shall abide for ever of a right well kept St. Bartholomew.'" "Wherein they did not fail," continues Brantôme, "but they did not like it at first." According to other reports, the first opposition of the provost of-tradesmen, Le Charron, was not without effect; it was not till the next day that he let the orders he had received take their course; and it was necessary to apply to his predecessor in his office, the ex-provost Marcel, a creature of the queen-mother's, to set in motion the turbulent and the fanatical amongst the populace, "which it never does to 'blood,' for it is afterwards more savage than is desirable." Once let loose upon the St. Bartholomew, the Parisian populace was eager indeed, but not alone in its eagerness, for the work of massacre; the gentlemen of the court took part in it passionately, from a spirit of vengeance, from religious hatred, from the effect of smelling blood, from covetousness at the prospect of confiscations at hand. Téligny, the admiral's son-in-law, had taken refuge on a roof; the duke of Anjou's guards made him a mark for their arquebuses. La Rochefoucauld, with whom the king had been laughing and joking up to eleven o'clock the evening before, heard a knocking at his door, in the king's name; it is opened; enter six men in masks and poniard him. The new queen of Navarre, Marguerite de Valois, had gone to bed by express order of her mother Catherine: "Just as I was asleep," says she, "behold a man knocking with feet and hands at the door and shouting, Navarre! Navarre! My nurse, thinking it was the king my husband, runs quickly to the door and opens it. It was a gentleman named M. de Lérân, who had a sword-cut on the elbow, a gash from a halberd on the arm, and was still pursued by four archers, who all came after him into my bedroom. He, wishing to save himself, threw himself on to my bed; as for me, feeling this man who had hold of me, I threw myself out of bed towards the wall, and he after me, still holding me round the body. I did not know this man,

and I could not tell whether he had come thither to offer me violence, or whether the archers were after him in particular or after me. We both screamed, and each of us was as much frightened as the other. At last it pleased God that M. de Nançay, captain of the guards, came in, who, finding me in this plight, though he felt compassion, could not help laughing; and, flying into a great rage with the archers for this indiscretion, he made them begone and gave me the life of that poor man who had hold of me, whom I had put to bed and attended to in my closet, until he was well."

We might multiply indefinitely these anecdotal scenes of the massacre, most of them brutally ferocious, others painfully pathetic, some generous and calculated to preserve the credit of humanity amidst one of its most direful aberrations. History must show no pity for the vices and crimes of men, whether princes or people; and it is her duty as well as her right to depict them so truthfully that men's souls and imaginations may be sufficiently impressed by them to conceive disgust and horror at them; but it is not by dwelling upon them and by describing them minutely, as if she had to exhibit a gallery of monsters and madmen, that history can lead men's minds to sound judgments and salutary impressions: it is necessary to have moral sense and good sense always in view and set high above great social troubles, just as sailors, to struggle courageously against the tempest, need to see a luminous corner where the sky is visible and a star which reveals to them the port. We take no pleasure and we see no use in setting forth in detail the works of evil; we should be inclined to fear that, by familiarity with such a spectacle, men would lose the perception of good and cease to put hope in its legitimate and ultimate superiority. Nor will we pause either to discuss the secondary questions which meet us at the period of which we are telling the story; for example, the question whether Charles IX. fired with his own hand on his protestant subjects whom he had delivered over to the evil passions of the aristocracy and of the populace, or whether the balcony from which he is said to have indulged in this ferocious pastime existed at that time, in the sixteenth century, at the palace of the Louvre and overlooking the Seine. These questions are not without historic interest, and it is well for learned men to study them; but we consider them incapable of being resolved with certainty; and, even were they resolved, they would not give the key to the character of Charles IX. and to the portion which appertains

to him in the deed of cruelty with which his name remains connected. The great historic fact of the St. Bartholomew is what we confine ourselves to; and we have attempted to depict it accurately as regards Charles IX.'s hesitations and equally feverish resolutions, his intermixture of open-heartedness and double-dealing in his treatment of Coligny, towards whom he felt himself drawn without quite understanding him, and his puerile weakness in presence of his mother, whom he feared more than he trusted. When he had plunged into the orgies of the massacre, when, after having said "Kill them all!" he had seen the slaughter of his companions in his royal amusements, T  ligny and La Rochefoucauld, Charles IX. abandoned himself to a fit of mad passion. He was asked whether the two young Huguenot princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Cond  , were to be killed also; Marshal de Retz had been in favor of it; Marshal de Tavannes had been opposed to it; and it was decided to spare them. On the very night of the St. Bartholomew, the king sent for them both: "I mean for the future," said he, "to have but one religion in my kingdom: the mass or death; make your choice." Henry of Navarre reminded the king of his promises and asked for time to consider; Henry de Cond   "answered that he would remain firm in the true religion though he should have to give up his life for it." "Seditious madman, rebel and son of a rebel," said Charles, "if within three days you do not change your language, I will have you strangled." At this first juncture, the king saved from the massacre none but his surgeon, Ambrose Par  , and his nurse, both Huguenots; on the very night, after the murder of Coligny, he sent for Ambrose Par   into his chamber and made him go into his wardrobe, says Brant  me, "ordering him not to stir and saying that it was not reasonable that one who was able to be of service to a whole little world should be thus massacred." A few days afterwards, "Now," said the king to Par  , "you really must be a Catholic." "By God's light," answered Par  , "I think you must surely remember, sir, to have promised me, in order that I might never disobey you, never, on the other hand, to bid me do four things, find my way back into my mother's womb, catch myself fighting in a battle, leave your service, or go to mass." After a moment's silence Charles rejoined, "Ambrose, I don't know what has come over me for the last two or three days, but I feel my mind and my body greatly excited, in fact, just as if I had a fever; me-seems every moment, just as much waking and sleeping, that

those massacred corpses keep appearing to me with their faces all hideous and covered with blood. I wish the helpless and the innocent had not been included." "And in consequence of the reply made to him," adds Sully in his *Œconomies royales* (t. i. p. 244, in the Petitot Collection), "he next day issued his orders prohibiting, on pain of death, any slaying or plundering; the which were, nevertheless, very ill observed, the animosities and fury of the populace being too much inflamed to defer to them."

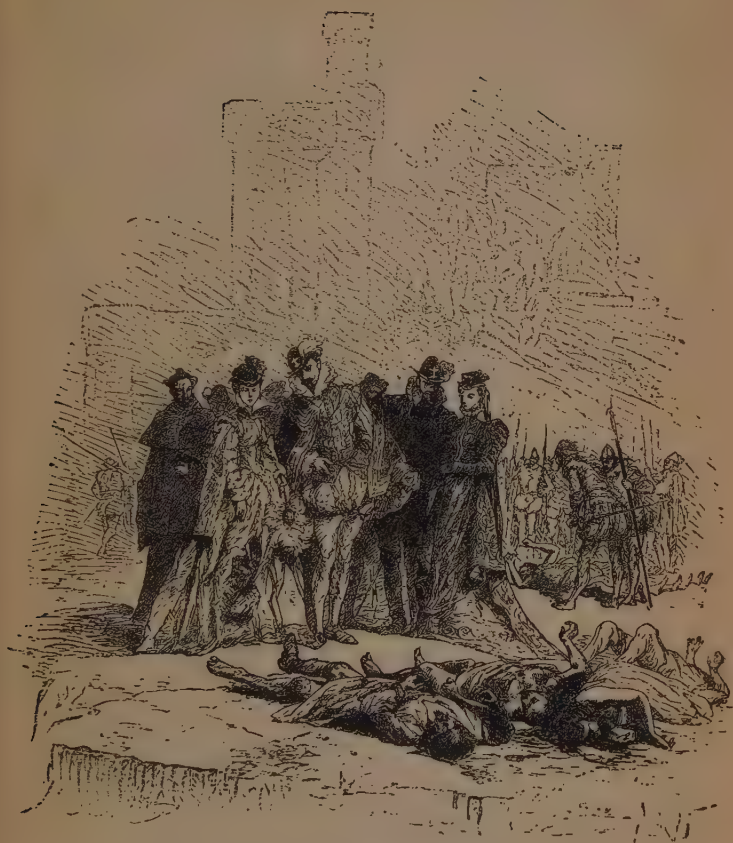
The historians, catholic or protestant, contemporary or researchful, differ widely as to the number of the victims in this cruel massacre: according to De Thou, there were about 2000 persons killed in Paris the first day: D'Aubigné says 3000; Brantôme speaks of 4000 bodies that Charles IX. might have seen floating down the Seine; la Popelinière reduces them to 1000. There is to be found, in the account books of the city of Paris, a payment to the grave-diggers of the cemetery of the Innocents for having interred 1100 dead bodies stranded at the turns of the Seine near Chaillot, Auteuil and St. Cloud; it is probable that many corpses were carried still further, and the corpses were not all thrown into the river. The uncertainty is still greater when one comes to speak of the number of victims throughout the whole of France; De Thou estimates it at 30,000, Sully at 70,000, Péréfixe, archbishop of Paris in the seventeenth century, raises it to 100,000; Papirius Masson and Davila reduce it to 10,000 without clearly distinguishing [between the massacre of Paris and those of the provinces; other historians fix upon 40,000. Great uncertainty also prevails as to the execution of the orders issued from Paris to the governors of the provinces; the names of the viscount D'Orte, governor at Bayonne, and of John le Hennuyer, bishop of Lisieux, have become famous from their having refused to take part in the massacre; but the authenticity of the letter from the viscount D'Orte to Charles IX. is disputed, though the fact of his resistance appears certain; and, as for the bishop, John le Hennuyer, M. de Forméville seems to us to have demonstrated in his *Histoire de l'ancien Évêché-comté de Lisieux* (t. ii. pp. 299-314), "that there was no occasion to save the Protestants of Lisieux, in 1572, because they did not find themselves in any danger of being massacred, and that the merit of it cannot be attributed to anybody, to the bishop, Le Hennuyer, any more than to Captain Fumichon, governor of the town. It was only the general course of events and the

discretion of the municipal officers of Lisieux that did it all." One thing which is quite true and which it is good to call to mind in the midst of so great a general criminality is that, at many spots in France, it met with a refusal to be associated in it; President Jeannin at Dijon, the count de Tende in Provence, Philibert de la Guiche at Mâcon, Tanneguy le Veneur de Carrouge at Rouen, the count de Gordes in Dauphiny, and many other chiefs, military or civil, openly repudiated the example set by the murderers of Paris; and the municipal body of Nantes, a very catholic town, took upon this subject, as has been proved from authentic documents by M. Vaurigaud, pastor of the reformed Church at Nantes [in his *Essai sur l'Histoire des Églises réformées de Bretagne*, t. i. pp. 190–194.] a resolution which does honor to its patriotic firmness as well as to its Christian loyalty.

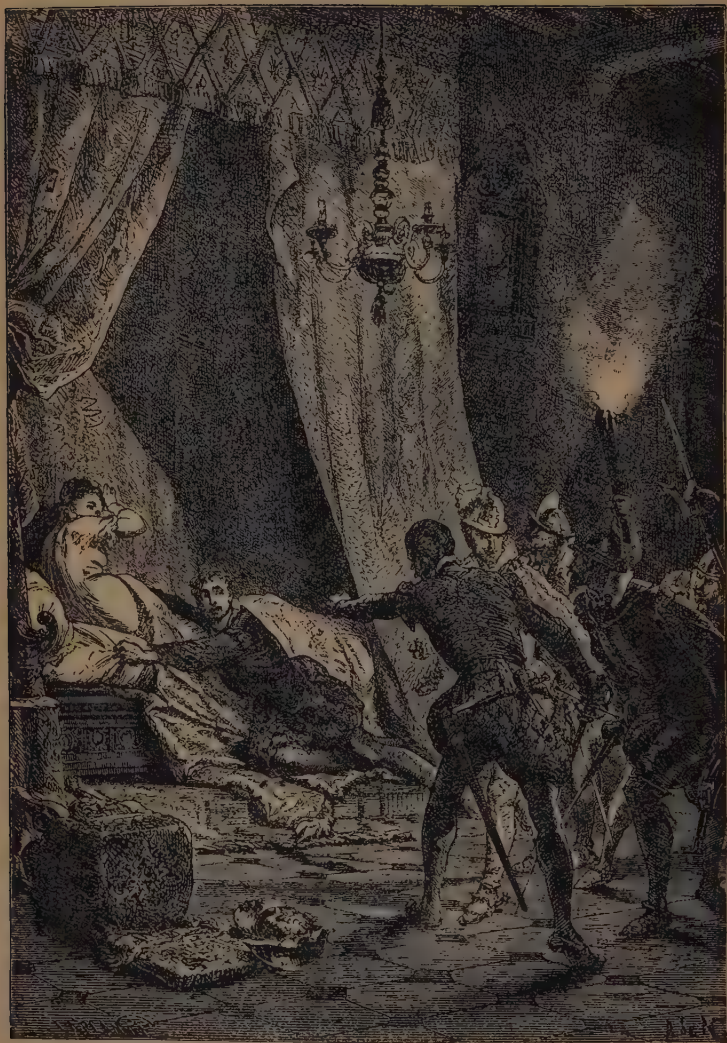
A great, good man, a great functionary and a great scholar, in disgrace for six years past, the chancellor Michael de L'Hospital, received about this time in his retreat at Vignay a visit from a great philosopher, Michael de Montaigne, "anxious," said the visitor, "to come and testify to you the honor and reverence with which I regard your competence and the special qualities which are in you; for, as to the extraneous and the fortuitous, it is not to my taste to put them down in the account." Montaigne chose a happy moment for disregarding all but the personal and special qualities of the chancellor; shortly after his departure, L'Hospital was warned that some sinister-looking horsemen were coming, and that he would do well to take care of himself; "No matter, no matter," he answered; "it will be as God pleases when my hour has come." Next day he was told that those men were approaching his house, and he was asked whether he would not have the gates shut against them and have them fired upon, in case they attempted to force an entrance; "No," said he, "if the small gate will not do for them to enter by, let the big one be opened." A few hours afterwards, L'Hospital was informed that the king and the queen-mother were sending other horsemen to protect him: "I didn't know," said the old man, "that I had deserved either death or pardon." A rumor of his death flew abroad amongst his enemies, who rejoiced at it: "we are told," wrote Cardinal Granvelle to his agent at Brussels [Oct. 8, 1572], "that the king has had Chancellor de L'Hospital and his wife despatched, which would be a great blessing." The agent, more enlightened than his chief, denied the fact,

adding, "they are a fine bit of rubbish left, L'Hospital and his wife." Charles IX. wrote to his old adviser to reassure him, "loving you as I do." Some time after, however, he demanded of him his resignation of the title of chancellor, wishing to confer it upon La Birague, to reward him for his co-operation in the St. Bartholomew. L'Hospital gave in his resignation on the 1st of February, 1573, and died six weeks afterwards, on the 18th of March: "I am just at the end of my long journey, and shall have no more business but with God," he wrote to the king and the queen-mother. "I implore Him to give you His grace and to lead you with His hand in all your affairs, and in the government of this great and beautiful kingdom which he hath committed to your keeping, with all gentleness and clemency towards your good subjects, in imitation of Himself, who is good and patient in bearing our burthens, and prompt to forgive you and pardon you everything."

From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1572, the bearing and conduct of Charles IX. and the queen-mother produced nothing but a confused mass of orders and counter-orders, affirmations and denials, words and actions incoherent and contradictory, all caused by a habit of lying and the desire of escaping from the peril or embarrassment of the moment. On the very first day of the massacre, about midday, the provost of tradesmen and the sheriffs, who had not taken part in the "Paris matins," came complaining to the king "of the pillage, sack, and murder which were being committed by many belonging to the suite of His Majesty as well as to those of the princes, princesses, and lords of the court, by noblemen, archers, and soldiers of the guard, as well as by all sorts of gentry and people mixed with them and under their wing." Charles ordered them "to get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the said murder, pillage, and sedition arising," he said, "because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the admiral's friends, who suspected them of being at the bottom of the hurt inflicted upon him." He, the same day, addressed to the governors of the provinces a letter in which he invested the disturbance with the same character and gave the same explanation of it. The Guises complained violently at being thus disavowed by the king, who had the face to throw upon them alone the odium of the massacre which he had ordered. Next day, August 25th, the king wrote to all his



THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW.



THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE AND THE HUGUENOT

agents, at home and abroad, another letter, affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy which the admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother, and his brothers;" and, on the 25th of August, he went with his two brothers to hold in state a bed of justice, and make to the parliament the same declaration against Coligny and his party. "He could not," he said, "have parried so fearful a blow but by another very violent one; and he wished all the world to know that what had happened at Paris had been done not only with his consent, but by his express command." Whereupon it was enjoined upon the court, says De Thou, "to cause investigations to be made as to the conspiracy of Coligny, and to decree what it should consider proper, conformably with the laws and with justice." The next day but one, August 28th, appeared a royal manifesto running: "The king willeth and intendeth that all noblemen and others whosoever of the religion styled reformed be empowered to live and abide in all security and liberty, with their wives, children, and families, in their houses, as they have heretofore done and were empowered to do by benefit of the edicts of pacification. And nevertheless, for to obviate the troubles, scandals, suspicion, and distrust, which might arise by reason of the services and assemblies that might take place both in the houses of the said noblemen and elsewhere, as is permitted by the aforesaid edicts of pacification, his Majesty doth lay very express inhibitions and prohibitions upon all the said noblemen and others of the said religion against holding assemblies, on any account whatsoever, until that, by the said lord the king, after having provided for the tranquillity of his kingdom, it be otherwise ordained. And that, on pain of confiscation of body and goods in case of disobedience."

These tardy and lying accusations officially brought against Coligny and his friends; these promises of liberty and security for the Protestants, renewed in the terms of the edicts of pacification and, in point of fact, annulled at the very moment at which they were being renewed; the massacre continuing here and there in France, at one time with the secret connivance and at another notwithstanding the publicly-given word of the king and the queen-mother; all this policy, at one and the same time violent and timorous, incoherent and stubborn, produced amongst the Protestants two contrary effects: some grew frightened, others angry. At court, under the

direct influence of the king and his surroundings, "submission to the powers that be" prevailed; many fled; others, without abjuring their religion, abjured their party. The two reformer-princes Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, attended mass on the 29th of September, and, on the 3rd of October, wrote to the Pope deploring their errors and giving hopes of their conversion. Far away from Paris, in the mountains of the Pyrenees and Languedoc, in the towns where the reformers were numerous and confident, at Sancerre, at Montauban, at Nîmes, at La Rochelle, the spirit of resistance carried the day. An assembly, meeting at Milhau, drew up a provisional ordinance for the government of the reformed Church, "until it please God, who has the hearts of kings in His keeping, to change that of King Charles IX. and restore the State of France to good order, or to raise up such neighboring prince as is manifestly marked out, by his virtue and by distinguishing signs for to be the liberator of this poor afflicted people." In November, 1572, the fourth religious war broke out.

The siege of La Rochelle was its only important event. Charles IX. and his councillors exerted themselves in vain to avoid it. There was everything to disquiet them in this enterprise: so sudden a revival of the religious war after the grand blow they had just struck, the passionate energy manifested by the Protestants in asylum at La Rochelle, and the help they had been led to hope for from Queen Elizabeth, whom England would never have forgiven for indifference in this cause. Marshal de Biron, who was known to favor the reformers, was appointed governor of La Rochelle; but he could not succeed in gaining admittance within the walls, even alone and for the purpose of parleying with the inhabitants. The king heard that one of the bravest protestant chiefs, La Noue, *Ironarm*, had retired to Mons with Prince Louis of Nassau. The duke of Longueville, his old enemy, induced him to go to Paris. The king received him with great favor, gave up to him the property of Téligny, whose sister La Noue had married, and pressed him to go to La Rochelle and prevail upon the inhabitants to keep the peace. La Noue refused, saying that he was not at all fitted for this commission. The king promised that he would ask nothing of him which could wound his honor. La Noue at last consented and repaired, about the end of November, 1572, to a village close by La Rochelle, whither it was arranged that deputies from the town would come and confer with him. And they came, in fact, but at

their first meeting, "We are come," they said, "to confer with M. de la Noue, but we do not see him here." La Noue got angry: "I am astenished," he said, "that you have so soon forgotten one who has received so many wounds and lost an arm fighting for you." "Yes, there is a M. de la Noue, who was one of us and who bravely defended our cause; but he never flattered us with vain hopes, he never invited us to conferences to betray us." La Noue got more fiercely angry: "All I ask of you is to report to the senate what I have to say to them." They complied and came back with permission for him to enter the town. The people looked at him, as he passed, with a mixture of distrust and interest. After hearing him, the senate rejected the pacific overtures made to them by La Noue; "We have no mind to treat specially and for ourselves alone; our cause is that of God and of all the Churches of France; we will accept nothing but what shall seem proper to all our brethren. For yourself, we give you your choice between three propositions: remain in our town as a simple burgess, and we will give you quarters; if you like better to be our commandant, all the nobility and the people will gladly have you for their head, and will fight with confidence under your orders; if neither of these propositions suits you, you shall be welcome to go aboard one of our vessels and cross over to England, where you will find many of your friends." La Noue did not hesitate; he became, under the authority of the mayor Jacques Henri, the military head of La Rochelle, whither Charles IX. had sent him to make peace. The king authorized him to accept this singular position. La Noue conducted himself so honorably in it and everybody was so convinced of his good faith as well as bravery, that for three months he commanded inside La Rochelle and superintended the preparations for defence, all the while trying to make the chances of peace prevail. At the end of February, 1573, he recognized the impossibility of his double commission, and he went away from La Rochelle, leaving the place in better condition than that in which he had found it, without either king or Rochellese considering that they had any right to complain of him.

Biron first and then the duke of Anjou in person took the command of the siege. They brought up, it is said, 40,000 men and 60 pieces of artillery. The Rochellese, for defensive strength, had but 22 companies of refugees or inhabitants, making in all 3100 men. The siege lasted from the 26th of February to the 13th of June, 1573; six assaults were made on

the place; in the last, the ladders had been set at night against the wall of what was called *Gospel* bastion; the duke of Guise, at the head of the assailants, had escalated the breach, but there he discovered a new ditch and a new rampart erected inside; and, confronted by these unforeseen obstacles, the men recoiled and fell back. La Rochelle was saved. Charles IX. was more and more desirous of peace; his brother, the duke of Anjou, had just been elected king of Poland; Charles IX. was anxious for him to leave France and go to take possession of his new kingdom. Thanks to these complications, the Peace of La Rochelle was signed on the 6th of July, 1573. Liberty of creed and worship was recognized in the three towns of La Rochelle, Montauban, and Nîmes. They were not obliged to receive any royal garrison, on condition of giving hostages to be kept by the king for two years. Liberty of worship throughout the extent of their jurisdiction continued to be recognized in the case of lords high-justiciary. Everywhere else the reformers had promises of not being persecuted for their creed, under the obligation of never holding an assembly of more than ten persons at a time. These were the most favorable conditions they yet obtained.

Certainly this was not what Charles IX. had calculated upon when he consented to the massacre of the Protestants: "Provided," he had said, "that not a single one is left to reproach me." The massacre had been accomplished almost without any resistance but that offered by certain governors of provinces or towns, who had refused to take part in it. The chief leader of French Protestantism, Coligny, had been the first victim. Far more than that, the Parliament of Paris had accepted the royal lie which accused Coligny of conspiring for the downfall of the king and the royal house; a decree, on that very ground, sentenced to condemnation the memory, the family, and the property of Coligny, with all sorts of rigorous, we should rather say atrocious, circumstances. And after having succeeded so well against the Protestants, Charles IX. saw them recovering again, renewing the struggle with him and wresting from him such concessions as he had never yet made to them. More than ever might he exclaim, "Then I shall never have rest!" The news that came to him from abroad was not more calculated to satisfy him. The St. Bartholomew had struck Europe with surprise and horror; not only amongst the princes and in the countries that were protestant, in England, Scotland, and northern Europe, but in catholic Germany

itself there was a very strong feeling of reprobation; the Emperor Maximilian II. and the Elector Palatine Frederic III., called *the Pious*, showed it openly; when the duke of Anjou, elected king of Poland, went through Germany to go and take possession of his kingdom, he was received at Heidelberg with premeditated coolness. When he arrived at the gate of the castle, not a soul went to meet him; alone he ascended the steps and found in the hall a picture representing the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the elector called his attention to the portraits of the principal victims, amongst others that of Coligny, and at table he was waited upon solely by French protestant refugees. At Rome itself, in the midst of official satisfaction and public demonstrations of it exhibited by the pontifical court, the truth came out and Pope Gregory XIII. was touched by it: "when certain of my lords the cardinals who were beside him asked wherefore he wept and was sad at so goodly a despatch of those wretched folk, enemies of God and of his Holiness: 'I weep,' said the pope, 'at the means the king used, exceeding unlawful and forbidden of God, for to inflict such punishment; I fear that one will fall upon him and that he will not have a very long bout of it (will not live very long). I fear too that amongst so many dead folk there died as many innocent as guilty.'" [Brantôme, t. iv. p. 306. He attributes this language to Pope Pius V., who died four months before the St. Bartholomew. Gregory XIII., elected May 15, 1572, was pope when the massacre took place.] Only the king of Spain, Philip II., a fanatical despot and pitiless persecutor, showed complete satisfaction at the event; and he offered Charles IX. the assistance of his army, if he had need of it, against what there was remaining of heretics in his kingdom.

Charles IX. had not mind or character sufficiently sound or sufficiently strong to support, without great perturbation, the effect of so many violent, repeated and often contradictory impressions. Catherine de' Medici had brought up her three sons solely with a view of having their confidence and implicit obedience. "All the actions of the queen-mother," said the Venetian ambassador Sigismund Cavalli, who had for a long while resided at her court, "have always been prompted and regulated by one single passion, the passion of ruling." Her son Charles had yielded to it without an effort in his youth. He was accustomed to say that, until he was five and twenty, he meant to play the fool, that is to say, to think of nothing but of enjoying his hey-day; accordingly he showed aversion

for speaking and treating of business, putting himself altogether in his mother's hands. Now, he no longer thinks and acts in the same way. I have been told that, since the late events, he requires to have the same thing said more than three times over by the queen before obeying her." It was not with regard to his mother only that Charles had changed. "His looks," says Cavalli, "have become melancholy and sombre; in his conversations and audiences he does not look the speaker in the face; he droops his head, closes his eyes, opens them all at once, and, as if he found the movement painful, closes them again with no less suddenness. It is feared that the demon of vengeance has possessed him; he used to be merely severe; it is feared that he is becoming cruel. He is temperate in his diet; drinks nothing but water. To tire himself, at any price, is his object. He remains on horseback for twelve or fourteen consecutive hours; and so he goes hunting and coursing through the woods the same animal, the stag, for two or three days, never stopping but to eat, and never resting but for an instant during the night." He was passionately fond of all bodily exercises, the practice of arms and the game of tennis. "He had a forge set up for himself," says Brantôme, "and I have seen him forging cannon and horse-shoes and other things as stoutly as the most robust farriers and forgersmen." He, at the same time, showed a keen and intelligent interest in intellectual works and pleasures. He often had a meeting, in the evening, of poets, men of letters and artists, Ronsard, Amadis Jamin, Jodelle, Daurat, Baif; in 1570 he gave them letters patent for the establishment of an Academy of poetry and music, the first literary society founded in France by a king; but it disappeared amidst the civil wars. Charles IX. himself sang in the choir and he composed a few hunting-airs. Ronsard was a favorite, almost a friend, with him; he used to take him with him on his trips and gave him quarters in his palace, and there was many an interchange of verse between them, in which Ronsard did not always have advantage. Charles gave a literary outlet to his passion for hunting; he wrote a little treatise, entitled *La Chasse royale*, which was not published until 1625, and of which M. Henry Chevreul brought out, in 1857, a charming and very correct edition. Charles IX. dedicated it to his lieutenant of the hunt, Mesnil, in terms of such modest and affectionate simplicity that they deserve to be kept in remembrance: "Mesnil," said the king, "I should feel myself far too ungrateful and expect

to be chidden for presumption if, in this little treatise that I am minded to make upon stag-hunting, I did not, before any one begins to read it, avow and confess that I learnt from you what little I know. . . . I beg you, also, Mesnil, to be pleased to correct and erase what there is wrong in the said treatise, the which, if peradventure it is so done that there is nothing more required than to reword and alter, the credit will be firstly yours for having so well taught me and then mine for having so well remembered. Well, then, having been taught by so good a master, I will be bold enough to essay it, begging you to accept it as heartily as I present it and dedicate it to you."

These details and this quotation are allowable in order to shed full light upon the private and incoherent character of this king, who bears the responsibility of one of the most tragic events in French history. In the spring of 1574, at the age of twenty-three years and eleven months, and after a reign of eleven years and six months, Charles IX. was attacked by an inflammatory malady, which brought on violent hemorrhage; he was revisited, in his troubled sleep, by the same bloody visions about which, a few days after the St. Bartholomew, he had spoken to Ambrose Paré. He no longer retained in his room anybody but two of his servants and his nurse, "of whom he was very fond, although she was a Huguenot," says the contemporary chronicler Peter de l'Estoile. "When she had lain down upon a chest and was just beginning to doze, hearing the king moaning, weeping and sighing, she went full gently up to the bed: 'Ah! nurse, nurse,' said the king, 'what bloodshed and what murders! Ah! what evil council have I followed! Oh! my God, forgive me them and have mercy upon me, if it may please Thee! I know not what hath come to me, so bewildered and agitated do they make me. What will be the end of it all? What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well.' Then said the nurse to him: 'Sir, the murders be on the heads of those who made you do them! Of yourself, sir, you never could; and since you are not consenting thereto and are sorry therefor, believe that God will not put them down to your account and will hide them with the cloak of justice of His Son, to whom alone you must have recourse. But, for God's sake, let your Majesty cease weeping!' And thereupon, having been to fetch him a pocket-handkerchief because his own was soaked with tears, after that the king had taken it from her hand, he signed to her to go away and leave him to rest."

On Sunday, May 30, 1574, Whitsunday, about three in the afternoon, Charles IX. expired, after having signed an ordinance conferring the regency upon his mother Catherine, "who accepted it," was the expression in the letters patent, "at the request of the duke of Alençon, the king of Navarre, and other princes and peers of France." According to D'Aubigné, Charles used often to say of his brother Henry that, "when he had a kingdom on his hands, the administration would find him out and that he would disappoint those who had hopes of him." The last words he said were "that he was glad not to have left any young child to succeed him, very well knowing that France needs a man, and that, with a child, the king and the reign are unhappy."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HENRY III. AND THE RELIGIOUS WARS (1574-1589).

THOUGH elected king of Poland on the 9th of May, 1573, Henry, duke of Anjou, had not yet left Paris at the end of the summer. Impatient at his slowness to depart, Charles IX. said, with his usual oath, "By God's death! my brother or I must at once leave the kingdom; my mother shall not succeed in preventing it." "Go," said Catherine to Henry: "you will not be away long." She foresaw, with no great sorrow one would say, the death of Charles IX. and her favorite son's accession to the throne of France. Having arrived in Poland on the 25th of January, 1574, and been crowned at Cracow on the 24th of February, Henry had been scarcely four months king of Poland when he was apprised, about the middle of June, that his brother Charles had lately died, on the 30th of May, and that he was king of France. "Do not waste your time in deliberating," said his French advisers: "you must go and take possession of the throne of France without abdicating that of Poland: go at once and without fuss." Henry followed this counsel. He left Cracow, on the 18th of June, with a very few attendants. Some Poles were apprehensive of his design, but said nothing about it. He went a quarter of a league on foot to reach the horses which were awaiting him, set off at a gallop, rode all night, and arrived next day early on the fron-

tier of Moravia, an Austrian province. The royal flight created a great uproar at Cracow; the noblemen and even the peasants, armed with stakes and scythes, set out in pursuit of their king. They did not come up with him; they fell in with his chancellor only, Guy du Faur, sieur de Pibrac, who had missed him at the appointed meeting-place, and who, whilst seeking to rejoin him, had lost himself in the forests and marshes, concealed himself in the osiers and reeds, and been obliged now and then to dip his head in the mud to avoid the arrows discharged on all sides by the peasants in pursuit of the king. Being arrested by some people who were for taking him back to Cracow and paying him out for his complicity in his master's flight, he with great difficulty obtained his release and permission to continue his road. Destined to become more celebrated by his writings and by his *Quatrains moraux* than by his courtly adventures, Pibrac rejoined King Henry at Vienna, where the emperor, Maximilian II., received him with great splendor. Delivered from fatigue and danger, Henry appeared to think of nothing but resting and diverting himself; he tarried to his heart's content at Vienna, Venice, Ferrara, Mantua, and Turin. He was everywhere welcomed with brilliant entertainments, which the emperor, Maximilian, and the senators of Venice accompanied with good advice touching the government of France in her religious troubles; and the nominal sovereign of two kingdoms took nearly three months in going from that whence he had fled to that of which he was about to take possession. Having started from Cracow on the 18th of June, 1574, he did not arrive until the 5th of September at Lyons, whither the queen-mother had sent his brother the duke of Alençon and his brother-in-law the king of Navarre to receive him, going herself as far as Bourgoin in Dauphiny in order to be the first to see her darling son again.

The king's entry into France caused, says De Thou, a strange revulsion in all minds. "During the lifetime of Charles IX., none had seemed more worthy of the throne than Henry, and everybody desired to have him for master. But scarcely had he arrived when disgust set in to the extent of auguring very ill of his reign. There was no longer any trace in this prince, who had been nursed, so to speak, in the lap of war, of that manly and warlike courage which had been so much admired. He no longer rode on horseback; he did not show himself amongst his people as his predecessors had been wont to do; he was only to be seen shut up with a few favorites in a little

painted boat which went up and down the Saône; he no longer took his meals without a balustrade which did not allow him to be approached any nearer; and if anybody had any petitions to present to him, they had to wait for him as he came out from dinner, when he took them as he hurried by. For the greater part of the day he remained closeted with some young folks who alone had the prince's ear, without anybody's knowing how they had arrived at this distinction, whilst the great and those whose services were known could scarcely get speech of him. Showiness and effeminacy had taken the place of the grandeur and majesty which had formerly distinguished our kings" [De Thou, *Histoire universelle*, t. vii. p. 134].

The time was ill chosen by Henry III. for this change of habits and for becoming an indolent and voluptuous king, set upon taking his pleasure in his court and isolating himself from his people. The condition and ideas of France were also changing, but to issue in the assumption of quite a different character and to receive development in quite a different direction. Catholics or Protestants, agents of the king's government or malcontents, all were getting a taste for and adopting the practice of independence and a vigorous and spontaneous activity. The bonds of the feudal system were losing their hold, and were not yet replaced by those of a hierarchically organized administration. Religious creeds and political ideas were becoming, for thoughtful and straightforward spirits, rules of conduct, powerful motives of action, and they furnished the ambitious with effective weapons. The theologians of the Catholic Church and of the reformed Churches, on one side the cardinal of Lorraine, Cardinals Campeggi and Sadolet and other learned priests or prelates, and on the other side Calvin, Theodore de Bèze, Melancthon, and Bucer, were working with zeal to build up into systems of dogma their interpretations of the great facts of Christianity, and they succeeded in implanting a passionate attachment to them in their flocks. Independently of these religious controversies, superior minds, profound lawyers, learned scholars were applying their energies to founding, on a philosophical basis and historic principles, the organization of governments and the reciprocal rights of princes and peoples. Ramus, one of the last and of the most to be lamented victims of the St. Bartholomew; Francis Hotman, who, in his *Franco-Gallia*, aspired to graft the new national liberties upon the primitive institutions of the Franks; Hubert Languet, the eloquent author of the

Vindiciæ contra tyrannos, or *de la Puissance légitime du Prince sur le Peuple et du Peuple sur le Prince*; John Bodin, the first, in original merit, amongst the publicists of the sixteenth century, in his *six livres de LA RÉPUBLIQUE*; all these eminent men boldly tackled the great questions of political liberty or of legislative reforms. *Le Contre-un*, that republican treatise by De la Boétie, written in 1546 and circulated, at first, in manuscript only, was inserted, between 1576 and 1578, in the *Mémoires de l'État de France*, and passionately extolled by the independent thinker Michael de Montaigne in his *Essais*, of which nine editions were published between 1580 and 1598 and evidently very much read in the world of letters. An intellectual movement so active and powerful could not fail to have a potent effect upon political life. Before the St. Bartholomew, the great religious and political parties, the catholic and the protestant, were formed and at grips; the house of Lorraine at the head of the Catholics, and the house of Bourbon, Condé, and Coligny at the head of the Protestants, with royalty trying feebly and vainly to maintain between them a hollow peace. To this stormy and precarious, but organized and clearly defined condition the St. Bartholomew had caused anarchy to succeed. Protestantism, vanquished but not destroyed, broke up into provincial and municipal associations without recognized and dominant heads, without discipline or combination in respect of either their present management or their ultimate end. Catholicism, though victorious, likewise underwent a break-up: men of mark, towns and provinces would not accept the St. Bartholomew and its consequences; a new party, the party of *the policists*, sprang up, opposed to the principle and abjuring the practice of persecution, having no mind to follow either the Catholics in their outrages or royalty in its tergiversations, and striving to maintain in the provinces and the towns where it had the upper hand, enough of order and of justice to at least keep at a distance the civil war which was elsewhere raging. Languedoc owed to Marshal de Damville, second son of the constable Anne de Montmorency, this comparatively bearable position. But the degree of security and of local peace which it offered the people was so imperfect, so uncertain, that the break-up of the country and of the State went still further. In a part of Languedoc, in the Vivarais, the inhabitants, in order to put their habitations and their property in safety, resolved to make a league amongst them-

selves without consulting any authority, not even Marshal de Damville, the peace-seeking governor of their province. Their treaty of alliance ran, that arms should be laid down throughout the whole of the Vivarais; that none, foreigner or native, should be liable to trouble for the past; that tillers of the soil and traders should suffer no detriment in person or property; that all hostilities should cease in the towns and all forays in the country; that there should everywhere be entire freedom for commerce; that cattle which had been lifted should be immediately restored *gratis*; that concerted action should be taken to get rid of the garrisons out of the country and to raze the fortresses, according as the public weal might require; and, finally, that whosoever should dare to violate these regulations should be regarded as a traitor and punished as a disturber of the public peace. "As soon as the different authorities in the State, Marshal de Damville as well as the rest, were informed of this novelty," says De Thou, "they made every effort to prevent it from taking effect; 'Nothing could be of more dangerous example,' they said, 'than to suffer the people to make treaties in this way and on their own authority without waiting for the consent of his Majesty or of those who represented him in the provinces.' The folks of the Vivarais, on the contrary, presumed to justify themselves by saying that the step they had taken did not in any way infringe the king's authority; that it was rather an opening given by them for securely establishing tranquillity in the kingdom; that nothing was more advantageous or could contribute more towards peace than to raze all those fortresses set up in the heart of the State, which were like so many depôts of revolt; that by a diminution of the garrisons the revenues of his Majesty would be proportionately augmented; that, at any rate, there would result this advantage, that the lands, which formed almost the whole wealth of the kingdom, would be cultivated, that commerce would flourish, and that the people, delivered from fear of the many scoundrels who found a retreat in those places, would at last be able to draw breath after the many misfortunes they had experienced."

It was in this condition of disorganization and red-hot anarchy that Henry III., on his return from Poland, and after the St. Bartholomew, found France; it was in the face of all these forces, full of life, but scattered and excited one against another, that, with the aid of his mother Catherine, he had to re-establish unity in the State, the effectiveness of the govern-

ment, and the public peace. It was not a task for which the tact of an utterly corrupted woman and an irresolute prince sufficed. What could the artful manœuvrings of Catherine and the waverings of Henry III. do towards taming both Catholics and Protestants at the same time, and obliging them to live at peace with one another under one equitable and effective power? Henry IV. was as yet unformed, nor was his hour yet come for this great work. Henry III. and Catherine de' Medici failed in it completely; their government of fifteen years served only to make them lose their reputation for ability and to aggravate for France the evils which it was their business to heal. In 1575, a year only after Henry III.'s accession, revolt penetrated to the royal household. The duke of Alençon, the king's younger brother, who, since his brother's coronation, took the title of duke of Anjou, escaped on the 15th of September from the Louvre by a window, and from Paris by a hole made in the wall of circumvallation. He fled to Dreux, a town in his appanage, and put himself at the head of a large number of *malcontents*, nobles and burgesses, catholic and reformed, mustered around him under this name of no religious significance between the two old parties. On the 17th of September, in his manifesto, he gave as reasons for his revolt, excessive taxation, waste of the public revenues, the feebleness of the royal authority, incapable as it was of putting a stop to the religious troubles, and the disgrace which had been inflicted upon himself "by pernicious ministers who desire to have the government in their sole patronage, excluding from it the foremost and the most illustrious of the court, and devouring all that there is remaining to the poor people." He protested his devotion to the king his brother, at the same time declaring war against the Guises.

King Henry of Navarre, testifying little sympathy with the duke of Anjou, remained at court, abandoning himself apparently to his pleasures alone. Two of his faithful servants, the poet-historian D'Aubigné was one of them, heard him one night sighing as he lay in bed and humming half-aloud this versicle from the 88th Psalm:—

"Removed from friends, I sigh alone
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confined past hope of liberty."

"Sir," said D'Aubigné eagerly, "it is true then that the Spirit of God worketh and dwelleth in you still? You sigh

unto God because of the absence of your friends and faithful servants; and all the while they are together, sighing because of yours and laboring for your freedom. But you have only tears in your eyes, and they, arms in hand, are fighting your enemies. As for us two, we were talking of taking to flight to-morrow when your voice made us draw the curtain. Be-think you, sir, that, after us, the hands that will serve you would not dare refuse to employ poison and the knife." Henry, much moved, resolved to follow the example of the duke of Anjou. His departure was fixed for the 3rd of February, 1576. He went and slept at Senlis; hunted next day very early, and, on his return from hunting, finding his horses baited and ready, "What news?" he asked. "Sir," said D'Aubigné, "we are betrayed; the king knows all; the road to death and shame is Paris; that to life and glory is anywhere else." "That is more than enough; away!" replied Henry. They rode all night and arrived without misadventure at Alençon. Two hundred and fifty gentlemen, having been apprised in time, went thither to join the king of Navarre. He pursued his road in their company. From Senlis to the Loire he was silent; but when he had crossed the river, "Praised be God who has delivered me!" he cried: "at Paris they were the death of my mother; there they killed the admiral and my best servants; and they had no mind to do any better by me, if God had not had me in His keeping. I return thither no more unless I am dragged. I regret only two things that I have left behind at Paris, mass and my wife. As for mass, I will try to do without it; but, as for my wife, I cannot; I mean to see her again." He disavowed the appearances of Catholicism he had assumed, again made open profession of Protestantism by holding at the baptismal font, in the conventicle, the daughter of a physician amongst his friends. Then he reached Béarn, declaring that he meant to remain there independent and free. A few days before his departure he had written to one of his Béarnese friends; "The court is the strangest you ever saw. We are almost always ready to cut one another's throats. We wear daggers, shirts of mail, and very often the whole cuirass under the cape. I am only waiting for the opportunity to deliver a little battle, for they tell me they will kill me, and I want to be beforehand." Mesdames de Carnavalet and de Sauve, two of his fair friends, had warned him that, far from giving him the lieutenant-generalship, which had been so often promised him,

it had been decided to confer this office on the king's brother in order to get him back to court and seize his person as soon as he arrived.

It was the increasing preponderance of the Guises, at court as well as in the country, which caused the two princes to take this sudden resolution. Since Henry III.'s coming to the throne, war had gone on between the Catholics and the Protestants, but languidly and with frequent suspensions through local and short-lived truces. The king and the queen-mother would have been very glad that the St. Bartholomew should be short-lived also, as a necessary but transitory crisis; it had rid them of their most formidable adversaries, Coligny and the reformers of note who were about him. Henry and Catherine aspired to no more than resuming their policy of manoeuvring and wavering between the two parties engaged in the struggle; but it was not for so poor a result that the ardent Catholics had committed the crime of the St. Bartholomew: they promised themselves from it the decisive victory of their Church and of their supremacy. Henry de Guise came forward as their leader in this grand design; there are to be read, beneath a portrait of him done in the sixteenth century, these verses, also of that date:

"The virtue, greatness, wisdom from on high,
Of yonder duke, triumphant far and near,
Do make bad men to shrink with coward fear,
And God's own catholic Church to fructify.
In armor clad, like madden'd Mars he moves;
The trembling Huguenot cowers at his glance;
A prop for Holy Church is his good lance;
His eye is ever mild to those he loves."

Guise cultivated very carefully this ardent confidence on the part of catholic France; he recommended to his partisans attention to little pious and popular practices: "I send you some pater-nosters [meaning, in the plural, the beads of a chaplet or the chaplet entire]," he wrote to his wife, Catherine of Cleves; "you will have strings made for them and string them together. I don't know whether you dare offer some of them to the queens and to my lady mother. Ask advice of Mesdames de Retz and de Villeroy about it." The flight and insurrection of the duke of Anjou and the king of Navarre furnished the duke of Guise with a very natural occasion for re-engaging in the great struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, wherein the chief part belonged to him. Let us recur, for a moment, to the origin of that struggle and the part

taken in it, at the outset, by the princes of the house of Lorraine: "As early as the year 1562, twenty-six years before the *affair of the barricades*," says M. Vitet in the excellent introduction which he has put at the head of his beautiful historic dramas from the last half of the sixteenth century, "Cardinal Charles of Lorraine, being at the Council of Trent, conceived the plan of a *Holy League*, or association of Catholics, which was to have the triple object of defending, by armed force, the Romish Church in France, of obtaining for the cardinal's brother, Duke Francis de Guise, the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom, and of helping him to ascend the throne, in case the line of the Valois should become extinct. The death of Duke Francis, murdered in front of Orleans by Poltrot, did not permit the cardinal to carry out his plan. Five years afterwards, Henry de Guise, eldest son of Francis and then eighteen years of age, caused to be drawn up, for the first time, a form of oath whereby the dignitaries bound themselves to sacrifice their goods and lives in defence of the catholic religion in the face of and against all, except the king, the royal family, and the princes of their connection. This form was signed by the nobility of Champagne and Brie, a province of which Henry de Guise was governor, and, on the 25th of July, 1568, the bishop and clergy of Troyes signed it likewise. The association is named, in the form, *Holy League*, Christian and royal. Up to the year 1576 it remained secret and did not cross the boundaries of Champagne." To this summary of M. Vitet's may be added that independently of the Champagnese league of 1568 and in the interval between 1568 and 1575 there had been formed, in some provinces and towns, other local associations for the defence of the catholic Church against the heretics. When, in 1575, first the duke of Anjou and after him the king of Navarre were seen flying from the court of Henry III. and commencing an insurrection with the aid of a considerable body of German auxiliaries and French refugees already on French soil and on their way across Champagne, the peril of the catholic Church appeared so grave and so urgent that, in the threatened provinces, the Catholics devoted themselves with ardor to the formation of a grand association for the defence of their cause. Then and thus was really born *the League*, secret at first but, before long, publicly and openly proclaimed, which held so important a place in the history of the sixteenth century. Picardy and Champagne were the first scene of its formation: but in the neighboring provinces the same travail

took place and brought forth fruits. At Paris, a burgess named La Roche-Blond, and devoted to the Guises, a perfumer named Peter de la Bruyère and his son Matthew de la Bruyère, councillor at the Châtelet, were, says De Thou, the first and most zealous preachers of *the Union*: "At their solicitation," continues the austere magistrate, "all the debauchees there were in this great city, all folks whose only hope was in civil war for the indulgence of their libertinism or for a safe means of satisfying their avarice or their ambition, enrolled themselves emulously in this force. Many, even of the richest burgesses, whose hatred for Protestants blinded them so far as not to see the dangers to which such associations expose public tranquillity in a well regulated State, had the weakness to join the seditious. . . . Many asked for time to consider, and, before making any engagement, they went to see President de Thou [Christopher, premier president of the Parliament of Paris since 1562, and father of the historian James Augustus de Thou], informed him of these secret assemblies and all that went on there, and begged him to tell them whether he approved of them and whether it was true that the court authorized them. M. de Thou answered them at once, with that straightforwardness which was innate in him, that these kind of proceedings had not yet come to his knowledge, that he doubted whether they had the approbation of his Majesty, and that they would do wisely to hold aloof from all such associations. The authority of this great man began to throw suspicion upon the designs of the *Unionists*. and his reply prevented many persons from casting in their lot with the party; but they who found themselves at the head of this faction were not the folks to so easily give up their projects, for they felt themselves too well supported at court and amongst the people. They advised the Lorraine princes to have *the Union* promulgated in the provinces, and to labor to make the nobility of the kingdom enter it."

Henry de Guise did not hesitate. At the same time that he avowed the League and labored to propagate it, he did what was far more effectual for its success: he entered the field and gained a victory. The German allies and French refugees who had come to support Prince Henry de Condé and the duke of Anjou in their insurrection advanced into Champagne. Guise had nothing ready, neither army nor money; he mustered in haste three thousand horse who were to be followed by a body of foot and a moiety of the king's guards: "I haven't a sou,"

he wrote to his wife; "take something out of the king's chest, if there is anything there: provided you know that there is something there, don't be afraid; take it and send it me at once. As for the *reîtres*, they are more afraid of us than we of them; don't be frightened about them on my account; the greatest danger I shall run will be that a glass of wine may break in my hand." He set out in pursuit of the Germans, came up with them on the 10th of October, 1575, at Port-à-Binson, on the Marne, and ordered them to be attacked by his brother the duke of Mayenne, whom he supported vigorously. They were broken and routed. *The hunt*, according to the expression at the time, lasted all the rest of the day and during the night: "a world of dead covers the field of battle," wrote Guise. He had himself been wounded: he went in obstinate pursuit of a mounted foe whom he had twice touched with his sword, and who, in return, had fired two pistol-shots, of which one took effect in the leg, and the other carried away part of his cheek and his left ear. Thence came his name of Henry *the Scarred* (*le Balafré*), which has clung to him in history.

Scarcely four years had rolled away since the St. Bartholomew. In vain had been the massacre of 10,000 Protestants, according to the lowest, and of 100,000, according to the highest estimates, besides nearly all the renowned chiefs of the party; Charles IX.'s earnest prayer: "That none remain to reproach me!" was so far from accomplishment that the war between Catholicism and Protestantism recommenced in almost every part of France with redoubled passion, with a new importance of character and with symptoms of much longer duration than at its first out-break. Both parties had found leaders made, both from their position and their capacity, to command them. Admiral Coligny was succeeded by the king of Navarre, who was destined to become Henry IV.; and duke Francis of Guise by his son Henry, if not as able, at any rate as brave a soldier, and a more determined Catholic than he. Amongst the Protestants, Sully and Du Plessis-Mornay were assuming shape and importance by the side of the king of Navarre. Catherine de' Medici placed at her son's service her Italian adroitness, her maternal devotion and an energy rare for a woman between sixty and seventy years of age, for forty-three years a queen, and worn out by intrigue and business and pleasure. Finally, to the question of religion, the primary cause of the struggle, was added a question of kingship, kept in the background but ever present in thought and

deed: which of the three houses of Valois, Bourbon, and Lorraine should remain in or enter upon possession of the throne of France? The interests and the ambition of families and of individuals were playing their part simultaneously with the controversies and the passions of creed.

This state of things continued for twelve years, from 1576 to 1588, with constant alternations of war, truce, and precarious peace, and in the midst of constant hesitation on the part of Henry III., between alliance with the League, commanded by the duke of Guise, and adjustment with the Protestants, of whom the king of Navarre was every day becoming the more and more avowed leader. Between 1576 and 1580, four treaties of peace were concluded: in 1576, the peace called *Monsieur's*, signed at Chastenay in Orleanness; in 1577, the peace of Bergerac or of Poitiers; in 1579, the peace of Nérac; in 1580, the peace of Fleix in Périgord. In November, 1576, the states-general were convoked and assembled at Blois, where they sat and deliberated up to March, 1577, without any important result. Neither these diplomatic conventions nor these national assemblies had force enough to establish a real and lasting peace between the two parties, for the parties themselves would not have it; in vain did Henry III. make concessions and promises of liberty to the Protestants; he was not in a condition to guarantee their execution and make it respected by their adversaries. At heart neither Protestants nor Catholics were for accepting mutual liberty; not only did they both consider themselves in possession of all religious truth, but they also considered themselves entitled to impose it by force upon their adversaries. The discovery (and the term is used advisedly, so slow to come and so long awaited has been the fact which it expresses), the discovery of the legitimate separation between the intellectual world and the political world and of the necessity, also, of having the intellectual world free in order that it may not make upon the political world a war which, in the inevitable contact between them, the latter could not support for long, this grand and salutary discovery, be it repeated, and its practical influence in the government of people cannot be realized save in communities already highly enlightened and politically well ordered. Good order, politically, is indispensable if liberty, intellectually, is to develop itself regularly and do the community more good than it causes of trouble and embarrassment. They only who have confidence in human intelligence sincerely admit its right to freedom;

and confidence in human intelligence is possible only in the midst of a political regimen which likewise gives the human community the guarantees whereof its interests and its lasting security have absolute need. The sixteenth century was a long way from these conditions of harmony between the intellectual world and the political world, the necessity of which is beginning to be understood and admitted by only the most civilized and best governed amongst modern communities. It is one of the most tardy and difficult advances that people have to accomplish in their life of labor. The sixteenth century helped France to make considerable strides in civilization and intellectual development; but the eighteenth and nineteenth have taught her how great still, in the art of governing and being governed as a free people, are her children's want of foresight and inexperience, and to what extent they require a strong and sound organization of political freedom in order that they may without danger enjoy intellectual freedom, its pleasures and its glories.

From 1576 to 1588, Henry III. had seen the difficulties of his government continuing and increasing. His attempt to maintain his own independence and the mastery of the situation between Catholics and Protestants, by making concessions and promises at one time to the former and at another to the latter, had not succeeded; and, in 1584, it became still more difficult to practise. On the 10th of June in that year Henry III.'s brother, the duke of Anjou, died at Château-Thierry. By this death the leader of the Protestants, Henry, king of Navarre, became lawful heir to the throne of France. The Leaguers could not stomach that prospect. The Guises turned it to formidable account. They did not hesitate to make the future of France a subject of negotiation with Philip II. of Spain, at that time her most dangerous enemy in Europe. By a secret convention concluded at Joinville on the 31st of December, 1584, between Philip and the Guises, it was stipulated that at the death of Henry III. the crown should pass to Charles, cardinal of Bourbon, sixty-four years of age, the king of Navarre's uncle, who, in order to make himself king, undertook to set aside his nephew's hereditary right and forbid, absolutely, heretical worship in France. He published on the 31st of March, 1585, a declaration wherein he styled himself premier prince of the blood, and conferred upon the duke of Guise the title of lieutenant-general of the League. By a bull of September 10, 1585, Sixtus V., but lately elected pope, excommuni-

cated the king of Navarre as a heretic and relapsed, denying him any right of succession to the crown of France and releasing his Navarrese subjects from their oath of fidelity. Sixtus V. did not yet know what manner of man he was thus attacking. The king of Navarre did not confine himself to protesting in France, on the 10th of June, 1585, against this act of the pope's; he had his protest placarded at Rome itself upon the statues of Pasquin and Marforio and at the very doors of the Vatican, referring the pope, as to the question of heresy, to a council which he claimed at an early date, and at the same time appealing against this alleged abuse of power to the court of peers of France, "of whom," said he, "I have the honor to be the premier." The whole of Italy, including Sixtus V. himself, a pope of independent mind and proud heart, was struck with this energetic resistance on the part of a petty king: "It would be a good thing," said the pope to Marquis Pisani, Henry III.'s ambassador, "if the king your master showed as much resolution against his enemies as the king of Navarre shows against those who attack him." At the first moment Henry III. had appeared to unravel the intentions of the League and to be disposed to resist it; by an edict of March 28, 1585, he had ordered that its adherents should be prosecuted; but Catherine de' Medici frightened him with the war which would infallibly be kindled and in which he would have for enemies all the Catholics, more irritated than ever. And Henry III. very easily took fright. Catherine undertook to manage the recoil for him. "I care not who likes it and who doesn't," she was wont to say in such cases. She asked the duke of Guise for an interview, which took place, first of all at Épernay, and afterwards at Rheims. The hard demands of the Lorrainers did not deter the queen-mother, and, on the 7th of July, 1585, a treaty was concluded at Nemours between Henry III. and the League, to the effect "that by an irrevocable edict the practice of the new religion should be forbidden, and that there should henceforth be no other practice of religion, throughout the realm of France, save that of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman; that all the ministers should depart from the kingdom within a month; that all the subjects of his Majesty should be bound to live according to the catholic religion and make profession thereof within six months, on pain of confiscation both of person and goods; that heretics, of whatsoever quality they might be, should be declared incapable of holding benefices, public offices, positions, and dignities;

that the places which had been given in guardianship to them for their security should be taken back again forthwith; and, lastly, that the princes designated in the treaty, amongst whom were all the Guises at the top, should receive as guarantee certain places to be held by them for five years."

This treaty was signed by all the negotiators, and specially by the queen-mother, the cardinals of Bourbon and Guise, and the dukes of Guise and Mayenne. It was the decisive act which made the war a war of religion.

On the 18th of July following, Henry III., on his way to the Palace of Justice to be present at the publication of the edict he had just issued in virtue of this treaty with the League, said to the cardinal of Bourbon, "My dear uncle, against my conscience but very willingly I published the edicts of pacification, because they were successful in giving relief to my people; and now I am going to publish the revocation of those edicts in accordance with my conscience but very unwillingly, because on its publication hangs the ruin of my kingdom and of my people." When he issued from the palace, cries of *Long live the king!* were heard; "at which astonishment was expressed," says Peter de l'Estoile (t. i. p. 294), "because for a long time past no such favor had been shown him. But it was discovered that these acclamations were the doing of persons posted about by the Leaguers, and that, for doing it, money had been given to idlers and sweetmeats to children." Some days afterwards, the king of Navarre received news of the treaty of Nemours. He was staying near Bergerac, at the castle of the lord of La Force, with whom he was so intimate that he took with him none of his own household, as he preferred to be waited upon by M. de la Force's own staff. "I was so grievously affected by it," said he himself at a later period to M. de la Force, "that, as I pondered deeply upon it and held my head supported upon my hand, my apprehensions of the woes I foresaw for my country were such as to whiten one half of my moustache" [*Mémoires du Duc de la Force*, t. i. p. 50]. Henry III., for his part, was but little touched by the shouts of *Long live the king!* that he heard as he left the palace; he was too much disquieted to be rejoiced at them. He did not return the greeting of the municipal functionaries or of the mob that blocked his way: "You see how reluctant he is to embroil himself with the Huguenots," said the partisans of the Guises to the people.

It was the recommencement of religious civil war, with more

deadliness than ever. The king of Navarre left no stone unturned to convince everybody, friends and enemies, great lords and commonalty, Frenchmen and foreigners, that this recurrence of war was not his doing and that the Leaguers forced it upon him against his wish and despite of the justice of his cause. He wrote to Henry III., "Monseigneur, as soon as the originators of these fresh disturbances had let the effects appear of their ill-will towards your Majesty and your kingdom, you were pleased to write to me the opinion you had formed, with very good title, of their intentions; you told me that you knew, no matter what pretext they assumed, that they had designs against your person and your crown, and that they desired their own augmentation and aggrandizement at your expense and to your detriment. Such were the words of your letters, Monseigneur, and you did me the honor, whilst recognizing the connection between my fortunes and those of your Majesty, to add expressly that they were compassing my ruin together with your own. . . . And now, Monseigneur, when I hear it suddenly reported that your Majesty has made a treaty of peace with those who have risen up against your service, providing that your edict be broken, your loyal subjects banished and the conspirators armed, and armed with your power and your authority against me who have the honor of belonging to you, I leave your Majesty to judge in what a labyrinth I find myself. . . . If it is I whom they seek, or if under my shadow (on my account) they trouble this realm, I have begged that, without henceforth causing the orders and estates of this realm to suffer for it and without the intervention of any army, home or foreign, this quarrel be decided in the duke of Guise's person and my own, one to one, two to two, ten to ten, twenty to twenty, in any number that the said lord of Guise shall think proper, with the arms customary amongst gentlemen of honor. . . . It will be a happiness for us, my cousin [Henry de Condé] and myself, to deliver at the price of our blood, the king our sovereign lord from the travails and trials that are a-brewing for him, his kingdom from trouble and confusion, his noblesse from ruin, and all his people from extreme misery and calamity."

The duke of Guise respectfully declined, at the same time that he thanked the king of Navarre for the honor done him, saying that he could not accept the offer, as he was maintaining the cause of religion and not a private quarrel. On his refusal, war appeared to everybody, and in fact became, inevi

table. At his re-engagement in it, the king of Navarre lost no time about informing his friends at home and his allies abroad, the noblesse, the clergy, and the third estate of France, the city of Paris, the queen of England, the protestant princes of Germany, and the Swiss cantons, of all he had done to avoid it; he evidently laid great store upon making his conduct public and his motives understood. He had for his close confidant and his mouth-piece Philip du Plessis-Mornay, at that time thirty-six years of age, one of the most learned and most hard-working as well as most zealous and most sterling amongst the royalist Protestants of France. It was his duty to draw up the documents, manifestoes, and letters published by the king of Navarre, when Henry did not himself stamp upon them the seal of his own language, vivid, eloquent, and captivating in its brevity.

Henry III. and the queen-mother were very much struck with this intelligent energy on the part of the king of Navarre and with the influence he acquired over all that portion of the French noblesse and burgesses which had not fanatically enlisted beneath the banner of the League. Catherine accustomed to count upon her skill in the art of seductive conversation, was for putting it to fresh proof in the case of the king of Navarre. Louis di Gonzaga, duke of Nevers, an Italian, like herself, and one of her confidants, was sent in advance to sound Henry of Navarre. He wrote to Henry III.: "Such, sir, as you have known this prince, such is he even now; nor years nor difficulties change him; he is still agreeable, still merry, still devoted, as he has sworn to me a hundred times, to peace and your Majesty's service." Catherine proposed to him an interview. Henry hesitated to comply. From Jarnac, where he was, he sent Viscount de Turenne to Catherine to make an agreement with her for a few days' truce. "Catherine gave Turenne to understand that, in order to have peace, the king of Navarre must turn Catholic and put a stop to the exercise of the reformed religion in the towns he held." When this was reported by his envoy, Henry, who had set out for the interview, was on the point of retracing his steps; he went on, however, as he was curious to see Catherine, to satisfy his mind upon the point and to answer her." They met on the 14th of December, 1586, at the castle of St. Brice, near Cognac, both of them with gloomy looks. Catherine asked Henry whether Turenne had spoken to him about what, she said, was her son's most express desire. "I am astounded," said Henry, "that

your Majesty should have taken so much pains to tell me what my ears are split with hearing; and likewise that you, whose judgment is so sound, should delude yourself with the idea of solving the difficulty by means of the difficulty itself. You propose to me a thing that I cannot do without forfeiture of conscience and honor and without injury to the king's service. I should not carry with me all those of the religion; and they of the League would be so much the more irritated in that they would lose their hope of depriving me of the right which I have to the throne. They do not want me with you, madame, for they would then be in sorry plight, you better served, and all your good subjects more happy." The queen-mother did not dispute the point. She dwelt "upon the inconveniences Henry suffered during the war." "I bear them patiently, madame," said Henry, "since you burthen me with them in order to unburthen yourself of them." She reproached him with not doing as he pleased in Rochelle. "Pardon me, madame," said he, "I please only as I ought." The duke of Nevers, who was present at the interview, was bold enough to tell him that he could not impose a tax upon Rochelle. "That is true," said Henry: "and so we have no Italian amongst us." He took leave of the queen-mother, who repeated what she had said to Viscount de Turenne, "charging him to make it known to the noblesse who were of his following." "It is just eighteen months, madame," said he, "since I ceased to obey the king. He has made war upon me like a wolf, you like a lioness." "The king and I seek nothing but your welfare." "Excuse me madame; I think it would be the contrary." "My son, would you have pains I have taken for the last six months remain without fruit?" "Madame, it is not I who prevent you from resting in your bed; it is you who prevent me from lying down in mine." "Shall I be always at pains, I who ask for nothing but rest?" "Madame, the pains please you and agree with you; if you were at rest, you could not live long." Catherine had brought with her what was called her *flying squadron* of fair creatures of her court: but, "Madame," said Henry, as he withdrew, "there is nothing here for me."

Before taking part in the war which was day by day becoming more and more clearly and explicitly a war of religion, the protestant princes of Germany and the four great free cities of Strasbourg, Ulm, Nuremberg and Frankfort resolved to make, as the king of Navarre had made, a striking move on behalf of

peace and religious liberty. They sent to Henry III. ambassadors who, on the 11th of October, 1586, treated him to some frank and bold speaking: "Our princes and masters," they said to him, "have been moved with surprise and Christian compassion towards you, as faithful friends and good neighbors of yours, on hearing that you, not being pleased to suffer in your kingdom any person not of the Roman religion, have broken the edict of peace which was so solemnly done and based upon your Majesty's faith and promise, and which is the firm prop of the tranquillity of your Majesty and your dominions: the which changes have appeared to them strange, seeing that your royal person, your dominions, your conscience, your honor, your reputation and good fame happened to be very much concerned therewith." Shocked at so rude an admonition, Henry III. answered, "It is God who made me king; and as I bear the title of Most Christian king, I have ever been very zealous for the preservation of the catholic religion. . . . It appertains to me alone to decide, according to my discernment, what may contribute to the public weal, to make laws for to procure it, to interpret those laws, to change them, and to abolish them, just as I find it expedient. I have done so hitherto, and I shall still do so for the future;" and he dismissed the ambassadors. That very evening, on reflecting upon his words and considering that his answer had not met the requirements of the case, he wrote with his own hand on a small piece of paper, "that whoever said that in revoking the edict of pacification he had violated his faith or put a blot upon his honor, had lied;" and he ordered one of his officers, though the night was far advanced, to carry that paper to the ambassadors, and read it to them textually. They asked for a copy; but Henry III., always careful not to have to answer for his words, had bidden his officer to suppress the document after having read it; and the Germans departed, determined upon war as well as quite convinced of the king's arrogant pusillanimity.

Except some local and short-lived truces, war was already blazing throughout nearly the whole of France, in Provence, in Dauphiny, in Nivernais, in Guienne, in Anjou, in Normandy, in Picardy, in Champagne. We do not care to follow the two parties through the manifold but monotonous incidents of their tumultuous and passionate strife; we desire to review only those events that were of a general and decisive character. They occurred, naturally, in those places which were the arena

and in those armies which were under the command of the two leaders, Duke Henry of Guise and King Henry of Navarre. The former took upon himself the duty of repulsing, in the north-west of France, the German and Swiss corps which were coming to the assistance of the French reformers; the latter put himself at the head of the French protestant forces summoned to face, in the provinces of the centre and south-west, the royalist armies. Guise was successful in his campaign against the foreigners; on the 26th of October, 1587, his scouts came and told him that the Germans were at Vimory, near Montargis, dispersed throughout the country, without vedettes or any of the precautions of warfare; he was at table with his principal officers at Courtenay, almost seven leagues away from the enemy; he remained buried in thought for a few minutes, and then suddenly gave the order to sound boot-and-saddle [*boute-selle*, i. e. *put-on saddle*]. "What for, pray?" said his brother the duke of Mayenne. "To go and fight." "Pray reflect upon what you are going to do." "Reflections that I haven't made in a quarter of an hour I shouldn't make in a year." Mounting at once, the leader and his squadrons arrived at midnight at the gates of Vimory; they found, it is said, the Germans drunk, asleep, and scattered; according to the reporters on the side of the League, the victory of Guise was complete; he took from the Germans 2800 horses: the Protestants said that the body he charged were nothing but a lot of horse-boys and that the two flags he took had for device nothing but a sponge and a curry-comb. But fifteen days later, on the 11th of November, at Auneau near Chartres, Guise gained an indisputable and undisputed victory over the Germans; and their general, Baron Dohna, and some of his officers only saved themselves by cutting their way through sword in hand. The Swiss, being discouraged and seeing in the army of Henry III. eight thousand of their countrymen who were serving in it not, like themselves, as adventurers but under the flags and with the authorization of their cantons, separated from the Germans and withdrew, after receiving from Henry III. 400,000 crowns as the price of their withdrawal. In Burgundy, in Champagne and in Orleanness, the campaign terminated to the honor of Guise, which Henry III. was far from regarding as a victory for himself.

But almost at the same time at which the League obtained this success in the provinces of the east and centre, it experienced in those of the south-west a reverse more serious for the

Leaguers than the duke of Guise's victory had been fortunate for them. Henry III. had given the command of his army south of the Loire, to one of his favorites, Anne, duke of Joyeuse, a brilliant, brave, and agreeable young man, whose fortunes he had advanced beyond measure, to the extent of marrying him to Marguerite de Lorraine, the queen's sister, and raising for him the viscountship of Joyeuse to a duchy-peerage, giving him rank, too, after the princes of the blood and before the dukes of old creation. Joyeuse was at the head of six thousand foot, two thousand horse, and six pieces of cannon. He entered Poitou and marched towards the Dordogne, whilst the king of Navarre was at La Rochelle engaged in putting into order two pieces of cannon which formed the whole of his artillery and in assembling round him his three cousins, the prince of Condé, the count of Soissons, and the prince of Conti, that he might head the whole house of Bourbon at the moment when he was engaging seriously in the struggle with the house of Valois and the house of Lorraine. A small town, Coutras, situated at the confluence of the two rivers of L'Isle and La Dronne, in the Gironde, offered the two parties an important position to occupy. "According to his wont," says the duke of Aumale in his *Histoire des Princes de Condé*, "the Bearnese was on horseback whilst his adversary was banqueting." He outstripped Joyeuse; and, when the latter drew near to Coutras, he found the town occupied by the protestant advance-guard, and had barely time to fall back upon La Roche-Chalais. The battle began on the 20th of October, 1587, shortly after sunrise. We will here borrow the equally dramatic and accurate account of it given by the duke of Aumale: "At this solemn moment the king of Navarre calls to his side his cousins and his principal officers; then in his manly and sonorous voice he addresses his men-at-arms, 'My friends, here is a quarry for you very different from your past prizes. It is a brand-new bridegroom with his marriage-money still in his coffers; and all the cream of the courtiers are with him. Will you let yourselves go down before this handsome dancing-master and his minions? No, they are ours; I see it by your eagerness to fight. Still we must all of us understand that the event is in the hands of God. Pray we Him to aid us. This deed will be the greatest that we ever did; the glory will be to God, the service to our sovereign lord the king, the honor to ourselves and the benefit to the State.' Henry uncovers; the clergymen Chandieu and Damours intone the army's prayer, and the men-

at-arms repeat in chorus the 24th versicle of the cxviiith Psalm: 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.' As they were hastening each to his post, the king detains his cousins a moment: 'Gentlemen,' he shouts, 'I have just one thing to say: remember that you are of the house of Bourbon; and, as God liveth, I will let you see that I am your senior.' 'And we will show you some good juniors,' answered Condé."

Before mid-day the battle was won and the royalist army routed, but not without having made a valiant stand. During the action, D'Épinay Saint-Luc, one of the bravest royalist soldiers, met the Duke of Joyeuse already wounded: "What's to be done?" he asked: "Die," answered Joyeuse; and a few moments afterwards, as he was moving away some paces to the rear in order to get near to his artillery, says D'Aubigné, he was surrounded by several Huguenots, who recognized him. "There are a hundred thousand crowns to be gained," he shouted: but rage was more powerful than cupidity, and one of them shattered his skull with a pistol-shot. "His body was taken to the king's quarters: there it lay, in the evening, upon a table in the very room where the conqueror's supper had been prepared; but the king of Navarre ordered all who were in the chamber to go out, had his supper things removed elsewhere, and, with every mark of respect, committed the remains of the vanquished to the care of viscount de Turenne, his near relative. Henry showed a simple and modest joy at his splendid triumph. It was five and twenty years since the civil war commenced, and he was the first protestant general who had won a pitched battle; he had to regret only twenty-five killed, whereas the enemy had lost more than three thousand, and had abandoned to him their cannon together with twenty-nine flags or standards. The victory was so much the more glorious in that it was gained over an army superior in numbers and almost equal in quality. It was owing to the king's valor, décision, vigilance, quick eye, comprehension of tactics, and that creative instinct which he brought into application in politics as well as in war, and which was destined to render him so happily inspired in the beautiful defensive actions of Arques, at the affair of Ivry and on so many other occasions" [*Histoire des Princes de Condé, &c.*, by M. le duc D'Aumale, t. ii. pp. 164—177].

And what was Henry III., king of France, doing whilst two great parties and two great men were thus carrying on, around

his throne and in his name, so passionate a war, on the one side to maintain the despotic unity of Catholic Christianity and on the other to win religious liberty for Christian Protestantism? We will borrow here the words of the most enlightened and most impartial historian of the sixteenth century, M. de Thou: if we acted upon our own personal impressions alone, there would be danger of appearing too severe towards a king whom we profoundly despise.

"After having stayed some time in Bourbonness, Henry III. went to Lyons in order to be within hail of his two favorites, Joyeuse and Épernon, who were each on the march with an army. Whilst he was at Lyons as unconcerned as if all the realm were enjoying perfect peace, he took to collecting those little dogs which are thought so much of in that town. Everybody was greatly surprised to see a king of France, in the midst of so terrible a war and in extreme want of money, expending upon such pleasures all the time he had at disposal and all the sums he could scrape together. How lavish soever this prince may have been, yet, if comparison be made between the expenditure upon the royal household and that incurred at Lyons for dogs, the latter will be found infinitely higher than the former; without counting expenses for hunting-dogs and birds, which always come to a considerable sum in the households of kings, it cost him, every year, more than a hundred thousand gold crowns for little Lyonnese dogs; and he maintained at his court, with large salaries, a multitude of men and woman who had nothing to do but to feed them. He also spent large sums in monkeys, parrots, and other creatures from foreign countries, of which he always kept a great number. Sometimes he got tired of them and gave them all away; then his passion for such creatures returned, and they had to be found for him at no matter what cost. Since I am upon the subject of this prince's attachment to matters anything but worthy of the kingly majesty, I will say a word about his passion for those miniatures which were to be found in manuscript prayer-books, and which, before the practice of printing, were done by the most skillful painters. Henry III. seemed to buy such works, intended for princes and laid by in cabinets of curiosities, only to spoil them; as soon as he had them, he cut them out and then pasted them upon the walls of his chapels, as children do. An incomprehensible character of mind; in certain things, capable of upholding his rank: in some, rising above his position; in others, sinking below childishness" [*Histoire universelle de F.*—A. de Thou, t. ix. p. 599].

A mind and character incomprehensible indeed, if corruption, lassitude, listlessness, and fear would not explain the existence of everything that is abnormal and pitiable about human nature in a feeble, cold, and selfish creature, excited and at the same time worn out by the business and the pleasures of kingship, which Henry III. could neither do without nor bear the burthen of. His perplexity was extreme in his relations with the other two Henries, who gave, like himself, their name to this war which was called by contemporaries the war of the three Henries. The successes of Henry de Guise and of Henry de Bourbon were almost equally disagreeable to Henry de Valois. It is probable that, if he could have chosen, he would have preferred those of Henry de Bourbon; if they caused him like jealousy, they did not raise in him the same distrust; he knew the king of Navarre's loyalty and did not suspect him of aiming to become, whilst he himself was living, king of France. Besides, he considered the Protestants less powerful and less formidable than the Leaguers. Henry de Guise, on the contrary, was evidently, in his eyes, an ambitious conspirator, determined to push his own fortunes on to the very crown of France if the chances were favorable to him, and not only armed with all the power of Catholicism but urged forward by the passions of the League perhaps further and certainly more quickly than his own intentions travelled. Since 1584, the Leaguers had, at Paris, acquired strong organization amongst the populace; the city had been partitioned out into five districts under five heads, who, shortly afterwards, added to themselves eleven others, in order that, in the secret council of the association, each amongst the sixteen quarters of Paris might have its representative and director. Thence the famous Committee of *Sixteen*, which played so great and so formidable a part in the history of that period. It was religious fanaticism and democratic fanaticism closely united, and in a position to oppose their wills upon their most eminent leaders, upon the duke of Guise himself.

In vain did Henry III. attempt to resume some sort of authority in Paris; his government, his public and private life, and his person were daily attacked, insulted, and menaced from the elevation of the pulpit and in the public thoroughfares by qualified preachers or mob-orators. On the 16th of December, 1587, the Sorbonne voted, after a deliberation which, it was said, was to be kept secret, "that the government might be taken away from princes who were found not what they ought to be, just

as the administration of a property from a guardian open to suspicion." On the 30th of December, the king summoned to the Louvre his court of parliament and the faculty of theology: "I know of your precious resolution of the 16th of this month," said he to the Sorbonne; "I have been requested to take no notice of it, seeing that it was passed after dinner. I have no mind to avenge myself for these outrages, as I might and as Pope Sixtus V. did when he sent to the galleys certain Cordeliers for having dared to slander him in their sermons. There is not one of you who has not deserved as much and more; but it is my good pleasure to forget all and to pardon you, on condition of its not occurring again. If it should, I beg my court of parliament, here present, to exact exemplary justice and such as the seditious, like you, may take warning by so as to mind their own business." At their exit after this address, the parliament and the Sorbonne, being quite sure that the king would not carry the matter further, withdrew smiling and saying, "He certainly has spirit, but not enough of it" (*habet quidem animum, sed non satis animi*). The duke of Guise's sister, the duchess of Montpensier, took to getting up and spreading about all sorts of pamphlets against the king and his government. "The king commanded her to quit his city of Paris; she did nothing of the kind; and three days after she was even brazen enough to say that she carried at her waist the scissors which would give a third crown to brother Henry de Valois." At the close of 1587, the duke of Guise made a trip to Rome, "with a suite of five, and he only remained three days, so disguised that he was not recognized there, and discovered himself to nobody but Cardinal Pellevé, with whom he was in communication day and night" [*Journal de L'Estoile*, t. i. p. 345]. Eighteen months previously, the cardinal had given a very favorable reception to a case drawn up by an advocate in the Parliament of Paris, named David, who maintained that, "although the line of the Capets had succeeded to the temporal administration of the kingdom of Charlemagne, it had not succeeded to the apostolic benediction, which appertained to none but the posterity of the said Charlemagne, and that, the line of Capet being some of them possessed by a spirit of giddiness and stupidity and others heretic and excommunicated, the time had come for restoring the crown to the true heirs," that is to say, to the house of Lorraine, which claimed to be the issue of Charlemagne. This case was passed on, it is said, from Rome to Philip II., king of Spain,



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HENRY IV.

and M. de Saint-Goard, ambassador of France at Madrid, sent Henry III. a copy of it [*v. Mémoires de la Ligue*, t. i. pp. 1-7].

Whatever may have been the truth about this trip to Rome on the part of the duke of Guise and its influence upon what followed, the chiefs of the Leaguers resolved to deal a great blow. The Lorraine princes and their intimate associates met at Nancy in January, 1588, and decided that a petition should be presented to the king; that he should be called upon to join himself more openly and in good earnest to the League, and to remove from offices of consequence all the persons that should be pointed out to him; that the Holy Inquisition should be established at any rate in the good towns; that important places should be put into the hands of specified chiefs, who should have the power of constructing fortifications there; that heretics should be taxed a third or at the least a fourth of their property as long as the war lasted; and, lastly, that the life should be spared of no enemy taken prisoner, unless upon his swearing and finding good surety to live as a Catholic and upon paying in ready money the worth of his property if it had not already been sold. These monstrous proposals, drawn up in eleven articles, were immediately carried to the king. He did not reject them, but he demanded and took time to discuss them with the authors. The negotiation was prolonged; the ferment in Paris was redoubled; the king, it was said, meant to withdraw; his person must be secured; the Committee of Sixteen took measures to that end; one of its members got into his hands the keys of the gate of St. Denis. From Soissons, where he was staying, the duke of Guise sent to Paris the count of Brissac with four other captains of the League to hold themselves in readiness for any event, and he ordered his brother the duke of Aumale to stoutly maintain his garrisons in the places of Picardy, which the king, it was said, meant to take from him. "If the king leaves Paris," the duke wrote to Bernard de Mendoza, Philip II.'s ambassador in France, "I will make him think about returning thither before he has gone a day's march towards the Picards." Philip II. made Guise an offer of three hundred thousand crowns, six thousand lanzknechts, and twelve hundred lances, as soon as he should have broken with Henry III. "The abscess will soon burst," wrote the ambassador to the king his master.

On the 8th of May, 1588, at eleven p.m., the duke of Guise set out from Soissons after having commended himself to the prayers of the convents in the town. He arrived the next

morning before Paris, which he entered about mid-day by the gate of St. Martin. The Leaguers had been expecting him for several days. Though he had covered his head with his cloak he was readily recognized and eagerly cheered; the burgesses left their houses and the tradesmen their shops to see him and follow him, shouting "*Hurrah! for Guise; hurrah! for the pillar of the Church!*" The crowd increased at every step. He arrived in front of the palace of Catherine de' Medici, who had not expected him and grew pale at sight of him. "My dear cousin," said she to him, "I am very glad to see you, but I should have been better pleased at another time." "Madame, I am come to clear myself from all the calumnies of my enemies; do me the honor to conduct me to the king yourself." Catherine lost no time in giving the king warning by one of her secretaries. On receipt of this notice Henry III., who had at first been stolid and silent, rose abruptly from his chair. "Tell my lady mother that, as she wishes to present the duke of Guise to me, I will receive him in the chamber of the queen my wife." The envoy departed. The king turning to one of his officers, Colonel Alphonso Corso, said to him, "M. de Guise has just arrived at Paris contrary to my orders. What would you do in my place?" "Sir, do you hold the duke of Guise for friend or enemy?" The king, without speaking, replied by a significant gesture. "If it please your Majesty to give me the order, I will this very day lay the duke's head at your feet." The three councillors who happened to be there cried out. The king held his peace. During this conversation at the Louvre, the duke of Guise was advancing along the streets, dressed in a doublet of white damask, a cloak of black cloth, and boots of buffalo-hide; he walked on foot, bareheaded, at the side of the queen-mother in a sedan-chair. He was tall, with fair clustering hair and piercing eyes; and his scar added to his martial air. The mob pressed upon his steps; flowers were thrown to him from the windows; some, adoring him as a saint, touched him with chaplets which they afterwards kissed; a young girl darted towards him, and, removing her mask, kissed him, saying, "Brave prince, since you are here, we are all saved." Guise, with a dignified air, "saluted and delighted everybody," says a witness, "with eye and gesture and speech." "By his side," said Madame de Retz, "the other princes are commoners." "The Huguenots," said another, "become Leaguers at the very sight of him." On arriving at the Louvre, he traversed the court between two rows of soldiers,

the archers on duty in the hall, and the forty-five gentlemen of the king's chamber at the top of the staircase. "What brings you hither?" said the king, with difficulty restraining his anger. "I entreat your Majesty to believe in my fidelity and not allow yourself to go by the reports of my enemies." "Did I not command you not to come at this season so full of suspicions, but to wait yet awhile?" "Sir, I was not given to understand that my coming would be disagreeable to you." Catherine drew near, and, in a low tone, told her son of the demonstrations of which the duke had been the object on his way. Guise was received in the chamber of the queen, Louise de Vaudemont, who was confined to her bed by indisposition; he chatted with her a moment, and, saluting the king, retired without being attended by any one of the officers of the court. Henry III. confined himself to telling him that results should speak for the sincerity of his words.

Guise returned to his house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, still accompanied by an eager and noisy crowd but somewhat disquieted at heart both by the king's angry reception and the people's enthusiastic welcome. Brave as he was, he was more ambitious in conception than bold in execution, and he had not made up his mind to do all that was necessary to attain the end he was pursuing. The Committee of *Sixteen*, his confidants and all the staff of the League, met at his house during the evening and night between the 9th and 10th of May, preparing for the morrow's action without well knowing what it was to be, proposing various plans, collecting arms and giving instructions to their agents amongst the populace. An agitation of the same sort prevailed at the Louvre; the king too was deliberating with his advisers as to what he should do on the morrow; Guise would undoubtedly present himself at his morning levée; should he at once rid himself of him by the poniards of the *five and forty bravoës* which the duke of Épernon had enrolled in Gascony for his service? Or would it be best to summon to Paris some troops, French and Swiss to crush the Parisian rebels and the adventurers that had hurried up from all parts to their aid? But on the 10th of May Guise went to the Louvre with four hundred gentlemen well-armed with breastplates and weapons under their cloaks. The king did nothing; no more did Guise. The two had a long conversation in the queen-mother's garden; but it led to no result. On the 11th of May, in the evening, the provost of tradesmen, Hector de Perreuse, assembled the town-council and those of

the district-colonels on whom he had reliance to receive the king's orders. Orders came to muster the burgher companies of certain districts and send them to occupy certain positions that had been determined upon. They mustered slowly and incompletely, and some not at all; and, scarcely had they arrived, when several left the posts which had been assigned to them. The king, being informed of this sluggishness, sent for the regiment of the French Guards and for four thousand Swiss cantoned in the outskirts of Paris; and he himself mounted his horse, on the 12th of May, in the morning, to go and receive them at the gate of St. Honoré. These troops "filed along, without fife or drum, towards the cemetery of the Innocents." The populace regarded them as they passed with a feeling of angry curiosity and uneasy amazement. When all the corps had arrived at the appointed spot "they put themselves in motion towards different points, now making a great noise with their drums and fifes, which marvelously astonished the inhabitants of the quarter." Noise provokes noise. "Incontinently," says L'Estoile, "everybody seizes his arms, goes out on guard in the streets and cantons; in less than no time chains are stretched across and barricades made at the corners of the streets; the mechanic leaves his tools, the tradesman his business, the University their books, the attorneys their bags, the advocates their bands; the presidents and councillors themselves take halberds in hand; nothing is heard but shouts, murmurs, and the seditious speeches that heat and alarm a people." The tocsin sounded everywhere; barricades sprang up in the twinkling of an eye; they were made within thirty paces of the Louvre. The royal troops were hemmed in where they stood and deprived of the possibility of moving; the Swiss, being attacked, lost fifty men and surrendered, holding up their chaplets and exclaiming that they were good Catholics. It was thought sufficient to disarm the French Guards. The king, remaining stationary at the Louvre, sent his marshals to parley with the people massed in the thoroughfares; the queen-mother had herself carried over the barricades in order to go to Guise's house and attempt some negotiation with him. He received her coldly, demanding that the king should appoint him lieutenant-general of the kingdom, declare the Huguenot princes incapacitated from succeeding to the throne, and assemble the states-general. At the approach of evening, Guise determined to go himself and assume the conqueror's air by putting a stop to the insurrec-

tion. He issued from his house on horseback, unarmed, with a white wand in his hand; he rode through the different districts, exhorting the inhabitants to keep up their barricades, whilst remaining on the defensive and leaving him to complete their work. He was greeted on all sides with shouts of "Hurrah! for Guise!" "You wrong me, my friends," said he: "You should shout, 'Hurrah! for the king!'" He had the French Guards and the Swiss set at liberty; and they defiled before him, arms lowered and bareheaded, as before their preserver. Next morning, May 13, he wrote to D'Entragues, governor of Orleans: "Notify our friends to come to us in the greatest haste possible, with horses and arms, but without baggage, which they will easily be able to do, for I believe that the roads are open hence to you. I have defeated the Swiss, and cut in pieces a part of the king's guards, and I hold the Louvre invested so closely that I will render good account of whatsoever there is in it. This is so great a victory that it will be remembered for ever." That same day, the provost of tradesmen and the royalist sheriffs repaired to the Louvre and told the king that, without great and immediate concessions, they could not answer for anything; the Louvre was not in a condition of defence; there were no troops to be depended upon for resistance, no provisions, no munitions; the investment was growing closer and closer every hour and the assault might commence at any instant. Henry III. sent his mother once more to the duke of Guise, and himself went out about four o'clock, dressed in a country suit and scantily attended, as if for a walk in the Tuileries. Catherine found the duke as inflexible as he had been the day before. He peremptorily insisted upon all the conditions he had laid down already; the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom for himself, the unity of the catholic faith, forfeiture on the part of the king of Navarre and every other Huguenot prince as heir to the throne, perpetual banishment of the king's favorites, and convocation of the states-general. "The king," he said, "purposes to destroy all the grandees of the kingdom and to harry all those who oppose his wishes and the elevation of his minions; it is my duty and my interest to take all the measures necessary for my own preservation and that of the people." Catherine yielded on nearly every point, at the same time, however, continually resuming and prolonging the discussion. One of the duke's most trusty confidants, Francis de Mainville, entered and whispered in his ear. "Madame," cried the

duke, "whilst your Majesty has been amusing me here, the king is off from Paris to harry me and destroy me!" Henry III., indeed, had taken horse at the Tuileries, and, attended by his principal councillors, unbooted and cloakless, had issued from the New gate and set out on the road to St. Cloud. Equipping him in haste, his squire Du Halde had put his spur on wrong and would have set it right, but, "That will do," said the king, "I am not going to see my mistress; I have a longer journey to make." It is said that the corps on guard at the Nesle gate fired from a distance a salute of arquebuses after the fugitive king, and that a crowd assembled on the other bank of the river shouted insults after him. At the height of Chaillot Henry pulled up, and turning round towards Paris, "Ungrateful city," he cried, "I have loved thee more than my own wife; I will not enter thy walls again but by the breach."

It is said that on hearing of the duke of Guise's sudden arrival at Paris, Pope Sixtus V. exclaimed, "Ah! what rashness! To thus go and put himself in the hands of a prince he has so outraged!" And some days afterwards, on the news that the king had received the duke of Guise and nothing had come of it, "Ah! dastard prince, poor creature of a prince, to have let such a chance escape him of getting rid of a man who seems born to be his destruction!" [*De Thou*, t. x. p. 266.]

When the king was gone, Guise acted the master in Paris. He ordered the immediate delivery into his hands of the Bastille, the arsenal, and the Castle of Vincennes. Ornano, governor of the Bastille, sent an offer to the king, who had arrived at Chartres, to defend it to the last extremity. "I will not expose to so certain a peril a brave man who may be necessary to me elsewhere," replied the king. Guise caused to be elected at Paris a new town-council and a new provost of tradesmen, all taken from amongst the most ardent Leaguers. He at the same time exerted himself to restore order; he allowed all royalists who wished to depart to withdraw to Chartres; he went in person and pressed the premier president of parliament, Achille de Harlay, to resume the course of justice. "It is great pity, sir," said Harlay, "when the servant drives out the master; this assembly is founded (seated) on the fleur-de-lis; being established by the king, it can act only for his service. We will all lose our lives to a man rather than give way a whit to the contrary." "I have been in many battles," said

Guise as he went out, "in assaults and encounters the most dangerous in the world; and I have never been so overcome as at my reception by this personage." At the same time that he was trying to exercise authority and restore order, unbridled violence and anarchy were making head around him; the *Sixteen* and their friends discharged from the smallest offices, civil or religious, whoever was not devoted to them; they changed all the captains and district-officers of the city militia; they deposed all the incumbents, all the ecclesiastics whom they termed Huguenots and policists; the pulpits of Christians became the platforms of demagogues; the preachers Guincestre, Boucher, Rose, John Prévost, Aubry, Pigenat, Cueilly, Pelletier, and a host of others whose names have fallen into complete obscurity were the popular apostles, *the real fire-brands of the troubles* of the League, says Pasquier; there was scarcely a chapel where there were not several sermons a day. 'You know not your strength," they kept repeating to their auditors: "Paris knows not what she is worth; she has wealth enough to make war upon four kings. France is sick, and she will never recover from that sickness till she has a draught of French blood given her. . . . If you receive Henry de Valois into your towns, make up your minds to see your preachers massacred, your sheriffs hanged, your women violated, and the gibbets garnished with your members. One of these raving orators, Claude Trahy, provincial of the Cordeliers, devoted himself to hounding on the populace of Auxerre against their bishop James Amyot, the translator of Plutarch, whom he reproached with "having communicated with Henry III. and administered to him the eucharist;" brother John Moresin, one of Trahy's subalterns, went about brandishing a halberd in the public place at Auxerre, and shouting, "Courage, lads! messire Amyot is a wicked man, worse than Henry de Valois; he has threatened to have our master Trahy hanged, but he will repent it;" and, "at the voice of this madman, there hurried up vine-dressers, boatmen, and *mar-chandeaux* (? costermongers), a whole angry mob who were for having Amyot's throat cut and Trahy made bishop in his stead."

Whilst the blind passions of fanatics and demagogues were thus let loose, the sensible and clear-sighted spirits, the earnest and moderate royalists did not all of them remain silent and motionless. After the appearance of the letters written in 1588 by the duke of Guise to explain and justify his conduct

in this crisis, a grandson of Chancellor de l'Hospital, Michael Hurault, sieur du Fay, published a document entitled, *Frank and Free Discourse upon the condition of France*, one of the most judicious and most eloquent pamphlets of the sixteenth century, a profound criticism upon the acts of the duke of Guise, their causes and consequences, and a true picture of the falsehoods and servitude into which an eminent man may fall when he makes himself the tool of a popular faction in the hope of making that faction the tool of his personal ambition. But even the men who were sufficiently enlightened and sufficiently courageous to tell the League and its leader plain truths spoke only rather late in the day and at first without giving their names; the document written by L'Hospital's grandson did not appear until 1591, after the death of Henry III. and Henry de Guise, and it remained anonymous for some time. One cannot be astonished at such timidity; Guise himself was timid before the Leaguers, and he always ended by yielding to them in essentials, after having attempted to resist them upon such and such an incidental point. His own people accused him of lacking boldness; and his sister, the duchess of Montpensier, openly patronized the most violent preachers whilst boasting that she wielded more influence through them than her brother by his armies. Henry III., under stress of his enemies' zeal and his own servants' weakness, Catherine de' Medici included, after having fled from Paris and taken refuge at Chartres to escape the triumph of the Barricades, once more began to negotiate, that is, to capitulate with the League; he issued at Rouen, on the 19th of July, 1588, an edict in eleven articles whereby he granted more than had been demanded and more than he had promised in 1585 by the treaty of Nemours; over and above the measures contained in that treaty against the Huguenots, in respect of the present and the future, he added four fresh surety-towns, amongst others Bourges and Orleans, to those of which the Leaguers were to remain in possession. He declared moreover "that no investigation should be made into any understandings, associations, and other matters into which our catholic subjects might have entered together; inasmuch as they have given us to understand and have informed us that what they did was but owing to the zeal they felt for the preservation and maintenance of the catholic religion." By thus releasing the League from all responsibility for the past, and by giving this new treaty the name of *edict of union*, Henry

III. flattered himself, it is said, that he was thus putting himself at the head of a new grand catholic League which would become royalist again, inasmuch as the king was granting it all it had desired. The edict of union was enregistered at the Parliament of Paris on the 21st of July. The states-general were convoked for the 15th of October following. "On Tuesday, August 2, his Majesty," says L'Estoile, "being entertained by the duke of Guise during his dinner, asked him for drink, and then said to him, 'To whom shall we drink?' 'To whom you please, sir,' answered the duke, 'it is for your Majesty to command.' 'Cousin,' said the king, 'drink we to our good friends the Huguenots.' 'It is well said, sir,' answered the duke. 'And to our good barricaders,' said the king; 'let us not forget them.' Whereupon the duke began to laugh a little," adds L'Estoile, "but a sort of laugh that did not go beyond the knot of the throat, being dissatisfied at the novel union the king was pleased to make of the Huguenots with the barricaders." What must have to some extent reassured the duke of Guise was that a *Te Deum* was celebrated at Notre-Dame for the king of Navarre's exclusion from all right to the crown, and that, on the 14th of August, Henry de Guise was appointed generalissimo of the royal armies.

The states-general met at Blois on the 16th of October, 1588. They numbered 505 deputies; 191 of the third estate, 180 of the noblesse, 134 of the clergy. The king had given orders "to conduct each deputy as they arrived to his cabinet that he might see, hear, and know them all personally." When the 505 deputies had taken their places in the hall, the duke of Guise went to fetch the king who made his entry attended by the princes of the blood, and opened the session with the dignity and easy grace which all the Valois seemed to have inherited from Francis I. The duke of Guise, in a coat of white satin, was seated at the king's feet, as high steward of his household, scanning the whole assembly with his piercing glance, as if to keep watch over those who were in his service. "He seemed," says a contemporary, "by a single flash of his eye to fortify them in the hope of the advancement of his designs, his fortunes, and his greatness, and to say to them without speaking, *I see you*." The king's speech was long, able, well delivered, and very much applauded, save by Guise himself and his particular friends; the firmness of tone had displeased them, and one sentence excited in them a discontent which they had found difficulty in restraining: *certain*

grandeess of my kingdom have formed such leagues and associations as, in every well ordered monarchy, are crimes of high treason, without the sovereign's permission. But, showing my wonted indulgence, I am quite willing to let bygones be bygones in this respect. Guise grew pale at these words. On leaving the royal session, he got his private committee to decide that the cardinal of Guise and the archbishop of Lyons should go to see the king, and beg him to abandon the printing of his speech, and meanwhile Guise himself sent to the printer's to stop the immediate publication. Discussion took place next day in the king's cabinet; and a threat was held out to him that a portion of the deputies would quit the meeting of states. The queen-mother advised her son to compromise. The king yielded, according to his custom, and gave authority for cutting out the strongest expressions, amongst others those just quoted. "The correction was accordingly made," says M. Picot, the latest and most able historian of the states-general, "and Henry III. had to add this new insult to all that were rankling at the bottom of his heart since the affair of the Baricades,"

This was for the duke of Guise, a first trial of his power, and great was his satisfaction at this first success. On leaving the opening session of the states-general, he wrote to the Spanish ambassador Mendoza: "I handled our states so well that I made them resolve to require confirmation of the edict of union (of July 21 preceding) as *fundamental law* of the State. The king refused to do so, in rather sharp terms, to the deputies who brought the representation before him, and from that it is presumed that he inclines towards a peace with the heretics. But, at last, he was so pressed by the states, the which were otherwise on the point of breaking up, that he promised to swear the edict and have it sworn before entering upon consideration of any matter."

The next day but one, in fact, on the 18th of October, at the second session of the states-general, "the edict of July 21 was read and published with the greatest solemnity; the king swore to maintain it, in terms calculated to dissipate all anxieties on the part of the Catholics. The deputies swore after him. The archbishop of Bourges delivered an address on the sanctity of oaths, and those present began to think the session over, when the king rose a second time to recommend the deputies not to leave Blois before the papers were drawn up and the ordinances made. He reminded them that at the last

assembly of the states the suggestions and counsels of the three estates had been so ill carried out that, instead of a reformation and an establishment of good laws, everything had been thrown into confusion. Accordingly the king added to this suggestion a solemn oath that he would not budge from the city until he had made an edict, sacred and inviolable. The enthusiasm of the deputies was at its height; a rush took place to the church of St. Sauveur to chant a *Te Deum*. All the princes were there to give thanks to God. Never were king, court, and people so joyous." The duke of Guise wrote to the Spanish ambassador: "At length we have, in full assembly of the states, had our edict of union solemnly sworn and established as fundamental law of this realm, having surmounted all the difficulties and hindrances which the king was pleased to throw in the way; I found myself four or five times on the point of rupture: but I was verily assisted by so many good men."

After as well as before the opening of the states-general, the friends of the duke of Guise were far from having, all of them, the same confidence that he had in his position and in his success. "Stupid owl of a Lorrainer!" said Sieur de Vins, commanding on behalf of the League, in Dauphiny, on reading the duke's despatches, "has he so little sense as to believe that a king whose crown he, by dissimulating, has been wanting to take away, is not dissimulating in turn to take away his life?" "As they are so thick together," said M. de Vin's sister, when she knew that the duke of Guise was at Blois with the king, "you will hear at the very first opportunity, that one or the other has killed his fellow." Guise himself was no stranger to this idea: "We are not without warnings from all quarters that there is a design of attempting my life," he wrote on the 21st of September, 1588: "but I have, thank God, so provided against it, both by the gathering I have made of a good number of my friends and in having, by presents and money, secured a portion of those whose services are relied upon for the execution of it, that, if once things begin, I shall finish more roughly than I did at Paris."

After the opening of the states-general and the success he obtained thereat, Guise appeared, if not more anxious, at any rate more attentive to the warnings he received. On the 10th of December, 1588, he wrote to Commander Moreo, confidential agent from the king of Spain to him: "You cannot imagine what alarms have been given me since your departure. I

have so well provided against them that my enemies have not seen their way to attempting anything. . . . But expenses have grown upon me to such an extent that I have great need of your prompt assistance. . . . I have now so much credit with this assembly that I have hitherto made it dance to my tune, and I hope that as to what remains to be decreed I shall be quite able to maintain the same authority." Some of his partisans advised him to go away for awhile to Orleans; but he absolutely refused, repeating, with the archbishop of Lyons, "He who leaves the game loses it." One evening, in a little circle of intimates, on the 21st of December, a question arose whether it would not be advisable to prevent the king's designs by striking at his person. The cardinal of Guise begged his brother to go away, assuring him that his own presence would suffice for the direction of affairs: but, "They are in such case, my friend," said the Balafré, "that, if I saw death coming in at the window, I would not consent to go out by the door to avoid it." His cousin, the duke of Elbeuf, paid him a visit at night to urge him to withdraw himself from the plot hatched against him: "if it were necessary to lose my life in order to reap the proximate fruits of the states' good resolution," said Guise, "that is what I have quite made up my mind to. Though I had a hundred lives, I would devote them all to the service of God and His Church, and to the relief of the poor people for whom I feel the greatest pity;" then, touching the duke of Elbeuf upon the shoulder, he said, "Go to bed, cousin;" and, taking away his hand and laying it upon his own heart, he added, "Here is the doublet of innocence." On the evening of the 22nd of December, 1588, when Charlotte de Semblançay, marchioness of Noirmoutiers, to whom he was tenderly attached, pressed him to depart or at any rate not to be present at the council next day, the only answer he made her was to hum the following ditty by Desportes, a poet of the day:

"My little Rose, a little spell
Of absence changed that heart of thine:
And I, who know the change full well,
Have found another place for mine.
No more such fair but fickle she
Shall find me her obedient;
And, flighty shepherdess, we'll see
Which of the twain will first repent."

Henry III. was scarcely less disturbed, but in quite a different way, than the duke of Guise. For a long time past he had

been thinking about getting rid of the latter, just as he had thought for a long time, twenty years before, about getting rid of Admiral de Coligny; but since the date of his escape from the popular rising on the day of the Barricades, he had hoped that, thanks to the adoption of the edict of union and to the convocation of the states-general, he would escape the yoke of the duke of Guise. He saw every day that he had been mistaken; the League and consequently the duke of Guise had more power than he with the states-general; in vain had the king changed nearly all his ministers; in vain had he removed his principal favorite, the duke of Épernon, from the government of Normandy to that of Provence; he did not obtain from the states-general what he demanded, that is the money he wanted; and the states required of him administrative reforms, sound enough at bottom but suggested by the duke of Guise with an interested object and calculated to shackle the kingly authority even more than could be done by Guise himself directly. At the same time that Guise was urging on the states-general in this path, he demanded to be made constable, not by the king any longer, but by the states themselves. The kingship was thus being squeezed between the haughty supremacy of the great lords, substitutes for the feudal regimen, and the first essays of that free government which is now-a-days called the parliamentary regimen. Henry III. determined with fear and trembling to disembarass himself of his two rivals, of the duke of Guise by assassination, and of the states-general by packing them off home. He did not know how intimately the two great questions of which the sixteenth century was the great cradle, the question of religious liberty and that of political liberty, were connected one with the other and would be prosecuted jointly or successively in the natural progress of Christian civilization, or through what trials kings and people would have to pass before succeeding in any effectual solution of them.

On the 18th of December, 1588, during an entertainment given by Catherine de' Medici on the marriage of her niece, Christine de Lorraine, with Ferdinand de' Medici, grand duke of Tuscany, Henry III. summoned to his cabinet three of his most intimate and safest confidants, Marshal d'Aumont, Nicholas d'Angennes, lord of Rambouillet, and Sieur de Beauvais-Nangis. After having laid before them all the duke of Guise's intrigues against him and the perils of the position in which they placed him, "What ought I to do?" he said; "help me to save myself

by some speedy means." They asked the king to give them twenty-four hours to answer in. Next day, the 19th, Sieur de Mantenon, brother of Rambouillet, and Alphonso Corso d'Ornano were added to the party; only one of them was of opinion that the duke of Guise should at once be arrested and put upon his trial; the four others were for a shorter and a surer process, that of putting the duke to death by a sudden blow. He is evidently making war upon the king, they said; and the king has a right to defend himself. Henry III., who had his mind made up, asked Crillon, commandant of the regiment of guards, "Think you that the duke of Guise deserves death?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, then I choose you to give it him." "I am ready to challenge him." "That is not what is wanted: as leader of the League, he is guilty of high treason." "Very well, sir; then let him be tried and executed." "But, Crillon, nothing is less certain than his conviction in a court of law; he must be struck down unexpectedly." "Sir, I am a soldier, not an assassin." The king did not persist, but merely charged Crillon, who promised, to keep the proposal secret. At this very time Guise was requesting the king to give him a constable's grand provost and archers to form his guard in his quality of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The king deferred his reply. Catherine de' Medici supported the Lorrainer prince's request. "In two or three days it shall be settled," said Henry. He had ordered twelve poniards from an armorers in the city; on the 21st of December he told his project to Loignac, an officer of his guards, who was less scrupulous than Crillon and undertook to strike the blow, in concert with the forty-five trusty guards. At the council on the 22d of December, the king announced his intention of passing Christmas in retreat at Notre-Dame de Cléry, and he warned the members of the council that next day the session would take place very early in order to dispose of business before his departure. On the evening of the 22nd, the duke of Guise, on sitting down at table, found under his napkin a note to this effect: "The king means to kill you." Guise asked for a pen, wrote at the bottom of the note, "He dare not," and threw it under the table. Next day, December 23, Henry III., rising at four a.m., after a night of great agitation, admitted into his cabinet by a secret staircase the nine guards he had chosen, handed them the poniards he had ordered, placed them at the post where they were to wait for the meeting of the council, and bade Charles d'Entragues to go and

request one of the royal chaplains "to say mass, that God might give the king grace to be able to carry out an enterprise which he hoped would come to an issue within an hour, and on which the safety of France depended." Then the king retired into his closet. The members of the council arrived in succession; it is said that one of the archers on duty, when he saw the duke of Guise mounting the staircase, trod on his foot, as if to give him warning; but, if he observed it, Guise made no account of it, any more than of all the other hints he had already received. Before entering the council-chamber, he stopped at a small oratory connected with the chapel, said his prayer, and as he passed the door of the queen-mother's apartments, signified his desire to pay his respects and have a few words with her. Catherine was indisposed, and could not receive him. Some vexation, it is said, appeared in Guise's face, but he said not a word. On entering the council-chamber he felt cold, asked to have some fire lighted, and gave orders to his secretary, Péricard, the only attendant admitted with him, to go and fetch the silver-gilt shell he was in the habit of carrying about him with damsons or other preserves to eat of a morning. Péricard was some time gone; Guise was in a hurry and, "be kind enough," he said to M. de Morfontaines, "to send word to M. de Saint-Prix [first groom of the chamber to Henry III.] that I beg him to let me have a few damsons or a little preserve of roses, or some trifle of the king's." Four Brignolles plums were brought him; and he ate one. His uneasiness continued; the eye close to his scar became moist; according to M. de Thou, he bled at the nose. He felt in his pocket for a handkerchief to use, but could not find one. "My people," said he, "have not given me my necessaries this morning; there is great excuse for them, they were too much hurried." At his request, Saint-Prix had a handkerchief brought to him. Péricard passed his bonbon-box to him, as the guards would not let him enter again. The duke took a few plums from it, threw the rest on the table, saying, "Gentlemen, who will have any?" and rose up hurriedly upon seeing the secretary of state Révol, who came in and said to him, "Sir, the king wants you; he is in his old cabinet."

As soon as he knew that the duke of Guise had arrived, and whilst these little incidents were occurring in the council-chamber, Henry III. had in fact given orders to his secretary Révol to go on his behalf and summon the duke. But Nambu, usher to the council, faithful to his instructions, had refused to

let anybody, even the king's secretary, enter the hall. Révol, of a timid disposition and impressed, it is said, with the sinister importance of his commission, returned to the cabinet with a very troubled air. The king, in his turn, was troubled, fearing lest his project had been discovered. "What is the matter, Révol?" said he; "what is it? How pale you are! You will spoil all. Rub your cheeks; rub your cheeks." "There is nothing wrong, sir: only M. de Nambu would not let me in without your Majesty's expressed command." Révol entered the council-chamber and discharged his commission. The duke of Guise pulled up his cloak as if to wrap himself well in it, took his hat, gloves, and his sweetmeat-box and went out of the room, saying, "Adieu, gentlemen," with a gravity free from any appearance of mistrust. He crossed the king's chamber contiguous to the council-hall, courteously saluted, as he passed, Loignac and his comrades whom he found drawn up and who, returning him a frigid obeisance, followed him as if to show him respect. On arriving at the door of the old cabinet, and just as he leaned down to raise the tapestry that covered it, Guise was struck five poniard blows in the chest, neck, and reins: "God ha' mercy!" he cried, and though his sword was entangled in his cloak and he was himself pinned by the arms and legs and choked by the blood that spurted from his throat, he dragged his murderers, by a supreme effort of energy, to the other end of the room, where he fell down backwards and lifeless before the bed of Henry III. who, coming to the door of his room and asking "if it was done," contemplated with mingled satisfaction and terror the inanimate body of his mighty rival "who seemed to be merely sleeping, so little was he changed." "My God! how tall he is!" cried the king; "he looks even taller than when he was alive."

"They are killing my brother!" cried the cardinal of Guise when he heard the noise that was being made in the next room; and he rose up to run thither. The archbishop of Lyons, Peter d'Espinac, did the same. The duke of Aumont held them both back, saying, "Gentlemen, we must wait for the king's orders." Orders came to arrest them both and confine them in a small room over the council-chamber. They had "eggs, bread, wine from the king's cellar, their breviaries, their night-gowns, a palliasse, and a mattress," brought to them there; and they were kept under ocular supervision for four and twenty hours. The cardinal of Guise was released the next morning, but only to be put to death like his brother. The king spared the archbishop of Lyons.

"I am sole king," said Henry III. to his ministers, as he entered the council-chamber; and shortly afterwards, going to see the queen-mother who was ill of the gout, "how do you feel?" he asked; "better," she answered: "so do I," replied the king: "I feel much better; this morning I have become king of France again; the king of Paris is dead." "You have had the duke of Guise killed?" asked Catherine: "have you reflected well? God grant that you become not king of nothing at all. I hope the cutting is right; now for the sewing." According to the majority of the historians, Catherine had neither been in the secret nor had anything to do with the preparations for the measure. Granted that she took no active part in it and that she avoided even the appearance of having any previous knowledge of it; she was not fond of responsibility, and she liked better to negotiate between the different parties than to make her decisive choice between them; prudent tendencies grow with years, and in 1588 she was sixty-nine. It is difficult, however, to believe that, being the habitual confidant of her favorite son, she was ignorant of a design long meditated and known to many persons many days before its execution. The event once accomplished, ill as she was and contrary to the advice of her physicians, she had herself carried to the cardinal of Bourbon's, who was still under arrest by the king's orders, to promise him speedy release. "Ah! madame," said the cardinal as he saw her enter, "these are some of your tricks; you are death to us all." However it may be, thirteen days after the murder of the duke of Guise, on the 5th of January, 1589, Catherine de' Medici herself died. Nor was her death, so far as affairs and the public were concerned, an event: her ability was of the sort which is worn out by the frequent use made of it, and which, when old age comes on, leaves no long or grateful reminiscence. Time has restored Catherine de' Medici to her proper place in history; she was quickly forgotten by her contemporaries.

She had good reason to say to her son, as her last advice, "Now for the sewing." It was not long before Henry III. perceived that, to be king, it was not sufficient to have murdered his rival. He survived the duke of Guise only seven months, and, during that short period, he was not really king, all by himself, for a single day; never had his kingship been so embarrassed and impotent; the violent death of the duke of Guise had exasperated much more than enfeebled the League; the feeling against his murderer was passionate and contagious;

the catholic cause had lost its great leader; it found and accepted another in his brother the duke of Mayenne, far inferior to his elder brother in political talent and prompt energy of character, but a brave and determined soldier, a much better man of party and action than the sceptical, undecided, and indolent Henry III. The majority of the great towns of France, Paris, Rouen, Orleans, Toulouse, Lyons, Amiens, and whole provinces declared eagerly against the royal murderer. He demanded support from the states-general, who refused it; and he was obliged to dismiss them. The Parliament of Paris, dismembered on the 16th of January, 1589, by the council of Sixteen, became the instrument of the Leaguers. The majority of the other parliaments followed the example set by that of Paris. The Sorbonne, consulted by a petition presented in the name of all Catholics, decided that Frenchmen were released from their oath of allegiance to Henry III. and might with a good conscience turn their arms against him. Henry made some obscure attempts to come to an arrangement with certain chiefs of the Leaguers; but they were rejected with violence. The duke of Mayenne, having come to Paris on the 15th of February, was solemnly received at the Notre-Dame, amidst shouts of "*Hurrah for the Catholic princes! hurrah for the House of Lorraine!*" He was declared lieutenant-general of the crown and State of France. He organized a council-general of the League, composed of forty members and charged with the duty of providing for all matters of war, the finance and the police of the realm, pending a fresh convocation of states-general. To counterbalance in some degree the popular element, Mayenne introduced into it fourteen personages of his own choice and a certain number of magistrates and bishops; the delegates of the united towns were to have seats at the council whenever they happened to be at Paris. "Never," says M. Henry Martin [*Histoire de France*, t. i. p. 134] very truly, "could the League have supposed itself to be so near becoming a government of confederated municipalities under the directorate of Paris."

There was clearly for Henry III. but one possible ally who had a chance of doing effectual service, and that was Henry of Navarre and the Protestants. It cost Henry III. a great deal to have recourse to that party; his conscience and his pusillanimity both revolted at it equally; in spite of his moral corruption, he was a sincere Catholic, and the prospect of excommunication troubled him deeply. Catholicism, besides, was in

a large majority in France: how, then, was he to treat with its foes without embroiling himself utterly with it? Meanwhile the case was urgent. Henry was apprised by one of his confidants, Nicholas de Rambouillet, that one of the king of Navarre's confidants, Sully, who was then only *Sieur de Rosny*, was passing by Blois on his way to his master; he saw him and expressed to him his "desire for a reconciliation with the king of Navarre and to employ him on confidential service;" the difficulty was to secure to the protestant king and his army, then engaged in the siege of Châtellerault, a passage across the Loire. Rosny undertook Henry III.'s commission. He at the same time received another from *Sieur de Brigueux*, governor of the little town of Beaugency, who said to him, "I see well, sir, that the king is going the right way to ruin himself by timidity, irresolution and bad advice, and that necessity will throw us into the hands of the League; for my part, I will never belong to it, and I would rather serve the king of Navarre. Tell him that I hold, at Beaugency, a passage over the Loire, and that if he will be pleased to send to me you or M. de Rebours, I will admit into the town him whom he sends to me." Upon receiving these overtures, the king of Navarre thought awhile, scratching his head; then he said to Rosny, "do you think that the king has good intentions towards me and means to treat with me in good faith?" "Yes, sir, for the present; and you need have no doubt about it, for his straits constrain him thereto, having nothing to look to in his perils but your assistance." He had some dinner brought into his own cabinet for Rosny, and then made him post off at once. On arriving in the evening at Tours, whither Henry III. had fallen back, Rosny was taken to him, about midnight, at the top of the castle; the king sent him off that very night; he consented to everything that the king of Navarre proposed; promised him a town on the Loire and said he was ready to make with him not a downright peace just at first, but "a good long truce which, in their two hearts, would at once be an eternal peace and a sincere reconciliation."

When Rosny got back to Châtellerault, "there was nothing but rejoicing; everybody ran to meet him; he was called 'god Rosny,' and one of his friends said to the rest, 'Do you see yon man? By God, we shall all worship him, and he alone will restore France; I said so six years ago, and Villandry was of my opinion.'"

Thus was the way paved and the beginning made, between

the two kings, of an alliance demanded by their mutual interests and still more strongly by the interests of France ravaged and desolated, for nearly thirty years past, by religious civil wars. Henry of Navarre had profound sympathy for his country's sufferings, an ardent desire to put a stop to them, and at the same time the instinct to see clearly that the day had come when the re-establishment of harmony and common action between himself and Henry de Valois was the necessary and at the same time possible means of attaining that great result. On the 4th of March, 1589, soon after the states of Blois had been dismissed, he set before France, in an eloquent manifesto, the expression of his anxieties and his counsels: "I will speak freely," said he, "to myself first and then to others, that we may be all of us without excuse. Let us not be puffed up with pride on one side or another. As for me, although I have received more favors from God in this than in all past wars and, whilst the two other parties (how sad that they must be so called!) are enfeebled, mine to all appearance has been strengthened, nevertheless I well know that, whenever I go beyond my duty, God will no longer bless me; and I shall do so whenever, without reason and in sheer lightness of heart, I attack my king and trouble the repose of his kingdom. . . . I declare, then, first of all to those who belong to the party of the king my lord, that if they do not counsel him to make use of me and of the means which God hath given me for to make war not on them of Lorraine, not on Paris, Orleans, or Toulouse, but on those who shall hinder the peace and the obedience owed to this crown, they alone will be answerable for the woes which will come upon the king and the kingdom. . . . And as to those who still adhere to the name and party of the League, I, as a Frenchman, conjure them to put up with their losses as I do with mine and to sacrifice their quarrels, vengeance, and ambition to the welfare of France, their mother, to the service of their king, to their own repose and ours. If they do otherwise, I hope that God will not abandon the king and will put it into his heart to call around him his servants, myself the first, who wish for no other title and who shall have sufficient might and good right to help him wipe out their memory from the world and their party from France. . . . I wish these written words to go proclaiming for me throughout the world that I am ready to ask my lord the king for peace, for the repose of his kingdom and for my own. . . . And finally, if I find one or another so sleepy-headed or so ill-dis-

posed that none is moved thereby, I will call God to my aid and, true servant of my king, worthy of the honor that belongs to me as premier prince of this realm, though all the world should have conspired for its ruin, I protest, before God and before man, that, at the risk of ten thousand lives, I will essay—all alone—to prevent it.”

It is pleasing to think that this patriotic step and these powerful words were not without influence over the result which was attained. The king of Navarre set to work, at the same time with Rosny, one of the most eminent, and with Philip du Plessis-Mornay, the most sterling of his servants; and a month after the publication of his manifesto, on the 3rd of April, 1589, a truce for a year was concluded between the two kings. It set forth that the king of Navarre should serve the king of France with all his might and main; that he should have, for the movements of his troops on both banks of the Loire, the place of Saumur; that the places of which he made himself master should be handed over to Henry III., and that he might not anywhere do anything to the prejudice of the catholic religion; that the Protestants should be no more disquieted throughout the whole of France, and that, before the expiration of the truce, King Henry III. should give them assurance of peace. This negotiation was not concluded without difficulty, especially as regarded the town of Saumur; there was a general desire to cede to the king of Navarre only some place of less importance on the Loire; and when, on the 15th of April, Du Plessis-Mornay, who had been appointed governor of it, presented himself for admittance at the head of his garrison, the royalist commandant who had to deliver the keys to him limited himself to letting them drop at his feet. Mornay showed alacrity in picking them up.

On the 29th of April, the two kings had, each on his own behalf, made the treaty public. Henry III. sent word to the king of Navarre that he wished to see him and have some conversation with him. Many of the king of Navarre's friends dissuaded him from this interview, saying, “They are traitors; do not put yourself in their power; remember the St. Bartholomew.” This counsel was repeated to him on the 30th of April, at the very moment when he was stepping aboard the boat to cross the Loire and go to pay Henry III. a visit at the castle of Plessis-lès-Tours. The king of Navarre made no account of it. “God hath bidden me to cross and see him,” he answered: “it is not in the power of man to keep me back, for

God is guiding me and crossing with me. Of that I am certain;" and he crossed the river. "It is incredible," says L'Estoile, "what joy everybody felt at this interview; there was such a throng of people that, notwithstanding all efforts to preserve order, the two kings were a full quarter of an hour in the roadway of Plessis park holding out their hands to one another without being able to join them; people climbed trees to see them; all shouted with great vigor and exaltation, *Hurrah for the king! hurrah for the king of Navarre! hurrah for the kings!* At last, having joined hands, they embraced very lovingly, even to tears. The king of Navarre, on retiring in the evening, said, 'I shall now die happy, since God hath given me grace to look upon the face of my king and make him an offer of my services.' I know not if those were his own words; but what is certain is that everybody at this time, both kings and people, except fanatical Leaguers, regarded peace as a great public blessing and were rejoiced to have a prospect of it before their eyes. The very day of the interview, the king of Navarre wrote to Du Plessis-Mornay: 'M. du Plessis, the ice is broken; not without numbers of warnings that if I went I was a dead man. I crossed the water, commending myself to God, who, by His goodness, not only preserved me but caused extreme joy to appear on the king's countenance and the people to cheer so that never was the like, even shouting, *hurrah for the kings!* whereat I was much vexed.'"

Some days afterwards, during the night of May 8, the duke of Mayenne made an attack upon Tours and carried for the moment the Faubourg St. Symphorien, which gave Henry III. such a fright that he was on the point of leaving the city and betaking himself to a distance. But the king of Navarre, warned in time, entered Tours; and at his approach the Leaguers fell back. "When the white scarves appeared, coming to the king's rescue, the duke of Mayenne and his troops began shouting to them, 'Back! white scarves; back! Châtillon: we are not set against you, but against the murderers of your father!' meaning thereby that they were set against King Henry de Valois only and not against the Huguenots. But Châtillon, amongst the rest, answered them, 'You are all of you traitors to your country: I trample under foot all vengeance and all private interests when the service of my prince and of the State is concerned;' which he said so loudly that even his Majesty heard it and praised him for it and loved him for it." The two kings determined to move on

Paris and besiege it; and towards the end of July their camp was pitched before the walls.

Great was the excitement throughout Europe as well as France, at the courts of Madrid and Rome as well as in the park of Plessis-lès Tours. A very serious blow for Philip II. and a very bad omen for the future of his policy was this alliance between Henry de Valois and Henry of Navarre, between a great portion of the Catholics of France and the Protestants. Philip II. had plumed himself upon being the patron of absolute power in religious as well as political matters, and the dominant power throughout Europe in the name of Catholicism and Spain. In both these respects he ran great risk of being beaten by a king of France who was a Protestant or an ally of Protestants and supported by the protestant influence of England, Holland, and Germany. In Italy itself and in catholic Europe Philip did not find the harmony and support for which he looked. The republic of Venice was quietly but certainly well disposed towards France, and determined to live on good terms with a king of France, a friend of Protestants or even himself protestant. And what hurt Philip II. still more was that Pope Sixtus V. himself, though all the while upholding the unity and authority of the Roman Church, was bent upon not submitting to the yoke of Spain and upon showing a favorable disposition towards France: "France is a very noble kingdom," he said to the Venetian ambassador Gritti; "the Church has always obtained great advantages from her. We love her beyond measure, and we are pleased to find that the Signiory shares our affection." Another day he expressed to him his disapprobation of the League: "We cannot praise, indeed we must blame, the first act committed by the duke of Guise, which was to take up arms and unite with other princes against the king; though he made religion a pretext, he had no right to take up arms against his sovereign." And again: "The union of the king of France with the heretics is no longer a matter of doubt; but, after all, Henry of Navarre is worth a great many of Henry III.; this latter will have the measure he meted to the Guises." So much equity and mental breadth on the pope's part was better suited for the republic of Venice than for the king of Spain. "We have but one desire," wrote the doge Cicogna to Badoero, his ambassador at Rome, "and that is to keep the European peace. We cannot believe that Sixtus V., that great pontiff, is untrue to his charge, which is to

ward off from the Christian world the dangers that threaten it; in imitation of Him whom he represents on earth, he will show mercy and not proceed to acts which would drive the king of France to despair." During the great struggle with which Europe was engaged in the sixteenth century, the independence of States, religious tolerance and political liberty thus sometimes found, besides their regular and declared champions, protectors, useful on occasion although they were timid, even amongst the habitual allies of Charles V.'s despotic and persecuting successor.

On arriving before Paris towards the end of July, 1589, the two kings besieged it with an army of 42,000 men, the strongest and the best they had ever had under their orders. "The affairs of Henry III.," says De Thou, "had changed face; fortune was pronouncing for him." Quartered in the house of Count de Retz, at St. Cloud, he could thence see quite at his ease his city of Paris. "Yonder," said he, "is the heart of the League; it is there that the blow must be struck. It were great pity to lay in ruins so beautiful and goodly a city. Still, I must settle accounts with the rebels who are in it and who ignominiously drove me away." "On Tuesday, August 1st, at eight A. M., he was told," says L'Estoile, "that a monk desired to speak with him, but that his guards made a difficulty about letting him in. 'Let him in,' said the king: 'if he is refused, it will be said that I drive monks away and will not see them.' Incontinently entered the monk, having in his sleeve a knife unsheathed. He made a profound reverence to the king, who had just got up and had nothing on but a dressing-gown about his shoulders, and presented to him despatches from Count de Brienne, saying that he had further orders to tell the king privately something of importance. Then the king ordered those who were present to retire, and began reading the letter which the monk had brought asking for a private audience afterwards; the monk, seeing the king's attention taken up with reading, drew his knife from his sleeve and drove it right into the king's small gut, below the navel, so home that he left the knife in the hole; the which the king having drawn out with great exertion struck the monk a blow with the point of it on his left eyebrow, crying, 'Ah! wicked monk! he has killed me; kill him!' At which cry running quickly up, the guards and others, such as happened to be nearest, massacred this assassin of a Jacobin who, as D'Aubigné says, stretched out his two arms against the

wall, counterfeiting the crucifix, whilst the blows were dealt him. Having been dragged out dead from the king's chamber, he was stripped naked to the waist, covered with his gown and exposed to the public."

Whilst Henry de Valois was thus struck down at St. Cloud, Henry of Navarre had moved with a good number of troops to the Pré-aux-Clercs; and seeing Rosny, who was darting along, pistol in hand, amongst the foremost, he called one of his gentlemen and said, "Maignan, go and tell M. de Rosny to come back; he will get taken or wounded in that rash style." "I should not care to speak so to him," answered Maignan: "I will tell him that your Majesty wants him." Meanwhile up came a gentleman at a gallop, who said three or four words in the king of Navarre's ear. "My friend," said Henry to Rosny, "the king has just been wounded with a knife in the stomach; let us go and see about it; come with me." Henry took with him five and twenty gentlemen. The king received him affectionately, exhorted him to change his religion for his salvation's sake in another world and his fortunes in this; and, addressing the people of quality who thronged his chamber, he said, "I do pray you as my friends, and as your king I order you to recognize after my death my brother here. For my satisfaction and as your bounden duty, I pray you to swear it to him in my presence." All present took the oath. Henry III. spoke in a firm voice; and his wound was not believed to be mortal. Letters were sent in his name to the queen, to the governors of the provinces and to the princes allied to the crown, to inform them of the *accident* that had happened to the king, "which, please God, will turn out to be nothing." The king of Navarre asked for some details as to the assassin. James Clément was a young Dominican who, according to report, had been a soldier before he became a monk. He was always talking of waging war against Henry de Valois, and he was called "captain Clément." He told a story about a vision he had of an angel, who had bidden him "to put to death the tyrant of France, in return for which he would have the crown of martyrdom." Royalist writers report that he had been placed in personal communication with the friends of Henry de Guise, even with his sister the duchess of Montpensier, and his brother the duke of Mayenne. When well informed of the facts, the king of Navarre returned to his quarters at Meudon, and Rosny to his lodgings at the foot of the castle. Whilst Rosny was at supper, his secretary came

and said to him, "Sir, the king of Navarre, peradventure the king of France, wants you. M. d'Orthoman writes to him to make haste and come to St. Cloud if he would see the king alive." The king of Navarre at once departed. Just as he arrived at St. Cloud, he heard in the street cries of "Ah! my God, we are lost!" He was told that the king was dead. Henry III., in fact, expired on the 2nd of August, 1589, between two and three in the morning. The first persons Henry of Navarre encountered as he entered the hôtel de Retz, were the officers of the Scottish guard, who threw themselves at his feet saying, "Ah! sir, you are now our king and our master."

CHAPTER. XXXV.

HENRY IV., PROTESTANT KING (1589-1593.)

On the 2nd of August, 1579, in the morning, upon his arrival in his quarters at Meudon, Henry of Navarre was saluted by the Protestants king of France. They were about five thousand in an army of forty thousand men. When at ten o'clock, he entered the camp of the Catholics at St. Cloud, three of their principal leaders, Marshal d'Aumont and Sires d'Humières and de Givry, immediately acknowledged him unconditionally as they had done the day before at the death-bed of Henry III., and they at once set to work to conciliate to him the noblesse of Champagne, Picardy, and Ile-de France. "Sir," said Givry, "you are the king of the brave; you will be deserted by none but dastards." But the majority of the catholic leaders received him with such expressions as, "better die than endure a Huguenot king!" One of them, Francis d'O, formally declared to him that the time had come for him to choose between the insignificance of a king of Navarre and the grandeur of a king of France; if he pretended to the crown, he must first of all abjure. Henry firmly rejected these threatening entreaties, and left their camp with an urgent recommendation to them to think of it well before bringing dissension into the royal army and the royal party which were protecting their privileges, their property, and lives against the League. On returning to his quarters, he noticed the arrival of Marshal de Biron, who pressed him to

lay hands without delay upon the crown of France, in order to guard it and save it. But in the evening of that day and on the morrow, at the numerous meetings of the lords to deliberate upon the situation, the ardent Catholics renewed their demand for the exclusion of Henry from the throne if he did not at once abjure, and for referring the election of a king to the states-general. Biron himself proposed not to declare Henry king, but to recognize him merely as captain-general of the army pending his abjuration. Harlay de Sancy vigorously maintained the cause of the Salic law and the hereditary rights of the monarchy. Biron took him aside and said, "I had hitherto thought that you had sense; now I doubt it. If before securing our own position with the king of Navarre, we completely establish his, he will no longer care for us. The time is come for making our terms; if we let the occasion escape us, we shall never recover it." "What are your terms?" asked Sancy. "If it please the king to give me the countship of Périgord, I shall be his for ever." Sancy reported this conversation to the king, who promised Biron what he wanted.

Though king of France for but two days past, Henry IV. had already perfectly understood and steadily taken the measure of the situation. He was in a great minority throughout the country as well as the army, and he would have to deal with public passions, worked by his foes for their own ends, and with the personal pretensions of his partisans. He made no mistake about these two facts, and he allowed them great weight; but he did not take for the ruling principle of his policy and for his first rule of conduct the plan of alternate concessions to the different parties and of continually humoring personal interests; he set his thoughts higher, upon the general and natural interests of France as he found her and saw her. They resolved themselves, in his eyes, into the following great points: maintenance of the hereditary rights of monarchy, preponderance of Catholics in the government, peace between Catholics and Protestants, and religious liberty for Protestants. With him these points became the law of his policy and his kingly duty as well as the nation's right. He proclaimed them in the first words that he addressed to the lords and principal personages of State assembled around him. "You all know," said he, "what orders the late king my predecessor gave me and what he enjoined upon me with his dying breath. It was chiefly to maintain my subjects, catholic or protestant, in equal freedom, until a council, canonical,

general, or national, had decided this great dispute. I promised him to perform faithfully, that which he bade me, and I regard it as one of my first duties to be as good as my word. I have heard that some who are in my army feel scruples about remaining in my service unless I embrace the catholic religion. No doubt they think me weak enough for them to imagine that they can force me thereby to abjure my religion and break my word. I am very glad to inform them here, in presence of you all, that I would rather this were the last day of my life than take any step which might cause me to be suspected of having dreamt of renouncing the religion that I sucked in with my mother's milk, before I have been better instructed by a lawful council to whose authority I bow in advance. Let him who thinks so ill of me get him gone as soon as he pleases; I lay more store by a hundred good Frenchmen than by two hundred who could harbor sentiments so unworthy. Besides, though you should abandon me, I should have enough of friends left to enable me, without you and to your shame, with the sole assistance of their strong arms, to maintain the rights of my authority. But were I doomed to see myself deprived of even that assistance, still the God who has preserved me from my infancy, as if by His own hand, to sit upon the throne will not abandon me. I nothing doubt that He will uphold me where He has placed me, not for love of me but for the salvation of so many souls who pray, without ceasing, for His aid and for whose freedom He has deigned to make use of my arm. You know that I am a Frenchman and the foe of all duplicity. For the seventeen years that I have been king of Navarre I do not think that I have ever departed from my word. I beg you to address your prayers to the Lord on my behalf, that he may enlighten me in my views, direct my purposes, bless my endeavors. And in case I commit any fault or fail in any one of my duties, for I acknowledge that I am a man like any other, pray Him to give me grace that I may correct it and to assist me in all my goings."

On the 4th of August, 1589, an official manifesto of Henry IV.'s confirmed the ideas and words of this address. On the same day, in the camp at St. Cloud, the majority of the princes, dukes, lords, and gentlemen present in the camp expressed their full adhesion to the accession and the manifesto of the king, promising him "service and obedience against rebels and enemies who would usurp the kingdom." Two notable leaders, the duke of Épernon amongst the Catholics

and the duke of La Trémoille amongst the Protestants, refused to join in this adhesion; the former saying that his conscience would not permit him to serve a heretic king, the latter alleging that his conscience forbade him to serve a prince who engaged to protect catholic idolatry. They withdrew, D'Épernon into Angoumois and Saintonge, taking with him six thousand foot and twelve thousand horse; and La Trémoille into Poitou, with nine battalions of reformers. They had an idea of attempting, both of them, to set up for themselves independent principalities. Three contemporaries, Sully, La Force, and the bastard of Angoulême, bear witness that Henry IV. was deserted by as many Huguenots as Catholics. The French royal army was reduced, it is said, to one half. As a make-weight, Sancy prevailed upon the Swiss, to the number of twelve thousand, and two thousand German auxiliaries not only to continue in the service of the new king but to wait six months for their pay, as he was at the moment unable to pay them. From the 14th to the 20th of August, in Ile-de-France, in Picardy, in Normandy, in Auvergne, in Champagne, in Burgundy, in Anjou, in Poitou, in Languedoc, in Orleanness and in Touraine, a great number of towns and districts joined in the determination of the royal army. The last instance of such adherence had a special importance. At the time of Henry III.'s rupture with the League, the Parliament of Paris had been split in two; the royalists had followed the king to Tours, the partisans of the League had remained at Paris. After the accession of Henry IV., the Parliament of Tours, with the president, Achille de Harlay, at its head, increased from day to day and soon reached two hundred members, whilst the Parliament of Paris, or Brisson Parliament as it was called from its leader's name, had only sixty-eight left. Brisson on understanding the post, actually thought it right to take the precaution of protesting privately, making a declaration in the presence of notaries "that he so acted by constraint only, and that he shrank from any rebellion against his king and sovereign lord." It was, indeed, on the ground of the heredity of the monarchy and by virtue of his own proper rights that Henry IV. had ascended the throne; and M. Poirson says quite correctly, in his learned *Histoire du règne d'Henri IV.* [t.i. p. 29: second edition, 1862]: "The manifesto of Henry IV., as its very name indicates, was not a contract settled between the noblesse in camp at St. Cloud and the claimant; it was a solemn and reciprocal

acknowledgment, by the noblesse of Henry's rights to the crown and by Henry of the nation's political, civil, and religious rights. The engagements entered into by Henry were only what were necessary to complete the guarantees given for the security of the rights of Catholics. As touching the succession to the throne, the signatories themselves say that all they do is to maintain and continue the law of the land."

There was, in 1589 an unlawful pretender to the throne of France; and that was cardinal Charles de Bourbon younger brother of Anthony de Bourbon, king of Navarre, and consequently uncle of Henry IV., sole representative of the elder branch. Under Henry III., the cardinal had thrown in his lot with the League; and, after the murder of Guise, Henry III. had, by way of precaution, ordered him to be arrested and detained him in confinement at Chinon, where he still was when Henry III. in his turn was murdered. On becoming king, the far-sighted Henry IV. at once bethought him of his uncle and of what he might be able to do against him. The cardinal was at Chinon, in the custody of Sieur de Chavigny, "a man of proved fidelity," says De Thou, "but by this time old and blind." Henry IV. wrote to Du Plessis-Mornay, appointed quite recently governor of Saumur, "bidding him, at any price," says Madame de Mornay, "to get Cardinal de Bourbon away from Chinon where he was, without sparing anything, even to the whole of his property, because he would incontinently set himself up for king if he could obtain his release." Henry IV. was right. As early as the 7th of August, the duke of Mayenne had an announcement made to the Parliament of Paris and written notice sent to all the provincial governors "that, in the interval until the states-general could be assembled, he urged them all to unite with him in rendering with one accord to their catholic king, that is to say Cardinal de Bourbon, the obedience that was due to him." The cardinal was, in fact, proclaimed under the name of Charles X.; and, eight months afterwards, on the 5th of March, 1590, the Parliament of Paris issued a decree "recognizing Charles X. as true and lawful king of France." Du Plessis-Mornay, ill though he was, had understood and executed, without loss of time, the orders of King Henry, going bail himself for the promises that had to be made and for the sums that had to be paid to get the cardinal away from the governor of Chinon. He succeeded, and had the cardinal removed to Fontenay-le-Comte in Poitou, "under the custody of Sieur de la Boulaye, governor

of that place, whose valor and fidelity were known to him." "That," said Henry IV. on receiving the news, "is one of the greatest services I could have had rendered me; M. du Plessis does business most thoroughly." On the 9th of May, 1590, not three months after the decree of the Parliament of Paris which had proclaimed him true and lawful king of France, Cardinal de Bourbon, still a prisoner, died at Fontenay, aged sixty-seven. A few weeks before his death he had written to his nephew Henry IV. a letter in which he recognized him as his sovereign.

The League was more than ever dominant in Paris: Henry IV. could not think of entering there. Before recommencing the war in his own name, he made Villerio, who, after the death of Henry III., had rejoined the duke of Mayenne, an offer of an interview in the Bois de Boulogne to see if there were no means of treating for peace. Mayenne would not allow Villerio to accept the offer: "He had no private quarrel," he said, "with the king of Navarre, whom he highly honored and who, to his certain knowledge, had not looked with approval upon his brothers' death; but any appearance of negotiation would cause great distrust amongst their party, and they would not do anything that tended against the rights of King Charles X." Renouncing all idea of negotiation, Henry IV. set out on the 8th of August from St. Cloud, after having told off his army in three divisions. Two were ordered to go and occupy Picardy and Champagne; and the king kept him with only the third, about six thousand strong. He went and laid the body of Henry III. in the church of St. Corneille at Compiègne, took Meulan and several small towns on the banks of the Seine and Oise, and propounded for discussion with his officers the question of deciding in which direction he should move, towards the Loire or the Seine, on Tours or on Rouen. He determined in favor of Normandy: he must be master of the ports in that province in order to receive there the reinforcements which had been promised him by Queen Elizabeth of England and which she did send him in September, 1589, forming a corps of from four to five thousand men, Scots and English, "aboard of thirteen vessels laden with 22,000 pounds sterling in gold and seventy thousand pounds of gunpowder, three thousand cannon-balls, and corn, biscuits, wine and beer, together with woollens and even shoes." They arrived very opportunely for the close of the campaign, but too late to share in Henry IV.'s

first victory, that series of fights around the castle of Arques which, in the words of an eye-witness, the duke of Angoulême, "was the first gate whereby Henry entered upon the road of his glory and good fortune."

After making a demonstration close to Rouen, Henry IV. learning that the duke of Mayenne was advancing in pursuit of him with an army of twenty-five thousand foot and eight thousand horse, thought it imprudent to wait for him and run the risk of being jammed between forces so considerable and the hostile population of a large city; so he struck his camp and took the road to Dieppe, in order to be near the coast and the reinforcements from Queen Elizabeth. Some persons even suggested to him that in case of mishap he might go thence and take refuge in England; but, at this prospect, Biron answered, "there is no king of France out of France;" and Henry IV. was of Biron's opinion. At his arrival before Dieppe, he found as governor there Aymar de Chastes, a man of wits and honor, a very moderate Catholic and very strongly in favor of the party of *policists*. Under Henry III. he had expressly refused to enter the League, saying to Villars who pressed him to do so, "I am a Frenchman, and you yourself will find out that the Spaniard is the real head of the League." He had organized at Dieppe four companies of burgess-guards, consisting of Catholics and Protestants, and he assembled about him, to consider the affairs of the town, a small council in which Protestants had the majority. As soon as he knew, on the 26th of August, that the king was approaching Dieppe, he went with the principal inhabitants to meet him and presented to him the keys of the place, saying, "I come to salute my lord and hand over to him the government of this city." "Ventre-saint-gris!" answered Henry IV., "I know nobody more worthy of it than you are!" The Dieppese overflowed with felicitations: "No fuss, my lads," said Henry: "all I want is your affections, good bread, good wine, and good hospitable faces." When he entered the town, "he was received," says a contemporary chronicler, "with loud cheers by the people; and what was curious, but exhilarating, was to see the king surrounded by close upon six thousand armed men, himself having but a few officers at his left hand." He received at Dieppe assurance of the fidelity of la Vêrune, governor of Caen, whither, in 1589, according to Henry III.'s order, that portion of the Parliament of Normandy which would not submit to the yoke of the League at Rouen, had removed.

Caen having set the example, St. Lô, Coutances, and Carentan likewise sent deputies to Dieppe to recognize the authority of Henry IV. But Henry had no idea of shutting himself up inside Dieppe: after having carefully inspected the castle, citadel, harbor, fortifications, and outskirts of the town, he left there five hundred men in garrison, supported by twelve or fifteen hundred well-armed burgesses, and went and established himself personally in the old castle of Arques, standing, since the eleventh century, upon a barren hill; below in the burgh of Arques, he sent Biron into cantonments with his regiment of Swiss and the companies of French infantry; and he lost no time in having large fosses dug ahead of the burgh, in front of all the approaches, enclosing within an extensive line of circumvallation both burgh and castle. All the king's soldiers and the peasants that could be picked up in the environs worked night and day. Whilst they were at work, Henry wrote to Countess Corisande de Gramont, his favorite at that time; "My dear heart, it is a wonder I am alive with such work as I have. God have pity upon me and show me mercy, blessing my labors, as He does in spite of a many folks! I am well and my affairs are going well. I have taken Eu. The enemy, who are double me just now, thought to catch me there; but I drew off towards Dieppe, and I await them in a camp that I am fortifying. To-morrow will be the day when I shall see them, and I hope, with God's help, that, if they attack me, they will find they have made a bad bargain. The bearer of this goes by sea. The wind and my duties make me conclude. This 9th of September, in the trenches at Arques."

All was finished when the scouts of Mayenne appeared. But Mayenne also was an able soldier: he saw that the position the king had taken and the works he had caused to be thrown up rendered a direct attack very difficult. He found means of bearing down upon Dieppe another way and of placing himself, says the latest historian of Dieppe, M. Vitet, between the king and the town, "hoping to cut off the king's communications with the sea, divide his forces, deprive him of his reinforcements from England, and, finally, surround him and capture him, as he had promised the Leaguers of Paris, who were already talking of the iron cage in which the Bearnese would be sent to them. Henry IV.," continues M. Vitet, "felt some vexation at seeing his forecasts checkmated by Mayenne's manœuvre and at having had so much earth removed to so little profit; but he was a man of resources, confident as the

Gascons are, and with very little of pigheadedness. To change all his plans was with him the work of an instant. Instead of awaiting the foe in his intrenchments, he saw that it was for him to go and feel for them on the other side of the valley and that, on pain of being invested, he must not leave the Leaguers any exit but the very road they had taken to come." Having changed all his plans on this new system, Henry breathed more freely; but he did not go to sleep for all that; he was incessantly backwards and forwards from Dieppe to Arques, from Arques to Dieppe and to the Faubourg du Pollet. Mayenne, on the contrary, seemed to have fallen into a lethargy; he had not yet been out of his quarters during the nearly eight and forty hours since he had taken them. On the 17th of September, 1589, in the morning, however, a few hundred light-horse were seen putting themselves in motion scouring the country and coming to fire their pistols close to the fosses of the royal army. The skirmish grew warm by degrees. "My son," said Marshal de Biron to the young count Auvergne [natural son of Charles IX. and Mary Touchet], "charge: now is the time." The young prince, without his hat, and his horsemen charged so vigorously that they put the Leaguers to the rout, killed three hundred of them, and returned quietly within their lines, by Biron's orders, without being disturbed in their retreat. These partial and irregular encounters began again on the 18th and 19th of September, with the same result. The duke of Mayenne was nettled and humiliated; he had his prestige to recover. He decided to concentrate all his forces right on the king's intrenchments and attack them in front with his whole army. The 20th of September passed without a single skirmish. Henry, having received good information that he would be attacked the next day, did not go to bed. The night was very dark. He thought he saw a long way off in the valley a long line of lighted matches; but there was profound silence; and the king and his officers puzzled themselves to decide if they were men or glow-worms. On the 21st at five a.m., the king gave orders for every one to be ready and at his post. He himself repaired to the battle-field. Sitting in a big fosse with all his officers, he had his breakfast brought thither and was eating with good appetite, when a prisoner was brought to him, a gentleman of the League, who had advanced too far whilst making a reconnaissance. "Good day, Belin," said the king, who recognized him, laughing: "embrace me for your welcome appearance." Belin embraced him, telling

him that he was about to have down upon him thirty thousand foot and ten thousand horse. "Where are your forces?" he asked the king, looking about him. "Oh! you don't see them all, M. de Belin," said Henry: "you don't reckon the good God and the good right, but they are ever with me."

The action began about ten o'clock. The fog was still so thick that there was no seeing one another at ten paces. The ardor on both sides was extreme; and during nearly three hours, victory seemed to twice shift her colors. Henry at one time found himself entangled amongst some squadrons so disorganized that he shouted, "Courage, gentlemen, pray, courage! Can't we find fifty gentlemen willing to die with their king?" At this moment Châtillon, issuing from Dieppe with five hundred picked men, arrived on the field of battle. The king dismounted to fight at his side in the trenches; and then, for a quarter of an hour, there was a furious combat, man to man. At last, "when things were in this desperate state," says Sully, "the fog, which had been very thick all the morning, dropped down suddenly, and the cannon of the castle of Arques getting sight of the enemy's army, a volley of four pieces was fired, which made four beautiful lanes in their squadrons and battalions. That pulled them up quite short; and three or four volleys in succession, which produced marvellous effects, made them waver and little by little retire all of them behind the turn of the valley, out of cannon-shot, and finally to their quarters." Mayenne had the retreat sounded. Henry, master of the field, gave chase for a while to the fugitives, and then returned to Arques to thank God for his victory. Mayenne struck his camp and took the road towards Amiens to pick up a Spanish corps which he was expecting from the Low Countries.

For six months, from September, 1589, to March, 1590, the war continued without any striking or important events. Henry IV. tried to stop it after his success at Arques; he sent word to the duke of Mayenne by his prisoner Belin, whom he had sent away free on parole, "that he desired peace, and so earnestly, that, without regarding his dignity or his victory, he made him these advances, not that he had any fear of him, but because of the pity he felt for his kingdom's sufferings." Mayenne, who lay beneath the double yoke of his party's passions and his own ambitious projects, rejected the king's overtures, or allowed them to fall through; and on the 21st of October, 1589, Henry, setting out with his army from Dieppe,

moved rapidly on Paris, in order to effect a strategic surprise, whilst Mayenne was rejecting at Amiens his pacific inclinations. The king gained three marches on the Leaguers, and carried by assault the five faubourgs situated on the left bank of the Seine. He would perhaps have carried terror-stricken Paris itself, if the imperfect breaking-up of the St. Maixent bridge on the Somme had not allowed Mayenne, notwithstanding his tardiness, to arrive at Paris in time to enter with his army, form a junction with the Leaguers amongst the population, and prevail upon the king to carry his arms elsewhere. "The people of Paris," says De Thou, "were extravagant enough to suppose that this prince could not escape Mayenne. Already a host of idle and credulous women had been at the pains of engaging windows, which they let very dear and which they had fitted up magnificently, to see the passage of that fanciful triumph for which their mad hopes had caused them to make every preparation—before the victory." Henry left some of his lieutenants to carry on the war in the environs of Paris, and himself repaired on the 21st of November to Tours, where the royalist parliament, the exchequer-chamber, the court of taxation, and all the magisterial bodies which had not felt inclined to submit to the despotism of the League, lost no time in rendering him homage, as the head and the representative of the national and the lawful cause. He reigned and ruled, to real purpose, in the eight principal provinces of the North and Centre, Ile-de-France, Picardy, Champagne, Normandy, Orleanness, Touraine, Maine, and Anjou; and his authority, although disputed, was making way in nearly all the other parts of the kingdom. He made war not like a conqueror but like a king who wanted to meet with acceptance in the places which he occupied and which he would soon have to govern. The inhabitants of Le Mans and Alençon were able to reopen their shops on the very day on which their town fell into his hands, and those of Vendôme the day after. He watched to see that respect was paid by his soldiers, even the Huguenots, to catholic churches and ceremonies. Two soldiers, having made their way into Le Mans, contrary to his orders, after the capitulation, and having stolen a chalice, were hanged on the spot, though they were men of acknowledged bravery. He protected carefully the bishops and all the ecclesiastics who kept aloof from political strife. "If minute details are required," says a contemporary pamphleteer, "out of a hundred or a hundred and twenty archbishops or bishops existing in the

realm of France not a tenth part approve of the counsels of the League." It was not long before Henry reaped the financial fruits of his protective equity; at the close of 1589 he could count upon a regular revenue of more than two millions of crowns, very insufficient, no doubt, for the wants of his government, but much beyond the official resources of his enemies. He had very soon taken his proper rank in Europe: the protestant Powers which had been eager to recognize him, England, Scotland, the Low Countries, the Scandinavian States, and reformed Germany, had been joined by the republic of Venice, the most judiciously governed State at that time in Europe, but solely on the ground of political interests and views, independently of any religious question. On the accession of Henry IV., his ambassador, Hurault de Maisse, was received and very well treated at Venice; he was merely excluded from religious ceremonies; the Venetian people joined in the policy of their government; the portrait of the new king of France was everywhere displayed and purchased throughout Venice. Some Venetians went so far as to take service in his army against the League. The Holy Inquisition commenced proceedings against them for heresy; the government stopped the proceedings, and even, says Count Daru, had the Inquisitor thrown into prison. The Venetian senate accredited to the court of Henry IV. the same ambassador who had been at Henry III.'s; and, on returning to Tours, on the 21st of November, 1589, the king received him to an audience in state. A little later on he did more; he sent the republic, as a pledge of his friendship, his sword—the sword, he said in his letter, which he had used at the battle of Ivry. "The good offices were mutual," adds M. de Daru, "the Venetians lent Henry IV. sums of money which the badness of the times rendered necessary to him; but their ambassador had orders to throw into the fire in the king's presence the securities for the loan."

As the government of Henry IV. went on growing in strength and extent, two facts, both of them natural though antagonistic, were being accomplished in France and in Europe. The moderate Catholics were beginning, not as yet to make approaches towards him, but to see a glimmering possibility of treating with him and obtaining from him such concessions as they considered necessary at the same time that they in their turn made to him such as he might consider sufficient for his party and himself. It has already been remarked with what sagacity Pope Sixtus V. had divined the character of

Henry IV. at the very moment of condemning Henry III. for making an alliance with him. When Henry IV. had become king, Sixtus V. pronounced strongly against a heretic king and maintained, in opposition to him, his alliance with Philip II. and the League. "France," said he, "is a good and noble kingdom, which has infinity of benefices and is specially dear to us; and so we try to save her; but religion sits nearer than France to our heart." He chose for his legate in France Cardinal Gaetani, whom he knew to be agreeable to Philip II. and gave him instructions in harmony with the Spanish policy. Having started for his post, Gaetani was a long while on the road, halting at Lyons amongst other places, as if he were in no hurry to enter upon his duties. At the close of 1589, Henry IV., king for the last five months and already victorious at Arques, appointed as his ambassador at Rome Francis de Luxembourg, duke of Pinei, to try and enter into official relations with the pope. On the 6th of January, 1590, Sixtus V., at his reception of the cardinals, announced to them this news. Badoero, ambassador of Venice at Rome, leant forward and whispered in his ear, "We must pray God to inspire the king of Navarre. On the day when your holiness embraces him, and then only, the affairs of France will be adjusted. Humanly speaking, there is no other way of bringing peace to that kingdom." The pope confined himself to replying that God would do all for the best, and that, for his own part, he would wait. On arriving at Rome, "the duke of Luxembourg repaired to the Vatican with two and twenty carriages occupied by French gentlemen; but, at the palace, he found the door of the pope's apartments closed, the sentries doubled, and the officers on duty under orders to intimate to the French, the chief of the embassy excepted, that they must lay aside their swords. At the door of the Holy Father's closet, the duke and three gentlemen of his train were alone allowed to enter. The indignation felt by the French was mingled with apprehensions of an ambush. Luxembourg himself could not banish a feeling of vague terror; great was his astonishment when, on his introduction to the pontiff, the latter received him with demonstrations of affection, asked him news of his journey, said he would have liked to give him quarters in the palace, made him sit down, a distinction reserved for the ambassadors of kings, and, lastly, listened patiently to the French envoy's long recital. In fact, the receptions *intra et extra muros* bore very little resemblance one to the other, but the difference between them corresponded

pretty faithfully with the position of Sixtus V., half engaged to the League by Gaetani's commission and to Philip II. by the steps he had recently taken, and already regretting that he was so far gone in the direction of Spain" [*Sixtus V.*, by Baron Hübner, late ambassador of Austria at Paris and at Rome, t. ii. pp. 280-282].

Unhappily Sixtus V. died on the 27th of August, 1590, before having modified, to any real purpose, his bearing towards the king of France and his instructions to his legate. After Pope Urban VIII.'s apparition of thirteen days' duration, Gregory XIV. was elected pope on the 5th of December, 1590; and, instead of a Head of the Church able enough and courageous enough to comprehend and practise a policy European and Italian as well as catholic in its scope, there was a pope humbly devoted to the Spanish policy, meekly subservient to Philip II.; that is, to the cause of religious persecution and of absolute power, without regard for anything else. The relations of France with the Holy See at once felt the effects of this; Cardinal Gaetani received from Rome all the instructions that the most ardent Leaguers could desire; and he gave his approval to a resolution of the Sorbonne to the effect that Henry de Bourbon, heretic and relapsed, was for ever excluded from the crown, whether he became a Catholic or not. Henry IV. had convoked the states-general at Tours for the month of March, and had summoned to that city the archbishops and bishops to form a national council and to deliberate as to the means of restoring the king to the bosom of the catholic Church. The legate prohibited this council, declaring, beforehand, the excommunication and deposition of any bishops who should be present at it. The Leaguer Parliament of Paris forbade, on pain of death and confiscation, any connection, any correspondence with Henry de Bourbon and his partisans. A solemn procession of the League took place at Paris on the 14th of March, and, a few days afterwards, the union was sworn afresh by all the municipal chiefs of the population. In view of such passionate hostility, Henry IV., a stranger to any sort of illusion at the same time that he was always full of hope, saw that his successes at Arques were insufficient for him and that, if he were to occupy the throne in peace, he must win more victories. He recommenced the campaign by the siege of Dreux, one of the towns which it was most important for him to possess in order to put pressure on Paris and cause her to feel, even at a distance, the perils and evils of war.

On Wednesday, the 14th of March, 1590, was fought the battle of Ivry, a village six leagues from Evreux, on the left bank of the Eure. "Starting from Dreux on the 12th of March" [Poirson, *Histoire du règne d'Henri IV.*, t. i. p. 180], "the royal army had arrived the same day at Nonancourt, marching with the greatest regularity by divisions and always in close order, through fearful weather, frost having succeeded rain; moreover, it traversed a portion of the road during the shades of evening. The soldier was harassed and knocked up. But scarcely had he arrived at his destination for the day, when he found large fires lighted everywhere and provisions in abundance, served out with intelligent regularity to the various quarters of cavalry and infantry. He soon recovered all his strength and daring." The king, in concert with the veteran Marshal de Biron, had taken these prudent measures. All the historians, contemporary and posterior, have described in great detail the battle of Ivry, the manœuvres and alternations of success that distinguished it; by rare good fortune, we have an account of the affair written the very same evening in the camp at Rosny by Henry IV. himself and at once sent off to some of his principal partisans who were absent, amongst others to M. de la Vêrune, governor of Caen. We will content ourselves here with the king's own words, striking in their precision, brevity, and freedom from any self-complacent gasconading on the narrator's part, respecting either his party or himself.

LETTER OF KING HENRY IV. TOUCHING THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

"It has pleased God to grant me that which I had the most desired, to have means of giving battle to mine enemies; having firm confidence that, having got so far, God would give me grace to obtain the victory, as it hath happened this very day. You have heretofore heard how that, after the capture of the town of Honfleur, I went and made them raise the siege they were laying to the town of Meulan, and I offered them battle, which it seemed that they ought to accept, having in numbers twice the strength that I could muster. But in the hope of being able to do so with more safety, they made up their minds to put it off until they had been joined by fifteen hundred lances which the duke of Parma was sending them; which was done a few days ago. And then they spread abroad everywhere that they would force me to fight, wheresoever I might be; they thought to have found a very favorable opportunity

in coming to encounter me at the siege I was laying before the town of Dreux; but I did not give them the trouble of coming so far; for, as soon as I was advertised that they had crossed the river of Seine and were heading towards me, I resolved to put off the siege rather than fail to go and meet them. Having learnt that they were six leagues from the said Dreux, I set out last Monday, the 12th of this month, and went and took up my quarters at the town of Nonancourt, which was three leagues from them, for to cross the river there. On Tuesday, I went and took the quarters which they meant to have for themselves and where their quarter-masters had already arrived. I put myself in order of battle, in the morning, on a very fine plain, about a league from the point which they had chosen the day before and where they immediately appeared with their whole army, but so far from me that I should have given them a great advantage by going so forward to seek them; I contented myself with making them quit a village they had seized close by me; at last, night constrained us both to get into quarters, which I did in the nearest villages.

“To-day, having had their position reconnoitred betimes, and after it had been reported to me that they had shown themselves, but even further off than they had done yesterday, I resolved to approach so near to them that there must needs be a collision. And so it happened between ten and eleven in the morning; I went to seek them to the very spot where they were posted, and whence they never advanced a step but what they made to the charge; and the battle took place, wherein God was pleased to make known that His protection is always on the side of the right; for in less than an hour, after having spent all their choler in two or three charges which they made and supported, all their cavalry began to take its departure, leaving their infantry, which was in large numbers. Seeing which, their Swiss had recourse to my compassion and surrendered, colonels, captains, privates, and all their flags. The lanzknechts and French had no time to take this resolution, for they were cut to pieces, twelve hundred of one and as many of the other; the rest prisoners and put to the rout in the woods, at the mercy of the peasants. Of their cavalry there are from nine hundred to a thousand killed, and from four to five hundred dismounted and prisoners; without counting those drowned in crossing the river Eure, which they crossed to Ivry for to put it between them and us, and who are a great number. The rest of the better mounted saved themselves by flight, in

very great disorder, having lost all their baggage. I did not let them be until they were close to Mantes. Their white standard is in my hands and its bearer a prisoner; twelve or fifteen other standards of their cavalry, twice as many more of their infantry, all their artillery; countless lords prisoners, and of dead a great number, even of those in command, whom I have not yet been able to find time to get identified. But I know that amongst others Count Egmont, who was general of all the forces that came from Flanders, was killed. Their prisoners all say that their army was about four thousand horse, and from twelve to thirteen thousand foot, of which I suppose not a quarter has escaped. As for mine, it may have been two thousand horse and eight thousand foot. But of this cavalry, more than six hundred horse joined me after I was in order of battle, on the Tuesday and Wednesday; nay, the last troop of the noblesse from Picardy, brought up by Sire d'Humières and numbering three hundred horse, came up when half-an-hour had already passed since the battle began.

“It is a miraculous work of God's, who was pleased, first of all, to give me the resolution to attack them and, then, the grace to be able so successfully to accomplish it. Wherefore to Him alone is the glory; and so far as any of it may, by His permission, belong to man, it is due to the princes, officers of the crown, lords, captains and all the noblesse who with so much ardor rushed forward and so successfully exerted themselves, that their predecessors did not leave them more beautiful examples than they will leave to their posterity. As I am greatly content and satisfied with them, so I think that they are with me, and that they have seen that I had no mind to make use of them anywhere without I had also shown them the way. I am still following up the victory with my cousins the princes of Conti, duke of Montpensier, count of St. Paul, marshal-duke of Aumont, grand prior of France, La Trémoille, Sieurs de la Guiche and de Givry, and several other lords and captains. My cousin Marshal de Biron remains with the main army awaiting my tidings which will go on, I hope, still prospering. You shall hear more fully in my next despatch, which shall follow this very closely, the particulars of this victory, whereof I desired to give you these few words of information, so as not to keep you longer out of the pleasure which I know that you will receive therefrom. I pray you to impart it to all my other good servants yonder and, especially, to have thanks given

therefor to God, whom I pray to have you in His holy keeping.

“HENRY.

“From the camp at Rosny, this 14th day of March, 1590.”

History is not bound to be so reserved and so modest as the king was about himself. It was not only as able captain and valiant soldier that Henry IV. distinguished himself at Ivry; there the man was as conspicuous for the strength of his better feelings, as generous and as affectionate as the king was far-sighted and bold. When the word was given to march from Dreux, Count Schomberg, colonel of the German auxiliaries called reiters, had asked for the pay of his troops, letting it be understood that they would not fight if their claims were not satisfied. Henry had replied harshly, “People don’t ask for money on the eve of a battle.” At Ivry, just as the battle was on the point of beginning, he went up to Schomberg: “Colonel,” said he, “I hurt your feelings. This may be the last day of my life. I can’t bear to take away the honor of a brave and honest gentleman like you. Pray forgive me and embrace me.” “Sir,” answered Schomberg, “the other day your majesty wounded me, to-day you kill me.” He gave up the command of the reiters in order to fight in the king’s own squadron, and was killed in action. As he passed along the front of his own squadron, Henry halted; and, “Comrades,” said he, “if you run my risks, I also run yours. I will conquer or die with you. Keep your ranks well, I beg. If the heat of battle disperse you for a while, rally as soon as you can under those three pear-trees you see up yonder to my right; and if you lose your standard, do not lose sight of my white plume; you will always find it in the path of honor and, I hope, of victory too.” Having galloped along the whole line of his army, he halted again, threw his horse’s reins over his arms and clasped his hands, exclaiming, “O God, Thou knowest my thoughts and Thou dost see to the very bottom of my heart; if it be for my people’s good that I keep the crown, favor Thou my cause and uphold my arms. But if Thy holy will have otherwise ordained, at least let me die, O God, in the midst of these brave soldiers who give their lives for me!” When the battle was over and won, he heard that Rosny had been severely wounded in it; and when he was removed to Rosny Castle, the king, going close up to his stretcher, said,

"My friend, I am very glad to see you with a much better countenance than I expected; I should feel still greater joy if you assure me that you run no risk of your life or of being disabled for ever; the rumor was that you had two horses killed under you; that you had been borne to earth, rolled over and trampled upon by the horses of several squadrons, bruised and cut-up by so many blows that it would be a marvel if you escaped, or if, at the very least, you were not mutilated for life in some limb. I should like to hug you with both arms. I shall never have any good fortune or increase of greatness but you shall share it. Fearing that too much talking may be harmful to your wounds, I am off again to Mantes. Adieu, my friend, fare you well, and be assured that you have a good master."

Henry IV. had not only a warm but an expansive heart; he could not help expressing and pouring forth his feelings. That was one of his charms and also one of his sources of power.

The victory of Ivry had a great effect in France and in Europe. But not immediately and as regarded the actual campaign of 1590. The victorious king moved on Paris and made himself master of the little towns in the neighborhood with a view of investing the capital. When he took possession of St. Denis [on the 9th of July, 1590], he had the relics and all the jewelry of the church shown to him. When he saw the royal crown, from which the principal stones had been detached, he asked what had become of them. He was told that M. de Mayenne had caused them to be removed. "He has the stones, then," said the king; "and I have the soil." He visited the royal tombs, and when he was shown that of Catherine de' Medici, "Ah!" said he smiling, "how well it suits her!" And, as he stood before Henry III.'s he said, "Ventre-saint-gris! There is my good brother; I desire that I be laid beside him." As he thus went on visiting and establishing all his posts around Paris, the investment became more strict; it was kept up for more than three months, from the end of May to the beginning of September, 1590; and the city was reduced to a severe state of famine which would have been still more severe if Henry IV. had not several times over permitted the entry of some convoys of provisions and the exit of the old men, the women, the children, in fact, the poorest and weakest part of the population. "Paris must not be a cemetery," he said: "I do not wish to reign over the dead." "A true king," says De Thou, "more anxious for the preser-

vation of his kingdom than greedy of conquest, and making no distinction between his own interests and the interest of his people." Two famous Protestants, Ambrose Paré and Bernard Palissy, preserved, one by his surgical and the other by his artistic genius, from the popular fury, were still living at that time in Paris, both eighty years of age and both pleading for the liberty of their creed and for peace. "Monseigneur," said Paré one day to the archbishop of Lyons, whom he met at one end of the bridge of St. Michael, "this poor people that you see here around you, is dying of sheer hunger-madness and demands your compassion. For God's sake show them some as you would have God's shown to you. Think a little on the office to which God hath called you. Give us peace or give us wherewithal to live, for the poor folks can hold out no more." The Italian Danigarola himself, bishop of Asti and attaché to the embassy of Cardinal Gaetani, having publicly said that peace was necessary, was threatened by the Sixteen with being sewn up in a sack and thrown into the river if he did not alter his tone. Not peace but a cessation of the investment of Paris was brought about, on the 23rd of August, 1590, by Duke Alexander of Parma who, in accordance with express orders from Philip II., went from the Low Countries, with his army, to join Mayenne at Meaux and threaten Henry IV. with their united forces if he did not retire from the walls of the capital. Henry IV. offered the two dukes battle, if they really wished to put a stop to the investment; but "I am not come so far," answered the duke of Parma, "to take counsel of my enemy; if my manner of warfare does not please the king of Navarre, let him force me to change it instead of giving me advice that nobody asks him for." Henry in vain attempted to make the duke of Parma accept battle. The able Italian established himself in a strongly intrenched camp, surprised Lagny and opened to Paris the navigation of the Marne, by which provisions were speedily brought up. Henry decided upon retreating; he dispersed the different divisions of his army into Touraine, Normandy, Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, and himself took up his quarters at Senlis, at Compiègne, in the towns on the banks of the Oise. The duke of Mayenne arrived on the 18th of September at Paris; the duke of Parma entered it himself with a few officers and left it on the 13th of November with his army on his way back to the Low Countries, being a little harassed in his retreat by the royal cavalry, but easy, for the moment, as to the fate of Paris and the issue of the war

which continued during the first six months of the year 1591, but languidly and disconnectedly, with successes and reverses see-sawing between the two parties and without any important results.

Then began to appear the consequences of the victory of Ivry and the progress made by Henry IV., in spite of the check he received before Paris and at some other points in the kingdom. Not only did many moderate Catholics make advances to him, struck with his sympathetic ability and his valor, and hoping that he would end by becoming a catholic, but patriotic wrath was kindling in France against Philip II. and the Spaniards, those fomenters of civil war in the mere interest of foreign ambition. We quoted but lately the words used by the governor of Dieppe, Aymar de Chastes, when he said to Villars, governor of Rouen, who pressed him to enter the League, "You will yourself find out that the Spaniard is the real head of this League." On the 5th of August, 1590, during the investment of Paris, a placard was posted all over the city. "Poor Parisians," it said, "I deplore your misery and I feel even greater pity towards you for being still such simpletons. See you not that this son of perdition of a Spanish ambassador [Bernard de Mendoza], who had our good king murdered, is making game of you, cramming you so with pap that he would fain have had you burst before now in order to lay hands on your goods and on France if he could? He alone prevents peace and the repose of desolated France as well as the reconciliation of the king and the princes in real amity. Why are ye so tardy to cast him in a sack down-stream, that he may return the sooner to Spain?" On the 6th of August, there was found written with charcoal, on the gate of St. Anthony, the following eight lines:

"Some folks for Holy League bear more
Than the prodigal son in the Bible bore;
For he, together with his swine,
On bean and root and husk would dine;
Whilst they, unable to procure
Such dainty morsels, must endure
Between their skinny lips to pass
Offal and tripe of horse or ass."

"These," said a Latin inscription on the awnings of the butchers' shops, "are the rewards of those who expose their lives for Philip" [*Hæc sunt munera pro iis qui vitam pro Philippo proferunt: Memoires de L'Estoile, t. ii. pp. 73, 74*]. In 1591,

these public sentiments, reproduced and dilated upon in numerous pamphlets, imported dissension into the heart of the League itself, which split up into two parties, the *Spanish League* and the *French League*. The committee of *Sixteen* labored incessantly for the formation and triumph of the *Spanish League*; and its principal leaders wrote, on the 2nd of September, 1591, a letter to Philip II., offering him the crown of France and pledging their allegiance to him as his subjects: "We can positively assure your Majesty," they said, "that the wishes of all Catholics are to see your Catholic Majesty holding the sceptre of this kingdom and reigning over us, even as we do throw ourselves right willingly into your arms as into those of our father, or at any rate establishing one of your posterity upon the throne." These ringleaders of the Spanish League had for their army the blindly fanatical and demagogic populace of Paris, and were, further, supported by 4000 Spanish troops whom Philip II. had succeeded in getting almost surreptitiously into Paris. They created a *council of ten*, the sixteenth century's committee of public safety; they proscribed the *policists*; they, on the 15th of November, had the president, Brisson, and two councillors of the Leaguer Parliament arrested, hanged them to a beam and dragged the corpses to the Place de Grève, where they strung them up to a gibbet with inscriptions setting forth that they were heretics, traitors to the city and enemies of the catholic princes. Whilst the *Spanish League* was thus reigning at Paris, the duke of Mayenne was at Laon, preparing to lead his army, consisting partly of Spaniards, to the relief of Rouen, the siege of which Henry IV. was commencing. Being summoned to Paris by messengers who succeeded one another every hour, he arrived there on the 28th of November, 1591, with 2000 French troops; he armed the guard of burgesses, seized and hanged, in a ground-floor room of the Louvre, four of the chief leaders of the Sixteen, suppressed their committee, re-established the parliament in full authority, and, finally, restored the security and preponderance of the *French League*, whilst taking the reins once more into his own hands. But the *French League* before long found itself, in its turn, placed in a situation quite as embarrassing, if not so provocative of odium, as that in which the *Spanish League* had lately been; for it had become itself the tool of personal and unlawful ambition. The Lorraine princes, it is true, were less foreign to France than the king of Spain was; they had even rendered her emi-

ment service; but they had no right to the crown. Mayenne had opposed to him the native and lawful heir to the throne, already recognized and invested with the kingly power by a large portion of France, and quite capable of disputing his kingship with the ablest competitors. By himself and with his own party alone, Mayenne was not in a position to maintain such a struggle; in order to have any chance he must have recourse to the prince whose partisans he had just overthrown and chastised. On the 11th of November, 1591, Henry IV. had laid siege to Rouen with a strong force and was pushing the operations on vigorously. In order to obtain the troops and money without which he could not relieve this important place, the leader of the *French League* treated humbly with the patron of the *Spanish League*. "In the conferences held at La Fère and at Lihom-Saintot, between the 10th and the 18th of January, 1592," says M. Poirson, "the duke of Parma, acting for the king of Spain, and Mayenne drew up conventions which only awaited the ratification of Philip II. to be converted into a treaty. Mayenne was to receive four millions of crowns a year and a Spanish army, which together would enable him to oppose Henry IV. He had, besides, a promise of a large establishment for himself, his relatives and the chiefs of his party. In exchange, he promised in his own name and that of the princes of his house and the great lords of the League that Philip II.'s daughter, the Infanta Isabella (Clara Eugenia) should be recognized as sovereign and proprietress of the throne of France, and that the states-general, convoked for that purpose, should proclaim her right and confer upon her the throne. It is true," adds M. Poirson, "that Mayenne stipulated that the Infanta should take a husband, within the year, at the suggestion of the councillors and great officers of the crown, that the kingdom should be preserved in its entirety, and that its laws and customs should be maintained. . . . It even appears certain that Mayenne purposed not to keep any of these promises and to emend his infamy by a breach of faith. . . . But a conviction generally prevailed that he recognized the rights of the Infanta and that he would labor to place her on the throne. The lords of his own party believed it; the legate reported it everywhere; the royal party regarded it as certain. During the whole course of the year 1592, this opinion gave the most disastrous assistance to the intrigues and ascendancy of Philip II., and added immeasurably to the public dangers" [Poirson, *Histoire du règne d'Henri IV.* t. i. pp. 304-306.]

Whilst these two Leagues, one Spanish and the other French, were conspiring thus persistently, sometimes together and sometimes one against the other, to promote personal ambition and interests, at the same time national instinct, respect for traditional rights, weariness of civil war, and the good sense which is born of long experience were bringing France more and more over to the cause and name of Henry IV. In all the provinces, throughout all ranks of society, the population non-enrolled amongst the factions were turning their eyes towards him as the only means of putting an end to war at home and abroad, the only pledge of national unity, public prosperity, and even freedom of trade, a hazy idea as yet, but even now prevalent in the great ports of France and in Paris. Would Henry turn Catholic? That was the question asked everywhere, amongst Protestants with anxiety, but with keen desire and not without hope amongst the mass of the population. The rumor ran that, on this point, negotiations were half opened even in the midst of the League itself, even at the court of Spain, even at Rome where Pope Clement VIII., a more moderate man than his predecessor, Gregory XIV., "had no desire," says Sully, "to foment the troubles of France, and still less that the king of Spain should possibly become its undisputed king, rightly judging that this would be laying open to him the road to the monarchy of Christendom, and, consequently, reducing the Roman pontiffs to the position, if it were his good pleasure, of his mere chaplains" [*Economies royales*, t. ii. p. 106]. Such being the existing state of facts and minds, it was impossible that Henry IV. should not ask himself roundly the same question and feel that he had no time to lose in answering it.

At the beginning of February, 1593, he sent for Rosny one evening very late: "And so," says Rosny, "I found his Majesty in bed, having already wished every one a good night; who, as soon as he saw me come in, ordered a hassock to be brought and me to kneel thereon against his bed, and said to me, 'My friend, I have sent for you so late for to speak with you about the things that are going on, and to hear your opinions thereon; I confess that I have often found them better than those of many others who make great show of being clever. If you continue to leave me the care of that which concerns you and yourself to take continual care of my affairs, we shall both of us find it to our welfare. I do not wish to hide any longer that for a long time past I have had

my eye upon you in order to employ you personally in my most important affairs, especially in those of my finances, for I hold you to be honest and painstaking. For the present, I wish to speak with you about that large number of persons of all parties, all ranks and different tempers, who would be delighted to exert themselves for the pacification of the kingdom, especially if I can resolve to make some arrangement as regards religion. I am quite resolved not to hear of any negotiation or treaty, save on these two conditions, that some result may be looked for tending both to the advantage of the people of my kingdom and to the real re-establishment of the kingly authority. I know that it is your custom, whenever I put anything before you, to ask me for time to think well thereon before you are disposed to tell me your opinion; in three or four days I shall send for you to tell me what has occurred to you touching all these fine hopes that many would have me anticipate from their interventions; all of them persons, very diverse in temper, purposes, interests, functions and religion.'"

"Whereupon," says Rosny, "the king having dismissed me with a good evening, he did not fail to send for me again three days afterwards, in order that I should go and see him again in bed, near the which having made me kneel as before, he said, 'Come now, tell me this moment and quite at leisurely length all your foolish fancies, for so you have always called the best counsels you have ever given me, touching the questions I put to you the other evening. I am ready to listen to you right on to the end, without interrupting you.'"

"Sir," said Rosny, "I have reflected not only on what your Majesty was pleased to tell me three days ago, but also on what I have been able to learn, as to the same affairs, from divers persons of all qualities and religions, and even women who have talked to me in order to make me talk and to see if I knew any particulars of your private intentions. . . . As it seems to me, sir, all these goings, comings, writings, letters, journeys, interventions, parleys and conferences cannot be better compared than to that swarming of attorneys at the courts, who take a thousand turns and walks about the great hall, under pretence of settling cases, and all the while it is they who give them birth, and would be very sorry for a single one to die off. In the next place, not a single one of them troubles himself about right or wrong, provided that the crowns are forthcoming, and that, by dint of lustily shouting, they are reputed eloquent, learned, and well stocked with inventions and

subtleties. Consequently, sir, without troubling yourself further with these treaty-mongers and negotiators, who do nothing but lure you, bore you, perplex your mind, and fill with doubts and scruples the minds of your subjects, I opine, in a few words, that you must still for some time exercise great address, patience, and prudence, in order that there may be engendered amongst all this mass of confusion, anarchy and chimera that they call the *holy catholic union* so many and such opposite desires, jealousies, pretensions, hatreds, longings and designs that, at last, all the French there are amongst them must come and throw themselves into your arms, bit by bit, recognize your kingship alone as possible and look to nothing but it for protection, prop or stay. Nevertheless, sir, that your Majesty may not regard me as a spirit of contradiction for having found nothing good in all these proposals made to you by these great negotiators, I will add to my suggestions just one thing: if a bit of Catholicism were quite agreeable to you, if it were properly embraced and accepted accordingly, in honorable and suitable form, it would be of great service, might serve as cement between you and all your Catholic subjects; and it would even facilitate your other great and magnificent designs whereof you have sometimes spoken to me. Touching this, I would say more to you about it if I were of such profession as permitted me to do so with a good conscience; I content myself, as it is, with leaving yours to do its work within you on so ticklish and so delicate a subject."

"I quite understand your opinions," said the king: "they resolve themselves almost into one single point: I must not allow the establishment of any association or show of government having the least appearance of being able to subsist by itself or by its members in any part of my kingdom, or suffer dismemberment in respect of any one of the royal prerogatives, as regards things spiritual as well as temporal. Such is my full determination."

"I answered the king," continues Rosny, "that I was rejoiced to see him taking so intelligent a view of his affairs, and that, for the present, I had no advice to give him but to seek repose of body and mind, and to permit me likewise to seek the same for myself, for I was dead sleepy, not having slept for two nights; and so, without a word more, the king gave me good night, and, as for me, I went back to my quarters."

A few days before this conversation between the king and

his friend Rosny, on the 26th of January, 1593, the states-general of the League had met in the great hall of the Louvre, present the duke of Mayenne surrounded by all the pomp of royalty, but so nervous that his speech in opening the session was hardly audible and that he frequently changed color during its delivery. On leaving, his wife told him that she was afraid he was not well, as she had seen him turn pale three or four times. A hundred and twenty-eight deputies had been elected; only fifty were present at this first meeting. They adjourned to the 4th of February. In the interval, on the 28th of January, there had arrived, also, a royalist trumpeter, bringing, "on behalf of the princes, prelates, officers of the crown and principal lords of the catholic faith who were with the king of Navarre, an offer of a conference between the two parties for to lay down the basis of a peace eagerly desired." On hearing this message, Cardinal Pellevé, archbishop of Sens, one of the most fiery prelates of the League, said, "that he was of opinion that the trumpeter should be whipped to teach him not to undertake such silly errands for the future;" "an opinion," said somebody, "quite worthy of a thick head like his, wherein there is but little sense."

The states-general of the League were of a different opinion. After long and lively discussion, the three orders decided, each separately, on the 25th of February, to consent to the conference demanded by the friends of the king of Navarre. On the 4th of February, when they resumed session, Cardinal Philip de Séga, bishop of Placencia (in Spain) and legate of Pope Clement VIII., had requested to be present at the deliberation of the assembly, but his request was refused; the states confined themselves to receiving his benediction and hearing him deliver an address.

The different fate of these two proposals was a clear indication of the feelings of the assembly; they were very diverse in the three orders which constituted it; almost all the clergy, prelates and popular preachers were devoted to the Spanish League; the noblesse were not at all numerous at these states; "The most brilliant and most active members of it," says M. Picot correctly, "had ranged themselves behind Henry IV.; and it covered itself with eternal honor by having been the first to discern where to look for the hopes and the salvation of France." The third estate was very much divided; it contained the fanatical Leaguers, at the service of Philip II. and the court of Rome, the partisans, much more numerous, of the

French League, who desired peace and were ready to accept Henry IV., provided that he turned catholic, and a small band of political spirits, more powerful in talent than number. Regularly, as the deputies arrived, Mayenne went to each of them, saying privately, "Gentlemen, you see what the question is; it is the very chiefest of all matters (*res maxima rerum agitur*). I beg you to give your best attention to it and to so act that the adversaries steal no march on us and get no advantage over us. Nevertheless, I mean to abide by what I have promised them." Mayenne was quite right: it was certainly the chiefest of all matters. The head of the Protestants of France, the ally of all the Protestants in Europe—should he become a Catholic and king of France? The temporal head of catholic Europe, the king of Spain—should he abolish the Salic law in France by placing upon it his daughter as queen and dismember France to his own profit and that of the leaders of the League, his hirelings rather than his allies? Or, peradventure, should one of these Leaguer-chiefs be he who should take the crown of France and found a new dynasty there? And which of these Leaguer-chiefs should attain this good fortune? A half-German or a true Frenchman? A Lorraine prince or a Bourbon? And, if a Lorraine prince, which? The duke of Mayenne, military head of the League, or his uterine brother, the duke of Nemours, or his nephew the young duke of Guise, son of the Balafré? All these questions were mooted, all these pretensions were on the cards, all these combinations had their special intrigue. And in the competition upon which they entered with one another, at the same time that they were incessantly laying traps for one another, they kept up towards one another, because of the uncertainty of their chances, a deceptive course of conduct often amounting to acts of downright treachery committed without scruple in order to preserve for themselves a place and share in the unknown future towards which they were moving. It was in order to have his opinion upon a position so dark and complicated and upon the behavior it required that Henry IV., then at Mantes, sent once more for Rosny and had a second conversation, a few weeks later, with him.

"Well! my friend," said the king, "what say you about all these plots that are being projected against my conscience, my life, and my kingdom? Since the death of the duke of Parma on the 2nd of December, 1592, in the Abbey of St. Waast at Arras, from the consequences of a wound received in the pre-

ceding April at the siege of Caudebec,] it seems that deeds of arms have given place to intrigues and contests of words. I fancy that such gentry will never leave me at rest, and will at last, perhaps, attempt my liberty and my life. I beg you to tell me your opinion freely and what remedies, short of cruelty and violence, I might now employ to get rid of all these hindrances and cabals (*monopoles*) that are going on against the rights which have come to me by the will of God, by birth, and by the laws of the realm."

"Sir," said Rosny, "I do not fancy that deferments and temporizations, any more than long speeches, would now be seasonable; there are, it seems to me, but two roads to take to deliver yourself from peril but not from anxiety, for from anxiety kings and princes, the greater they are, can the less secure themselves if they wish to reign successfully. One of the two roads is to accommodate yourself to the desires and wishes of those of whom you feel distrust; the other, to secure the persons of those who are the most powerful and of the highest rank and most suspected by you, and put them in such place as will prevent them from doing you hurt; you know them pretty nearly all; there are some of them very rich; you will be able for a long while to carry on war. As for advising you to go to mass, it is a thing that you ought not, it seems to me, to expect from me who am of the religion; but frankly will I tell you that it is the readiest and the easiest means of confounding all these cabals (*monopoles*), and causing all the most mischievous projects to end in smoke."

The King. "But tell me freely, I beg of you, what you would do if you were in my place?"

Rosny. "I can assure you honestly, sir, that I have never thought about what I should feel bound to do for to be king, it having always seemed to me that I had not a head able or intended to wear a crown. As to your Majesty, it is another affair; in you, sir, that desire is not only laudable but necessary, as it does not appear how this realm can be restored to its greatness, opulence and splendor but by the sole means of your eminent worth and downright kingly courage. But whatever right you have to the kingdom, and whatever need it has of your courage and worth for its restoration, you will never arrive at complete possession and peaceable enjoyment of this dominion but by two sole expedients and means. In case of the first, which is force and arms, you will have to employ strong measures, severity, rigor and violence, processes which

are all utterly opposed to your temper and inclination; you will have to pass through an infinity of difficulties, fatigues, pains, annoyances, perils and labors, with a horse perpetually between your legs, harness [*halecret*, a species of light cuirass] on back, helmet on head, pistol in fist and sword in hand. And, what is more, you will have to bid adieu to repose, pleasure, pastime, love, mistress, play, hunting, hawking, and building; for you will not get out of such matters but by multiplicity of town-taking, quantity of fights, signal victories and great bloodshed. By the other road, which is to accommodate yourself, as regards religion, to the wish of the greatest number of your subjects, you will not encounter so many annoyances, pains, and difficulties in this world, but as to the next, I don't answer for you; it is for your Majesty to take a fixed resolution for yourself, without adopting it from any one else, and less from me than from any other, as you well know that I am of the religion, and that you keep me by you not as a theologian and councillor of Church but as a man of action and councillor of State, seeing that you have given me that title and for a long space employed me as such."

The king burst out laughing, and, sitting up in his bed, said, after scratching his head several times, to Rosny, —

"All you say to me is true; but I see so many thorns on every side that it will go very hard but some of them will prick me full sore. You know well enough that my cousins, the princes of the blood and ever so many other lords, such as D'Épernon, Longueville, Biron, d'O and Vitry are urging me to turn Catholic, or else they will join the League. On the other hand, I know for certain that Messieurs de Turenne, de la Trémoille, and their lot, are laboring daily to have a demand made, if I turn Catholic, on behalf of them of the religion, for an assembly to appoint them a protector and an establishment of councils in the provinces; all things that I could not put up with. But if I had to declare war against them to prevent it, it would be the greatest annoyance and trouble that could ever happen to me; my heart could not bear to do ill to those who have so long run my risks and have employed their goods and their lives in my defence."

At these last words, Rosny threw himself upon his knees, with his eyes full of tears, and, kissing the king's hands, he said: "Sir, I am rejoiced beyond measure to see you so well disposed towards them of the religion. I have always been afraid that, if you came to change your religion, as I see full

well that you will have to do, you might be persuaded to hate and maltreat those of us others, of the towns as well as of the noblesse, who will always love you heartily and serve you faithfully. And be assured that the number thereof will be so great that, if there rise up amongst them any avaricious, ambitious and factious who would fain do the contrary, these will be constrained by the others to return to their duty. What would, in my opinion, be very necessary, would be to prevail upon the zealous Catholics to change that belief which they are so anxious to have embraced by all the rest, to wit, that they of the religion are all damned. There are certainly, also, some ministers and other obtrusive spirits amongst the Huguenots who would fain persuade us of the same as regards Catholics; for my own part, I believe nothing of the kind; I hold it, on the contrary, as indisputable that, of whatever religion men make outward profession, if they die keeping the Decalogue and believing in the Creed (Apostles'), if they love God with all their heart and are charitable towards their neighbor, if they put their hopes in God's mercy and in obtaining salvation by the death, merits, and justice of Jesus Christ, they cannot fail to be saved, because they are then no longer of any erroneous religion, but of that which is most agreeable to God. If you were pleased to embrace it and put it in practice all the days of your life, not only should I have no doubt of your salvation, but I should remain quite assured that, not regarding us as execrable and damned, you would never proceed to the destruction or persecution of those of our religion who shall love you truly and serve you faithfully. From all such reflections and discourse I conclude that it will be impossible for you ever to reign in peace so long as you make outward profession of a religion which is held in such great aversion by the majority of both great and small in your kingdom, and that you cannot hope to raise it to such general splendor, wealth, and happiness as I have observed you often projecting. Still less could you flatter yourself with the idea of ever arriving at the accomplishment of your lofty and magnificent designs for the establishment of a universal most Christian republic, composed of all the kings and potentates of Europe who profess the name of Christ; for, in order to bring about so great a blessing, you must needs have tranquil possession of a great, rich, opulent and populous kingdom, and be in a condition to enter into great and trustworthy foreign associations." [*Economies royales*, or *Mémoires de Sully*, t. ii. pp. 81-100.]

One is inclined to believe that, even before their conversations, Henry IV. was very near being of Rosny's opinion; but it is a long stride from an opinion to a resolution. In spite of the breadth and independence of his mind, Henry IV. was sincerely puzzled. He was of those who, far from clinging to a single fact and confining themselves to a single duty, take account of the complication of the facts amidst which they live, and of the variety of the duties which the general situation or their own imposes upon them. Born in the reformed faith and on the steps of the throne, he was struggling to defend his political rights whilst keeping his religious creed; but his religious creed was not the fruit of very mature or very deep conviction; it was a question of first claims and of honor rather than a matter of conscience; and, on the other hand, the peace of France, her prosperity, perhaps her territorial integrity, were dependent upon the triumph of the political rights of the Béarnese. Even for his brethren in creed his triumph was a benefit secured, for it was an end of persecution and a first step towards liberty. There is no measuring accurately how far ambition, personal interest, a king's egotism had to do with Henry IV.'s abjuration of his religion; none would deny that those human infirmities were present; but all this does not prevent the conviction that patriotism was uppermost in Henry's soul, and that the idea of his duty as king towards France, a prey to all the evils of civil and foreign war, was the determining motive of his resolution. It cost him a great deal. To the Huguenot gentry and peasantry who had fought with him he said: "You desire peace, I give it you at my own expense; I have made myself anathema for the sake of all, like Moses and St. Paul." He received with affectionate sadness the reformed ministers and preachers who came to see him: "Kindly pray to God for me," said he to them, "and love me always; as for me, I shall always love you, and I will never suffer wrong to be done to you or any violence to your religion." He had already, at this time, the Edict of Nantes in his mind, and he let a glimpse of it appear to Rosny at their first conversation. When he discussed with the catholic prelates the conditions of his abjuration, he had those withdrawn which would have been too great a shock to his personal feelings and shackled his conduct too much in the government, as would have been the case with the promise to labor for the destruction of heresy. Even as regarded the catholic faith, he demanded of the

doctors who were preparing him for it some latitude for his own thoughts and "that he should not have such violence done to his conscience as to be bound to strange oaths and to sign and believe rubbish which he was quite sure that the majority of them did not believe" [*Mémoires de L'Estoile*, t. ii. p. 472]. The most passionate Protestants of his own time reproached him, and some still reproach him, with having deserted his creed and having repaid with ingratitude his most devoted comrades in arms and brothers in Christ. Perhaps there is some ingratitude also in forgetting that after four years of struggling to obtain the mastery for his religious creed and his political rights simultaneously, Henry IV., convinced that he could not succeed in that, put a stop to religious wars and founded, to last for eighty-seven years, the free and lawful practice of the reformed worship in France, by virtue of the Edict of Nantes, which will be spoken of presently.

Whilst this great question was thus discussed and decided between Henry IV. in person and his principal advisers, the states-general of the League and the conference of Suresnes were vainly bestirring themselves in the attempt to still keep the mastery of events which were slipping away from them. The Leaguer states had an appearance of continuing to wish for the absolute proscription of Henry IV., a heretic king, even on conversion to Catholicism, so long as his conversion was not recognized and accepted by the pope; but there was already great, though timidly expressed, dissent as to this point in the assembly of the states and amongst the population in the midst of which it was living. Nearly a year previously, in May, 1592, when he retired from France after having relieved Rouen from siege and taken Caudebec, the duke of Parma, as clear-sighted a politician as he was able soldier, had said to one of the most determined Leaguers, "Your people have abated their fury; the rest hold on but faintly, and in a short time they will have nothing to do with us." Philip II. and Mayenne perceived before long the urgency and the peril of this situation; they exerted themselves, at one time in concert and at another independently to make head against this change in the current of thoughts and facts. Philip sent to Paris an ambassador extraordinary, the duke of Féria, to treat with the states of the League and come to an understanding with Mayenne; but Mayenne considered that the duke of Féria did not bring enough money and did not

introduce enough soldiers; the Spanish army in France numbered but 4300 men and Philip had put at his ambassador's disposal but 200,000 crowns, or 600,000 *livres* of those times; yet had he ordered that, in respect of the assembly, the pay should not come until after the service was rendered, i. e. after a vote was given in favor of his election or that of his daughter the Infanta Isabella to the throne. It was not the states-general only who had to be won over; the preachers of the League were also, at any rate the majority of them, covetous as well as fiery; both the former and the latter soon saw that the duke of Féria had not wherewith to satisfy them: "and such as had come," says Villeroi, "with a disposition to favor the Spaniards and serve them for a consideration, despised them and spoke ill of them, seeing that there was nothing to be gained from them." The artifices of Mayenne were scarcely more successful than the stingy presents of Philip II.; when the Lorrainer duke saw the chances of Spain in the ascendant as regarded the election of a king of France and the marriage of the Infanta Isabella, he at once set to work—and succeeded without much difficulty—to make them a failure; at bottom, it was always for the house of Lorraine, whether for the marriage of his nephew the duke of Guise with the Infanta Isabella or for the prolongation of his own power, that Mayenne labored; he sometimes managed to excite, for the promotion of this cause, a favorable movement amongst the states-general or a blast of wrath on the part of the preachers against Henry IV.; but it was nothing but a transitory and fruitless effort; the wind no longer sat in the sails of the League; on the 27th of May, 1593, a deputation of a hundred and twenty burgesses, with the provost of tradesmen at their head, repaired to the house of Count de Belin, governor of Paris, begging him to introduce them into the presence of the duke of Mayenne, to whom they wished to make a demand for peace, and saying that their request would, at need, be signed by ten thousand burgesses. Next day, two colonels of the burgess-militia spoke of making barricades; four days afterwards, some of the most famous and but lately most popular preachers of the League were hooted and insulted by the people, who shouted at them as they passed in the streets that drowning was the due of all those deputies in the states who prevented peace from being made. The conference assembled at Suresnes, of which mention has already been made, had been formed with pacific

intentions or, at any rate, hopes; accordingly it was more tranquil than the states-general, but it was not a whit more efficacious. It was composed of thirteen delegates for the League and eight for the king, men of consideration in the two parties. At the opening of its sessions, the first time the delegates of the League repaired thither, a great crowd shouted at them, "Peace! Peace! Blessed be they who procure it and demand it! Malediction and every devil take all else!" In the villages they passed through, the peasantry threw themselves upon their knees and, with clasped hands, demanded of them peace. The conference was in session from the 4th of May to the 11th of June, holding many discussions, always temperately and with due regard for propriety, but without arriving at any precise solution of the questions proposed. Clearly neither to this conference nor to the states-general of the League was it given to put an end to this stormy and at the same time resultless state of things; Henry IV. alone could take the resolution and determine the issue which everybody was awaiting with wistfulness or with dread, but without being able to accomplish it. D'Aubigné ends his account of the conference at Suresnes with these words: "Those who were present at it reported to the king that there were amongst the Leaguers so many heart-burnings and so much confusion that they were all seeking, individually if not collectively, some pretext for surrendering to the king, and, consequently, that one mass would settle it entirely" [*Histoire Universelle*, bk. iii. chap. xx. p. 386].

Powers that are conscious of their opportuneness and utility do not like to lose time, but are prompt to act. Shortly after his conversations with Rosny, whose opinion was confirmed by that of Chancellor de Chiverny and Count Gaspard de Schomberg, Henry IV. set to work. On the 26th of April, 1593, he wrote to the grand duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand de' Medici, that he had decided to turn Catholic "two months after that the duke of Mayenne should have come to an agreement with him on just and suitable terms;" and, foreseeing the expense that would be occasioned to him by "this great change in his affairs," he felicitated himself upon knowing that the grand duke was disposed to second his efforts towards a levy of 4000 Swiss and advance a year's pay for them. On the 28th of April, he begged the bishop of Chartres, Nicholas de Thou, to be one of the catholic prelates whose instructions he would be happy to receive on the 15th of July, and he sent the same

invitation to several other prelates. On the 16th of May, he declared to his council his resolve to become a convert. Next day, the 17th, the archbishop of Bourges announced it to the conference at Suresnes. This news, everywhere spread abroad, produced a lively burst of national and Bourbonic feeling even where it was scarcely to be expected; at the states-general of the League, especially in the chamber of the noblesse, many members protested "that they would not treat with foreigners, or promote the election of a woman, or give their suffrages to any one unknown to them, and at the choice of his Catholic Majesty of Spain." At Paris, a part of the clergy, the incumbents of St. Eustache, St. Merri, and St. Sulpice, and even some of the popular preachers, violent Leaguers but lately, and notably Guincestre, boldly preached peace and submission to the king if he turned Catholic. The principal of the French League, in matters of policy and negotiation, and Mayenne's adviser since 1589, Villeroy, declared "that he would not bide in a place where the laws, the honor of the nation and the independence of the kingdom were held so cheap;" and he left Paris on the 28th of June. Finally, on this same day, the Parliament of Paris, all chambers assembled, issued a decree known by the name of the *decree of President Lemaître*, who had the chief hand in it, and conceived as follows:

"The court, having, as it has already had, no intention but to maintain the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and the State and crown of France, under the protection of a most Christian, Catholic, and French king, hath ordained and doth ordain that representations shall be made, this afternoon, by President Lemaître, assisted by a proper number of councillors of the said court, to the duke of Mayenne, lieutenant-general of the State and crown of France, to the end that no treaty be made for the transfer of the crown to the hands of foreign princes or princesses, and that the fundamental laws of the realm be observed. . . . And from the present moment, the said court hath declared and doth declare all treaties made or hereafter to be made for the setting-up of a foreign prince or princess null and of no effect or value, as being made to the prejudice of the Salic law and other fundamental laws of this realm."

It was understood that this decree excluded from the crown of France not only Philip II., the Infanta Isabella, Archduke Ernest, and all the Spanish Austrian princes, but also all the princes of the house of Guise, "because the qualification of

foreigners applied to all the princes who were not of the blood royal and who were issue of foreign houses, even though they might have been born in France and were regnicoles."

Mayenne refused, it is not known on what pretext, to receive the communication of this decree on the same day on which it was voted by the parliament. When President Lemaître presented it to him the next day before a large attendance, Mayenne kept his temper and confined himself to replying gruffly, "My first care has always been to defend the Catholic religion and maintain the laws of the realm. It seems now that I am no longer necessary to the State, and that it will be easy to do without me. I could have wished, considering my position, that the parliament had not decided anything in a matter of such importance without consulting me. However, I will do all that I find possible for me and that appears reasonable as to the two points of your representations." On the following day, 30th of June, Mayenne was dining with the archbishop of Lyons, Peter d'Espinac; President Lemaître was sent for, and the wrath of the lieutenant-general burst forth: "The insult put upon me is too palpable for me to be quiet under it; since I am played fast and loose with in that way, I have resolved to quash the decree of the parliament. The archbishop of Lyons is about to explain to you my feelings and my motives." The archbishop spoke long and bitterly, dwelling upon the expression that "the parliament had played fast and loose" with the prince. President Lemaître interrupted him, "I cannot unmoved hear you repeating, sir, that to which my respect made me shut my eyes when the prince spoke. Looking upon me as an individual, you might speak to me in any way you thought proper; but so soon as the body I represent here is injured by insulting terms I take offence, and I cannot suffer it. Know then, sir, that the parliament does not deceive or play fast and loose with anybody, and that it renders to every man his due." The conversation was continued for some moments in this warm and serious tone; but the quarrel went no further; from the account they received of it the parliament applauded the premier president's firmness, and all the members swore they would suffer anything rather than that they should be any change in the decree. It remained intact and Mayenne said no more about it.

During these disputes amongst the civil functionaries and continuing all the while to make proposals for a general truce, Henry IV. vigorously resumed warlike operations so as to bring

pressure upon his adversaries and make them perceive the necessity of accepting the solution he offered them. He besieged and took the town of Dreux, of which the castle alone persisted in holding out. He cut off the provisions which were being brought by the Marne to Paris. He kept Poitiers strictly invested. Lesdiguières defeated the [Savoyards and the Spaniards in the valleys of Dauphiny and Piedmont. Count Mansfeld was advancing with a division towards Picardy; but at the news that the king was marching to encounter him, he retired with precipitation. From the military as well as the political point of view, there is no condition worse than that of stubbornness mingled with discouragement. And that was the state of Mayenne and the League. Henry IV. perceived it and confidently hurried forward his political and military measures. The castle of Dreux was obliged to capitulate. Thanks to the 4000 Swiss paid for him by the grand duke of Florence, to the numerous volunteers brought to him by the noblesse of his party, "and to the sterling quality of the old Huguenot phalanx, folks who, from father to son, are familiarized with death," says D'Aubigné, Henry IV. had recovered, in June 1593, so good an army that "by means of it," he wrote to Ferdinand de' Medici, "I shall be able to reduce the city of Paris in so short a time as will cause you great contentment." But he was too judicious and too good a patriot not to see that it was not by an indefinitely prolonged war that he would be enabled to enter upon definitive possession of his crown, and that it was peace, religious peace, that he must restore to France in order to really become her king. He entered resolutely, on the 15th of July, 1593, upon the employment of the moral means which alone could enable him to attain this end; he assembled at Mantes the conference of prelates and doctors, catholic and protestant, which he had announced as the preface to his conversion. He had previously, on the 13th of May, given assurance to the protestants as to their interests by means of a declaration on the part of eight amongst the principal catholic lords attached to his person who undertook, "with his Majesty's authorization, that nothing should be done in the said assemblies to the prejudice of friendly union between the Catholics who recognized his Majesty and them of the religion, or contrary to the edicts of pacification." On the 21st of July, the prelates and doctors of the conference transferred themselves from Mantes to St. Denis. On Friday, July 23rd, in the morning, Henry wrote to Gabriel le d'Estrées: "Sunday will

be the day when I shall make the sunnset that brings down the house" (*le saut périlleux*). A few hours after using such flippan language to his favorite, he was having a long conference with the prelates and doctors, putting to them the gravest questions about the religion he was just embracing, asking them for more satisfactory explanations on certain points, and repeating to them the grounds of his resolution; "I am moved with compassion at the misery and calamities of my people; I have discovered what they desire; and I wish to be enabled, with a safe conscience, to content them." At the end of the conference, "Gentlemen," he said, "I this day commit my soul to your keeping; I pray you, take heed to it, for, wheresoever you are causing me to enter, I shall never more depart till death; that I swear and protest to you;" and, in a voice of deep emotion, his eyes dim with tears, "I desire no further delay; I wish to be received on Sunday and go to mass; draw up the profession of faith you think I ought to make, and bring it to me this evening;" when the archbishop of Bourges and the bishops of Le Mans and Evreux brought it to him on the Saturday morning, he discussed it apart with them, demanding the cutting out of some parts which struck too directly at his previous creed and life; and Chancellor de Chiverny and two presidents of the parliament, Harlay and Groulart, used their intervention to have him satisfied. The profession of faith was modified. Next day, Sunday, the 25th of July, before he got up, Henry conversed with the protestant minister Anthony de la Faye, and embraced him two or three times, repeating to him the words already quoted, "I have made myself anathema for the sake of all, like Moses and St. Paul." A painful mixture of the frivolous and the serious, of sincerity and captious reservations, of resolution and weakness, at which nobody has any right to be shocked who is not determined to be pitiless towards human nature and to make no allowance in the case of the best men for complication of the facts, ideas, sentiments and duties, under the influence of which they are often obliged to decide and to act.

On Sunday, the 25th of July, 1593, Henry IV. repaired in great state to the Church of St. Denis. On arriving with all his train in front of the grand entrance, he was received by Reginald de Beaune, archbishop of Bourges, the nine bishops, the doctors and the incumbents who had taken part in the conferences and all the brethren of the abbey. "Who are you?" asked the archbishop who officiated. "The king." "What

want you?" "To be received into the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church." "Do you desire it?" "Yes, I will and desire it." At these words the king knelt and made the stipulated profession of faith. The archbishop gave him absolution together with benediction; and, conducted by all the clergy to the choir of the church, he there, upon the gospels, repeated his oath, made his confession, heard mass, and was fully reconciled with the Church. The inhabitants of Paris, dispensing with the passports which were refused them by Mayenne, had flocked in masses to St. Denis and been present at the ceremony. The vaulted roof of the church resounded with their shouts of *Hurrah for the king!* There was the same welcome on the part of the dwellers in the country when Henry repaired to the valley of Montmorency and to Montmartre to perform his devotions there. Here, then, was religious peace, a prelude to political reconciliation between the monarch and the great majority of his subjects.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HENRY IV., CATHOLIC KING (1593—1610).

DURING the months, weeks, nay, it might be said, days immediately following Henry IV.'s abjuration, a great number of notable persons and important towns, and almost whole provinces, submitted to the catholic king. Henry was reaping the fruits of his decision; France was flocking to him. But the general sentiments of a people are far from satisfying and subduing the selfish passions of the parties which have taken form and root in its midst. Religious and political peace responded to and sufficed for the desires of the great majority of Frenchmen, catholic and protestant; but it did not at all content the fanatics, Leaguer or Huguenot. The former wanted the complete extirpation of heretics; the latter the complete downfall of Catholicism. Neither these nor those were yet educated up to the higher principle of religious peace, distinction between the civil and the intellectual order, freedom of thought and of faith guaranteed by political liberty. Even at the present day, the community of France, nation and government, all the while that they proclaim this great and salu-

tary truth, do not altogether understand and admit its full bearing. The sixteenth century was completely ignorant of it; Leaguers and Huguenots were equally convinced that they possessed, in the matter of religion, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that they were in their right to propagate its empire at any price. Thence arose, in respect of religious peace and of Henry IV. who naturally desired it as the requirement and the wish of France, a great governmental difficulty. It is honorable to human nature that it never submits freely and sincerely to anything but what it considers not only useful but essentially true and just; its passions bow to principles only; wherever the higher principle is wanting, there also is wanting the force that compels respect from passion. Now the fanatics, Leaguer and Huguenot, had a fixed principle; with the former, it was the religious sovereignty of the pope, as representative and depositary of the unity of the Christian Church; with the others, it was the negation of this sovereignty and the revindication of the free regimen of the primitive Christian Church. To these fixed and peremptory principles the government of Henry IV. had nothing similar to oppose; it spoke in the name of social interests, of the public peace, and of mutual toleration: all excellent reasons, but with merits consisting in their practical soundness, not in their logical connection with the superior principle to which the sixteenth century had not yet attained. It was all very well for Henry IV. to maintain the cause and to have the support of the great majority in France; but outside of this majority he was incessantly encountering and incessantly having to put down or to humor two parties, or rather factions, full of discontent and as irreconcilable with him as among themselves, for it was not peace and tolerance that they demanded of him, but victory and supremacy in the name of absolute right.

This, then was the scene: on one side a great majority of Catholics and Protestants favorable for different practical reasons to Henry IV. turned catholic king; on the other, two minorities, one of stubborn Catholics of the League, the other of Protestants anxious for their creed and their liberty; both discontented and distrustful. Such, after Henry IV.'s abjuration, was the striking feature in the condition of France and in the situation of her king. This triple fact was constantly present to the mind of Henry IV. and ruled his conduct during all his reign; all the acts of his government are proof of that.

His first embarrassments arose from the faction of Catholics

to the backbone. After his abjuration just as much as at his accession, the League continued to exist and to act against him. The legate, Gætani, maintained that the bishops of France had no right, without the pope's approval, to give an excommunicated prince absolution; he opposed the three month's truce concluded by Mayenne, and threatened to take his departure for Rome. Mayenne, to appease him and detain him, renewed the alliance between the League and Spain, prevailed upon the princes and marshals to renew also the oath of union, caused the states-general of the League to vote the adoption of the Council of Trent, and, on proroguing them, Aug. 8, 1593, received from them a promise to return at the expiration of the truce. For the members of that assembly it was not a burdensome engagement; independently of the compensation they had from their provinces, which was 10 livres (36 francs, 60 centimes) a day during each session, they received from the king of Spain a regular retainer, which raised it, for the five months from June to October, to 72,144 francs, which they divided between themselves. "It was presumed," said Jehan L'Huillier, provost of tradesmen, to one of his colleagues who was pressing him to claim this payment from the ambassador of Spain, "that the money came from M. de Mayenne, not from foreigners;" but honest people, such as Du Vair and Thielement, did not content themselves with this presumption, and sent to the Hôtel-Dieu, for maintenance of the poor, the share which was remitted to them [Poirson, *Histoire du règne de Henry IV.*, t. i. p. 463.—Picot, *Histoire des états-généraux*, t. iii. p. 249].

The states-general of the League did not appear again; their prorogation was their death. The year 1594, which came after them, was for Henry IV. a year of home conquests, some pacific and due to the spontaneous movement of the inhabitants, others obtained after resistance and purchased with gold. The town of Lyons set the example of the first. A rumor spread that the Spaniards were preparing an expedition against it; some burgesses met to consult and sent a private message to Alphonso d'Ornano, who was conducting the war for the king in Dauphiny, pressing him to move forward, on a day appointed, to the faubourg de la Guillotière. A small force sent by Ornano arrived, accordingly, on the 7th of February, about daybreak, at the foot of the bridge over the Rhone, in the faubourg, and, after a stubborn resistance, dislodged the outpost on duty there. At sound of the fight-

ing, excitement broke out in the town; and barricades were thrown up, amidst shouts of "Hurrah for French liberty!" without any mention of the king's name. The archbishop, Peter d'Espignac, a staunch Leaguer, tried to intimidate the burgesses, or at any rate to allay the excitement. As he made no impression, he retired into his palace. The people arrested the sheriffs and seized the arsenal. The king's name resounded everywhere; "The noise of the cheering was such," says De Thou, "that there was no hearing the sound of the bells. Everybody assumed the white scarf with so much zeal that by evening there was not a scrap of white silk left at the tradesmen's. Tables were laid in the streets; the king's arms were put up on the gates and in the public thoroughfares." Ornano marched in over the barricades; royalist sheriffs were substituted for the leaguer sheriffs and hastened to take the oath of allegiance to the king, who had nothing to do but thank the Lyonnese for having been the first to come over to him without constraint or any exigency, and who confirmed by an edict all their municipal liberties. At the very moment when the Lyonnese were thus springing to the side of their king, there set out from Lyons the first assassin who raised a hand against Henry IV., Peter Barrière, a poor boatman of the Loire, whom an unhappy passion for a girl in the household of Marguerite de Valois and the preachings of fanatics had urged on to this hateful design. *Assassin* we have called him, although there was not on his part so much as an attempt at assassination; but he had, by his own admission, projected and made preparation for the crime, to the extent of talking it over with accomplices and sharpening the knife he had purchased for its accomplishment. Having been arrested at Melun and taken to Paris, he was sentenced to capital punishment and to all the tortures that ingenuity could add to it. He owned to everything, whilst cursing those who had assured him that "if he died in the enterprise, his soul, uplifted by angels, would float away to the bosom of God, where he would enjoy eternal bliss." Moved by his torments and his repentance, the judge who presided at his execution took upon himself to shorten it by having him strangled. The judge was reported to the king for this indulgence. Henry praised him for it, adding that he would have pardoned the criminal if he had been brought before him. Thus commenced, at the opening of his reign, the series of attempts to which he was destined to succumb after seventeen years of good, able, generous, and mild government.

In Normandy, at Rouen, the royalist success was neither so easy nor so disinterested as it had been at Lyons. Andrew de Brancas, lord of Villars, an able man and valiant soldier, was its governor; he had served the League with zeal and determination; nevertheless, "from the month of August, 1593, immediately after the king's conversion, he had shown a disposition to become his servant and to incline thereto all those whom he had in his power." [*Histoire du parlement de Normandie*, by M. Floquet, t. iii, pp. 611-617]. Henry IV. commissioned Rosny to negotiate with him; and Rosny went into Normandy, to Louviers first and then to Rouen itself. The negotiation seemed to be progressing favorably. but a distrustful whim in regard to Villars and the lofty pretensions he put forward made Rosny hang back for a while and tell the whole story to the king, at the same time asking for his instructions. Henry replied—

"My friend, you are an ass to employ so much delay and import so many difficulties and manœuvres into a business the conclusion of which is of so great importance to me for the establishment of my authority and the relief of my people. Do you no longer remember the counsels you have so many times given to me, whilst setting before me as an example that given by a certain duke of Milan to King Louis XI., at the time of the war called that of the *Common Weal*? It was to split up by considerations of private interest all those who were leagued against him on general pretexts. That is what I desire to attempt now, far preferring that it should cost twice as much to treat separately with each individual as it would to arrive at the same results by means of a general treaty concluded with a single leader who, in that way, would be enabled to keep up still an organized party within my dominions. You know plenty of folks who wanted to persuade me to that. Wherefore, do not any longer waste your time in doing either so much of the respectful towards those whom you wot of and whom we will find other means of contenting or of the economical by sticking at money. We will pay everything with the very things given up to us, the which, if they had to be taken by force, would cost us ten times as much. Seeing, then, that I put entire trust in you and love you as a good servant, do not hesitate any longer to make absolute and bold use of your power, which I further authorize by this letter, so far as there may be further need for it, and settle as soon as possible with M. de Villars. But secure matters so well that

there may be no possibility of a slip, and send me news thereof promptly, for I shall be in constant doubt and impatience until I receive it. And then, when I am peaceably king, we will employ the excellent manœuvres of which you have said so much to me; and you may rest assured that I will spare no travail and fear no peril in order to raise my glory and my kingdom to the height of splendor. Adieu, my friend. Senlis, this 18th day of March, 1594."

Amongst the pretensions made by Villars there was one which could not be satisfied without the consent of a man still more considerable than he, and one with whom Henry IV. was obliged to settle—Biron. Villars had received from Mayenne the title and office of admiral of France, and he wished, at any price, to retain them on passing over to the king's service. Now Henry IV. had already given this office to Biron, who had no idea of allowing himself to be stripped of it. It was all very fine to offer him in exchange the bâton of a marshal of France, but he would not be satisfied with it. "It was necessary," says M. Floquet [*Histoire du parlement de Normandie*, t. iii. pp. 613-616], "for the king's sister (Princess Catherine) to intervene. At last, a promise of 120,000 crowns won Biron over, though against the grain." But he wanted solid securities. Attention was then turned to the Parliament of Caen, always so ready to do anything and sacrifice anything. Saldaigne d'Incarville, comptroller-general of finance, having been despatched to Caen, went straight to the Palace and reported to the parliament the proposals and conditions of Villars and Biron. "The king," said he, "not having been able to bring Rouen to reason by process of arms and being impatient to put some end to these miseries, wishes now to try gentle processes and treat with those whom he has not yet been able to subdue; but co-operation on the part of the sovereign bodies of the provinces is necessary." "To that which is for the good of our service is added your private interest," wrote Henry IV. to the parliament of Caen; and his messenger D'Incarville added: "I have left matters at Rouen so arranged as to make me hope that before a fortnight is over you will be free to return thither and enter your homes once more." At the first mention of peace and the prospect of a reconciliation between the royalist Parliament of Caen and the Leaguer Parliament of Rouen, the parliament, the exchequer-chamber, and the court of taxation, agreed to a fresh sacrifice and a last effort. The four presidents of the parliament lost no time in

signing together and each for all an engagement to guarantee the 120,000 crowns promised to Biron. . . . The members of the body bound themselves all together to guarantee the four presidents, in their turn, in respect of the engagement they were contracting, and a letter was addressed on the spot to Henry IV. "to thank the monarch for his good will and affection, and the honor he was doing the members of his Parliament of Normandy by making them participators in the means and overtures adopted for arriving at the reduction of the town of Rouen." [M. Floquet, *Histoire du parlement de Normandie*, t. iii. pp. 613-616].

Here is the information afforded, as regards the capitulation of Villars to Henry IV., by the statement, drawn up by Sully himself, of "the amount of all debts on account of all the treaties made for the reduction of districts, towns, places, and persons to obedience unto the king, in order to the pacification of the realm:"

"To M. Villars, for himself, his brother Chevalier d'Oise, the towns of Rouen and Havre and other places, as well as for compensation which had to be made to MM. de Montpensier, Marshal de Biron, Chancellor de Chiverny and other persons included in his treaty 3,447,800 livres" [Poirson, *Histoire du règne du Henri IV.*, t. i. p. 667].

These details have been entered into without hesitation because it is important to clearly understand by what means, by what assiduous efforts, and at what price Henry IV. managed to win back pacifically many provinces of his kingdom, rally to his government many leaders of note, and finally to confer upon France that territorial and political unity which she lacked under the feudal regimen, and which, in the sixteenth century, the religious wars all but put it beyond her power to acquire. To the two instances, just cited, of royalist reconciliation, Lyons and the spontaneous example set by her population and Rouen and the dearly purchased capitulation of her governor Villars, must be added a third, of a different sort. Nicholas de Neufville, lord of Villeroi, after having served Charles IX. and Henry III. had become through attachment to the catholic cause a member of the League and one of the duke of Mayenne's confidants. When Henry IV. was king of France and catholic king, Villeroi tried to serve his cause with Mayenne and induce Mayenne to be reconciled with him. Meeting with no success, he made up his mind to separate from the League and go over to the king's service. He could

do so without treachery or shame; even as a Leaguer and a servant of Mayenne's he had always been opposed to Spain, and devoted to a French but at the same time a faithfully catholic policy. He imported into the service of Henry IV. the same sentiments and the same bearing; he was still a zealous catholic and a partisan, for king and country's sake, of alliance with catholic powers. He was a man of wits, experience, and resource, who knew Europe well and had some influence at the court of Rome. Henry IV. saw at once the advantage to be gained from him, and, in spite of the Protestants' complaints and his sister Princess Catherine's prayers, made him, on the 25th of September, 1594, Secretary of State for foreign affairs. This acquisition did not cost him so dear as that of Villars: still we read in the statement of sums paid by Henry IV. for this sort of conquest: "Furthermore, to M. de Villeroi, for himself, his son, the town of Pontoise, and other individuals, according to their treaty, 476,594 livres." It is quite true that this statement was drawn up by Sully, the unwavering supporter of protestant alliances in Europe, and, as such, Villeroi's opponent in the council of Henry IV.; but the other contemporary documents confirm Sully's assertion. Villeroi was a faithful servant to Henry, who well repaid him by staunchness in supporting him against the repeated attacks of violent reformers. In 1594, when he became minister of foreign affairs, the following verse was in vogue at the Louvre:

"The king could never beat the League;
 'Twas Villeroi who did the thing;
 So well he managed his intrigue.
 That now the League hath got the king."

It is quite certain, however, that Henry IV. was never of the opinion expressed in that verse; for, ten years later, in 1604, Villeroi having found himself much compromised by the treachery of a chief clerk in his department, who had given up to the Spanish government some important despatches, the king, though very vexed at this mishap, "the consequences of which rankled in his heart far more than he allowed to appear openly, nevertheless continued to look most kindly on Villeroi, taking the trouble to call upon him to console and comfort him under this annoyance and not showing him a suspicion of mistrust because of what had happened, any more than formally, nay, even less" [*Journal de L'Estoile*, t. iii. pp. 85-441]. Never had prince a better or nobler way of employing confi

dence in his proceedings with his servants, old or new, at the same time that he made clearsighted and proper distinctions between them.

Henry IV., with his mind full of his new character as a catholic king, perceived the necessity of getting the pope to confirm the absolution which had been given him, at the time of his conversion, by the French bishops. It was the condition of his credit amongst the numerous catholic population who were inclined to rally to him but required to know that he was at peace with the Head of their Church. He began by sending to Rome non-official agents, instructed to quietly sound the pope, amongst others Arnold d'Ossat, a learned professor in the University of Paris, who became at a later period the celebrated cardinal and diplomat of that name. Clement VIII. [Hippolytus Aldobrandini] was a clever man, moderate and prudent to the verge of timidity, and one who was disinclined to take decisive steps as to difficult questions or positions until after they had been decided by events. He refused to have any communication with him whom he still called *the prince of Béarn*, and only received the agents of Henry IV. privately in his closet. But whilst he was personally severe and exacting in his behavior to them, he had a hint given them by one of his confidants not to allow themselves to be rebuffed by any obstacle, for the pope would sooner or later welcome back the lost child who returned to him. At this report and by the advice of the grand duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand de' Medici, Henry IV. determined to send a solemn embassy to Rome, and to put it under the charge of a prince of Italian origin, Peter di Gonzaga, duke of Nevers. But either through the pope's stubborn resolve or the ambassador's somewhat impatient temper, devoted as he was, however, to the Holy See, the embassy had no success. The duke of Nevers could not obtain an official reception as ambassador of the king of France. It was in vain that he had five confidential audiences of the pope; in vain that he represented energetically to him all the progress Henry IV. had already made, all the chances he had of definitive success, all the perils to which the papacy exposed itself by rejecting his advances; Clement VIII. persisted in his determination. Philip II. and Mayenne still reigned in his ideas, and he dismissed the duke of Nevers on the 13th of January, 1594, declaring once more that he refused to the Navarrese absolution at the inner bar of conscience, absolution at the outer bar, and confirmation in his kingship.

Henry IV. did not put himself out, did not give himself the pleasure of testifying to Rome his discontent; he saw that he had not as yet sufficiently succeeded, sufficiently vanquished his enemies, or won to himself his kingdom with sufficient completeness and definitiveness to make the pope feel bound to recognize and sanction his triumph. He set himself once more to work to grow still greater in France and force the gates of Rome without its being possible to reproach him with violence or ill-temper.

He had been absolved and crowned at St. Denis by the bishops of France; he had not been anointed at Rheims according to the religious traditions of the French monarchy. At Rheims he could not be; for it was still in the power of the League. Researches were made, to discover whether the ceremony of anointment might take place elsewhere; numerous instances were found, and in the case of famous kings; Pepin the Short had been anointed first of all at Mayence, Charlemagne and Louis the Debonnair at Rome, Charles the Bald at Mayence, several emperors at Aix-la-Chapelle and at Cologne. The question of the holy phial (*ampoule*) was also discussed; and it was proved that on several occasions other oils, held to be of miraculous origin, had been employed instead. These difficulties thus removed, the anointment of Henry IV. took place at Chartres on the 27th of February, 1594; the bishop of Chartres, Nicholas de Thou, officiated, and drew up a detailed account of all the ceremonies and all the rejoicings; thirteen medals, each weighing fifteen gold crowns, were struck according to custom; they bore the king's image, and for legend, *In via virtuti nulla est via* (To manly worth no road is inaccessible). Henry IV., on his knees before the grand altar, took the usual oath, the form of which was presented to him by Chancellor de Chiverny. With the exception of local accessories, which were acknowledged to be impossible and unnecessary, there was nothing wanting to this religious hallowing of his kingship.

But one other thing, more important than the anointment at Chartres was wanting. He did not possess the capital of his kingdom: the League were still masters of Paris. Uneasy masters of their situation; but not so uneasy, however, as they ought to have been. The great leaders of the party, the duke of Mayenne, his mother the duchess of Nemours, his sister the duchess of Montpensier, and the duke of Féria, Spanish ambassador, were within its walls, a prey to alarm and discourage

ment. "At breakfast," said the duchess of Montpensier, "they regale us with the surrender of a hamlet, at dinner of a town, at supper of a whole province." The duchess of Nemours, who desired peace, exerted herself to convince her son of all their danger: "Set your affairs in order," she said: "if you do not begin to make your arrangements with the king before leaving Paris, you will lose this capital. I know that projects are already a-foot for giving it up, and that those who can do it and in whom you have most confidence are accomplices and even authors of the plot." Mayenne himself did not hide from his confidants the gravity of the mischief and his own disquietude: "Not a day," he wrote on the 4th of February, 1594, to the marquis of Montpezat, "but brings some trouble because of the people's yearning for repose, and of the weakness which is apparent on our side. I stem and stop this torrent with as much courage as I can; but the present mischief is overwhelming; the king of Navarre will in a few days have an army of 20,000 men, French as well as foreigners. What will become of us, if we have not wherewithal not only to oppose him but to make him lose the campaign? I can tell you of a verity that, save for my presence, Paris would have already been lost because of the great factions there are in it, which I take all the pains in the world to disperse and break up, and also because of the small aid or rather the gainsaying I meet with from the ministers of the king of Spain." Mayenne tried to restore amongst the Leaguers both zeal and discipline; he convoked, on the 2nd of March, a meeting of all that remained of the faction of the *Sixteen*; he calculated upon the presence of some twelve hundred; scarcely three hundred came; he had an harangue delivered to them by the Rev. John Boucher, charged them to be faithful to the old spirit of the League, promised them that he would himself be faithful even to death, and exhorted them to be obedient in everything to Brissac, whom he had just appointed governor of the city, and to the provost of tradesmen. On announcing to them his imminent departure for Soissons to meet some auxiliary troops which were to be sent to him by the king of Spain, "I leave to you," he said, "what is dearest to me in the world—my wife, my children, my mother and my sister." But when he did set out four days afterwards, on the 6th of March, 1594, he took away his wife and his children; his mother had already warned him that Brissac was communicating secretly, by means of his cousin Sieur de Rochepot, with

the royalists, and that the provost of tradesmen, L'Huillier, and three of the four sheriffs were agreed to bring the city back to obedience to the king. When the *Sixteen* and their adherents saw Mayenne departing with his wife and children, great were their alarm and wrath. A large band, with the incumbent of St. Cosmo (Hamilton) at their head, rushed about the streets in arms, saying, "Look to your city; the *policists* are brewing a terrible business for it." Others, more violent, cried, "To arms! Down upon the *policists*! Begin! Let us make an end of it!" The *policists*, that is, the burghesses inclined to peace, repaired on their side to the provost of tradesmen to ask for his authority to assemble at the Palace or the Hôtel de Ville and to provide for security in case of any public calamity. The provost tried to elude their entreaties by pleading that the duke of Mayenne would think ill of their assembling. "Then you are not the tradesmen's but M. de Mayenne's provost?" said one of them, "I am no Spaniard," answered the provost, "no more is M. de Mayenne; I am anxious to reconcile you to the *Sixteen*." "We are honest folks, not branded and defamed like the *Sixteen*; we will have no reconciliation with the wretches." The Parliament grew excited and exclaimed against the insolence and the menaces of the *Sixteen*: "We must give place to these sedition-mongers or put them down." A decree, published by sound of trumpet on the 14th of March, 1594, throughout the whole city, prohibited the *Sixteen* and their partisans from assembling, on pain of death. That same day, Count de Brissac, governor of Paris, had an interview at the abbey of St. Anthony with his brother-in-law Francis D'Épinay, lord of St. Luc, Henry IV.'s grandmaster of the ordnance; they had disputes, touching private interests, which they wished they said, to put right; and on this pretext advocates had appeared at their interview. They spent three hours in personal conference, their minds being directed solely to the means of putting the king into possession of Paris. They separated in apparent dudgeon. Brissac went to call upon the legate Gaetani and begged him to excuse the error he had committed in communicating with a heretic; his interest in the private affairs in question was too great, he said, for him to neglect it. The legate excused him graciously, whilst praising him for his modest conduct, and related the incident to the duke of Féria, the Spanish ambassador: "He is a good fellow, M. de Brissac," said the ambassador; "I have always found him so;

you have only to employ the Jesuits to make him do all you please. He takes little notice, otherwise, of affairs; one day when we were holding council in here, whilst we were deliberating, he was amusing himself by catching flies." For four days the population of Paris, was occupied with a solemn procession in honor of St. Geneviève, in which the Parliament and all the municipal authorities took part. Brissac had agreed with his brother-in-law D'Épinay that he would let the king in on the 22nd of March, and he had arranged, in concert with the provost of tradesmen, two sheriffs and several district-captains, the course of procedure. On the 21st of March, in the evening, some Leaguers paid him a visit and spoke to him warmly about the rumors current on the subject in the city, calling upon him to look to it. "I have received the same notice," said Brissac coolly; "and I have given all the necessary orders. Leave me to act and keep you quiet so as not to wake up those who will have to be secured. Tomorrow morning you will see a fine to-do and the policists much surprised." During all the first part of the night between the 21st and 22nd of March, Brissac went his rounds of the city and the guards he had posted, "with an appearance of great care and solicitude." He had some trouble to get rid of certain Spanish officers "whom the duke of Féria had sent him to keep him company in his rounds, with orders to throw themselves upon him and kill him at the first suspicious movement; but they saw nothing to confirm their suspicions, and, at two A. M., Brissac brought them back much fatigued to the duke's, where he left them." Henry IV., having started on the 21st of March from Senlis, where he had mustered his troops, and arrived about midnight at St. Denis, immediately began his march to Paris. The night was dark and stormy; thunder rumbled; rain fell heavily; the king was a little behind time. At three A. M. the policists inside Paris had taken arms and repaired to the posts that had been assigned to them. Brissac had placed a guard close to the quarters of the Spanish ambassador and ordered the men to fire on any who attempted to leave. He had then gone in person, with L'Huillier, the provost of tradesmen, to the New Gate which he had caused to be unlocked and guarded. Sheriff Langlois had done the same at the gate of St. Denis. On the 22nd of March, at four A. M., the king had not yet appeared before the ramparts, nor any one for him. Langlois issued from the gate, went some little distance to look out and came in again, more and more

impatient. At last, between four and five o'clock, a detachment of the royal troops, commanded by Vitry, appeared before the gate of St. Denis, which was instantly opened. Brissac's brother-in-law, St. Luc, arrived about the same time at the New Gate with a considerable force. The king's troops entered Paris. They occupied the different districts and met with no show of resistance but at the quay of L'École, where an outpost of lanzknechts tried to stop them; but they were cut in pieces or hurled into the river. Between five and six o'clock Henry IV., at the head of the last division, crossed the draw-bridge of the New Gate. Brissac, Provost L'Huillier, the sheriffs and several companies of burgesses advanced to meet him. The king embraced Brissac, throwing his own white scarf round his neck and addressing him as "Marshal." "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," said Brissac, as he called upon the provost of tradesmen to present to the king the keys of the city: "Yes," said L'Huillier, "render them, not sell them." The king went forward with his train, going along Rue St. Honoré to the market of the Innocents and the bridge of Notre-Dame; the crowd increased at every step; "Let them come near," said Henry, "they hunger to see a king." At every step, too, at sight of the smallest incident, the character of Henry, his natural, thoughtful and lovable kindness shone forth. He asked if his entry had met with resistance anywhere; and he was told that about fifty lanzknechts had been killed at the quay of L'École: "I would willingly give fifty thousand crowns," said he, "to be able to say that I took Paris without costing the life of one single man." As he marched along the Rue St. Honoré, he saw a soldier taking some bread by force from a baker's; he rushed at him and would have struck him with his sword. As he passed in front of the *Innocents*, he saw at a window a man who was looking at him and pointedly keeping his hat on; the man perceived that the king observed him and withdrew, shutting down the window. Henry said, "Let nobody enter this house to vex or molest any one in it." He arrived in front of Notre Dame, followed by five or six hundred men at arms who trailed their pikes "in token of a victory that was voluntary on the people's part," it was said. There was no uproar or any hostile movement save on the left bank of the Seine, in the University quarter, where the *Sixteen* attempted to assemble their partisans round the gate of St. Jacques; but they were promptly dispersed by the people as

well as by the royal troops. On leaving Notre Dame, Henry repaired to the Louvre, where he installed royalty once more. At ten o'clock he was master of the whole city; the districts of St. Martin, of the Temple, and St. Anthony alone remained still in the power of three thousand Spanish soldiers under the orders of their leaders, the duke of Féria and Don Diego d'Ibarra. Nothing would have been easier for Henry than to have had them driven out by his own troops and the people of Paris, who wanted to finish the day's work by exterminating the foreigners; but he was too judicious and too far sighted to embitter the general animosity by pushing his victory beyond what was necessary. He sent word to the Spaniards that they must not move from their quarters and must leave Paris during the day, at the same time promising not to bear arms any more against him, in France. They eagerly accepted these conditions. At three o'clock in the afternoon, ambassador, officers, and soldiers all evacuated Paris and set out for the Low Countries. The king, posted at a window over the gate of St. Denis, witnessed their departure. They, as they passed, saluted him respectfully; and he returned their salute, saying, "Go, gentlemen, and commend me to your master; but return no more."

After his conversion to Catholicism, the capture of Paris was the most decisive of the issues which made Henry IV. really king of France. The submission of Rouen followed almost immediately upon that of Paris; and the year 1594 brought Henry a series of successes, military and civil, which changed very much to his advantage the position of the kingship as well as the general condition of the kingdom. In Normandy, In Picardy, in Champagne, in Anjou, in Poitou, in Brittany, in Orleanness, in Auvergne, a multitude of important towns, Havre, Honfleur, Abbeville, Amiens, Péronne, Montdidier, Poitiers, Orleans, Rheims, Château-Thierry, Beauvais, Sens, Riom, Morlaix, Laval, Laon, returned to the king's authority, some after sieges and others by pacific and personal arrangement, more or less burthensome for the public treasury but very effective in promoting the unity of the nation and of the monarchy. In the table drawn up by Sully of expenses under that head, he estimated them at thirty-two millions, one hundred and forty-two thousand, nine hundred and eighty-one livres, equivalent at the present day, says M. Poirson, to one hundred and eighteen millions of francs. The rendition of Paris, "on account of M. de Brissac, the city itself, and other individuals employed

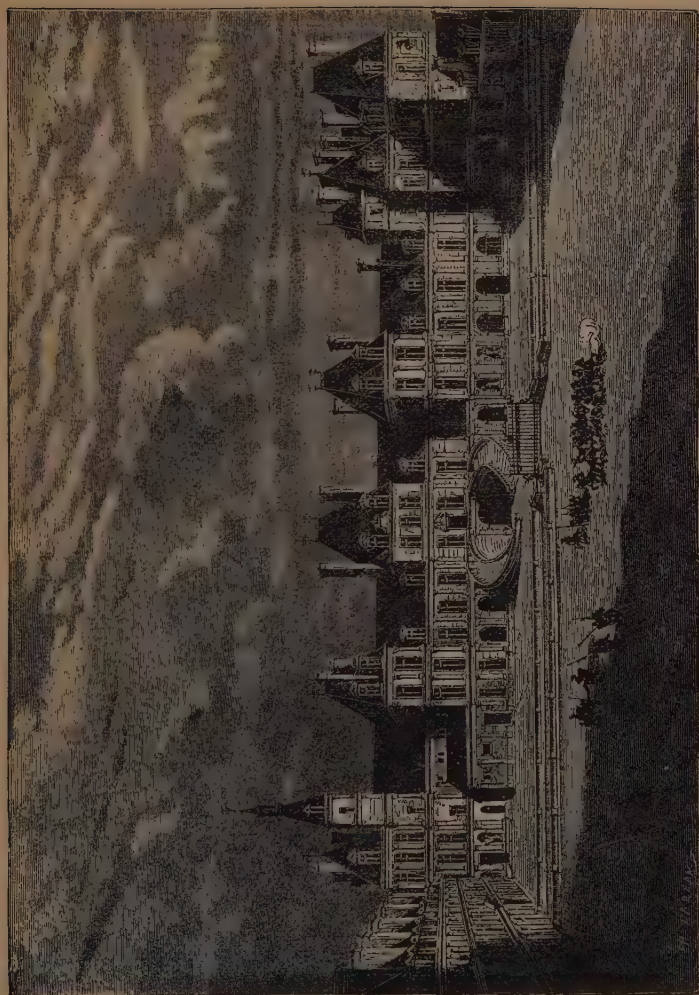
on his treaty," figures in this sum total at one million, six hundred and forty-five thousand, four hundred livres. Territorial acquisitions were not the only political conquests of this epoch; some of the great institutions which had been disjointed by the religious wars, for instance, the Parliaments of Paris and Normandy recovered their unity and resumed their efficacy to the advantage of order, of the monarchy and of national independence; their decrees against the League contributed powerfully to its downfall. Henry IV. did his share in other ways besides warfare; he excelled in the art of winning over or embarrassing his vanquished foes. After the submission of Paris, the two princesses of the house of Lorraine who had remained there, the duchesses of Nemours and of Montpensier, one the mother and the other the sister of the duke of Mayenne, were preparing to go and render homage to the conqueror; Henry anticipated them and paid them the first visit. As he was passing through a room where hung a portrait of Henry de Guise, he halted and saluted it very courteously. The duchess of Montpensier, who had so often execrated him, did not hesitate to express her regret that "her brother Mayenne had not been there to let down for him the drawbridge of the gate by which he had entered Paris." "Ventre-saint-gris," said the king, "he might have made me wait a long while; I should not have arrived so early." He knew that the duchess of Nemours had desired peace, and when she allowed some signs of vexation to peep out at her not having been able to bring her sons and grandsons to that determination, "Madame," said he, "there is still time if they please." At the close of 1594 he imported disorganization into the household of Lorraine by offering the government of Provence to the young Duke Charles of Guise, son of the Balafré, who eagerly accepted it; and he from that moment paved the way, by the agency of President Jeannin, for his reconciliation with Mayenne, which he brought to accomplishment at the end of 1595.

The close of this happy and glorious year was at hand. On the 27th of September, between six and seven p.m., a deplorable incident occurred, for the second time, to call Henry IV.'s attention to the weak side of his position. He was just back from Picardy and holding a court-reception at Schomberg House, at the back of the Louvre. John Chastel, a young man of nineteen, son of a cloth-merchant in the City, slipped in among the visitors, managed to approach the king, and dealt him a blow with a knife just as he was stooping to raise and

embrace Francis de la Grange, sieur de Montigny, who was kneeling before him. The blow aimed at the king's throat, merely slit his upper lip and broke a tooth. "I am wounded!" said the king. John Chastel, having dropped his knife, had remained on the spot, motionless and confused. Montigny, according to some, but, according to others, the count of Soissons, who happened to be near him, laid hands upon him, saying, "Here is the assassin, either he or I." Henry IV., always prone to pass things over, pooch-pooched the suspicion and was just giving orders to let the young man go, when the knife, discovered on the ground close to Chastel, became positive evidence. Chastel was questioned, searched and then handed over to the grand provost of the household, who had him conveyed to prison at For-l'Évêque. He first of all denied but afterwards admitted his deed, regretting that he had missed his aim and saying he was ready to try again for his own salvation's sake and that of religion. He declared that he had been brought up amongst the Jesuits in Rue St. Jacques, and he gave long details as to the education he had received there and the maxims he had heard there. The rumor of his crime and of the revelations he had made spread immediately over Paris and caused passionate excitement. The people filled the churches and rendered thanks to God for having preserved the king. The burgesses took up arms and mustered at their guard-posts. The mob bore down on the college of Jesuits in Rue St. Jacques with threats of violence. The king and the Parliament sent a force thither; Brizard, councillor in the high chamber, captain of the district, had the fathers removed and put them in security in his own house. The inquiry was prosecuted deliberately and temperately. It brought out that John Chastel had often heard repeated at his college "that it was allowable to kill kings, even the king regnant, when they were not in the Church or approved of by the pope." The accused formally maintained this maxim, which was found written out and dilated upon under his own hand in a note-book seized at his father's. "Was it necessary, pray," said Henry IV., laughing, "that the Jesuits should be convicted by my mouth?" John Chastel was sentenced to the most cruel punishment; and he underwent it on the 20th of December, 1594, by torch-light, before the principal entrance of Notre-Dame, without showing any symptom of regret. His mother and his sisters were set at liberty. His father, an old Leaguer, had been cognizant of his project and had dissuaded him from it, but without doing

anything to hinder it; he was banished from the kingdom for nine years and from Paris for ever. His house was razed to the ground; and on the site was set up a pyramid with the decree of the parliament inscribed upon it.

The proceedings did not stop there. At the beginning of this same year and on petition from the University of Paris, the Parliament had commenced a general prosecution of the order of Jesuits, its maxims, tendencies, and influence. Formal discussions had taken place; the prosecution and the defence had been conducted with eloquence, and a decree of the court had ordained that judgment should be deferred. Several of the most respected functionaries, notably President Augustin de Thou, had pronounced against this decree, considering the question so grave and so urgent that the Parliament should make it their duty to decide upon the point at issue. When sentence had to be pronounced upon John Chastel, President de Thou took the opportunity of saying, "When I lately gave my opinion in the matter of the University and the Jesuits, I never hoped, at my age and with my infirmities, that I should live long enough to take part in the judgment we are about to pass to-day. It was that which led me, in the indignation caused me by the course at that time adopted, to lay down an opinion to which I to-day recur with much joy. God be praised for having brought about an occasion whereon we have nothing to do but felicitate ourselves for that the enterprise which our foes did meditate against the State and the life of the king hath been without success, and which proves clearly at the same time how much the then opinion of certain honest men was wiser than that of persons who, from a miserable policy, were in favor of deferment!" The court, animated by the same sentiments as President de Thou, "declared the maxims maintained in the Jesuits' name to be rash, seditious, contrary to the word of God, savoring of heresy and condemned by the holy canons: it expressly forbade them to be taught publicly or privately, on pain, in case of contraveners, of being treated as guilty of treason against God and man. It decreed, further, that the priests of the college in Rue St. Jacques, their pupils and, generally, all members of that society, should leave Paris and all the towns in which they had colleges three days after this decree had been made known to them and the kingdom within a fortnight, as corrupters of youth, disturbers of the public peace and enemies of the king and of the State. In default of obedience on their part, their property, real and per-



THE CASTLE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.



SULLY.

sonal, should be confiscated and employed for pious purposes. The court, besides, prohibited all subjects of the king from sending their children as students to any Jesuits out of the kingdom, on pain of being declared enemies of the State." This decree was issued on the 29th of December, 1594. And as if to leave no doubt about the sense and bearing of this legislation, it was immediately applied in the case of a Jesuit father, John Guignard, a native of Chartres: his papers were examined and there were found in his handwriting many propositions and provocatives of sedition such as: "1. that a great mistake had been made at the St. Bartholomew in not having opened the *basilic vein*, that is, in not having murdered Henry IV. and the prince of Condé, who were of the blood royal; 2. that the crown might have been and ought to have been transferred to a family other than that of the Bourbons; 3. that the Béarnese, in spite of his pretended conversion, ought to consider himself only too lucky if it were considered sufficient to shave his head and shut him up in a convent to do penance there; that if the crown could not be taken from him without war, then war must be made on him; and that if the state of things did not admit of making war on him, he ought to be got rid of at any price and in any way whatsoever." For having, not published, but thought and with his own hand written out all this and probably taught it to his pupils, Father Guignard was obliged to retract and was afterwards hanged in the Place de Grève on the 7th of January, 1595.

The task of honest men and of right minds is greater and more difficult in our day than it was in the sixteenth century, for we have to reconcile the laws and the requirements of moral and social order with far broader principles and sentiments, as regards right and liberty, than were those of President Augustin de Thou and the worthy functionaries of his time.

It was one of Henry IV.'s conspicuous qualities that no event, auspicious or inauspicious, affected the correctness of his judgment, and that he was just as much a stranger to illusion or intoxication in the hour of good fortune as to discouragement in the hour of ill. He had sense enough to see, in any case, things as they really were, and to estimate at the proper value the strength they brought or the obstacles they formed to his government. He saw at a glance all the importance there was for him in the submission of Paris and what change in his conduct was required by that in his position. Certain local successes of the Spaniards at some points in his kingdom, the

efforts of Mayenne to resuscitate the dying League, and John Chastel's attempt at assassination did not for a moment interfere with his confidence in his progress or cause him to hesitate as to the new bearing he had to assume. He wrote on the 17th of December, 1594, to the estates of Artois and Hainault: "I have hitherto lacked neither the courage nor the power to repel the insults offered me, and to send recoiling upon the head of the king of Spain and his subjects the evils of which he was the author. But just as were the grounds I had for declaring war against him, motives more powerful and concerning the interests of all Christendom, restrained me. At the present time, when the principal leaders of the factions have returned to their duty and submitted to my laws, Philip still continues his intrigues to foster troubles in the very heart of my kingdom. After maturely reflecting, I have decided that it is time for me to act. Nevertheless, as I cannot forget the friendship my ancestors always felt for your country, I could not but see with pain that, though you have taken no share in Philip's acts of injustice, on you will fall the first blows of a war so terrible, and I thought it my duty to warn you of my purpose before I proceed to execute it. If you can prevail upon the king of Spain to withdraw the army which he is having levied on the frontier and to give no protection for the future to rebels of my kingdom, I will not declare war against him, provided that I have certain proof of your good intentions and that you give me reasonable securities for them before the 1st of January in the approaching year" [*Lettres missives de Henri IV.*, p. 280—De Thou, *Histoire universelle*, t. xii. pp. 328-342].

These letters, conveyed to Arras by one of the king's trumpeters, received no answer. The estates of Flanders, in assembly at Brussels, somewhat more bold than those of Artois and Hainault, in vain represented to their Spanish governor their complaints and their desires for peace; for two months Henry IV. heard not a word on the subject. Philip II. persisted in his active hostility and continued to give the king of France no title but that of *prince of Béarn*. On the 17th of January, 1595, Henry, in performance of what he had proclaimed, formally declared war against the king of Spain, forbade his subjects to have any commerce with him or his allies, and ordered them to make war on him for the future just as he persisted in making it on France.

This able and worthy resolve was not approved of by Rosny, by this time the foremost of Henry IV.'s councillors, although

he had not yet risen in the government or, probably, in the king's private confidence to the superior rank that he did attain by the eminence of his services and the courageous sincerity of his devotion. In his *Economies royales* it is to interested influence, on the part of England and Holland, that he attributes this declaration of war against Philip II., "into which," he says, "the king allowed himself to be hurried against his own feelings." It was assuredly in accordance with his own feelings and of his own free will that Henry acted in this important decision; he had a political order of mind greater, more inventive and more sagacious than Rosny's administrative order of mind, strong common-sense and pains-taking financial abilities. To spontaneously declare war against Philip after the capitulation of Paris and the conquest of three quarters of France was to proclaim that the League was at death's door, that there was no longer any civil war in France, and that her king had no more now than foreign war to occupy him. To make alliance, in view of that foreign war, with the protestant sovereigns of England, Holland, and Germany, against the exclusive and absolutist patron of Catholicism, was, on the part of a king but lately protestant and now become resolutely catholic, to separate openly politics from religion and to subserve the temporal interests of the realm of France whilst putting himself into the hands of the spiritual head of the Church as regarded matters of faith. Henry IV., moreover, discovered another advantage in this line of conduct; it rendered possible and natural the important act for which he was even then preparing and which will be spoken of directly, the edict of Nantes in favor of the Protestants, which was the charter of religious tolerance and the securities for it, pending the advent of religious liberty and its rights, that fundamental principle, at this day, of moral and social order in France. Such were Henry IV.'s grand and premonitory instincts when, on the 17th of January, 1595, he officially declared against Philip II. that war which Philip had not for a moment ceased to make on him.

The conflict thus solemnly begun between France and Spain lasted three years and three months, from the 17th of January, 1595, to the 1st of May, 1598, from Henry IV.'s declaration of war to the peace of Vervins, which preceded by only four months and thirteen days the death of Philip II. and the end of the preponderance of Spain in Europe. It is not worth while to follow step by step the course of this monotonous con-

flict, pregnant with facts which had their importance for contemporaries but are not worthy of an historical resurrection. Notice will be drawn only to those incidents in which the history of France is concerned and which give a good idea of Henry IV.'s character, the effectiveness of his government, and the rapid growth of his greatness in Europe contrasted with his rival's slow decay.

Four months and a half after the declaration of war and during the campaign begun in Burgundy between the French and the Spaniards, on the 5th of June, 1595, near Fontaine-Française, a large burgh a few leagues from Dijon, there took place an encounter which, without ending in a general battle, was an important event and caused so much sensation that it brought about political results more important than the immediate cause of them. Henry IV. made up his mind to go and reconnoitre in person the approaches of Dijon, towards which the enemy were marching. He advanced, with about a hundred and fifty men-at-arms and as many mounted arquebusiers, close up to the burgh of Saint-Seine; from there he sent the marquis of Mirebeau with fifty or sixty horse to "go," says Sully, "and take stock of the enemy;" and he put himself on the track of his lieutenant, marching as a simple captain of light-horse, with the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the set of the country so as to turn it to advantage if the armies had to encounter. But he had not gone more than a league when he saw Mirebeau returning at more than a footpace and in some disorder; who informed him "that he had been suddenly charged by as many as three or four hundred horse who did not give him leisure to extend his view as he could have desired, and that he believed that the whole army of the constable of Castille was marching in a body to come and quarter themselves in the burgh of Saint-Seine." Marshal de Biron, who joined the king at this moment, offered to go and look at the enemy and bring back news that could be depended upon; but scarcely had he gone a thousand paces when he descried, on the top of a little valley, some sixty horse halted there as if they were on guard; he charged them, toppled them over, and taking their ground, discovered the whole Spanish army marching in order of battle and driving before them a hundred of the king's horse, who were flying in disorder. Biron halted and showed a firm front to the enemy's approach; but he was himself hard pressed at many points and was charged with such impetuosity that he was obliged to begin a

retreat which changed before long to a sort of flight, with a few sword-cuts about the ears. Thus he arrived within sight of the king, who immediately detached a hundred horse to support Biron and stop the fugitives; but the little reinforcement met with the same fate as those it went to support; it was overthrown and driven pell-mell right up to the king, who suddenly found himself with seven or eight hundred horse on his hands, without counting the enemy's main army which could already be discerned in the distance. Far from being dumbfounded, the king, "borrowing," says Sully, "increase of judgment and courage from the greatness of the peril," called all his men about him, formed them into two squadrons of a hundred and fifty men each, gave one to M. de la Trémoille with orders to go and charge the Spanish cavalry on one flank, put himself at the head of the other squadron, and the two charges of the French were "so furious and so determined," says Sully, the king mingling in the thickest of the fight and setting an example to the boldest, "that the Spanish squadrons in dismay tumbled over one another and retired half-routed to the main body of Mayenne's army; who, seeing a dash made to the king's assistance by some of his bravest officers with seven or eight hundred horse, thought all the royal army was there, and, fearing to attack those gentry of whose determination he had just made proof, he himself gave his troops the order to retreat, Henry going on in pursuit until he had forced them to recross the Saône below Gray, leaving Burgundy at his discretion."

A mere abridgement has been given of the story relating to this brilliant affair as it appears in the *Œconomies royales* of Sully [t. ii. pp. 377-387], who was present and hotly engaged in the fight. We will quote word for word, however, the account of Henry IV. himself, who sent a report four days afterwards to his sister Catherine and to the constable Anne de Montmorency. To the latter he wrote on the 8th of June, 1595, from Dijon: "I was informed that the constable of Castile accompanied by the duke of Mayenne, was crossing the river Saône with his army to come and succor the castle of this town. I took horse the day after, attended by my cousin Marshal de Biron and from seven to eight hundred horse, to go and observe his plans on the spot. Whence it happened that, intending to take the same quarters without having any certain advices about one another, we met sooner than we had hoped and so closely that my cousin the marshal, who led the first troop, was obliged to charge those who had advanced and I to support

him. But our disadvantage was that all our troops had not yet arrived and joined me, for I had but from two to three hundred horse, whereas the enemy had all his cavalry on the spot, making over a thousand or twelve hundred drawn up by squadrons and in order of battle. However my said cousin did not haggle about them; and, seeing that they were worsting him, because the game was too uneven, I determined to make one in it and joined in to such purpose and with such luck, thank God, together with the following I had, that we put them to the rout. But I can assure you that it was not at the first charge, for we made several; and if the rest of my forces had been with me, I should no doubt have defeated all their cavalry, and perhaps their foot who were in order of battle behind the others, having at their head the said constable of Castile. But our forces were so unequal that I could do no more than put to flight those who would not do battle, after having cut in pieces the rest, as we had done; wherein I can tell you, my dear cousin, that my said cousin Marshal de Biron and I did some good handiwork. He was wounded in the head by a blow from a cutlass in the second charge, for he and I had nothing on but our cuirasses, not having had time to arm ourselves further, so surprised and hurried were we. However my said cousin did not fail, after his wound, to return again to the charge three or four times, as I too did on my side. Finally we did so well that the field and their dead were left to us to the number of a hundred or six score and as many prisoners of all ranks. Whereat the said constable of Castile took such alarm that he at once recrossed the Saône; and I have been told that it was not without reproaching the duke of Mayenne with having deceived him in not telling him of my arrival in this country."

The day before, June 7, Henry had written to his sister Catherine de Bourbon: "My dear sister, the more I go on, the more do I wonder at the grace shown me by God in the fight of last Monday, wherein I thought to have defeated but twelve hundred horse; but they must be set down at two thousand. The constable of Castile was there in person with the duke of Mayenne; and they both of them saw me and recognized me quite well. They sent to demand of me a whole lot of Italian and Spanish captains of theirs, the which were not prisoners. They must be amongst the dead who have been buried, for I requested next day that they should be. Many of our young noblemen, seeing me with them everywhere, were full of fire in this engagement and showed a great deal of courage; amongst

whom I came across Gramont, Termes, Boissy, La Curée and the Marquis of Mirebeau, who, as luck would have it, found themselves at it without any armor but their neck-pieces and gaillardets (? front and back plates) and did marvels. There were others who did not do so well and many who did very ill. Those who were not there ought to be sorry for it, seeing that I had need of all my good friends, and I saw you very near becoming my heiress" [*Lettres missives de Henri IV.*, t. iv. pp. 363-369; in the *Collection des documents inédits sur l'histoire de France*].

This fight, so unpremeditated, at Fontaine-Française, and the presence of mind, steady quicksightedness, and brilliant dash of Henry IV. led off this long war gloriously. Its details were narrated and sought after minutely; people were especially struck with the sympathetic attention that in the very midst of the strife the king bestowed upon all his companions-in-arms, either to give them directions or to warn them of danger. "At the hottest of the fight," says the contemporary historian Peter Matthieu, "Henry, seizing Mirebeau by the arm, said, 'Charge yonder!' which he did: and that troop began to thin off and disappear." A moment afterwards, seeing one of the enemy's men-at-arms darting down upon the French, Henry concluded that the attack was intended for Gilbert de la Curée, a brave and pious catholic lord, whom he called familiarly *Monsieur le Curé*, and shouted to him from afar, "Look out, La Curée!" which warned him and saved his life. The roughest warriors were touched by this fraternal solicitude of the king's, and clung to him with passionate devotion.

It was at Rome and in the case of an ecclesiastical question that Henry IV.'s steady policy, his fame for ability as well as valor, and the glorious affair of Fontaine-Française bore their first fruits. Mention has already been made of the formal refusal the king had met with from Pope Clement VIII. in January, 1594, when he had demanded of him, by the embassy extraordinary of the duke of Nevers, confirmation of the absolution granted him by the French bishops after his conversation at St. Denis and his anointment at Chartres. The pope, in spite of his refusal, had indirectly given the royal agents to understand that they were not to be discouraged; and the ablest of them, Arnold d'Ossat, had remained at Rome to conduct this delicate and dark commission. When Clement VIII. saw Henry IV.'s government growing stronger and more extensive day by day, Paris returned to his power, the League beaten

and the Gallican Church upheld in its maxims by the French magistracy, fear of schism grew serious at Rome, and the pope had a hint given by Cardinal de Gondi to Henry that, if he were to send fresh ambassadors, they might be favorably listened to. Arnold d'Ossat had acquired veritable weight at the court of Rome, and had paved the way with a great deal of art towards turning to advantage any favorable chances that might offer themselves. Villeroi, having broken with the League, had become Henry IV.'s minister of foreign affairs, and obtained some confidence at Rome in return for the good will he testified towards the papacy. By his councillor's advice, no doubt, the king made no official stir, sent no brilliant embassy; D'Ossat quietly resumed negotiations, and alone conducted them from the end of 1594 to the spring of 1595; and when a new envoy was chosen to bring them to a conclusion it was not a great lord but a learned ecclesiastic, Abbot James du Perron, whose ability and devotion Henry IV. had already, at the time of his conversion, experienced and whom he had lately appointed bishop of Evreux. Even when Du Perron had been fixed upon to go to Rome and ask for the absolution which Clement VIII. had seven or eight months before refused, he was in no hurry to repair thither, and D'Ossat's letters make it appear that he was expected there with some impatience. He arrived there on the 12th of July, 1595, and, in concert with D'Ossat, he presented to the pope the request of the king, who solicited the papal benediction, absolution from any censure, and complete reconciliation with the Roman Church. Clement VIII., on the 2nd of August, assembled his consistory, whither went all the cardinals, save two partisans of Spain who excused themselves on the score of health. Parleys took place as to the form of the decree which must precede the absolution. The pope would have liked very much to insert two clauses, one revoking as null and void the absolution already given to the king by the French bishops at the time of his conversion, and the other causing the absolution granted by the pope to be at the same time considered as re-establishing Henry IV. in his rights to the crown, whereof it was contended that he was deprived by the excommunication and censures of Sixtus V. and Gregory XIV., which this absolution was to remove. The two French negotiators rejected these attempts and steadily maintained the complete independence of the king's temporal sovereignty as well as the power of intervention of the French episcopate in his absolution. Clement VIII. was a judicious

and prudent pope; and he did not persist. The absolution was solemnly pronounced on the 17th of September, 1595. by the pope himself, from a balcony erected in St. Peter's square and in presence of the population. The gates of the church were thrown open and a *Te Deum* was sung. A grand ceremony took place immediately afterwards in the church of St. Louis of the French. Rome was illuminated for three days, and, on the 7th of November following, a pope's messenger left for Paris with the bull of absolution drawn up in the terms agreed upon.

Another reconciliation, of less solemnity but of great importance, that between the duke of Mayenne and Henry IV., took place a week after the absolution pronounced by the pope. As soon as the civil war, continued by the remnants of the dying League, was no more than a disgraceful auxiliary to the foreign war between France and Spain, Mayenne was in his soul both grieved and disgusted at it. The affair of Fontaine-Française gave him an opportunity of bringing matters to a crisis; he next day broke with the constable of Castile, Don Ferdinand de Velasco, who declined to follow his advice, and at once entered into secret negotiations with the king. Henry wrote from Lyons to Du Plessis-Mornay, on the 24th of August, 1595: "The duke of Mayenne has asked me to allow him three months for the purpose of informing the enemy of his determination in order to induce them to join him in recognizing me and serving me. So doing, he has also agreed to bind himself from this present date to recognize me and serve me, whatever his friends may do." On the 23rd of September following, Henry IV., still at Lyons, sent to M. de la Châtre: "I forward you the articles of a general truce which I have granted to the duke of Mayenne at his pressing instance and on the assurance he has given me that he will get it accepted and observed by all those who are still making war within my kingdom, in his name or that of the League." This truce was, in point of fact, concluded by a preliminary treaty signed at Châlons and by virtue of which Mayenne ordered his lieutenants to give up to the king the citadel of Dijon. The negotiations continued and, in January, 1596, a royal edict, signed at Folembray, near Laon, regulated, in thirty-one articles and some secret articles, the conditions of peace between the king and Mayenne. The king granted him, himself and his partisans, full and complete amnesty for the past, besides three surety-places for six years and divers sums which, may be for payment of his debts

and may be for his future provision, amounted to 3,580,000 livres at that time (12,888,000 francs of the present day). The Parliament of Paris considered these terms exorbitant and did not consent to enregister the edict until April 9, 1596, after three letters jussory from the king. Henry IV. nobly expressed, in the preamble of the edict, the motives of policy that led to his generous arrangements; after alluding to his late reconciliation with the pope, "Our work," he said, "would have been imperfect and peace incomplete if our most dear and most beloved cousin, the duke of Mayenne, chief of his party, had not followed the same road, as he resolved to do so soon as he saw that our holy father had approved of our reunion. This hath made us to perceive better than heretofore the aim of his actions, to accept and take in good part all that he hath exhibited against us of the zeal he felt for religion, and to commend the anxiety he hath displayed to preserve the kingdom in its entirety, whereof he caused not and suffered not the dismemberment when the prosperity of his affairs seemed to give him some means of it; the which he was none the more inclined to do when he became weakened, but preferred to throw himself into our arms rather than betake himself to other remedies which might have caused the war to last a long while yet, to the great damage of our people. This it is which hath made us desire to recognize his good intent, to love him and treat him for the future as our good relative and faithful subject" [*Mémoires de la Ligue*, t. vi. p. 349].

To a profound and just appreciation of men's conduct Henry IV. knew how to add a winning grace and the surprising charm of a familiar manner. After having signed the edict of Folembray, he had gone to rest awhile at Monceaux. Mayenne went to visit him there on the 31st of January, 1596. There is nothing to be added to or taken from the account given by Sully of their interview: "The king, stepping forward to meet Mayenne, embraced him thrice, assuring him that he was welcome and that he embraced him as cordially as if there had never been anything between them. M. de Mayenne put one knee on the ground, embraced the king's thigh, and assured him that he was his very humble servant and subject, saying that he considered himself greatly bounden to him, as well for having with so much of gentleness, kindness, and special largesses restored him to his duty as for having delivered him from Spanish arrogance and Italian crafts and wiles. Then the king, having raised him up and embraced him once more, told

him that he had no doubt at all of his honor and word, for a man of worth and of good courage held nothing so dear as the observance thereof. Thereupon he took *L' Sory* the hand and began to walk him about at a very great pace, showing him the alleys and telling all his plans and the beauties and conveniences of this mansion. M. de Mayenne, who was incommoded by a sciatica, followed as best he could but some way behind, dragging his limbs after him, very heavily. Which the king observing, and that he was mighty red, heated, and was puffing with thickness of breath, he turned to Rosny, whom he held with the other hand, and said in his ear, 'If I walk this fat carcase here about much longer, then am I avenged without much difficulty for all the evils he hath done us, for he is a dead man.' And thereupon pulling up, the king said to him, 'Tell the truth, cousin, I go a little too fast for you; and I have worked you too hard.' 'By my faith, sir,' said M. de Mayenne, slapping his hand upon his stomach, 'it is true; I swear to you that I am so tired and out of breath that I can no more. If you had continued walking me about so fast, for honor and courtesy did not permit me to say to you "Hold! enough!" and still less to leave you, I believe that you would have killed me without a thought of it.' Then the king embraced him, clapped him on the shoulder, and said with a laughing face, open glance, and holding out his hand, 'Come, take that, cousin, for, by God, this is all the injury and displeasure you shall ever have from me; of that I give you my honor and word with all my heart, the which I never did and never will violate.' 'By God, sir,' answered M. de Mayenne, kissing the king's hand and doing what he could to put one knee upon the ground, 'I believe it and all other generous things that may be expected from the best and bravest prince of our age. And you said it, too, in so frank a spirit and with so kindly a grace that my feelings and my obligations are half as deep again. However, I swear to you over again, sir, by the living God, on my faith, my honor and my salvation, that I will be to you, all my life long, loyal subject and faithful servant; I will never fail you nor desert you; I will have while I live no desires or designs of importance which are not suggested by your Majesty himself; nor will I ever be cognizant of them in the case of others, though they were my own children, without expressly opposing them and giving you notice of them at once.' 'There, there, cousin,' rejoined the king, 'I quite believe it; and that you may be able to love me

and serve me long, go rest you, refresh you and drink a draught at the castle. I have in my cellars some Arbois wine of which I will ~~part~~ ^{lend} you two bottles, for well I know that you do not dislike it. "And here is Rosny, whom I will lend you to accompany you, to do the honors of the house and to conduct you to your chamber: he is one of my oldest servants and one of those who have been most rejoiced to see that you would love me and serve me cordially'" [*Economies royales*, t. iii. pp. 7-10].

Mayenne was as good as his word. After the edict of Folembray, he lived fourteen years at the court of Henry IV., whom he survived only about sixteen months [for he died on the 4th of October, 1611 and Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravallac on the 13th of May, 1610], and during all that time he was loyal and faithful to him, never giving him any but good counsels and sometimes rendering him useful services. A rare example of a party chief completely awakened and tamed by experience: it made him disgusted with fanaticism, faction, civil war and complicity with the foreigner. He was the least brilliant but the most sensible, the most honest, and the most French of the Guises. Henry IV., when seriously ill at Fontainebleau in 1608, recommended him to Queen Mary de' Medici as one of the men whom it was most important to call to the councils of State; and, at the approach of death, Mayenne, weary and weak in the lap of repose, could conscientiously address those who were around him in such grand and Christian language as this: "It is no new thing to know that I must die; for twelve years past my lingering and painful life has been for the most part an apprenticeship thereto. My sufferings have so dulled the sting of death that I rather count upon it than dread it; happy to have had so long a delay to teach me to make a good end, and to rid me of the things which formerly kept me from that knowledge. Happy to meet my end amongst mine own people and to terminate by a peaceful death the sufferings and miseries of my life. I formerly sought death amidst arms; but I am better pleased, for my soul's salvation, to meet it and embrace it on my bed than if I had encountered it in the battle, for the sake of the glory of the world."

Let us return to Henry IV. Since his declaration of war against Philip II. he had gained much ground. He had fought gloriously, in his own person, and beaten the Spaniards at Fontaine-Française. He had obtained from Pope Clement VIII.

the complete and solemn absolution which had been refused to him the year before. Mayenne had submitted to him, and that submission had been death to the League. Some military reverses were intermingled with these political successes. Between the 25th of June, 1595, and the 10th of March, 1597, the Spanish armies took, in Picardy and Artois, Le Catelet, Doullens, Cambrai, Ardres, Ham, Guines and two towns of more importance, Calais, still the object of English ambition and of offers on the part of Queen Elizabeth to any one who could hand it over to her, and Amiens, one of the keys to France on the frontier of the North. These checks were not without compensation. Henry invested and took the strong place of La Fère; and he retook Amiens after a six months' struggle. A Spanish plot for getting possession of Marseilles failed; the young duke of Guise, whom Henry had made governor of Provence, entered the city amidst shouts of *Hurrah for the king!* "Now I am king!" cried Henry, on receiving the news, so generally was Marseilles even then regarded as the queen of the Mediterranean. The duke of Epemon who had attempted to make of Provence an independent principality for himself, was obliged to leave it and treat with the king, ever ready to grant easy terms to those who could give up to him or sell him any portion of his kingdom. France was thus being rapidly reconstituted. "Since the month of January, 1596, Burgundy parts of Forez, Auvergne and Velay, the whole of Provence, half Languedoc, and the last town of Poitou had been brought back to their allegiance to the king. French territory and national unity had nothing more to wait for, to complete their re-establishment, than a portion of Brittany and four towns of Picardy still occupied by the Spaniards" [Poirson, *Histoire du règne de Henri IV.*, t. ii. p. 159].

But these results were only obtained at enormous expense and by means of pecuniary sacrifices, loans, imposts, obligations of every sort, which left the king in inextricable embarrassment and France in a condition of exhaustion still further aggravated by the deplorable administration of the public finances. On the 15th of April, 1596, Henry IV. wrote from Amiens to Rosny: "My friend, you know as well as any of my servants what troubles, labors and fatigues I have had to go through to secure my life and my dignity against so many sorts of enemies and perils. Nevertheless I swear to you that all these traverses have not caused me so much affliction and bitterness of spirit as the sorrow and annoyance I now feel at

finding myself in continual controversies with those most in authority of my servants, officers and councillors of State when I would fain set about restoring this kingdom to its highest splendor and relieving my poor people whom I love as my dear children (God having at present granted me no others) from so many talliages, subsidies, vexations, and oppressions whereof they daily make complaints to me. . . . Having written to them who are of my council of finance how that I had a design of extreme importance in hand for which I had need of a fund of 800,000 crowns, and therefore I begged and conjured them, by their loyalty and sincere affection towards me and France, to labor diligently for the certain raising of that sum, all their answers, after several delays, excuses and reasons whereof one destroyed another, had finally no other conclusion than representations of difficulties and impossibilities. Nay they feared not to send me word that so far from being able to furnish me with so notable a sum they found great trouble in raising the funds to keep my household going. . . . I am resolved to know truly whether the necessities which are overwhelming me proceed from the malice, bad management, or ignorance of those whom I employ, or, good sooth, from the diminution of my revenues and the poverty of my people. And to that end, I mean to convoke the three orders of my kingdom for to have of them some advice and aid, and meanwhile to establish among those people some loyal servant of mine, whom I will put in authority little by little, in order that he may inform me of what passes in my council and enlighten me as to that which I desire to know. I have, as I have already told you, cast my eyes upon you to serve me in this commission, not doubting at all that I shall receive contentment and advantage from your administration. And I wish to tell you the state to which I am reduced, which is such that I am very near the enemy and have not as you may say a horse to fight on or a whole suit of harness to my back. My shirts are all torn, my doublets out at elbows; my cupboard is often bare, and for the last two days I have been dining and supping with one and another; my purveyors say they have no more means of supplying my table, especially as for more than six months they have had no money. Judge whether I deserve to be so treated, and fail not to come. I have on my mind, besides, two or three other matters of consequence on which I wish to employ you the moment you arrive. Do not speak of all this to anybody whatsoever, not even to your wife. Adieu, my friend, whom well I love."

Henry IV. accomplished all that, when he wrote to Rosny, he had showed himself resolved to undertake. External circumstances became favorable to him. Since his conversion to Catholicism, England and her queen, Elizabeth, had been colder in the cause of the French alliance. When, after his declaration of war against Philip II., Henry demanded in London the support on which he had believed that he might rely, Elizabeth answered by demanding in her turn the cession of Calais as the price of her services. Quite determined not to give up Calais to England, Henry, without complaining of the demand, let the negotiation drag, confining himself to saying that he was looking for friends not for masters. When in April, 1596, it was known in London that Calais had been taken by the Spaniards, Elizabeth sent word to Henry, then at Boulogne, that she would send him prompt assistance if he promised, when Calais was recovered from the Spaniards, to place it in the hands of the English. "If I must be despoiled," answered Henry, "I would rather it should be by my enemies than by my friends. In the former case it will be a reverse of fortune, in the latter I might be accused of poltroonery." Elizabeth assured the French ambassador, Harlay de Sancy, "that it had never been her intention to keep Calais, but simply to take care that, in any case, this important place should not remain in the hands of the common enemy whilst the king was engaged in other enterprises; anyhow," she added, "she had ordered the earl of Essex, admiral of the English fleet raised against Spain, to arm promptly in order to go to the king's assistance." There was anxiety at that time in England about the immense preparations being made by Philip for the invasion he proposed to attempt against England and for the putting to sea of his fleet, *the Grand Armada*. In conversation with the high treasurer Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's chief minister, Sancy found him even colder than his queen: Burleigh laid great stress upon all that the queen had already done for France, and on the 1,500,000 gold crowns she had lent to the king. "It would be more becoming," he said, "in the king's envoys to thank the queen for the aid she had already furnished than to ask for more; by dint of drawing water, the well had-gone dry; the queen could offer the king only 3000 men, on condition that they were raised at his own expense." "If the king," replied Sancy, "must expect neither alliance nor effectual aid on your part, he will be much obliged to the queen to let him know what course she takes, because he, on his side, will take that which will be

most expedient for his affairs." Some of the king's councillors regarded it as possible that he should make peace with the king of Spain, and did not refrain from letting as much be understood. Negotiations in London seemed to be broken off; the French ambassadors had taken leave of Elizabeth. The news that came from Spain altered the tone of the English government; threats of Spanish invasion became day by day more distinct and the *Grand Armada* more dreaded. Elizabeth sent word to the ambassadors of France by some of her confidants, amongst others Sir Robert Cecil, son of the high treasurer, that she was willing to give them a last audience before their departure. The result of this audience was the conclusion of a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive between France and England against the king of Spain, with a mutual promise not to make, one without the other, either peace or truce, with precise stipulations as to the number and pay of the troops which the queen of England should put in the field for the service of the king of France, and, further, with a proviso establishing freedom of trade between the two States. The treaty was drawn up in London on the 24th of May, 1596, ratified at Rouen by Henry IV. on the 19th of October following, and on the 31st of October the States-General of Holland acceded to it, whilst regulating, accordingly, the extent of their engagements.

Easy as to the part to be played by his allies in the war with Spain, Henry IV. set to work upon the internal reforms and measures of which he strongly felt the necessity. They were of two kinds; one administrative and financial, the other political and religious; he wished at one and the same time to consolidate the material forces of his government and to give his protestant subjects, lately his own brethren, the legal liberty and security which they needed for their creed's sake and to which they had a right.

He began, about the middle of October, 1596, by bringing Rosny into the council of finance, saying to him: "You promise me, you know, to be a good manager, and that you and I shall lop arms and legs from Madame Grivelée, as you have so often told me could be done?" *Madame Grivelée* (*Mrs. Pickings*) was in the language of the day she who presided over illicit gains made in the administration of the public finances. Rosny at once undertook to accomplish that which he had promised the king. He made, in person, a minute examination of four receiver-generals' offices, in order, with that to guide him, to get a correct idea of the amount derived from

imposts and the royal revenues and of what became of this amount in its passage from collection to employment for the defrayal of the expenses of the State. "When he went on his inspection, the treasurers of France, receivers, accountants, comptrollers, either absented themselves or refused to produce him any register; he suspended some, frightened others, surmounted the obstacles of every kind that were put in his way, and he proved, from the principal items of receipt and expenditure at those four general offices, so much and such fraudulence that he collected 500,000 crowns (1,500,000 livres of those times, and about 5,490,000 francs of the present date), had these sums placed in seventy carts and drove them to Rouen, where the king was and where the *Assembly of notables* had just met."

It was not the states-general properly so called that Henry IV. had convoked; he had considered that his authority was still too feebly constituted, and even too much disputed in a portion of the kingdom, to allow him to put it to such a test; and honest and sensible patriots had been of the same opinion: D'Aubigné himself, the most independent and fault-finding spirit amongst his contemporaries, expressly says, "The troubles which were not yet extinguished in France did not admit of a larger convocation; the hearts of the people were not yet subdued and kneaded to obedience, as appeared from the excitement which supervened" [*Histoire universelle*, t. iii. p. 526]. Besides, Henry, himself acknowledged, in the circular which he published on the 25th of July, 1596, at this juncture, the superior agency of the states-general: "We would gladly have brought them together in full assembly," he said, "if the armed efforts of our enemies allowed of any longer delay in finding a remedy for the plague which is racking us so violently; our intent is, pending the coming of the said states, to put a stop to all these disorders in the best and quickest way possible." "The king, moreover," says Sully, "had no idea of imitating the king's predecessors in predilection for and appointment of certain deputies for whom he had a particular fancy; but he referred the nomination thereof to them of the Church, of the noblesse and of the people; and, when they were assembled, he prescribed to them no rules, forms or limits, but left them complete freedom of their opinions, utterances, suffrages and deliberations" [*Economies royales*, t. ii. p. 29]. The notables met at Rouen to the number of eighty, nine of the clergy, nineteen of the noblesse, fifty-two of the

third estate. The king opened the assembly on the 4th of November, 1596, with these words, full of dignity and powerful in their vivid simplicity: "If I desired to win the title of orator, I would have learned by rote some fine, long speech, and would deliver it to you with proper gravity. But, gentlemen, my desire prompts me towards two more glorious titles, the names of deliverer and restorer of this kingdom. In order to attain whereto I have gathered you together. You know to your cost, as I to mine, that, when it pleased God to call me to this crown, I found France not only all but ruined, but almost entirely lost to Frenchmen. By the divine favor, by the prayers and the good counsels of my servants who are not in the profession of arms, by the swords of my brave and generous noblesse, from whom I single out not the princes, upon the honor of a gentleman, as the holders of our proudest title, and by my own pains and labors, I have preserved her from perdition. Let us, now, preserve her from ruin. Share, my dear subjects, in this second triumph as you did in the first. I have not summoned you, like my predecessors, to get your approbation of their own wills. I have had you assembled in order to receive your counsels, put faith in them, follow them, in short, place myself under guardianship in your hands; a desire but little congenial to kings, greybeards, and conquerors. But the violent love I feel towards my subjects and the extreme desire I have to add those two proud titles to that of king make everything easy and honorable to me."

L'Estoile relates that the king's favorite, Gabrielle d'Estrées, was at the session behind some tapestry, and that Henry IV. having asked what she thought of his speech, she answered, "I never heard better spoken; only I was astonished that you spoke of placing yourself under guardianship." "Ventre-saint-gris," replied the king. "that is true; but I mean with my sword by my side" [*Journal de Pierre l'Estoile*, t. iii. p. 185].

The Assembly of notables sat from November 4, 1596, to January 20, 1597, without introducing into the financial regimen any really effective reforms; the *rating board* (*conseil de raison*), the institution of which they had demanded of the king in connection with the fixing of imposts and employment of public revenues, was tried without success and was not long before, of its own accord, resigning its power into the king's hands; but the mere convocation of this assembly was a striking instance of the homage paid by Henry IV. to that fundamental maxim of free government, which, as early as under

Louis XI., Philip de Commynes expressed in these terms: "There is no king or lord on earth who hath power, over and above his own property, to put a single penny on his subjects without grant and consent of those who have to pay, unless by tyranny and violence." The ideas expressed and the counsels given by the assembly of notables were not, however, without good effect upon the general administration of the State; but the principal and most salutary result of its presence and influence was the personal authority which Sully drew from it and of which he did not hesitate to make full use. Having become superintendent-general of finance and grand master of the ordinance he exerted all his power to put in practice, as regarded the financial department, a system of receipts and expenses, and as regarded materials for the service of war, the reforms and maxims of economy, accountability and supervision, which were suggested to him by his great good-sense and in which Henry IV. supported him with the spirit of one who well appreciated the strength they conferred upon his government, civil and military.

His relations with the Protestants gave him embarrassments to surmount and reforms to accomplish of quite a different sort and more difficult still. At his accession, their satisfaction had not been untinged by disquietude; they foresaw the sacrifices the king would be obliged to make to his new and powerful friends the Catholics. His conversion to Catholicism threw into more or less open opposition the most zealous and some of the ambitious members of his late Church. It was not long before their feelings burst forth in reproaches, alarms, and attacks. In 1597, a pamphlet, entitled *The Complaints of the Reformed Churches of France* [*Mémoires de la Ligue*, t. vi. pp. 428-486] was published and spread prodigiously: "None can take it ill," said the anonymous author, "that we who make profession of the reformed religion should come forward to get a hearing for our complaints touching so many deeds of outrage, violence, and injustice which are daily done to us, and done not here or there, but in all places of the realm; done at a time, under a reign in which they seemed less likely and which ought to have given us better hopes. . . . We, Sir, are neither Spaniards nor Leaguers; we have had such happiness as to see you, almost born and cradled, at any rate brought up, amongst us; we have employed our properties, our lives in order to prevent the effects of ill-will on the part of those who, from your cradle, sought your ruin; we have,

with you and under your wise and valiant leadership, made the chiefest efforts for the preservation of the crown which, thank God, is now upon your head. . . . We do beseech you, Sir, to give us permission to have the particulars of our grievances heard both by your Majesty and all your French, for we do make plaint of all the French. Not that in so great and populous a kingdom we should imagine that there are not still to be found some whose hearts bleed to see indignities so inhuman; but of what avail to us is all they may have in them of what is good, humane, and French? A part of them are so soft, so timorous, that they would not so much as dare to show a symptom of not liking that which displeases them; and if, when they see us so maltreated, they do summon up sufficient boldness to look another way, and think that they have done but their duty; still do they tremble with fear of being taken for favorers of heretics."

The writer then enters upon an exposition of all the persecutions, all the acts of injustice, all the evils of every kind that the reformers have to suffer. He lays the blame of them, as he has just said, upon the whole French community, the noblesse, the commons, the magistracy as well as the catholic priests and monks; he enumerates a multitude of special facts in support of his plaints: "Good God!" he cries; "that there should be no class, no estate in France from which we can hope for any relief! None from which we may not fear lest ruin come upon us!" And he ends by saying, "Stem then, Sir, with your good will and your authority the tide of our troubles. Direct your counsels towards giving us some security. Accustom your kingdom to at least endure us if it will not love us. We demand of your Majesty an edict which may give us enjoyment of that which is common to all your subjects, that is to say, of far less than you have granted to your enemies, your rebels of the League."

We will not stop to inquire whether the matters stated in these *plaints* are authentic or disputable, accurate or exaggerated; it is probable that they contain a great deal of truth, and that, even under Henry IV., the Protestants had many sufferings to endure and disregarded rights to recover. The mistake they made and the injustice they showed consisted in not taking into account all the good that Henry IV. had done them and was daily doing them, and in calling upon him at a moment's notice to secure to them by an edict all the good that it was not in his power to do them. We purpose just to give

a brief summary of the ameliorations introduced into their position under him, even before the edict of Nantes, and to transfer the responsibility for all they still lacked to the cause indicated by themselves in their *plaints* when they take to task *all the French* on the catholic side, who, in the sixteenth century, disregarded in France the rights of creed and of religious life, just as the Protestants themselves disregarded them in England so far as the Catholics were concerned.

One fact immediately deserves to be pointed out; and that is the number and the practical character of meetings officially held at this period by the Protestants: an indisputable proof of the liberty they enjoyed. These meetings were of two sorts: one, the synods, were for the purpose of regulating their faith, their worship, their purely religious affairs. Between 1594 and 1609, under the sway of Henry IV., catholic king, seven national synods of the protestant Church in France held their sessions in seven different towns and discussed with perfect freedom such questions of religious doctrine and discipline as were interesting to them. At the same epoch, between 1593 and 1603, the French Protestants met at eleven assemblies specially summoned to deliberate, not in these cases upon questions of faith and religious discipline, but upon their temporal and political interests, upon their relations towards the State and upon the conduct they were to adopt under the circumstances of their times. The principle to which minds and even matters, to a certain extent, have now attained, the deep-seated separation between the civil and the religious life, and their mutual independence, this higher principle was unknown to the sixteenth century; the believer and the citizen were then but one, and the efforts of laws and governments were directed towards bringing the whole nation entire into the same state of unity. And as they did not succeed therein, their attempts produced strife instead of unity, war instead of peace. When the French Protestants of the sixteenth century met in the assemblies which they themselves called political, they acted as one nation confronting another nation and labored to form a State within a State. We will borrow from the intelligent and learned *Histoire d'Henri IV.*, by M. Poirson (t. ii. pp. 497-500), a picture of one of those assemblies and its work. "After the king's abjuration and at the end of the year 1593, the French Huguenots renewed at Mantes their old union and swore to live and die united in their profession of faith. Henry was in hopes that they would stop short at a religious demon-

stration; but they made it a starting-point for a new political and military organization on behalf of the Calvinistic party. They took advantage of a general permission granted them by Henry, and met, not in synod but in general assembly, at the town of Sainte-Foy, in the month of June, 1594. Thereupon they divided all France into nine great provinces or circles, composed each of several governments or provinces of the realm. Each circle had a separate council composed of from five to seven members and commissioned to fix and apportion the separate imposts, to keep up a standing army, to collect the supplies necessary for the maintenance and defence of the party. The Calvinistic republic had its general assemblies composed of nine deputies or representatives from each of the nine circles. These assemblies were invested with authority 'to order, on the general account, all that the juncture required,' that is to say, with a legislative power distinct from that of the crown and nation. . . . If the king ceased to pay the sums necessary to keep up the garrisons in the towns left to the reformers, the governors were to seize the talliages in the hands of the king's receivers and apply the money to the payment of the garrisons. And in case the central power should attempt to repress these violent procedures or to substitute as commandant in those places a Catholic for a Protestant, all the Calvinists of the locality and the neighboring districts were to unite and rise in order to give the assistance of the strong hand to the protestant governors so attacked. Independently of the ordinary imposts, a special impost was laid on the Calvinists and gave their leaders the disposal of a yearly sum of 120,000 livres (440,000 francs of the present day). The Calvinistic party had thus a territorial area, an administration, finances, a legislative power and an executive power independent of those of the country; or, in other words, the means of taking resolutions contrary to those of the mass of the nation, and of upholding them by revolt. All they wanted was a Huguenot stadtholder to oppose to the king of France, and they were looking out for one."

Henry IV. did not delude himself as to the tendency of such organization amongst those of his late party. "He rebuffed very sternly (and wisely)," says L'Estoile, "those who spoke to him of it. 'As for a protector,' he told them, 'he would have them to understand that there was no other protector in France but himself for one side or the other; the first man who should be so daring as to assume the title would do so at the

risk of his life; he might be quite certain of that.'” Had Henry IV. been permitted to read the secrets of a not so very distant future, he might have told the Huguenots of his day that the time was not far off when their pretension to political organization and to the formation of a State within the State would compromise their religious liberty and furnish the absolute government of Louis XIV. with excuses for abolishing the protective edict which Henry IV.’s sympathy was on the point of granting them and which, so far as its purely religious provisions went, was duly respected by the sagacity of Cardinal Richelieu.

After his conversion to Catholicism and during the whole of his reign, it was one of Henry IV.’s constant anxieties to show himself well disposed towards his old friends, and to do for them all he could do without compromising the public peace in France or abdicating in his own person the authority he needed to maintain order and peace. Some of the edicts published by his predecessors during the intervals of civil war, notably the edict of Poitiers issued by Henry III., had granted the Protestants free exercise of their worship in the castles of the Calvinistic lords who had jurisdiction, to the number of 3500, and in the faubourgs of one town or borough of each bailiwick of the realm, except the bailiwick of Paris. Further, the holding of properties and heritages, union by marriage with Catholics, and the admission of Protestants to the employments, offices and dignities of the realm were recognized by this edict. These rights, in black and white, had often been violated by the different authorities or suspended during the wars; Henry IV. maintained them or put them in force again and supported the application of them or decreed the extension of them. It was calculated that there were in France eight hundred towns and three hundred bailiwicks or seneschalties; the treaties concluded with the League had expressly prohibited the exercise of protestant worship in forty towns and seventeen bailiwicks; Henry IV. tolerated it everywhere else. The prohibition was strict as regarded Paris and ten leagues round; but, as early as 1594, three months after his entry into Paris, Henry aided the reformers in the unostentatious celebration of their own form in the Faubourg St. Germain; and he authorized the use of it at court for religious ceremonies, especially for marriages. Three successive edicts, two issued at Mantes in 1591 and 1593, and the third at St. Germain in 1597, confirmed and developed these signs of progress in the

path of religious liberty. The parliaments had in general refused to enregister these decrees, a fact which gave them an incomplete and provisional character; but equitable and persistent measures on the king's part prevailed upon the Parliament of Paris to enregister the edict of St. Germain; and the Parliament of Dijon and nearly all the other parliaments of the kingdom followed this example. One of the principal provisions of this last edict declared Protestants competent to fill all the offices and dignities of the kingdom. It had many times been inserted in preceding edicts, but always rejected by the parliaments or formally revoked. Henry IV. brought it into force and credit by putting it extensively in practice without entering upon discussion of it and without adding any comment upon it. In 1590, he had given Palleseuil the government of Neuchâtel in Normandy; he had introduced Hurault Dufay, Du Plessis-Mornay and Rosny into the council of State; in 1594 he had appointed the last member of the council of finance; Soffray de Colignon, La Force, Lesdiguières, and Sancy were summoned to the most important functions; Turenne, in 1594, was raised to the dignity of marshal of France; and in 1595, La Trémoille was made duke and peer. They were all Protestants. Their number and their rank put the matter beyond all dispute; it was a natural consequence of the social condition of France; it became an habitual practice with the government.

Nevertheless the complaints and requirements of the malcontent Protestants continued and became day by day more vehement; in 1596 and 1597 the assemblies of Saumur, Loudun, and Vendôme became their organs of expression; and messengers were sent with them to the camp before La Fère, which Henry IV. was at that time besieging. He deferred his reply. Two of the principal Protestant leaders, the dukes of Bouillon and La Trémoille, suddenly took extreme measures; they left the king and his army, carrying off their troops with them, one to Auvergne and the other to Poitou. The deputies from the assembly of Loudun started back again at the same time, as if for the purpose of giving the word to arm in their provinces. Du Plessis-Mornay and his wife, the most zealous of the Protestants who were faithful at the same time to their cause and to the king, bear witness to this threatening crisis. "The deputies," says Madame du Mornay in her *Mémoires*, "returned each to his own province, with the intention of taking the cure of their evils into their own hands, whence

would infallibly have ensued trouble enough to complete the ruin of this State had not the king, by the management of M. du Plessis, been warned of this imminent danger and by him persuaded to send off and treat in good earnest with the said assembly." "These gentry, rebuffed at court," says Du Plessis-Mornay himself in a letter to the duke of Bouillon, "have resolved to take the cure into their own hands; to that end they have been authorized, and by actions which do not seem to lead them directly thither they will find that they have passed the Rubicon right merrily." It was as it were a new and a protestant League just coming to the head.

Henry IV. was at that time engaged in the most important negotiation of his reign. After a long and difficult siege he had just retaken Amiens. He thought it a favorable moment at which to treat for peace with Spain and put an end to an onerous war which he had been for so long sustaining. He informed the queen of England of his intention, "begging her, if the position of her affairs did not permit her to take part in the treaty he was meditating with Spain, to let him know clearly what he must do to preserve amity and good understanding between the two crowns, for he would always prefer an ally like her to reconciled foes such as the Spaniards." He addressed the same notification to the Dutch government. Elizabeth on one hand and the States-General on the other tried to dissuade him from peace with Spain and to get him actively re-engaged in the strife from which they were not disposed to emerge. He persisted in his purpose whilst setting before them his reasons for it and binding himself to second faithfully their efforts by all pacific means. A congress was opened in January, 1598, at Vervins in Picardy, through the mediation of Pope Clement VIII., anxious to become the pacificator of catholic Europe. The French plenipotentiaries, Pomponne de Bellièvre and Brulart de Sillery, had instructions to obtain the restoration to the king of all towns and places taken by the Spaniards from France since the treaty of peace of Cateau-Cambrésis, and to have the queen of England and the United Provinces, if they testified a desire for it, included in the treaty or, at any rate, to secure for them a truce. After three months' conferences, the treaty of peace was concluded at Vervins on the 2nd of May, 1598, the principal condition being, that King Philip II. should restore to France the towns of Calais, Ardres, Doullens, Le Catelet, and Blavet; that he should re-enter upon possession of the countship of Charolais;

and that, if either of the two sovereigns had any claims to make against one of the States their allies included in this treaty, "he should prosecute them only by way of law, before competent judges, and not by force, in any manner whatever." The queen of England took no decisive resolution. When once the treaty was concluded, Henry IV. on signing it, said to the duke Épernon, "With this stroke of my pen I have just done more exploits than I should have done in a long while with the best swords in my kingdom."

A month before the conclusion of the treaty of Peace at Vervins with Philip II., Henry IV. had signed and published at Paris on the 13th of April, 1598, the edict of Nantes, his treaty of peace with the protestant malcontents. This treaty, drawn up in ninety-two open and fifty-six secret articles, was a code of old and new laws regulating the civil and religious position of Protestants in France, the conditions and guarantees of their worship, their liberties and their special obligations in their relations whether with the crown or with their catholic fellow-countrymen. By this code Henry IV. added a great deal to the rights of the Protestants and to the duties of the State towards them. Their worship was authorized not only in the castles of the lords high-justiciary, who numbered 3500, but also in the castles of simple noblemen who enjoyed no high-justiciary rights, provided that the number of those present did not exceed thirty. Two towns or two boroughs, instead of one, had the same religious rights in each bailiwick or seneschalty of the kingdom. The State was charged with the duty of providing for the salaries of the protestant ministers and rectors in their colleges or schools, and an annual sum of 165,000 livres of those times (495,000 francs of the present day), was allowed for that purpose. Donations and legacies to be so applied were authorized. The children of Protestants were admitted into the universities, colleges, schools and hospitals, without distinction between them and Catholics. There was great difficulty in securing for them, in all the parliaments of the kingdom, impartial justice; and a special chamber, called the *edict-chamber*, was instituted for the trial of all causes in which they were interested. Catholic judges could not sit in this chamber unless with their consent and on their presentation. In the Parliaments of Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Grenoble, the *edict-chamber* was composed of two presidents, one a Catholic and the other a Reformer, and of twelve councillors, of whom six were Reformers. The parliaments

had hitherto refused to admit Reformers into their midst; in the end the parliament of Paris admitted six, one into the *edict-chamber* and five into the appeal-chamber (*enquêtes*.) The edict of Nantes retained, at first for eight years and then for four more, in the hands of the Protestants the towns which war or treaties had put in their possession and which numbered, it is said, two hundred. The king was bound to bear the burthen of keeping up their fortifications and paying their garrisons; and Henry IV. devoted to that object 540,000 livres of those times, or about two million francs of our day. When the edict thus regulating the position and rights of Protestants was published, it was no longer on their part but on that of the Catholics that lively protests were raised. Many Catholics violently opposed the execution of the new law; they got up processions at Tours to excite the populace against the edict, and at Le Mans to induce the Parliament of Normandy to reject it. The Parliament of Paris put in the way of its registration retardations which seemed to forbode a refusal. Henry summoned to the Louvre deputies from all the chambers. "What I have done," he said to them, "is for the good of peace. I have made it abroad; I wish to make it at home. Necessity forced me to this decree. They who would prevent it from passing would have war. You see me in my closet. I speak to you, not in royal robe, or with sword and cape, as my predecessors did, nor as a prince receiving an embassy, but as a father of a family in his doublet conversing familiarly with his children. It is said that I am minded to favor them of the religion; there is a mind to entertain some mistrust of me. . . . I know that cabals have been got up in the parliament, that seditious preachers have been set on. . . . The preachers utter words by way of doctrine for to build up rather than pull down sedition. That is the road formerly taken to the making of barricades and to proceeding by degrees to the parricide of the late king. I will cut the roots of all these factions; I will make short work of those who foment them. I have scaled the walls of cities; you may be sure I shall scale barricades. You must consider that what I am doing is for a good purpose and let my past behavior go bail for it.

Parliaments and Protestants, all saw that they had to do not only with a strong-willed king but with a judicious and clear-sighted man, a true French patriot, who was sincerely concerned for the public interest and who had won his spurs in

the art of governing parties by making for each its own place in the State. It was scarcely five years ago that the king who was now publishing the edict of Nantes had become a Catholic; the Parliaments enregistered the decree. The Protestant malcontents resigned themselves to the necessity of being content with it. Whatever their imperfections and the objections that might be raised to them, the peace of Vervins and the edict of Nantes were, amidst the obstacles and perils encountered at every step by the government of Henry IV., the two most timely and most beneficial acts in the world for France.

Four months after the conclusion of the treaty of Vervins, on the 13th of September, 1598, Philip II. died at the Escorial, "prison, cloister, and tomb all in one," as M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire very well remarks [*Histoire d'Espagne*, t. x. pp. 335-363], situated eight leagues from Madrid. Philip was so ill and so cruelly racked by gout and fever that it was doubted whether he could be removed thither; "but a collection of relics, amassed by his orders in Germany, had just arrived at the Escorial, and the festival of consecration was to take place within a few days. 'I desire that I be borne alive thither where my tomb already is,' said Philip." He was laid in a litter borne by men who walked at a snail's pace in order to avoid all shaking. Forced to halt every instant, he took six days to do the eight leagues which separated him from his last resting-place. There he died in atrocious agonies and after a very painful operation, endured with unalterable courage and calmness: he had ordered to be placed in front of his bed the bier in which his body was to lie and the crucifix which his father Charles V., at his death in the monastery of Yuste had held in his hand. During a reign of forty-two years Philip II. was systematically and at any price, on the score of what he regarded as the divine right of the Catholic Church and of his own kingship, the patron of absolute power in Europe. Earnest and sincere in his faith, licentious without open scandal in his private life, unscrupulous and pitiless in the service of the religious and political cause he had embraced, he was capable of any lie, one might almost say of any crime, without having his conscience troubled by it. A wicked man and a frightful example of what a naturally cold and hard spirit may become when it is a prey to all the temptations of despotism and to two sole passions, egotism and fanaticism.

After the death of Philip II. and during the first years of the reign of his son Philip III. war continued between Spain on

one side, and England, the United provinces and the German Protestants on the other, but languidly and without any results to signify. Henry IV. held aloof from the strife, all the while permitting his Huguenot subjects to take part in it freely and at their own risks. On the 3rd of April, 1603, a second great royal personage, Queen Elizabeth, disappeared from the scene. She had been, as regards the Protestantism of Europe, what Philip II. had been, as regards Catholicism, a powerful and able patron; but, what Philip II. did from fanatical conviction, Elizabeth did from patriotic feeling; she had small faith in Calvinistic doctrines and no liking for puritanic sects; the Catholic Church, the power of the pope excepted, was more to her mind than the Anglican Church, and her private preferences differed greatly from her public practices. Besides, she combined with the exigencies of a king's position the instincts of a woman; she had the vanities rather than the weaknesses of one; she would fain have inspired and responded to the passions natural to one; but policy always had the dominion over her sentiments without extinguishing them, and the proud sovereign sent to the block the over-weening and almost rebel subject whom she afterwards grievously regretted. These inconsistent resolutions and emotions caused Elizabeth's life to be one of agitation, though without warmth, and devoid of serenity as of sweetness. And so, when she grew old, she was disgusted with it and weary of it; she took no pleasure any more in thing or person; she could no longer bear herself, either in her court or in her bed or elsewhere; she decked herself out to lie stretched upon cushions and there remain motionless, casting about her vague glances which seemed to seek after that for which she did not ask. She ended by repelling her physicians and even refusing nourishment. When her ministers saw her thus, almost insensible and dying, they were emboldened to remind her of what she had said to them one day at White-Hall, "My throne must be a king's throne." At this reminder she seemed to rouse herself and repeated the same words, adding, "I will not have a rascal (*vaurien*) to succeed me." Sir Robert Cecil asked her what she meant by that expression. "I tell you that I must have a king to succeed me; who can that be but my cousin of Scotland?" After having indicated the king of Scotland, James Stuart, son of the fair rival whom she had sent to the block, Elizabeth remained speechless. The archbishop of Canterbury commenced praying, breaking off at intervals; twice the queen signed to him to

go on. Her advisers returned in the evening and begged her to indicate to them by signs if she were still of the same mind; she raised her arms and crossed them above her head. Then she seemed to fall into a dreamy state. At three o'clock during the night, she quietly passed away. Some few hours afterwards, her counsellors in assembly resolved to proclaim James Stuart, king of Scotland, king of England, as the nearest of kin to the late queen and indicated by her on her death-bed.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century Henry IV. was the only one remaining of the three great sovereigns who, during the sixteenth, had disputed, as regarded religion and politics, the preponderance in Europe. He had succeeded in all his kingly enterprises; he had become a Catholic in France without ceasing to be the prop of the Protestants in Europe; he had made peace with Spain without embroiling himself with England, Holland and Lutheran Germany. He had shot up, as regarded ability and influence, in the eyes of all Europe. It was just then that he gave the strongest proof of his great judgment and political sagacity; he was not intoxicated with success; he did not abuse his power; he did not aspire to distant conquests or brilliant achievements; he concerned himself chiefly with the establishment of public order in his kingdom and with his people's prosperity. His well-known saying, "I want all my peasantry to have a fowl in the pot every Sunday," was a desire worthy of Louis XII. Henry IV. had a sympathetic nature; his grandeur did not lead him to forget the nameless multitudes whose fate depended upon his government. He had, besides, the rich, productive, varied, inquiring mind of one who took an interest not only in the welfare of the French peasantry, but in the progress of the whole French community, progress agricultural, industrial, commercial, scientific, and literary. The conversation of an independent thinker like Montaigne had at the least as much attraction for him as that of his comrades-in-arms. Long before Henry IV. was king of France, on the 19th of December, 1584, Montaigne wrote: "The king of Navarre came to see me at Montaigne where he had never been before and was there two days, attended by my people without any of his own officers; he permitted neither tasting (*essai*) nor state-banquet (*couvert*), and slept in my bed." On the 24th of October, 1587, after winning the battle of Coutras, Henry stopped to dine at Montaigne's house, though its possessor had remained faithful to Henry III., whose troops had just lost the battle; and on the 18th of

January, 1590, when the king of Navarre, now become king of France, besieged and took the town of Lisieux, Montaigne wrote to him: "All the time through, Sir, I have observed in you this same fortune that is now yours; and you may remember that even when I had to make confession thereof to my parish-priest I did not omit to regard your successes with a kindly eye. Now, with more reason and freedom, I hug them to my heart. Yonder they do you service by effects; but they do you no less service here by reputation. The report goes as far as the shot. We could not derive from the justice of your cause arguments so powerful in sustaining or reducing your subjects as we do from the news of the prosperity of your enterprises."

Abroad the policy of Henry IV. was as judicious and far-sighted as it was just and sympathetic at home. There has been much writing and dissertation about what has been called his *grand design*. This name has been given to a plan for the religious and political organization of Christendom, consisting in the division of Europe amongst three religions, the Catholic, the Calvinistic and the Lutheran, and into fifteen states, great or small, monarchical or republican, with equal rights, alone recognized as members of the Christian confederation, regulating in concert their common affairs and pacifically making up their differences, whilst all the while preserving their national existence. This plan is lengthily and approvingly set forth, several times over in the *Œconomies royales*, which Sully's secretaries wrote at his suggestion and probably sometimes at his dictation. Henry IV. was a prince as expansive in ideas as he was inventive, who was a master of the art of pleasing and himself took great pleasure in the freedom and unconstraint of conversation. No doubt the notions of the *grand design* often came into his head and he often talked about them to Sully, his confidant in what he thought as well as in what he did. Sully, for his part, was a methodical spirit, a regular downright putter in practice, evidently struck and charmed by the richness and grandeur of the prospects placed before his eyes by his king and feeling pleasure in shedding light upon them whilst giving them a more positive and more complete shape than belonged to their first and original appearance. And thus came down to us the *grand design*, which, so far as Henry IV. was concerned, was never a definite project. His true external policy was much more real and practical. He had seen and experienced the evils of religious hatred and persecution.

He had been a great sufferer from the supremacy of the House of Austria in Europe, and he had for a long while opposed it. When he became the most puissant and most regarded of European kings, he set his heart very strongly on two things, toleration for the three religions which had succeeded in establishing themselves in Europe and showing themselves capable of contending one against another and the abasement of the House of Austria which, even after the death of Charles V. and of Philip II., remained the real and the formidable rival of France. The external policy of Henry IV., from the treaty of Vervins to his death, was religious peace in Europe and the alliance of catholic France with protestant England and Germany against Spain and Austria. He showed constant respect and deference towards the papacy, a power highly regarded in both the rival camps, though much fallen from the substantial importance it had possessed in Europe during the middle ages. French policy striving against Spanish policy, such was the true and the only serious characteristic of the *grand design*.

Four men, very unequal in influence as well as merit, Sully, Villeroi, Du Plessis-Mornay, and D'Aubigné, did Henry IV. effective service, by very different processes and in very different degrees, towards establishing and rendering successful this internal and external policy. Three were Protestants; Villeroi alone was a Catholic. Sully is beyond comparison with the other three. He is the only one whom Henry IV. called *my friend*; the only one who had participated in all the life and all the government of Henry IV., his evil as well as his exalted fortunes, his most painful embarrassments at home as well as his greatest political acts; the only one whose name has remained inseparably connected with that of a master whom he served without servility as well as without any attempt to domineer. There is no idea of entering here upon his personal history; we would only indicate his place in that of his king. Maximilian de Béthune-Rosny, born in 1559 and six years younger than Henry of Navarre, was barely seventeen when in 1576 he attended Henry on his flight from the court of France to go and recover in Navarre his independence of position and character. Rosny was content at first to serve him as a volunteer, "in order," he said, "to learn the profession of arms from its first rudiments." He speedily did himself honor in several actions. In 1580 the king of Navarre took him as chamberlain and counsellor. On becoming king of France, Henry IV., in 1594, made him secretary of state; in 1596, put him on the

council of finance; in 1597, appointed him grand surveyor of France, and, in 1599, superintendent-general of finance and master of the ordnance. In 1602, he was made marquis de Rosny and councillor of honor in the parliament; then governor of the Bastille, superintendent of fortifications and surveyor of Paris; in 1603, governor of Poitou. Lastly, in 1606, his estate of Sully-sur-Loire was raised to a duchy-peerage, and he was living under this name, which has become his historical name, when, in 1610, the assassination of Henry IV. sent into retirement, for thirty-one years, the confidant of all his thoughts and the principal minister of a reign which, independently of the sums usefully expended for the service of the State and the advancement of public prosperity, had extinguished, according to the most trustworthy evidence, 235 millions of debts and which left in the coffers of the State, in ready money or in safe securities, 43,138,490 livres.

Nicholas de Neufville, lord of Villeroi, who was born in 1543 and whose grandfather had been secretary of state under Francis I., was, whilst Henry III. was still reigning, member of a small secret council at which all questions relating to Protestants were treated of. Though a strict Catholic and convinced that the king of France ought to be openly in the ranks of the Catholics and to govern with their support, he sometimes gave Henry III. some free-spoken and wise counsels. When he saw him spending his time with the brotherhoods of penitents whose head he had declared himself, "Sir," said he, "debts and obligations are considered according to dates, and therefore old debts ought to be paid before new ones. You were king of France before you were head of the brotherhoods; your conscience binds you to render to the kingship that which you owe it rather than to the fraternity that which you have promised it. You can excuse yourself from one but not from the other. You only wear the sackcloth when you please, but you have the crown always on your head." When the wars of religion broke out, when the League took form and Henry de Guise had been assassinated at Blois, Villeroi, naturally a Leaguer and a moderate Leaguer, became the intimate adviser of the duke of Mayenne. After Henry III.'s death, as soon as he heard that Henry IV. promised to have himself instructed in the catholic religion, he announced his intention of recognizing him if he held to this engagement; and he held to his own, for he was during five years the intermediary between Henry IV. and Mayenne, incessantly laboring to reconcile

them, and to prevent the estates of the League from giving the crown of France to a Spanish princess. Villeroi was a Leaguer of the patriotically French type. And so Henry IV., as soon as he was firm upon his throne, summoned him to his councils and confided to him the direction of foreign affairs. The late Leaguer sat beside Sully, and exerted himself to give the prevalence, in Henry IV.'s external policy, to catholic maxims and alliances, whilst Sully, remaining firmly protestant in the service of his king turned catholic, continued to be in foreign matters the champion of protestant policy and alliances. There was thus seen during the sixteenth century in the French monarchy a phenomenon which was to repeat itself during the eighteenth in the republic of the United States of America when, in 1787, its président, Washington, summoned to his cabinet Hamilton and Jefferson together, one the staunchest of the aristocratic federalists and the other the warm defender of democratic principles and tendencies. Washington, in his lofty and calm impartiality, considered that, to govern the nascent republic, he had need of both; and he found a way, in fact to make both of service to him. Henry IV. had perceived himself to be in an analogous position with France and Europe divided between Catholics and Protestants, whom he aspired to pacificate. He likewise succeeded. An incomplete success, however, as generally happens when the point attained is an adjournment of knotty questions which war has vainly attempted to cut and the course of ideas and events has not yet had time to unravel.

Henry IV. made so great a case of Villeroi's co-operation and influence that, without loving him as he loved Sully, he upheld him and kept him as secretary of state for foreign affairs to the end of his reign. He precisely defined his peculiar merit when he said: "Princes have servants of all values and all sorts; some do their own business before that of their master; others do their master's and do not forget their own; but Villeroi believes that his master's business is his own, and he bestows thereon the same zeal that another does in pushing his own suit or laboring at his own vine." Though short and frigidly written, the *Mémoires* of Villeroi give, in fact, the idea of a man absorbed in his commission and regarding it as his own business as well as that of his king and country.

Philip du Plessis-Mornay occupied a smaller place than Sully and Villeroi in the government of Henry IV.; but he held and deserves to keep a great one in the history of his times. He

was the most eminent and also the most moderate of the men of profound piety and conviction of whom the Reformation had made a complete conquest, soul and body, and who placed their public fidelity to their religious creed above every other interest and every other affair in this world. He openly blamed and bitterly deplored Henry IV.'s conversion to Catholicism, but he did not ignore the weighty motives for it; his disapproval and his vexation did not make him forget the great qualities of his king or the services he was rendering France, or his own duty and his earlier feelings towards him. This unbending Protestant, who had contributed as much as anybody to put Henry IV. on the throne, who had been admitted further than anybody, except Sully, to his intimacy, who ever regretted that his king had abandoned his faith, who braved all perils and all disgraces to keep and maintain his own, this Mornay, malcontent, saddened, all but banished from court, assailed by his friends' irritation and touched by their sufferings, never took part against the king whom he blamed, and of whom he thought he had to complain, in any faction or any intrigue; on the contrary, he remained unshakably faithful to him, incessantly striving to maintain or re-establish in the protestant Church in France some little order and peace, and between the Protestants and Henry IV. some little mutual confidence and friendliness. Mornay had made up his mind to serve for ever a king who had saved his country. He remained steadfast and active in his creed, but without falling beneath the yoke of any narrow-minded idea, preserving his patriotic good sense in the midst of his fervent piety, and bearing with sorrowful constancy his friends' bursts of anger and his king's exhibitions of ingratitude.

Between 1597 and 1605 three incidents supervened which put to the proof Henry IV.'s feelings towards his old and faithful servant. In October, 1597, Mornay, still governor of Saumur, had gone to Angers to concert plans with Marshal de Brissac for an expedition which, by order of the king, they were to make into Brittany against the duke of Mercœur, not yet reduced to submission. As he was passing along the street with only three or four of his men, he was unexpectedly attacked by one *Sieur de Saint Phal*, who, after calling upon him to give some explanation as to a disagreement that had taken place between them five months before, brutally struck him a blow on the head with a stick, knocked him down, immediately mounted a horse that was held all ready on the spot and

fled in haste, leaving Mornay in the hands of ten or a dozen accomplices, who dealt him several sword-thrusts as he was rising to defend himself, and who, in their turn, fled. Some passers-by hurried up; Mornay's wounds were found to be slight; but the affair, which nobody hesitated to call murder, made a great noise; there was general indignation; the king was at once informed of it; and whilst the question was being discussed at Saumur whether Mornay ought to seek reparation by way of arms or by that of law, Henry IV. wrote to him in his own hand on the 8th of November, 1597:—

“M. du Plessis,—I am extremely displeased at the outrage you have met with, wherein I participate both as king and as your friend. As the former I will do you justice and myself too. If I bore only the second title, you have none whose sword would be more ready to leap from its scabbard than mine, or who would put his life at your service more cheerfully than I. Take this for granted, that, in effect, I will render you the offices of king, master, and friend. And on this truthful assurance, I conclude, praying God to have you in His holy keeping.”

Saint-Phal remained for a long while concealed in the very district, amongst his relatives; but on the 12th of January, 1599, he was arrested and put in the Bastille; and, according to the desire of Mornay himself, the king decided that he should be brought before him, unarmed, should place one knee on the ground, should ask his pardon, and then, assuming his arms, should accordingly receive that pardon, first of all from Mornay, whom the king had not permitted to exact in another way the reparation due to him, and afterwards from the mouth of the king himself, together with a severe admonition to take heed to himself for the future. The affair having thus terminated, there was no more heard of Saint-Phal, and Mornay returned to Saumur with a striking mark of the king's sympathy, who, in his own words, had felt pleasure “in avenging him as king and as friend.”

The second incident was of more political consequence, and neither the king nor Mornay conducted themselves with sufficient discretion and dignity. In July, 1598, Mornay published a treatise *on the Institution of the eucharist in the Christian Church, how and by what degrees the mass was introduced in its place*. It was not only an attack upon the fundamental dogma and cult of the Catholic Church; the pope was expressly styled *Antichrist* in it. Clement VIII. wrote several times about it

to Henry IV., complaining that a man of such high standing in the government and in the king's regard should treat so insultingly a sovereign in alliance with the king, and head of the Church to which the king belonged. The pope's complaint came opportunely. Henry IV. was at this time desirous of obtaining from the court of Rome annulment of his marriage with Marguerite de Valois, that he might be enabled to contract another; he did not as yet say with whom. Mornay's book was vigorously attacked, not only in point of doctrine but in point of fact; he was charged with having built his foundation upon a large number of misquotations; and the bishop of Évreux, M. du Perron, a great friend of the king's, whom he had always supported and served, said that he was prepared to point out as such nearly five hundred. The dispute grew warm between the two theologians; Mornay demanded leave to prove the falsehood of the accusation; the bishop accepted the challenge. For all his defence of his book and his erudition, Mornay did not show any great hurry to enter upon the contest; and, on the other hand, the bishop reduced the number of the quotations against which he objected. The sum total of the quotations found fault with was fixed at sixty. A conference was summoned to look into them, and six commissioners, three catholic and three protestant, were appointed to give judgment; De Thou and Pithou amongst the former, Dufresne la Canaye and Casaubon amongst the latter. Erudition was worthily represented there, and there was every probability of justice. The conference met on the 4th of May, 1600, at Fontainebleau, in presence of the king and many great lords, magistrates, ecclesiastics and distinguished spectators. Mornay began by owning that "out of four thousand quotations made by him it was unlikely that some would not be found wherein he might have erred, as he was human, but he was quite sure that it was never in bad faith." He then said that, being pressed for time, he had not yet been able to collate more than nineteen out of the sixty quotations specially attacked. Of these nineteen nine only were examined at this first conference, and nearly all were found to be incorrect. Next day, Mornay was taken "with a violent seizure and repeated attacks of vomiting, which M. de la Rivière, the king's premier physician, came and deposed to." The conference was broken off and not resumed afterwards. The king congratulated himself beyond measure at the result and even on the part which he had taken. "Tell the truth," said he to the

bishop of Évreux. "the good right had good need of aid:" and he wrote on the 6th of May to the duke of Épernon: "The diocese of Évreux has beaten that of Saumur. The bearer was present and will tell you that I did wonders. Assuredly it is one of the greatest hits for the Church of God that have been made for some time." He evidently had it very much at heart that the pope should be well informed of what had taken place and feel obliged to him for it. "Haven't you wits to see that the king, in order to gratify the pope, has been pleased to sacrifice my father's honor at his feet?" said young Philip de Mornay to some courtiers who were speaking to him about this sad affair. This language was reported to the king, who showed himself much hurt by it. "He is a young man beside himself with grief," they said, "and it is his own father's case." "Young he is not," replied the king: "he is forty years old, twenty in age and twenty from his father's teaching." The king's own circle and his most distinguished servants gladly joined in his self-congratulation. "Well!" he said to Sully, "what think you of your pope?" "I think, Sir," answered Sully, "that he is more pope than you suppose; cannot you see that he gives a red hat to M. d'Évreux? Really, I never saw a man so dumbfounded, or one who defended himself so ill. If our religion had no better foundation than his crosswise legs and arms (Mornay habitually kept them so), I would abandon it rather to-day than to-morrow" (*Économies royales*, t. iii. 346).

Sully desired nothing better than to find Mornay at fault and to see the king fully convinced of it. Jealousy is nowhere more wide-awake and more implacable than at courts. However, amongst the *grandeues* present at the conference of Fontainebleau there were some who did not share the general impression. "I saw there," said the duke of Mayenne as he went away from it, "only a very old and very faithful servant very badly paid for so many services;" and, in spite of the king's letter, the duke of Épernon sent word to Mornay that he still took him for a gentleman of honor and still remained his friend. Henry IV. himself, with his delicate and ready tact, was not slow to perceive that he had gone too far and had behaved badly. Being informed that Mornay was in deep suffering, he sent to him M. de Loménie, his cabinet-secretary, to fully assure him that the king would ever be his good master and friend: "As for master," said Mornay, "I am only too sensible of it; as for friend, he belongs not to me;

I have known men to make attempts upon the king's life, honor and State, nay, upon his very bed; against them, the whole of them, he never displayed so much severity as against me alone who have done him service all my life." And he set out on his way back to Saumur without seeing the king again.

He returned thither with all he had dearest in the world, his wife, Charlotte Arbaleste de la Borde, his worthy partner in all his trials, trials of prosperity as well as adversity. She has full right to a few lines in this history, for it was she who preserved to us in her *Mémoires* the picture, so salutary to contemplate, of the life and character of Mornay in the midst of his friends' outbursts of passion and his adversaries' brutal exhibitions of hatred. As intelligent as she was devoted, she gave him aid in his theological studies and labors as well as in the confronting of public events. "During this expedition to Fontainebleau, I have remained," she says, "at Paris in extreme apprehension, recently recovered from a severe illness, harassed by the deadlock in our domestic affairs. And, as for all that, I felt it not in comparison with the inevitable mishap of this expedition. I had found for M. du Plessis all the books of which he might possibly have need, hunted up, with great diligence considering the short time, in the libraries of all our friends, and I got them into his hands, but somewhat late in the day, because it was too late in the day when he gave me the commission." The private correspondence of these two noble persons is a fine example of conjugal and Christian union, virtue and affection. In 1605, their only son, Philip de Mornay, a very distinguished young man, then twenty-six years of age, obtained Henry IV.'s authority to go and serve in the army of the prince of Orange, Maurice of Nassau, at deadly war with Spain. He was killed in it on the 23rd of October, at the assault upon the town of Gueldres. On receiving news of his death, "I have now no son," said his father; "therefore I have now no wife." His sorrowful prediction was no delusion; six months after her son's death Madame de Mornay succumbed, unable any longer to bear the burthen she was supporting without a murmur. Her *Mémoires* concludes with this expression: "It is but reasonable that this my book should end with him as it was only undertaken to describe to him our pilgrimage in this life. And since it hath pleased God, he hath sooner gone through and more easily ended his own. Wherefore, indeed, if I feared not to cause affliction to M. du Plessis, who, the more mine

grows upon me, makes me the more clearly perceive his affection, it would vex me extremely to survive him."

On learning by letter from Prince Maurice that the young man was dead, Henry IV. said, with emotion, to those present, "I have lost the fairest hope of a gentleman in my kingdom. I am grieved for the father. I must send and comfort him. No father but he could have such a loss." "He despatched on the instant," says Madame de Mornay herself, "Sieur Bruneau, one of his secretaries, with very gracious letters to comfort us; with orders, nevertheless, not to present himself unless he were sure that we already knew of it otherwise, not wishing to be the first to tell us such sad news" [*Mémoires*, t. ii. p. 107]. This touching evidence of a king's sympathy for a father's grief effaced, no doubt, to some extent in Mornay's mind his reminiscences of the conference at Fontainebleau; one thing is quite certain, that he continued to render Henry IV., in the synods and political assemblies of the Protestants, his usual good offices for the maintenance or re-establishment of peace and good understanding between the catholic king and his malcontent former friends.

A third Protestant, Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, grand father of Madame de Maintenon, has been reckoned here amongst not the councillors, certainly, but the familiar and still celebrated servants of Henry IV. He held no great post and had no great influence with the king; he was, on every occasion, a valiant soldier, a zealous Protestant, and indefatigable lover and seeker of adventure, sometimes an independent thinker, frequently an eloquent and bold speaker, always a very sprightly companion. Henry IV. at one time employed him, at another held aloof from him, or forgot him, or considered him a mischief-maker, a faction-monger who must be put in the Bastille, and against whom, if it seemed good, there would be enough to put him on his trial. Madame de Châtillon, who took an interest in D'Aubigné, warned him of the danger and urged him to depart that very evening. "I will think about it, madame," said he; "I will implore God's assistance, and I will see what I have to do." . . . "The inspiration that came to me," says he, "was to go next morning very early to see his Majesty and, after having briefly set before him my past services, to ask him for a pension, which up to that time I had not felt inclined to do. The king, surprised and at the same time well pleased to observe a something mercenary behind all my proud spirit, embraced me and

granted on the spot what I asked of him." The next day D'Aubigné went to the Arsenal; Sully invited him to dinner and took him to see the Bastille, assuring him that there was no longer any danger for him, but only since the last twenty-four hours [*La France protestante*, by MM. Haag, t. i., p. 170]. If D'Aubigné had not been a writer, he would be completely forgotten by this time, like so many other intriguing and turbulent adventurers, who make a great deal of fuss themselves and try to bring everything about them into a fuss as long as they live, and who die without leaving any trace of their career. But D'Aubigné wrote a great deal both in prose and in verse; he wrote the *Histoire universelle* of his times, personal *Mémoires*, tales, tragedies, and theological and satirical essays; and he wrote with sagacious, penetrating, unpremeditated wit, rare vigor, and original and almost profound talent for discerning and depicting situations and characters. It is the writer which has caused the man to live and has assigned him a place in French literature even more than in French history. We purpose to quote two fragments of his, which will make us properly understand and appreciate both the writer and the man. During the civil war, in the reign of Henry III., D'Aubigné had made himself master of the island of Oleron, had fortified it, and considered himself insufficiently rewarded by the king of Navarre, to whom he had meant to render and had in fact rendered service. After the battle of Coutras, in 1587, he was sleeping with a comrade named Jacques de Caumont la Force, in the wardrobe of the chamber in which the king of Navarre slept. "La Force," said D'Aubigné to his bed-fellow, "our master is a regular miser, and the most ungrateful mortal on the face of the earth." "What dost say, D'Aubigné?" asked La Force, half-asleep; "He says," repeated the king of Navarre, who had heard all, "that I am a regular miser, and the most ungrateful mortal on the face of the earth." D'Aubigné, somewhat disconcerted, was mum. "But," he adds, "when daylight appeared, this prince, who liked neither rewarding nor punishing, did not for all that look any the more black at me or give me a quarter-crown more." Thirty years later, in 1617, after the collapse of the League and after the reign of Henry IV., D'Aubigné, wishing to describe the two leaders of the two great parties, sums them up in these terms: "The duke of Mayenne had such probity as is human, a good-nature and a liberality which made him most pleasant

to those about him; his was a judicious mind which made good use of experience, took the measure of everything by the card; a courage rather steady than dashing; take him for all in all, he might be called an excellent captain. King Henry IV. had all this, save the liberality: but, to make up for that item, his rank caused expectations as to the future to blossom which made the hardships of the present go down. He had, amongst his points of superiority to the duke of Mayenne, a marvellous gift of promptitude and vivacity and far beyond the average. We have seen him a thousand times in his life make pat replies without hearing the purport of a request, and forestall questions without committing himself. The duke of Mayenne was incommoded by his great bodily bulk which could not support the burthen either of arms or of fatigue-duty. The other, having worked all his men to a stand-still, would send for hounds and horses for to begin a hunt; and when his horses could go no further, he would run down the game a-foot. The former communicated his heaviness and his maladies to his army, undertaking no enterprise that he could not support in person; the other communicated his own liveliness to those about him, and his captains imitated him from complaisance and from emulation."

These politicians, these Christians, these warriors had, in 1600, a grave question to solve for Henry IV. and grave counsel to give him. He was anxious to separate from his wife, Marguerite de Valois, who had, in fact, been separated from him for the last fifteen years, was leading a very irregular life and had not brought him any children. But, in order to obtain from the pope annulment of the marriage, it was first necessary that Marguerite should consent to it, and at no price would she consent so long as the king's favorite continued to be Gabrielle d'Estrées, whom she detested and by whom Henry already had several children. The question arose in 1598 in connection with a son lately born to Gabrielle, who was constantly spreading reports that she would be the king's wife. To give consistency to this report she took it into her head to have her son presented at baptism as a child of France, and an order was brought to Sully "to pay what was right to the heralds, trumpeters, and haut-bois players who had performed at the baptism of *Alexander, Monsieur, child of France*. After looking at the order, Sully detained it and had another made out which made no mention of Alexander. The men complained saying, "Sir, the sum we ought to have for our at-

tendance at the baptism of children of France has for a long while been fixed." "Away, away!" said Sully in a rage: "I'll do nothing of the sort; there are no children of France." And he told the king about it, who said, "There's malice in that, but I will certainly stop it; tear up that order." And turning to some of his courtiers, "See the tricks that people play and the traps they lay for those who serve me well and after my own heart. An order hath been sent to M. de Rosny with the design of offending me if he honored it or of offending the duchess of Beaufort if he repudiated it. I will see to it. Go to her, my friend," he said to Rosny: "tell her what has taken place; satisfy her in so far as you can. If that is not sufficient, I will speak like the master and not like the man." Sully went to the cloister of St. Germain where the duchess of Beaufort was lodged and told her that he came by the king's command to inform her of what was going on. "I am aware of all," said Gabrielle, "and do not care to know any more; I am not made as the king is whom you persuade that black is white." "Ho! ho! madame," replied Sully, "since you take it in that way, I kiss your hands and shall not fail to do my duty for all your furies." He returned to the Louvre and told the king. "Here, come with me," said Henry: "I will let you see that women have not possession of me, as certain malignant spirits spread about that they have." He got into Sully's carriage, went with him to the duchess of Beaufort's and, taking her by the hand, said, "Now, madame, let us go into your room, and let nobody else enter except you and Rosny and me. I want to speak to you both and teach you to be good friends together." Then, having shut the door quite close and holding Gabrielle with one hand and Rosny with the other, he said, "Good God! madame, what is the meaning of this? So you would vex me for sheer wantonness of heart in order to try my patience? By God, I swear to you that, if you continue these fashions of going on, you will find yourself very much out in your expectations. I see quite well that you have been put up to all this pleasantry in order to make me dismiss a servant whom I cannot do without and who has always served me loyally for five and twenty years. By God, I will do nothing of the kind, and I declare to you that if I were reduced to such a necessity as to choose between losing one or the other, I could better do without ten mistresses like you than one servant like him."

Gabrielle stormed, was disconsolate, wept, threw herself at

the king's feet and, "seeing him more strong-minded than had been supposed by those who had counselled her to this escapade, began to calm herself," says Sully, "and everything was set right again on every side."

But Sully was not at the end of his embarrassments or of the sometimes feeble and sometimes sturdy fancies of his king. On the 10th of April, 1599, Gabrielle d'Estrées died so suddenly that, according to the bias of the times, when, in the highest ranks, crimes were so common that they were always considered possible and almost probable, she was at first supposed to have been poisoned; but there seemed to be no likelihood of this. The consent of Marguerite de Valois to the annulment of her marriage was obtained; and negotiations were opened at Rome by Arnold d'Ossat, who was made a cardinal, and by Brulart de Sillery, ambassador *ad hoc*. But a new difficulty supervened; not for the negotiators, who knew or appeared to know nothing about it, but for Sully. In three or four weeks after the death of Gabrielle d'Estrées Henry IV. was paying court to a new favorite. One morning, at Fontainebleau, just as he was going out hunting, he took Sully by the hand, led him into the first gallery, gave him a paper and, turning the other way as if he were ashamed to see it read by Sully: "Read that," said he, "and then tell me your opinion of it." Sully found that it was a promise of marriage given to Mdlle. Henriette d'Entraigues, daughter of Francis de Balzac, lord of Entraigues, and Marie Touchet, favorite of Charles IX. Sully went up to the king, holding in his hand the paper folded up. "What do you think of it?" said the king. "Now, now, speak freely; your silence offends me far more than your most adverse expressions could. I misdoubt me much that you will not give me your approval, if it were only for the hundred thousand crowns that I made you hand over with so much regret; I promise you not to be vexed at anything you can possibly say to me." "You mean it, Sir, and you promise not to be angry with me, whatever I may say or do?" "Yes, yes; I promise all you desire, since for anything you say it will be all the same, neither more nor less." Thereupon, taking that written promise as if he would have given it back to the king, Sully, instead of that, tore it in two, saying, "There, Sir, as you wish to know, is what I think about such a promise." "Ha! morbleu, what are you at? Are you mad?" "It is true, Sir; I am a madman and fool; and I wish I were so much thereof as to be the only one in France." "Very well, very

well; I understand you," said the king, "and will say no more, in order to keep my word to you; but give me back that paper." "Sir," replied Sully, "I have no doubt your Majesty is aware that you are destroying all the preparatives for your *dismarriage*, for, this promise once divulged, and it is demanded of you for no other purpose, never will the queen your wife do the things necessary to make your *dismarriage* valid, nor indeed will the pope bestow upon it his Apostolic blessing; that I know of my own knowledge."

The king made no answer, went out of the gallery, entered his closet, asked for pen and ink, remained there a quarter of an hour, wrote out a second paper like that which had just been torn up, mounted his horse without saying a word to Sully whom he met, went hunting and, during the day, deposited the new promise of marriage with Henriette d'Entraigues, who kept it or had it kept in perfect secrecy till the 2nd of July, the time at which her father the count of Entraigues gave her up to the king in consideration of twenty thousand crowns cash.

In the teeth of all these incidents, known or voluntarily ignored, the negotiations for the annulment of the marriage of Henry IV. and Marguerite de Valois were proceeded with at Rome by consent of the two parties. Clement VIII. had pronounced on the 17th of December, 1599, and transmitted to Paris by Cardinal de Joyeuse the decree of annulment. On the 6th of January, 1600, Henry IV. gave his ambassador, Brulart de Sillery, powers to conclude at Florence his marriage with Mary de' Medici, daughter of Francis I. de' Medici, grand duke of Tuscany, and Joan, archduchess of Austria and niece of the grand duke Ferdinand I. de' Medici, who had often rendered Henry IV. pecuniary services dearly paid for. As early as the year 1592 there had been something said about this project of alliance; it was resumed and carried out on the 5th of October, 1600, at Florence with lavish magnificence. Mary embarked at Leghorn on the 17th with a fleet of seventeen galleys; that of which she was aboard, the *General*, was all covered over with jewels inside and out; she arrived at Marseilles on the 3rd of November and at Lyons on the 2nd of December, where she waited till the 9th for the king, who was detained by the war with Savoy. He entered her chamber in the middle of the night, booted and armed, and next day, in the cathedral-church of St. John, re-celebrated his marriage, more rich in wealth than it was destined to be in happiness.

Mary de' Medici was beautiful in 1592, when she had first been talked about, and her portrait at that time had charmed the king; but in 1600 she was twenty-seven, tall, fat, with round, staring eyes and a forbidding air, and ill dressed. She knew hardly a word of French; and Henriette d'Entraigues, whom the king had made Marquise de Verneuil, could not help exclaiming when she saw her: "So that is the fat bankers from Florence!"

Henry IV. seemed to have attained in his public and in his domestic life the pinnacle of earthly fortune and ambition. He was, at one and the same time, catholic king and the head of the Protestant polity in Europe, accepted by the Catholics as the best, the only possible, king for them in France. He was at peace with all Europe, except one petty prince, the duke of Savoy, Charles Emmanuel I., from whom he demanded back the marquisate of Saluzzo or a territorial compensation in France itself on the French side of the Alps. After a short campaign and thanks to Rosny's ordnance, he obtained what he desired, and by a treaty of January 17, 1601, he added to French territory La Bresse, Le Bugey, the district of Gex and the citadel of Bourg, which still held out after the capture of the town. He was more and more dear to France, to which he had restored peace at home as well as abroad, and industrial, commercial, financial, monumental and scientific prosperity, until lately unknown. Sully covered the country with roads, bridges, canals, buildings and works of public utility. The moment the king, after the annulment of his marriage with Marguerite de Valois, saw his new wife, Mary de' Medici, at Lyons, she had disgusted him, and she disgusted him more every day by her cantankerous and headstrong temper; but on the 27th of September, 1601, she brought him a son who was to be Louis XIII. Henry used to go for distraction from his wife's temper to his favorite, Henriette d'Entraigues, who knew how to please him at the same time that she was haughty and exacting towards him. He set less store upon the peace of his household than upon that of his kingdom; he had established his favorite at the Louvre itself, close beside his wife; and, his new marriage once contracted, he considered his domestic life settled as well as his political position.

He was mistaken on both points; he was not at the end of either his political dangers or his amorous fancies. Since

1595, his principal companion-in-arms, or rather his camp-favorite, Charles de Gontaut, baron de Biron, whom he had made admiral, duke, and marshal of France, was, all the while continuing to serve him in the field, becoming day by day a determined conspirator against him. He had begun by being a reckless gamester; and in that way he lost fifteen hundred thousand crowns, about six millions (of francs) of our day. "I don't know," said he, "whether I shall die on the scaffold or not; but I will never come to the poor-house." He added, "When peace is concluded, the king's love-affairs, the scarcity of his largesses, and the discontent of many will lead to plenty of splits, more than are necessary to embroil the most peaceable kingdoms in the world. And, should that fail, we shall find in religion more than we want to put the most lukewarm Huguenots in a passion and the most penitent Leaguers in a fury." Henry IV. regarded Biron with tender affection: "I never loved anybody as I loved him," he used to say: "I would have trusted my son and my kingdom to him. He has done me good service; but he cannot say that I did not save his life three times. I pulled him out of the enemy's hands at Fontaine-Française so wounded and so dazed with blows that, as I had acted soldier in saving him, I also acted marshal as regarded the retreat." Biron nevertheless prosecuted his ambitious designs; the independent sovereignty of Burgundy was what he aspired to, and any alliance, any plot was welcome as a stepping-stone: "Cæsar or nothing," he would say: "I will not die without seeing my head on a quarter-crown-piece." He entered into flagrant conspiracy with the king of Spain, with the duke of Savoy, with the French malcontents, the duke of Bouillon and the count of Auvergne. Henry IV. knew it and made every effort to appear ignorant of it, to win Biron back to him: he paid his debts; he sent him on an embassy; he tempted him to confessions which should entitle him to a full pardon; "Let him weep," he would say, "and I will weep with him; let him remember what he owes me and I will not forget what I owe him. I were loth that Marshal de Biron should be the first example of my just severity and that my reign, which has hitherto been calm and serene, should be charged all at once with thunder and lightning." He employed Rosny to bring Biron to confess: "My friend," said he, "here is an unhappy man, the marshal. It is a serious case. I am anxious to spare him. I cannot bring myself to harm a man who has

courage, who has served me so long and been so familiar with me. My fear is that, though I spare him, he will not spare me or my children, or my kingdom. He would never confess anything to me; he behaves to me like a man who has some mischief in his heart. I beg you to see him. If he is open with you, assure him that he may come to me and I will forgive him with all my heart." Rosny tried and failed. "It is not I who want to destroy this man," said the king: "it is he who wants to destroy himself. I will myself tell him that, if he lets himself be brought to justice, he has no mercy whatever to expect from me." He saw Biron at Fontainebleau, received him after dinner, spoke to him with his usual familiarity, and pointing to his own equestrian statue in marble which was on the mantelpiece, said, "What would the king of Spain say if he saw me like that, eh?" "He would not be much afraid of you," answered Biron. Henry gave him a stern look. The marshal tried to take back his words, "I mean, Sir, if he were to see you in that statue yonder and not in your own person." The retreat was not successful; the shot had taken effect; Henry left the room, went back into his closet and gave orders to his captain of the guard to arrest him. Then he returned to the room and said, "Marshal, reflect upon what I have said to you." Biron preserved a frigid silence. "Adieu, Baron de Biron!" said the king, thus by a single word annulling all his dignities and sending him before his proper judges to answer for his treasons. On the 18th of June, 1602, he brought the marshal before the court of parliament. The inquiry lasted three weeks. Biron was unanimously condemned to death by a hundred and twenty-seven judges "for conspiracies against the king's person, attempts upon his kingdom, and treasons and treaties with the enemies of the kingdom." The king gave to this sentence all the alleviations compatible with public interests. He allowed Biron to make his will, remitted the confiscation of his property and ordered that the execution should take place at the Bastille, in the presence of certain functionaries, and not on the Place de Grève and before the mob. When Biron found himself convicted and sentenced, he burst into a fury, loaded his judges with insults and roared out that "if he were driven to despair and frenzy, he would strangle half of those present and force the other half to kill him." The executioner was obliged to strike him unawares. Those present withdrew dumbfounded at the crime, the prisoner's rage, the execution and the scene.

When the question of conspiracies and conspirators with Spain against France and her king had thus been publicly raised and decided, it entailed another: had the Spanish monks, the Jesuits, to call them by their own name, taken part therein? Should proceedings accordingly be taken against them? They were no longer in France; they had been banished on the 29th of December, 1594, by a solemn decree of parliament, after John Châtel's attempt. They were demanding their return. The pope was demanding it for them. "If at other times," they said, "the society had shown hostility to France and her king, it was because, though well received everywhere else, especially in the dominions of the king of Spain, they had met in France with nothing but persecutions and insults. If Henry would be pleased to testify goodwill towards them, he would soon find them devoted to his person and his throne." The question was debated at the king's council and especially between Henry IV. and Sully when they were together. Sully did not like the return of the Jesuits: "They are away," said he, "let them remain so. If they return, it will be all very fine for them to wish and all very fine for them to act; their presence, their discourse, their influence, involuntary though it be, will be opposed to you, will heat your enemies, will irritate your friends; hatred and mistrust will go on increasing." The king was of a different opinion. "Of necessity," he said to Sully, "I must now do one of two things: admit the Jesuits purely and simply, relieve them from the defamation and insults with which they have been blasted, and put to the proof all their fine sentiments and excellent promises, or use against them all severities that can be imagined to keep them from ever coming near me and my dominions. In which latter case, there is no doubt it would be enough to reduce them to utter despair and to thoughts of attempting my life; which would render me miserable or listless, living constantly in suspicion of being poisoned or assassinated, for these gentry have communications and correspondence everywhere, and great dexterity in disposing men's minds as it seems good to them. It were better for me to be dead, being therein of Cæsar's opinion that the pleasantest death is that which is least foreseen and apprehended." The king then called to remembrance the eight projected or attempted assassinations which, since the failure of John Châtel, from 1596 to 1603, had been, and clearly established to have been, directed against him. Upon this, Sully at once

went over to the king's opinion. In September, 1603, letters for the restoration of the Jesuits were issued and referred to the parliament of Paris. They there met, on the 24th of December, with strong opposition and remonstrances that have remained celebrated, the mouthpiece being the premier president Achille de Harlay, the same who had courageously withstood the duke of Guise. He conjured the king to withdraw his letters patent and to leave intact the decree which had banished the Jesuits. This was not, he said, the feeling of the parliament of Paris only, but also of the parliaments of Normandy and Burgundy, that is, of two thirds of the magistrates throughout the kingdom. Henry was touched and staggered. He thanked the parliament most affectionately; but "We must not reproach the Jesuits for the League," said he, "it was the fault of the times. Leave me to deal with this business. I have managed others far more difficult." The parliament obeyed, though with regret, and on the 2nd of January, 1604, the king's letters patent were enregistered.

This was not the only business that Henry had at heart; he had another of another sort and, for him more difficult to manage. In February, 1609, he saw, for the first time, at the court of France, Charlotte Marguerite, third daughter of the constable De Montmorency, only sixteen years old. "There was at that time," say all contemporaries, "nothing so beautiful under heaven, or more graceful, or more perfect." Before presenting her at court, her father had promised her to Francis de Bassompierre, descended from a branch of the house of Clèves, thirty years old and already famous for his wit, his magnificence and his gallantry. He was one of the principal gentlemen of the chamber to the king. Henry IV. sent for him one morning, made him kneel on a hassock in front of his bed, and said that, obtaining no sleep, he had been thinking of him the night before and of getting him married. "As for me," says Bassompierre, "who was thinking of nothing so little as of what he wanted to say to me, I answered that, if it were not for the constable's gout, it would have already been done. 'No,' said he to me, 'I thought of getting you married to Mlle. d'Aumale, and, in consequence of that marriage, of renewing the duchy of Aumale in your person.' I asked him if he wanted me to have two wives. Then he said to me with a deep sigh, 'Bassompierre, I will speak to thee as a friend. I have become not only enamored, but mad, beside myself, about Mlle. de Montmorency. If thou wed her and she love

thee, I shall hate thee; if she loved me thou wouldst hate me. It is better that this should not be the cause of destroying our good understanding, for I love thee affectionately and sincerely. I am resolved to marry her to my nephew the prince of Condé and keep her near my family. That shall be the consolation and the support of the old age which is coming upon me. I shall give my nephew, who is young and loves hunting ten thousand times better than women, a hundred thousand francs a year to pass his time, and I want no other favor from her but her affection, without looking for anything more."

Thoroughly astounded and put out as he was, Bassompierre reflected that it was, so far as he was concerned, "an amour modified by marriage," and that it would be better to give way to the king with a good grace: and "I withdraw, Sir," he said, on very good terms as regarded Mdle. de Montmorency as well as himself. The king embraced him, wept, promised to love him dearly, saw him again in the evening in company with Mdle. de Montmorency, who knew nothing, and conversed a long while with the young princess. When she retired, perceiving that Bassompierre was watching her, she shrugged her shoulders, as if to hint to him what the king had said to her. "I lie not," says Bassompierre: "that single action pierced me to the heart; I spent two days in tormenting myself like one possessed, without sleeping, drinking or eating." Two or three days afterwards the prince of Condé announced that he intended to marry Mdle. de Montmorency. The court and the city talked of nothing but this romance and the betrothal which immediately followed.

Henry IV. was fifty-six. He had been given to gallantry all his life; and he had never been faithful or exacting in his attachments. He was not one of those on whom ridicule fastens as fair prey; but he was so under the dominion of his new passion that the young princess of Condé, who had at first exclaimed "Jesus, my God, he is mad!" began to fancy to herself that she would be queen before long. Mary de' Medici became jealous and uneasy. She determined to take her precautions and demanded to be crowned before the king set out on the campaign which, it was said, he was about to commence against Austria in accordance with his *grand design* and in concert with the protestant princes of Germany, his allies. The prince of Condé had a fit of jealousy; he carried off his wife first into Picardy and then to Brussels where he left her. Henry IV., in respect, first, of going to see her, then of getting

her to come back, then of threatening to go after her out of France, took some wild and puerile steps which, being coincident with his warlike announcements and preparations, caused some strange language to be used and were injurious to his personal weight as well as to his government's character for steadiness. Sully grew impatient and uneasy. Mary de' Medici was insisting strongly upon being crowned. The prospect of this coronation was displeasing to Henry IV. and he did not conceal it; "Hey! my friend," he said to Sully: "I know not what is the meaning of it, but my heart tells me that some misfortune will happen to me." He was sitting on a low chair which had been made for him by Sully's orders at the Arsenal, thinking and beating his fingers on his spectacle-case; then all on a sudden he jumped up and slapping his hands upon his thighs, "By God," he said, "I shall die in this city and shall never go out of it. They will kill me; I see quite well that they have no other remedy in their dangers but my death." Ah! accursed coronation! Thou wilt be the cause of my death." "Jesus! Sir," cried Sully; "what fancy of yours is this? If it continue, I am of opinion that you should break off this anointment and coronation, and expedition and war; if you please to give me orders, it shall soon be done." "Yes, break off the coronation," said the king; "let me hear no more about it; I shall have my mind at rest from divers fancies which certain warnings have put into it. To hide nothing from you, I have been told that I was to be killed at the first grand ceremony I should undertake, and that I should die in a carriage." "You never told me that, Sir; and so have I often been astounded to see you cry out when in a carriage, as if you had dreaded this petty peril, after having so many times seen you amidst cannon-balls, musketry, lance-thrusts, pike-thrusts, and sword-thrusts, without being a bit afraid. Since your mind is so exercised thereby, if I were you, I would go away to-morrow, let the coronation take place without you or put it off to another time, and not enter Paris for a long while or in a carriage. If you please, I will send word to Notre Dame and St. Denis to stop everything and to withdraw the workmen." "I am very much inclined," said the king: "but what will my wife say? For she hath gotten this coronation marvellously into her head." "She may say what she likes; but I cannot think that, when she knows your opinion about it, she will persist any longer."

Whatever Sully might say, Mary de' Medici "took infinite

offence at the king for his alarms: the matter was disputed for three days, with high words on all sides, and at last the laborers were sent back to work again."

Henry, in spite of his presentiments, made no change in his plans; he did not go away; he did not defer the queen's coronation; on the contrary, he had it proclaimed on the 12th of May, 1610, that she would be crowned next day the 13th at St. Denis, and that on Sunday the 16th she would make her entry into Paris. On Friday the 14th he had an idea of going to the Arsenal to see Sully, who was ill; we have the account of this visit and of the king's assassination given by Malherbe, at that time attached to the service of Henry IV., in a letter written on the 19th of May from the reports of eye-witnesses, and it is here reproduced word for word:—

"The king set out soon after dinner to go to the Arsenal. He deliberated a long while whether he should go out and several times said to the queen, 'My dear, shall I go or not?' He even went out two or three times and then all on a sudden returned and said to the queen, 'My dear, shall I really go?' and again he had doubts about going or remaining. At last he made up his mind to go and, having kissed the queen several times, bade her adieu. Amongst other things that were remarked he said to her, 'I shall only go there and back: I shall be here again almost directly.' When he got to the bottom of the steps where his carriage was waiting for him, M. de Praslin, his captain of the guard, would have attended him, but he said to him, 'Get you gone; I want nobody; go about your business.'

"Thus, having about him only a few gentlemen and some footmen, he got into his carriage, took his place on the back seat at the left-hand side, and made M. d'Épernon sit at the right. Next to him, by the door, were M. de Montbazou and M. de la Force; and by the door on M. d'Épernon's side were Marshal de Lavardin and M. de Créquy; on the front seat the marquis of Mirabeau and the first equerry. When he came to the Croix-du-Tiroir he was asked whither it was his pleasure to go; he gave orders to go toward St. Innocent. On arriving at Rue de la Ferronnerie, which is at the end of that of St. Honoré on the way to that of St. Denis, opposite the Salamandre he met a cart which obliged the king's carriage to go nearer to the ironmongers' shops which are on the St. Innocent side, and even to proceed somewhat more slowly, without stopping however, though somebody, who was in a hurry to

get the gossip printed, has written to that effect. Here it was that an abominable assassin, who had posted himself against the nearest shop, which is that with the *Cœur couronné percé d'une flèche*, darted upon the king and dealt him, one after the other, two blows with a knife in the left side; one, catching him between the arm-pit and the nipple, went upwards without doing more than graze; the other catches him between the fifth and six ribs and, taking a downward direction, cuts a large artery of those called *venous*. The king, by mishap and as if to further tempt this monster, had his left hand on the shoulder of M. de Montbazon, and with the other was leaning on M. d'Epéron to whom he was speaking. He uttered a low cry and made a few movements. M. de Montbazon having asked, 'What is the matter, Sir?' he answered, 'It is nothing,' twice; but the second time so low that there was no making sure. These are the only words he spoke after he was wounded.

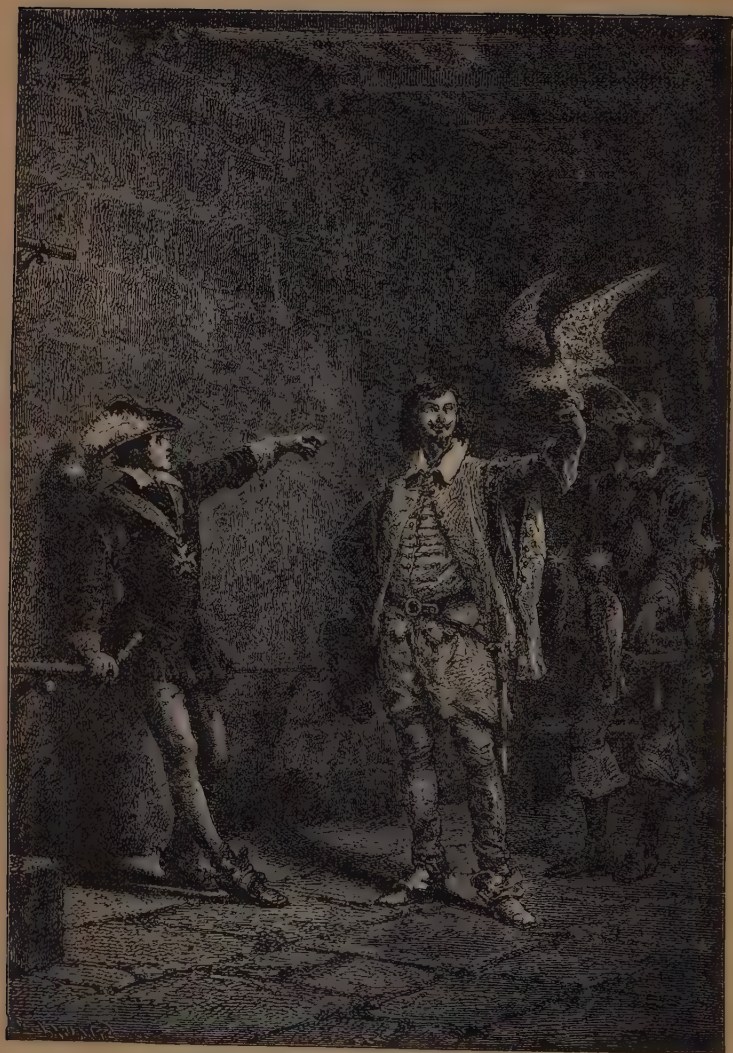
"In a moment the carriage turned towards the Louvre. When he was at the steps where he had got into the carriage, which are those of the queen's room, some wine was given him. Of course some one had already run forward to bear the news. Sieur de Cérisy, lieutenant of M. de Praslin's company, having raised his head, he made a few movements with his eyes, then closed them immediately without opening them again any more. He was carried upstairs by M. de Montbazon and Count de Curzon en Quercy and laid on the bed in his closet, and at two o'clock carried to the bed in his chamber where he was all the next day and Sunday. Somebody came and gave him holy water. I tell you nothing about the queen's tears; all that must be imagined. As for the people of Paris, I think they never wept so much as on this occasion."

The grief was deep and general, at the court as well as amongst the people, in the provinces as well as at Paris; and with the grief were mingled surprise and alarm and an idea, also, that the king had died unhappy and uneasy. On the 14th of May, in the morning, before starting upon his visit to the Arsenal, he had gone to hear mass at the Feuillants' [order of St. Bernard]; and, on his return, he said to the duke of Guise and to Bassompierre who were in attendance, "You do not understand me now, you and the rest; but I shall die one of these days, and when you have lost me, you will know my worth and the difference there is between me and other

kings." "My God, Sir," said Bassompierre, "will you never cease vexing us by telling us that you will soon die? You will live, please God, some good, long years. You are only in the flower of your age, in perfect bodily health and strength, full of honor more than any mortal man, in the most flourishing kingdom in the world, loved and adored by your subjects, with fine houses, fine women, fine children who are growing up." Henry sighed as he said, "My friend, all that must be left." These are the last words that are to be found of his in contemporary accounts; a few hours afterwards he was smitten to death in his carriage, brought back to the Louvre, laid out on his bed; one of his councillors of State, M. de Vic, seated on the same bed, had put to his mouth his cross of the order, and directed his thoughts to God; Milon, his chief physician, was at the bedside, weeping; his surgeons wanted to dress his wounds; a sigh died away on his lips, and "It is all over," said the physician, "he is gone." Guise and Bassompierre went out to look after what was passing out of doors; they met "M. de Sully with some forty horse, who, when he came up to us, said to us in tearful wise, 'Gentlemen, if the service ye vowed to the king is impressed upon your souls as deeply as it ought to be with all good Frenchmen, swear all of ye this moment to keep towards the king his son and successor the same allegiance that ye showed him and to spend your lives and your blood in avenging his death?' 'Sir,' said Bassompierre, 'it is for us to cause this oath to be taken by others; we have no need to be exhorted thereto;' Sully turned his eyes upon him," he adds, "and then went and shut himself up in the Bastille, sending out to seize and carry off all the bread that could be found in the market and at the bakers'. He also despatched a message in haste to M. de Rohan his son-in-law, bidding him face about with six thousand Swiss whose colonel-general he was, and march on Paris." Henry IV. being dead, it was for France and for the kingship that Sully felt alarm and was taking his precautions.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.



LOUIS XIII. AND ALBERT DE LUYNES.

THE HISTORY
OF
FRANCE

FROM
THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1848

BY M. GUIZOT
AND
MADAME GUIZOT DE WITT

TRANSLATED BY ROBERT BLACK

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THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

REGENCY OF MARY DE' MEDICI (1610—1617).

ON the death of Henry IV. there was extreme disquietude as well as grief in France. To judge by appearances, however, there was nothing to justify excessive alarm. The edict of Nantes (April 13, 1598) had put an end, so far as the French were concerned, to religious wars. The treaty of Vervins (May 2, 1598) between France and Spain, the twelve years' truce between Spain and the United Provinces (April 9, 1609), the death of Philip II. (Sept. 13, 1598) and the alliance between France and England seemed to have brought peace to Europe. It might have been thought that there remained no more than secondary questions, such as the possession of the marquisate of Saluzzo and the succession to the duchies of Clèves and Juliers. But the instinct of peoples sees further than the negotiations of diplomats. In the public estimation of Europe Henry IV. was the representative of and the security for order, peace, national and equitable policy, intelligent and practical ideas. So thought Sully when, at the king's death, he went, equally alarmed and disconsolate, and shut himself up in the arsenal; and the people had grounds for being of Sully's opinion. Public confidence was concentrated upon the king's personality. Spectators pardoned, almost with a smile, those tender foibles of his which, nevertheless, his proximity to old age rendered still more shocking. They were pleased at the clear-sighted and strict attention he paid to the education of his son Louis, the dauphin, to whose governess, Madame de Montglas, he wrote: "I am vexed with you for not having sent me word that you have whipped my son, for I do wish and

command you to whip him every time he shows obstinacy in anything wrong, knowing well by my own case that there is nothing in the world that does more good than that." And to Mary de' Medici herself he added, "Of one thing I do assure you, and that is that being of the temper I know you to be of, and foreseeing that of your son, you stubborn, not to say headstrong, Madame, and he obstinate, you will verily have many a tussle together."

Henry IV. saw as clearly into his wife's as into his son's character. Persons who were best acquainted with the disposition of Mary de' Medici and were her most indulgent critics said of her, in 1610, when she was now thirty-seven years of age, "that she was courageous, haughty, firm, discreet, vain, obstinate, vindictive and mistrustful, inclined to idleness, caring but little about affairs, and fond of royalty for nothing beyond its pomp and its honors." Henry had no liking for her or confidence in her, and in private had frequent quarrels with her. He had, nevertheless, had her coronation solemnized and had provided by anticipation for the necessities of government. On the king's death and at the imperious instance of the duke of Épernon, who at once introduced the queen and said in open session, as he exhibited his sword; "It is as yet in the scabbard; but it will have to leap therefrom unless this moment there be granted to the queen a title which is her due according to the order of nature and of justice," the Parliament forthwith declared Mary regent of the kingdom. Thanks to Sully's firm administration, there were, after the ordinary annual expenses were paid, at that time in the vaults of the Bastille or in securities easily realizable, forty-one million three hundred and forty-five thousand livres, and there was nothing to suggest that extraordinary and urgent expenses would come to curtail this substantial reserve. The army was disbanded and reduced to from twelve to fifteen thousand men, French or Swiss. For a long time past no power in France had, at its accession, possessed so much material strength and so much moral authority.

But Mary de' Medici had, in her household and in her court, the wherewithal to rapidly dissipate this double treasure. In 1600, at the time of her marriage, she had brought from Florence to Paris her nurse's daughter, Leonora Galigai, and Leonora's husband, Concino Concini, son of a Florentine notary, both of them full of coarse ambition, covetous, vain and determined to make the best of their new position so as to

enrich themselves and exalt themselves beyond measure and at any price. Mary gave them, in that respect, all the facilities they could possibly desire; they were her confidants, her favorites and her instruments, as regarded both her own affairs and theirs. These private and subordinate servants were before long joined by great lords, court folks, ambitious and vain likewise, egotists, mischief-makers, whom the strong and able hand of Henry IV. had kept aloof, but who, at his death, returned upon the scene, thinking of nothing whatever but their own fortunes and their rivalries. They shall just be named here pell-mell, whether members or relatives of the royal family or merely great lords, the Condés, the Contis, the Enghiens, the dukes of Épernon, Guise, Elbeuf, Mayenne, Bouillon and Nevers, great names and pretty characters encountered at every step under the regency of Mary de' Medici and, with their following, forming about her a court-hive, equally restless and useless. Time does justice to some few men and executes justice on the ruck: one must have been of great worth indeed to deserve not to be forgotten. Sully appeared once more at court after his momentary retreat to the arsenal; but, in spite of the show of favor which Mary de' Medici thought it prudent and decent to preserve towards him for some little time, he soon saw that it was no longer the place for him, and that he was of as little use there to the State as to himself; he sent in, one after the other, his resignation of all his important offices and terminated his life in regular retirement at Rosny and Sully-sur-Loire. Du Plessis-Mornay attempted to still exercise a salutary influence over his party. "Let there be no more talk amongst us," said he, "of Huguenots or Papists; those words are prohibited by our edicts. And, though there were no edict at all, still if we are French, if we love our country, our families, and even ourselves, they ought henceforth to be wiped out of our remembrance. Whoso is a good Frenchman, shall be to me a citizen, shall to me be a brother." This meritorious and patriotic language was not entirely without moral effect, but it no longer guided, no longer inspired the government; egotism, intrigue and mediocrity in ideas as well as in feelings had taken the place of Henry IV.

Facts, before long, made evident the sad result of this. All the parties, all the personages who walked the stage and considered themselves of some account believed that the moment had arrived for pushing their pretensions and lost no time

about putting them forward. Those persons we will just pass in review without stopping at any one of them. History has no room for all those who throng about her gates without succeeding in getting in and leaving traces of their stay.

The reformers were the party to which the reign of Henry IV. had brought most conquests and which was bound to strive above everything to secure the possession of them by extracting from them every legitimate and practicable consequence. Mary de' Medici, having been declared regent, lost no time about confirming, on the 22nd of May, 1610, the edict of Nantes and proclaiming religious peace as the due of France. "We have nothing to do with the quarrels of the *grandeess*," said the people of Paris; "we have no mind to be mixed up with them." Some of the preachers of repute and of the party's old leaders used the same language. "There must be naught but a scarf any longer between us," Du Plessis-Mornay would say. Two great protestant names were still intact at this epoch: one, the duke of Sully, without engaging in religious polemics, had persisted in abiding by the faith of his fathers, in spite of his king's example and attempts to bring him over to the catholic faith; the other, Du Plessis-Mornay, had always striven and was continuing to strive actively for the protestant cause. These two illustrious champions of the reformed party were in agreement with new principles of national right and with the intelligent instincts of their people, whose confidence they deserved and seemed to possess.

But the passions, the usages and the suspicions of the party were not slow in reappearing. The Protestants were highly displeased to see the catholic worship and practices re-established in Béarn, whence Queen Jeanne of Navarre had banished them; the rights of religious liberty were not yet powerful enough with them to surmount their taste for exclusive domination. As a guarantee for their safety they had been put in possession of several strong places in France; neither the edict of Nantes nor its confirmation by Mary de' Medici appeared to them a sufficient substitute for this guarantee; and they claimed its continuance, which was granted them for five years. After Henry IV.'s conversion to catholicism his European policy had no longer been essentially protestant; he had thrown out feelers and entered into negotiations for catholic alliance; and these, when the king's own liberal and patriotic spirit was no longer there to see that they did not sway his government, became objects of great suspicion and antipathy

to the Protestants. Henry had constantly and to good purpose striven against the spirit of religious faction and civil war; anxious, after his death, about their liberty and their political importance, the reformers reassumed a blind confidence in their own strength and a hope of forming a small special State in the midst of the great national State. Their provincial assemblies and their national synods were, from 1611 to 1621, effective promoters of this tendency, which before long became a formal and organized design; at Saumur, at Tonneins, at Privas, at Grenoble, at Loudun, at La Rochelle, the language, the movements, and the acts of the party took more and more the character of armed resistance and, ere long, of civil war; the leaders, old and new, Duke Henry of Rohan as well as the duke of Bouillon, the marquis of La Force as well as the duke of Lesdiguières, more or less timidly urged on the zealous Protestants in that path from which the ancient counsels of Sully and Mornay were not successful in deterring them. On the 10th of May, 1621, in the assembly at La Rochelle, a commission of nine members was charged to present and get adopted a plan of military organization whereby protestant France, Béarn included, was divided into eight circles, having each a special council composed of three deputies at the general assembly, under a chief who had the disposal of all the military forces; with each army-corps there was a minister to preach; the royal monies, talliages, aid and gabel, were to be seized for the wants of the army; the property of the catholic Church was confiscated and the revenues therefrom appropriated to the expenses of war and the pay of the ministers of the religion. It was a protestant republic, organized on the model of the United Provinces, and disposed to act as regarded the French kingship with a large measure of independence. When, after thus preparing for war, they came to actually make it, the Protestants soon discovered their impotence; the duke of Bouillon, sixty-five years of age and crippled with gout, interceded for them in his letters to Louis XIII. but did not go out of Sedan; the duke of Lesdiguières, to whom the assembly had given the command of the Protestants of Burgundy, Provence and Dauphiny, was at that very moment on the point of abjuring their faith and marching with their enemies. Duke Henry of Rohan himself, who was the youngest and seemed to be the most ardent of their new chiefs, was for doing nothing and breaking up. "If you are not disposed to support the assembly," said the marquis of Châteauneuf who

had been sent to him to bring him to a decision, "it will be quite able to defend itself without you." "If the assembly," said Rohan, feeling his honor touched, "does take resolutions contrary to my advice, I shall not sever myself from the interest of our churches," and he sacrificed his better judgment to the popular blindness. The dukes of La Trémoille and of Soubise, and the marquises of La Force and of Châtillon followed suit. • As M. de Sismondi says, to these five lords and to a small number of towns was the strength reduced of the party which was defying the king of France.

Thus, since the death of Henry IV., the king and court of France were much changed: the great questions and the great personages had disappeared. The last of the real chiefs of the League, the brother of Duke Henry of Guise, the old duke of Mayenne, he on whom Henry, in the hour of victory, would wreak no heavier vengeance than to walk him to a standstill, was dead. Henry IV.'s first wife, the sprightly and too facile Marguerite de Valois, was dead also, after consenting to descend from the throne in order to make way for the mediocre Mary de' Medici. The catholic champion whom Henry IV. felicitated himself upon being able to oppose to Du Plessis-Mornay in the polemical conferences between the two communions, Cardinal de Perron, was at the point of death. The decay was general and the same amongst the Protestants as amongst the Catholics; Sully and Mornay held themselves aloof or were barely listened to. In place of these eminent personages had come intriguing or ambitious subordinates, who were either innocent of or indifferent to anything like a great policy and who had no idea beyond themselves and their fortunes. The husband of Leonora Galigai, Concini, had amassed a great deal of money and purchased the marquise of Ancre; nay more, he had been created marshal of France, and he said to the count of Bassompierre: "I have learned to know the world, and I am aware that a man, when he has arrived at a certain pitch of prosperity, comes down with a greater run the higher he has mounted. When I came to France, I was not worth a sou, and I owed more than eight thousand crowns. My marriage and the queen's kind favor has given me much advancement, office and honor; I have worked at making my fortune and I pushed it forward as long as I saw the wind favorable. So soon as I felt it turning, I thought about beating a retreat and enjoying in peace the large property we have acquired. It is my wife who is opposed to this desire. At every

crack of the whip we receive from Fortune, I continue to urge her. God knows whether warnings have been wanting. My daughter's death is the last, and, if we do not heed it, our downfall is at hand." Then he quietly made out an abstract of all his property, amounting to eight millions, with which he purposed to buy from the pope the usufruct of the duchy of Ferrara, and leave his son, besides, a fine inheritance. But his wife continued her opposition; it would be cowardly and ungrateful, she said, to abandon the queen: "So that," cried he, "I see myself ruined without any help for it; and, if it were not that I am under so much obligation to my wife, I would leave her and go some whither where neither *grande*es nor common-folk would come to look after me."

This modest style of language did not prevent Marshal d'Ancre from occasionally having strange fits of domineering arrogance. "By God, sir," he wrote to one of his friends, "I have to complain of you; you treat for peace without me; you have caused the queen to write to me that, for her sake, I must give up the suit I had commenced against M. de Montbazon to get paid what he owes me. In all the devils' names, what do the queen and you take me for? I am devoured to my very bones with rage." In his dread lest influence opposed to his own should be exercised over the young king, he took upon himself to regulate his amusements and his walks, and prohibited him from leaving Paris. Louis XIII. had amongst his personal attendants a young nobleman, Albert de Luynes, clever in training little sporting birds, called *butcher-birds* (*pies grièches* or *shrikes*), then all the rage; and the king made him his falconer and lived on familiar terms with him. Playing at billiards one day, Marshal d'Ancre, putting on his hat, said to the king, "I hope your Majesty will allow me to be covered." The king allowed it; but remained surprised and shocked. His young page, Albert de Luynes, observed his displeasure, and being anxious, himself also, to become a favorite, he took pains to fan it. A domestic plot was set hatching against Marshal d'Ancre. What was its extent and who were the accomplices in it? This is not clear. However it may have been, on the 24th of April, 1617, M. de Vitry, captain of the guard (*capitaine de quartier*) that day in the royal army which was besieging Soissons, ordered some of his officers to provide themselves with a pistol each in their pockets and he himself went to that door of the Louvre by which the king would have to go to the queen-mother's. When Marshal d'Ancre arrived at this door,

"There is the marshal," said one of the officers; and Vitry laid hands upon him, saying, "Marshal, I have the king's orders to arrest you." "Me!" said the marshal in surprise and attempting to resist. The officer fired upon him, and so did several others. It was never known or, at any rate, never told whose shot it was that hit him; but, "Sir," said Colonel d'Ornano, going up to the young king, "you are this minute king of France: Marshal d'Ancre is dead." And the young king, before the assembled court, repeated with the same tone of satisfaction, "Marshal d'Ancre is dead." Baron de Vitry was appointed marshal of France in the room of the favorite whom he had just murdered. The day after the murder, the mob rushed into the church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, where the body of Marshal d'Ancre had been interred; they heaved up the slabs, hauled the body from the ground, dragged it over the pavement as far as the Pont-Neuf, where they hanged it by the feet to a gallows; and they afterwards tore it in pieces, which were sold, burnt and thrown into the Seine. The ferocious passions of the populace were satisfied; but court-hatred and court-envy were not; they attacked the marshal's widow, Leonora Galigai. She resided at the Louvre and, at the first rumor of what had happened, she had sent to demand asylum with the queen-mother. Meeting with a harsh refusal, she had undressed herself in order to protect with her body her jewels which she had concealed in her mattresses. The moment she was discovered, she was taken to the Bastille and brought before the parliament. She began by throwing all the blame upon her husband; it was he, she said, who had prevented her from retiring into Italy and who had made every attempt to push his fortunes farther. When she was sentenced to death, Leonora recovered her courage and pride. "Never," said a contemporary, "was anybody seen of more constant and resolute visage." "What a lot of people to look at one poor creature!" said she at sight of the crowd that thronged upon her passage. There is nothing to show that her firmness at the last earned her more of sympathy than her weaknesses had brought her of compassion. The mob has its seasons of pitilessness. Leonora Galigai died leaving one child, a son, who was so maltreated that he persisted in refusing all food and, at last, would take nothing but the sweetmeats that the young queen, Anne of Austria, married two years before to Louis XIII., had the kindness to send him.

We encounter, in this very insignificant circumstance, a trace

of one of those important events which marked the earliest years of Mary de' Medici's regency and the influence of her earliest favorites. Concini and his wife, both of them, probably, in the secret service of the court of Madrid, had promoted the marriage of Louis XIII. with the Infanta Anne of Austria, eldest daughter of Philip III. king of Spain, and that of Philip, Infante of Spain, who was afterwards Philip IV., with Princess Elizabeth of France, sister of Louis XIII. Henry IV., in his plan for the pacification of Europe, had himself conceived this idea and testified a desire for this double marriage, but without taking any trouble to bring it about. It was after his death that, on the 30th of April, 1612, Villeroi, minister of foreign affairs in France, and Don Inigo de Caderñas, ambassador of the king of Spain, concluded this double union by a formal deed. They signed on the same day, at l'ontainebleau, between the king and queen-regent of France on one side and the king of Spain on the other, a treaty of defensive alliance to the effect "that those sovereigns should give one another mutual succor against such as should attempt anything against their kingdoms or revolt against their authority; that they should in such case, send one to the other, at their own expense for six months, a body of six thousand foot and twelve hundred horse; that they should not assist any criminal charged with high treason, and should even give them over into the hands of the ambassadors of the king who claimed them." It is quite certain that Henry IV. would never have let his hands be thus tied by a treaty so contrary to his general policy of alliance with protestant powers, such as England and the United Provinces; he had no notion of servile subjection to his own policy; but he would have taken good care not to abandon it; he was of those, who, under delicate circumstances, remain faithful to their ideas and promises without systematic obstinacy and with a due regard for the varying interests and requirements of their country and their age. The two Spanish marriages were regarded in France as an abandonment of the national policy. France was, in a great majority, catholic, but its Catholicism differed essentially from the Spanish Catholicism: it affirmed the entire separation of the temporal power and the spiritual power and the inviolability of the former by the latter; it refused assent, moreover, to certain articles of the council of Trent. It was Gallican Catholicism, determined to keep a pretty large measure of national independ-

ence, political and moral, as opposed to Spanish Catholicism essentially devoted to the cause of the papacy and of absolutist Austria. Under the influence of this public feeling, the two Spanish marriages and the treaty which accompanied them were unfavorably regarded by a great part of France; a remedy was desired, it was hoped that one would be found in the convocation of the States-general of the kingdom, to which the populace always looked expectantly; they were convoked first for the 16th of September, 1614, at Sens; and, afterwards, for the 20th of October following, when the young king, Louis XIII., after the announcement of his majority, himself opened them in state. Amongst the members there were 140 of the clergy, 132 of the noblesse and 192 of the third-estate. The clergy elected for their president Cardinal de Joyeuse who had crowned Mary de' Medici; the noblesse Henry de Bauffremont, baron of Senecey, and the third estate Robert Miron, provost of the tradesmen of Paris.

These elections were not worth much and have left no trace on history. The chief political fact connected with the convocation of the States-general of 1614 was the entry into their ranks of the youthful bishop of Luçon, Armand John du Plessis de Richelieu, marked out by the finger of God to sustain, after the powerful reign of Henry IV. and the incapable regency of Mary de' Medici, the weight of the government of France. He was in two cases elected to the States-general, by the clergy of Loudun and by that of Poitou. As he was born on the 5th of September, 1585, he was but 28 years old in 1614. He had not been destined for the Church and he was pursuing a layman's course of study at the college of Navarre, under the name of the marquis de Chillon, when his elder brother, Alphonse Louis du Plessis de Richelieu, became disgusted with ecclesiastical life, turned Carthusian and resigned the unpretending bishopric of Luçon in favor of his brother Armand, whom Henry IV. nominated to it in 1605, instructing Cardinal du Perron, at that time his chargé d'affaires at Rome, to recommend to Pope Paul V. that election which he had very much at heart. The young prelate betook himself with so much ardor to his theological studies that at twenty years of age he was a doctor and maintained his theses in rochet and camail as bishop-nominate. At Rome some objection was still made to his extreme youth; but he hastened thither and delivered before the pope a Latin harangue which scattered all objections to the wind. After consecration at Rome, in 1607, he returned to

Paris and hastened to take possession of his see of Luçon, "the poorest and the nastiest in France," as he himself said. He could support poverty, but he also set great store by riches, and he was seriously anxious for the expenses of his installation. "Taking after you, that is, being a little vain," he wrote to one of his fair friends, Madame de Bourges, with whom he was on terms of familiar correspondence about his affairs, "I should very much like, being more easy in my circumstances, to make more show; but what can I do? No house; no carriage; furnished apartments are inconvenient; I must borrow a coach, horses, and a coachman, in order to at least arrive at Luçon with a decent turn-out." He purchased second-hand the velvet bed of one Madame de Marconnay, his aunt; he made for himself a muff out of a portion of his uncle the Commander's marten-skins. Silver-plate he was very much concerned about. "I beg you," he wrote to Madame de Bourges, "to send me word what will be the cost of two dozen silver dishes of fair size, as they are made now; I should very much like to get them for five hundred crowns, for my resources are not great. I am quite sure that for a matter of a hundred crowns more, you would not like me to have anything common. I am a beggar, as you know; in such sort that I cannot do much in the way of playing the opulent; but at any rate, when I have silver dishes, my nobility will be considerably enhanced."

He succeeded, no doubt, in getting his silver dishes and his well appointed episcopal mansion; for when, in 1614, he was elected to the states general he had acquired amongst the clergy and at the court of Louis XIII. sufficient importance to be charged with the duty of speaking in presence of the king on the acceptance of the acts of the council of Trent and on the restitution of certain property belonging to the catholic Church in Béarn. He made skilful use of the occasion for the purpose of still further exalting and improving the question and his own position. He complained that for a long time past ecclesiastics had been too rarely summoned to the sovereign's councils, "as if the honor of serving God," he said, "rendered them incapable of serving the king;" he took care at the same time to make himself pleasant to the mighty ones of the hour; he praised the young king for having, on announcing his majority, asked his mother to continue to watch over France, and "to add to the august title of *mother of the king* that of *mother of the kingdom*." The post of almoner to the queen-

regnant, Anne of Austria, was his reward. He carried still further his ambitious foresight; in Feb., 1615, at the time when the session of the States-general closed, Marshal d'Ancre and Leonora Galigai were still favorites with the queen-mother; Richelieu laid himself out to be pleasant to them, and received from the marshal in 1616 the post of Secretary of State for war and foreign affairs. Marshal d'Ancre was at that time looking out for supports against his imminent downfall. When, in 1617, he fell and was massacred, people were astonished to find Richelieu on good terms with the marshal's court-rival Albert de Luynes, who pressed him to remain in the council at which he had sat for only five months. To what extent was the bishop of Luçon at that time on terms of understanding with the victor? There is no saying; but to accept the responsibility of the new favorite's accession was a compromising act. Richelieu judged it more prudent to remain bishop of Luçon and to wear the appearance of defeat by following Mary de' Medici to Blois, whither, since the fall of her favorites, she had asked leave to retire. He would there, he said, be more useful to the government of the young king; for, remaining at the side of Mary de' Medici, he would be able to advise her and restrain her. He so completely persuaded Louis XIII. and Albert de Luynes that he received orders to set out for Blois with the queen-mother, which he did on the 4th of May, 1617. The bishop of Luçon, though still young, was already one of the ambitious sort who stake their dignity upon the ultimate success of their fortunes, success gained no matter at what price, by address or by hardihood, by complaisance or by opposition, according to the requirements of facts and times. Dignity apart, the young bishop had accurately measured the expediency of the step he was taking in the interest of his future, high-soaring ambition.

On arriving at Blois with the queen-mother, he began by dividing his life between that petty court in disgrace and his diocese of Luçon. He wished to set Albert de Luynes at rest as to his presence at the court of Mary de' Medici, the devotion he showed her and the counsels he gave her. He had but small success, however. The new favorite was suspicious and anxious. Richelieu appeared to be occupied with nothing but the duties of his office; he presided at conferences; and he published against the Protestants, a treatise entitled: *The Complete Christian* (*De la perfection du Chrétien*). Luynes was not disposed to believe in these exclusively religious preoccupations.

pations; he urged upon the king that Richelieu should not live constantly in the queen-mother's neighborhood, and in June, 1617, he had orders given him to retire to the countship of Avignon. Pope Paul V. complained that the bishop of Luçon was exiled from his diocese: "What is to be done about residence," said he, "which is due to his bishopric, and what will the world say at seeing him prohibited from going whither his duty binds him to go?" The king answered that he was surprised at the pope's complaint: "An ecclesiastic," said he, "could not possibly be in any better place than Avignon, Church territory; my lord the bishop of Luçon is far from finding time for nothing but the exercises of his profession; I have discovered that he indulged in practices prejudicial to my service. He is one of those spirits that are carried away far beyond their duty, and are very dangerous in times of public disorder."

Richelieu obeyed without making any objection; he passed two years at Avignon, protesting that he would never depart from it without the consent of Luynes and without the hope of serving him. The favor and fortune of the young falconer went on increasing every day. He had, in 1617, married the daughter of the duke of Montbazou and, in 1619, prevailed upon the king to have the estate of Maillé raised for him to a duchy-peerage under the title of Luynes. In 1621 he procured for himself the dignity of constable, to which he had no military claim. Louis XIII. sometimes took a malicious pleasure in making fun of his favorite's cupidity and that of his following. "I never saw," said he, "one person with so many relatives; they come to court by ship-loads and not a single one of them with a silk dress." "See," said he one day to the count of Bassompierre, pointing to Luynes surrounded by a numerous following: "he wants to play the king, but I shall know how to prevent it; I will make him disgorge what he has taken from me." Friends at court warned Luynes of this language; and Luynes replied with a somewhat disdainful impertinence: "It is good for me to cause the king a little vexation from time to time; it revives the affection he feels for me." Richelieu kept himself well-informed of court-rumors and was cautious not to treat them with indifference. He took great pains to make himself pleasant to the young constable: "My lord," he wrote to him in August, 1621, "I am extremely pleased to have an opportunity of testifying to you that I shall never have any possession that I shall not be most happy to employ for the sat-

isfaction of the king and yourself. The queen did me the honor of desiring that I should have the abbey of Redon; but the moment I knew that the king and you, my lord, were desirous of disposing of it otherwise, I gave it up with very good cheer in order that being in your hands you might gratify therewith whomsoever you pleased; assuring you, my lord, that I have more contentment in testifying to you thereby that which you will on every occasion recognize in me than I should have had by an augmentation of 4000 crowns' income. The queen is very well, thank God. I think it will be very meet that from time to time, by means of those who are passing, you should send her news of the king and of you and yours, which will give her great satisfaction" (*Letters of Cardinal Richelieu*, t. i. p. 690).

Whilst Richelieu was thus behaving towards the favorite with complaisance and modesty, Mary de' Medici, whose mouth-piece he appeared to be, assumed a different posture and used different language; she complained bitterly of the slavery and want of money to which she was reduced at Blois; a plot, on the part of both aristocrats and domestics, was contrived by those about her to extricate her; she entered into secret relations with a great, a turbulent, and a malcontent lord, the duke of Épernon; two Florentine servants, Ruccellaï and Vincenti Ludovici, were their go-betweens; and it was agreed that she should escape from Blois and take refuge at Angoulême, a lordship belonging to the duke of Épernon. She at the same time wrote to the king to plead for more liberty. He replied: "Madame, having understood that you have a wish to visit certain places of devotion, I am rejoiced thereat. I shall be still more pleased if you take a resolution to move about and travel henceforward more than you have done in the past; I consider that it will be of great service to your health which is extremely precious to me. If business permitted me to be of the party, I would accompany you with all my heart." Mary replied to him with formal assurances of fidelity and obedience; she promised *before God and His angels* "to have no correspondence which could be prejudicial to the king's service, to warn him of all intrigues, which should come to her knowledge, that were opposed to his will, and to entertain no design of returning to court save when it should please the king to give her orders to do so." There was between the king, the queen-mother, Albert de Luynes, the duke of Épernon and their agents, an exchange of letters and empty promises which de-

ceived scarcely anybody and which destroyed all confidence as well as all truthfulness between them. The duke of Épernon protested that he had no idea of disobeying the king's commands, but that he thought his presence was more necessary for the king's service in Angoumois than at Metz. He complained at the same time that "for two years past he had received from the court only the simple pay of a colonel at ten months for the year, which took it out of his power to live suitably to his rank. He set out for Metz at the end of January, 1619, saying, "I am going to take the boldest step I ever took in my life."

The queen-mother made her exit from Blois on the night between the 21st and 22nd of February, 1619, by her closet window, against which a ladder had been placed for the descent to the terrace, whence a second ladder was to enable her to descend right down. On arriving at the terrace she found herself so fatigued and so agitated that she declared it would be impossible to avail herself of the second ladder; she preferred to have herself let down upon a cloak to the bottom of the terrace which had a slight slant. Her two equerries escorted her along the faubourg to the end of the bridge. Some officers of her household saw her pass without recognizing her and laughed at meeting a woman between two men, at night and with a somewhat agitated air. "They take me for a *bona roba*," said the queen. On arriving at the end of the faubourg of Blois she did not find her carriage, which was to have been waiting for her there. When she had come up with it, there was a casket missing which contained her jewels; there was a hundred thousand crowns' worth in it; the casket had fallen out two hundred paces from the spot; it was recovered, and the queen-mother got into her carriage and took the road to Loches, where the duke of Épernon had been waiting for her since the day before. He came to meet her with a hundred and fifty horsemen. Nobody in the household of Mary de' Medici had observed her departure.

Great were the rumors when her escape became known, and greater still when it was learnt in whose hands she had placed herself. It was civil war, said everybody. At the commencement of the seventeenth century there were still two possible and even probable chances of civil war in France; one between Catholics and Protestants, and the other between what remained of the great feudal or quasi-feudal lords and the kingship. Which of the two wars was about to commence?

Nobody knew; on every side there was hesitation; the most contradictory moves were made. Louis XIII., when he heard of his mother's escape, tried first of all to disconnect her from the duke of Épernon: "I could never have imagined," said he, "that there was any man who, in time of perfect peace, would have had the audacity, I do not say to carry out, but to conceive the resolution of making an attempt upon the mother of his king . . . ; in order to release you from the difficulty you are in, Madame, I have determined to take up arms to put you in possession of the liberty of which your enemies have deprived you." And he marched troops and cannon to Angoumois. "Many men," says Duke Henry of Rohan, "envied the duke of Épernon his gallant deed, but few were willing to submit themselves to his haughty temper, and everybody, having reason to believe that it would all end in a peace, was careful not to embark in the affair merely to incur the king's hatred and leave to others the honors of the enterprise." The king's troops were well received wherever they showed themselves; the towns opened their gates to them. "It needs," said a contemporary, "mighty strong citadels to make the towns of France obey their governors when they see the latter disobedient to the king's will." Several great lords held themselves carefully aloof: others determined to attempt an arrangement between the king and his mother; it was known what influence over her continued to be preserved by the bishop of Luçon, still in exile at Avignon; he was pressed to return; his confidant, Father Joseph du Tremblay, was of opinion that he should; and Richelieu, accordingly, set out. The governor of Lyons had him arrested at Vienne in Dauphiny, and was much surprised to find him armed with a letter from the king commanding that he should be allowed to pass freely everywhere. Richelieu was prepared to advise a reconciliation between king and queen-mother, and the king was as much disposed to exert himself to that end as the queen-mother's friends. At Limoges the bishop of Luçon was obliged to carefully avoid Count Schomberg, commandant of the royal troops, who was not at all in the secret of the negotiation. When he arrived at Angers a fresh difficulty supervened. The most daring of the queen-mother's domestic advisers, Rucellai, had conceived a hatred of the bishop and tried to exclude him from the privy council. Richelieu let be, "Certain," as he said, "that they would soon fall back upon him." He was one of the patient as well as ambitious, who

can calculate upon success, even afar off, and wait for it. The duke of Épernon supported him; Ruccellai, defeated, left the queen-mother, taking with him some of her most warmly attached servants. When the subordinates were gone, recourse was had, accordingly, to Richelieu. On the 10th of August, 1619, he concluded at Angoulême between the king and his mother a treaty, whereby the king promised to consign to oblivion all that had passed since Blois; the queen-mother consented to exchange her government of Touraine against that of Anjou; and the duke of Épernon received from the town of Boulogne fifty thousand crowns in recompense for what he had done, and he wrote to the king to protest his fidelity. The queen-mother still hesitated to see her son; but, at his entreaty, she at last sent off the bishop of Luçon from Angoulême to make preparations for the interview and, five days afterwards, she set out herself, accompanied by the duke of Épernon who halted at the limits of his own government, not caring to come to any closer quarters with so recently reconciled a court. The king received his mother, according to some, in the little town of Cousières, and, according to others, at Tours or Amboise. They embraced, with tears. "God bless me, my boy, how you are grown!" said the queen: "In order to be of more service to you, mother," answered the king. The cheers of the people hailed their reconciliation; not without certain signs of disquietude on the part of the favorite, Albert de Luynes, who was an eye-witness. After the interview, the king set out for Paris again; and Mary de' Medici returned to her government of Anjou to take possession of it, promising, she said, to rejoin her son subsequently at Paris. Du Plessis-Mornay wrote to one of his friends at court: "If you do not get the queen along with you, you have done nothing at all; distrust will increase with absence; the malcontents will multiply; and the honest servants of the king will have no little difficulty in managing to live between them."

How to live between mother and son without being committed to one or the other was indeed the question. A difficult task. For three months the courtiers were equal to it; from May to July, 1619, the court and the government were split in two; the king at Paris or at Tours, the queen-mother at Angers or at Blois. Two eminent men, Richelieu amongst the Catholics and Du Plessis-Mornay amongst the Protestants, advised them strongly and incessantly to unite again, to live

and to govern together. "Apply yourself to winning the king's good graces," said Richelieu to the queen-mother: "support on every occasion the interests of the public without speaking of your own; take the side of equity against that of favor, without attacking the favorites and without appearing to envy their influence." Mornay used the same language to the Protestants. "Do not wear out the king's patience," he said to them: "there is no patience without limits." Louis XIII. listened to them without allowing himself to be persuaded by them; the warlike spirit was striving within the young man: he was brave and loved war as war rather than for political reasons. The grand provost of Normandy was advising him one day not to venture in person into his province, saying, "You will find there nothing but revolt and disagreeables." "Though the roads were all paved with arms," answered the king, "I would march over the bellies of my foes, for they have no cause to declare against me who have offended nobody. You shall have the pleasure of seeing it; you served the late king my father too well not to rejoice at it." The queen-mother, on her side, was delighted to see herself surrounded at Angers by a brilliant court; and the dukes of Longueville, of La Trémoille, of Retz, of Rohan, of Mayenne, of Épernon, and of Nemours promised her numerous troops and effectual support. She might, nevertheless, have found many reasons to doubt and wait for proofs. The king moved upon Normandy; and his quarter-masters came to assign quarters at Rouen. "Where have you left the king?" asked the duke of Longueville. "At Pontoise, my lord; but he is by this time far advanced and is to sleep to-night at Magny." "Where do you mean to quarter him here?" asked the duke. "In the house where you are, my lord." It is right that I yield him place," said the duke, and the very same evening took the road back to the district of Caux. It was under this aspect of public feeling that an embassy from the king and a pacific mission from Rome came, without any success, to Angers, and that on the 4th of July, 1619, a fresh civil war between the king and the partisans of the queen-mother was declared.

It was short and not very bloody though pretty vigorously contested. The two armies met at Ponts de Cé; they had not, either of them, any orders or any desire to fight; and pacific negotiations were opened at La Flèche. The queen-mother declared that she had made up her mind to live henceforth at

her son's court, and that all she desired was to leave honorably the party with which she was engaged. That was precisely the difficulty. The king also declared himself resolved to receive his mother affectionately; but he required her to abandon the lords of her party, and that was what she could not make up her mind to do. In the unpremeditated conflict that took place at Ponts de Cé, the troops of the queen-mother were beaten. "They had two hundred men killed or drowned," says Bassompierre, "and about as many taken prisoners." This reverse silenced the queen's scruples; there was clearly no imperative cause for war between her and the king, and the queen's partisans could not be blind to the fact that, if the struggle were prolonged, they would be beaten. The kingship had the upper hand in the country, and a consent was given to the desired arrangements. "Assure the king that I will go and see him to-morrow at Brissac," said the queen-mother: "I am perfectly satisfied with him, and all I think of is to please him and pray God for him personally and for the prosperity of his kingdom." A treaty was concluded at Angers on the 10th of August, 1620: the queen-mother returned to Paris; and the civil war at court was evidently, not put an end to never to recur, but stricken with feebleness and postponed.

Two men of mark, Albert de Luynes and Richelieu, came out of this crisis well content. The favorite felicitated himself on the king's victory over the queen-mother, for he might consider the triumph as his own; he had advised and supported the king's steady resistance to his mother's enterprises. Besides, he had gained by it the rank and power of constable; it was at this period that he obtained them, thanks to the retirement of Lesdiguières, who gave them up to assume the title of marshal-general of the king's camps and armies. The royal favor did not stop there for Luynes; the keeper of the seals, Du Vair, died in 1621; and the king handed over the seals to the new constable who thus united the military authority with that of justice, without being either a great warrior or a great lawyer. All he had to do was to wait for an opportunity of displaying his double power. The defaults of the French Protestants soon supplied one. In July, 1567, Henry IV.'s mother, Jeanne d'Albret, on becoming queen of Navarre, had, at the demand of the Estates of Béarn, proclaimed Calvinism as the sole religion of her petty kingdom; all catholic worship was expressly forbidden there; religious liberty, which Protestants

everywhere invoked, was proscribed in Béarn; moreover, ecclesiastical property was confiscated there. The Catholics complained loudly; the kings of France were supporters of their plaint; it had been for a long time past repudiated or eluded; but on the 13th of August, 1620, Louis XIII. issued two edicts for the purpose of restoring in Béarn free catholic worship and making restitution of their property to the ecclesiastical establishments. The council of Pau, which had at first repudiated them, hastened to enregister these edicts in the hope of retarding at least their execution; but the king said: "In two days I shall be at Pau; you want me there to assist your weakness." He was asked how he would be received at Pau. "As sovereign of Béarn," said he: "I will dismount first of all at the church, if there be one; but, if not, I want no canopy or ceremonial entry; it would not become me to receive honors in a place where I have never been, before giving thanks to God from whom I hold all my dominions and all my power." Religious liberty was thus re-established at Pau. "It is the king's intention," said the duke of Montmorency to the Protestants of Villeneuve-de-Berg, who asked that they might enjoy the liberty promised them by the edicts, "that all his subjects, catholic or protestant, be equally free in the exercise of their religion; you shall not be hindered in yours, and I will take good care that you do not hinder the Catholics in theirs." The duke of Montmorency did not foresee that the son and successor of the king in whose name he was so energetically proclaiming religious liberty, Louis XIV., would abolish the edict of Nantes whereby his grandfather, Henry IV., had founded it. Justice and iniquity are often all but contemporary.

It has just been said that not only Luynes but Richelieu too had come well content out of the crisis brought about by the struggle between Louis XIII. and the queen-mother. Richelieu's satisfaction was neither so keen nor so speedy as the favorite's. Pope Paul V. had announced, for the 11th of January, 1621, a promotion of ten cardinals. At the news of this the queen-mother sent an express courier to Rome with an urgent demand that the bishop of Luçon should be included in the promotion. The marquis of Cœuvres, ambassador of France at Rome, insisted rather strongly, in the name of the queen-mother and of the duke of Luynes, from whom he showed the pope some very pressing letters. The pope, in surprise, gave him a letter to read in the handwriting of King Louis XIII., saying that he

did not at all wish the bishop of Luçon to become cardinal and begging that no notice might be taken of any recommendations which should be forwarded on the subject. The ambassador, greatly surprised in his turn, ceased to insist. It was evidently the doing of the duke of Luynes who, jealous of the bishop of Luçon and dreading his influence, had demanded and obtained from the king this secret measure. It was effectual; and, at the beginning of the year 1621, Richelieu had but a vague hope of the hat. He had no idea, when he heard of this check, that at the end of a few months Luynes would undergo one graver still, would die almost instantaneously after having practised a policy analogous to that which Richelieu was himself projecting, and would leave the road open for him to obtain the cardinal's hat, and once mere enter into the councils of the king, who, however, said to the queen-mother, "I know him better than you, Madame; he is a man of unbounded ambition."

The two victories won in 1620 by the duke of Luynes, one over the Protestants by the re-establishment in Béarn of free worship for the Catholics, and the other over his secret rival Richelieu by preventing him from becoming cardinal, had inspired him with great confidence in his good fortune. He resolved to push it with more boldness than he had yet shown. He purposed to subdue the Protestants as a political party whilst respecting their religious creed, and to reduce them to a condition of subjection in the State whilst leaving them free, as Christians, in the Church. A fundamentally contradictory problem: for the different liberties are closely connected one with another and have need to be security one for another; but, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, people were not so particular in point of consequence, and it was thought possible to give religious liberty its guarantees whilst refusing them to general political liberty. That is what the duke of Luynes attempted to do; to all the towns to which Henry IV. had bound himself by the edict of Nantes he made a promise of preserving to them their religious liberties, and he called upon them at the same time to remain submissive and faithful subjects of the sovereign kingship. La Rochelle, Montauban, Saumur, Sancerre, Charité-sur-Loire, and St. Jean d'Angely were in this category; and it was to Montauban, as one of the most important of those towns, that Louis XIII. first addressed his promise and his appeal, inconsistent one with the other.

Some years previously, in May, 1610, amidst the grief and

anxiety awakened by the assassination of Henry IV. by Ravallac, the population of Montauban had maintained and testified a pacific and moderate disposition. The synod was in assembly when the news of the king's death arrived there. We read in the report of the town-council, under date of May 19, 1610, "The ecclesiastics (catholic) having come to the council, the consuls gave them every assurance for their persons and property, and took them under the protection and safeguard of the king and the town, without suffering or permitting any hurt, wrong or displeasure to be done them. . . . The ecclesiastics thanked them and protested their desire to live and die in that town, as good townsmen and servants of the king . . ." On the 22nd of May, in a larger council-general, the council gives notice to the Parliament of Toulouse that everything shall remain peaceable Council Béraud moves that "every one take forthwith the oath of fidelity we owe to his Majesty, and that every one also testify, by acclamation, his wishes and desires for the prosperity and duration of his reign."

Ten years later, in 1620, the disposition of the Protestants was very much changed; distrust and irritation had once more entered into their hearts. Henry IV. was no longer there to appease them or hold them in. The restoration of the freedom of catholic worship in Béarn had alarmed and offended them as a violation of their own exclusive right proclaimed by Jeanne d'Albret. In January, 1621, during an assembly held at La Rochelle, they exclaimed violently against what they called "the woes experienced by their brethren of Béarn." Louis XIII. considered their remonstrances too arrogant to be tolerated. On the 24th of April, 1621, by a formal declaration, he confirmed all the edicts issued in favor of the liberty of Protestants, but with a further announcement that he would put down with all the rigor of the laws those who did not remain submissive and tranquil in the enjoyment of their own rights. This measure produced amongst the Protestants a violent schism. Some submitted, and their chiefs gave up to the king the places they commanded. On the 10th of May, 1621, Saumur opened her gates to him. Others, more hot-tempered and more obstinate, persisted in their remonstrances. La Rochelle, Montauban, and St. Jean d'Angely took that side. Duke Henry of Rohan and the duke of Soubise, his brother, supported them in their resistance. Rohan went to Montauban and, mounting into the pulpit, said to the assembly: "I will

not conceal from you that the most certain conjecture which can be formed from the current news is that in a short time the royal army will camp around your walls, since St. Jean d'Angely is surrendered, and all that remains up to here is weakened, broken down, and ready to receive the yoke, through the factions of certain evil spirits. I have no fear lest the consternation and cowardice of the rest should reach by contagion to you. In days past you swore in my presence the union of the churches. Of a surety we will get peace restored to you here. I pray you to have confidence in me that on this occasion I will not desert you, whatever happen. Though there should be but two men left of my religion, I will be one of the two. My houses and my revenues are seized, because I would not bow beneath the proclamation. I have my sword and my life left. Three stout hearts are better than thirty that quail."

The whole assembly vehemently cheered this fiery speech. The premier consul of Montauban, Dupuy, swore to live and die in the cause of union of the churches. "The duke of Rohan exerted himself to place Montauban in a position to oppose a vigorous resistance to the royal troops. Consul Dupuy, for his part, was at the same time collecting munitions and victuals." It was announced that the king's army was advancing; and reports were spread, with the usual exaggeration, of the deeds of violence it was already committing. "At the news thereof, every nerve is strained to advance the fortifications; there is none that shirks, of whatever age or sex or condition; every other occupation ceases: night serves to render the day's work bigger; the inhabitants are all a-sweat, soiled with dust, laden with earth." Whilst the multitude was thus working pell-mell to put the town substantially in a state of defence, the warlike population, gentlemen and burgesses, were arming and organizing for the struggle. They had chosen for their chief a younger son of Sully's, Baron d'Orval, devoted to the Protestant cause, even to the extent of rebellion, whilst his elder brother, the marquis of Rosny, was serving in the royal army. Their aged father, Sully, went to Montauban to counsel peace; not that he exactly blamed the resistance, but he said that it would be vain and that a peace on good terms was possible. He was listened to with respect, though he was not believed and though the struggle was all the while persisted in. The royal army, with a strength of 20,000 men and commanded by the young duke of Mayenne, son of the

great Leaguer, came up on the 18th of August, 1621, to besiege Montauban, with its population of from 15,000 to 20,000. Besiegers and besieged were all of them brave; the former the more obstinate, the latter the more hair-brained and rash. The siege lasted two months and a half with alternate successes and reverses. The people of the town were directed and supported by commissions charged with the duty of collecting meal, preparing quarters for the troops, looking after the sick and wounded and distributing ammunition. "Day and night, from hour to hour, one of the consuls went to inspect these services. All was done without confusion, without a murmur. Ministers of the reformed Church, to the number of thirteen, were charged to keep up the enthusiasm with chants, psalms, and prayers. One of them, the pastor Chamier, was animated by a zealous and bellicose fanaticism; he was never tired of calling to mind the calamities undergone by the towns that had submitted to the royal army; he was incessantly comparing Montauban to Bethulia, Louis XIII. to Nabuchodonosor, the duke of Mayenne to Holofernes, the Montalbanese to the people of God, and the Catholics to the Assyrians. The indecision and diversity of views in the royal camp formed a singular contrast to the firm resolution, enthusiasm, and union which prevailed in the town. On the 16th and 17th of August the king passed his army in review; several captains were urgent in dissuading him from prosecuting the siege; they proposed to build forts around Montauban and leave there the duke of Mayenne "to harass the inhabitants, make them consume both their gunpowder and their tooth-powder and, peradventure bring them to a composition." But the self-respect of the king and of the army was compromised; the duke of Luynes ardently desired to change his name for that of duke of Montauban; there was promise of help from the prince of Condé and the duke of Vendôme, who were commanding, one in Berry and the other in Brittany. These personal interests and sentiments carried the day; the siege was pushed forward with ardor, although without combined effort; the duke of Mayenne was killed there on the 16th of September, 1621; and amongst the insurgents, the preacher Chamier met, on the 17th of October, the same fate. It was in the royal army and the government that fatigue and the desire of putting a stop to a struggle so costly and of such doubtful issue first began to be manifested. And, at the outset, in the form of attempts at negotiation. The duke of Luynes himself had a proposal made to the

duke of Rohan, who was in residence at Castres, for an interview, which Rohan accepted, notwithstanding the mistrust of the people of Castres and of the majority of his friends. The conference was held at a league's distance from Montauban. After the proper compliments, Luynes drew Rohan aside into an alley alone, and, "I thank you," he said, "for having put trust in me; you shall not find it misplaced; your safety is as great here as in Castres. Having become connected with you, I desire your welfare; but you deprived me, whilst my favor lasted, of the means of procuring the greatness of your house. You have succored Montauban in the very teeth of your king. It is a great feather in your cap; but you must not make too much of it. It is time to act for yourself and your friends. The king will make no general peace; treat for them who acknowledge you. Represent to them of Montauban that their ruin is but deferred for a few days; that you have no means of helping them. For Castres and other places in your department ask what you will and you shall obtain it. For your own self, any thing you please (*carte blanche*) is offered you. . . If you will believe me, you will get out of this miserable business with glory, with the good graces of the king and with what you desire for your own fortunes, which I am anxious to promote so as to be a support to mine."

Rohan replied: "I should be my own enemy if I did not desire my king's good graces and your friendship. I will never refuse from my king benefits and honors, or from you the offices of a kind connection. I do well consider the peril in which I stand; but I beg you also to look at yours. You are universally hated, because you alone possess what everybody desires. Wars against them of the religion have often commenced with great disadvantages for them; but the restlessness of the French spirit, the discontent of those not in the government and the influence of foreigners have often retrieved them. If you manage to make the king grant us peace, it will be to his great honor and advantage, for, after having humbled the party, without having received any check and without any appearance of division within or assistance from without, he will have shown that he is not set against the religion, but only against the disobedience it covers, and he will break the neck of other parties without having met with anything disagreeable. But, if you push things to extremity, and the torrent of your successes do not continue—and you are on the eve of seeing it stopped in front of Montauban—every one

will recover his as yet flurried senses, and will give you a difficult business to unravel. Bethink you that you have gathered in the harvest of all that promises mingled with threats could enable you to gain, and that the remnant is fighting for the religion in which it believes. For my own part, I have made up my mind to the loss of my property and my posts; if you have retarded the effects thereof on account of our connection, I am obliged to you for it; but I am quite prepared to suffer everything, since my mind is made up, having solemnly promised it and my conscience so bidding me, to hear of nothing but a general peace."

The reply was worthy of a great soul devoted to a great cause, a soul that would not sacrifice to the hopes of fortune either friends or creed. It was a mark of Duke Henry of Rohan's superior character to take account, before everything, of the general interests and the moral sentiments of his party. The chief of the royal party, the duke of Luynes, was, on the contrary, absorbed in the material and momentary success of his own personal policy; he refused to treat for a general peace with the Protestants, and he preferred to submit to a partial and local defeat before Montauban rather than be hampered with the difficulties of national pacification. At a council held on the 26th of October, 1621, it was decided to publicly raise the siege. The king and the royal army departed in November from the precincts of Montauban which they purposed to attack afresh on the return of spring; the king was in a hurry to go and receive at Toulouse the empty acclamations of the mob, and he ordered Luynes to go and take, on the little town of Monheur, in the neighborhood of Toulouse, a specious revenge for his check before Montauban. Monheur surrendered on the 11th of December, 1621. Another little village in the neighborhood, Négrepelisse, which offered resistance to the royal army, was taken by assault and its population infamously massacred. But in the midst of these insignificant victories, on the 14th of December, 1621, the royal favorite, the constable, interim keeper of the seals, Duke Albert of Luynes, had an attack of malignant fever and died in three days at the camp of Longueville. "What was marvellously surprising and gave a good idea of the world and its vanity," says his contemporary, the marquis of Fontaine Mareuil, "was that this man, so great and so powerful, found himself, nevertheless, to such a degree abandoned and despised that for two days during which he was in agony there was scarcely one of his people who would stay in his

room, the door being open all the time and anybody who pleased coming in, as if he had been the most insignificant of men; and when his body was taken to be interred, I suppose, to his duchy of Luynes, instead of priests to pray for him, I saw some of his valets playing piquet on his bier whilst they were having their horses baited."

It was not long before magnificence revisited the favorite's bier. "On the 11th of January, 1622, his mortal remains having arrived at Tours, all the religious bodies went out to receive it; the constable was placed in a chariot drawn by six horses, accompanied by pages, Swiss, and gentlemen in mourning. He was finally laid in the cathedral-church, where there took place a service which was attended by Marshal de Lesdiguières, the greatest lords of the court, the judicature, and the corporation. It is a contemporary sheet, the *Mercuré Français*, which has preserved to us these details as to the posthumous grandeur of Albert de Luynes after the brutal indifference to which he had been subjected at the moment of his death. His brothers after him held a high historical position, which the family have maintained, through the course of every revolution, to the present day; a position which M. Cousin took pleasure in calling to mind, and which the last duke but one of Luynes made it a point of duty to commemorate by raising to Louis XIII. a massive silver statue almost as large as life, the work of that able sculptor, M. Rudde, which figured at the public exhibition set on foot by Count d'Haussonville in honor of the Alsace-Lorrainers whom the late disasters of France drove off in exile to Algeria.

Richelieu, when he had become cardinal, premier minister of Louis XIII. and of the government of France, passed a just but severe judgment upon Albert de Luynes. "He was a mediocre and timid creature," he said, "faithless, ungenerous, too weak to remain steady against the assault of so great a fortune as that which ruined him incontinently; allowing himself to be borne away by it as by a torrent, without any foothold, unable to set bounds to his ambition, incapable of arresting it and not knowing what he was about, like a man on the top of a tower, whose head goes round and who has no longer any power of discernment. He would fain have been prince of Orange, count of Avignon, duke of Albret, king of Austrasia, and would not have refused more if he had seen his way to it" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, p. 169, in the Petitot Collection, Series v., t. xxii.].

This brilliant and truthful portrait, lacks one feature which was the merit of the constable de Luynes: he saw coming and he anticipated, a long way off and to little purpose but heartily enough, the government of France by a supreme kingship, whilst paying respect, as long as he lived, to religious liberty and showing himself favorable to intellectual and literary liberty though he was opposed to political and national liberty. That was the government which, after him, was practised with a high hand and rendered triumphant by Cardinal Richelieu to the honor, if not the happiness, of France.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LOUIS XIII., CARDINAL RICHELIEU, AND THE COURT (1622—1642).

THE characteristic of Louis XIV.'s reign is the uncontested empire of the sovereign over the nation, the authority of the court throughout the country. All intellectual movement proceeded from the court or radiated about it; the whole government, whether for war or peace, was concentrated in its hands. Condé, Turenne, Catinat, Luxembourg, Villars, Vendôme belonged, as well as Louvois or Colbert, to the court; from the court went the governors and administrators of provinces; there was no longer any greatness existing outside of the court; there were no longer any petty private courts. As for the State, the king was it.

For ages past, France had enjoyed the rare good fortune of seeing her throne successively occupied by Charlemagne and Charles V., by St. Louis and Louis XI., by Louis XII., Francis I. and Henry IV., great conquerors or wise administrators, heroic saints or profound politicians, brilliant knights or models of patriot-kings. Such sovereigns had not only governed, but also impressed the imagination of the people; it was to them that the weak, oppressed by the great feudal lords, had little by little learned to apply for support and assistance; since the reign of Francis I., especially, in the midst of the religious struggles which had caused division amongst the noblesse and were threatening to create a state within the State, the personal position of the grandees, and that of their petty private courts, had been constantly diminishing in im-

portance; the wise policy, the bold and prudent courage of Henry IV. and his patriotic foresight had pacified hatred and stayed civil wars; he had caused his people to feel the pleasure and pride of being governed by a man of a superior order. Cardinal Richelieu, more stern than Henry IV., set his face steadily against all the influences of the great lords; he broke them down one after another; he persistently elevated the royal authority; it was the hand of Richelieu which made the court and paved the way for the reign of Louis XIV. The Fronde was but a paltry interlude and a sanguinary game between parties. At Richelieu's death, pure monarchy was founded.

In the month of December, 1622, the work was as yet full of difficulty. There were numerous rivals for the heritage of royal favor that had slipped from the dying hands of Luynes. The prince of Condé, a man of ability and moderation, "a good managing man (*homme de bon ménage*)," as he was afterwards called by the cardinal, was the first to get possession of the mind of the king, at that time away from his mother who was residing at Paris. "It was not so much from dislike that they opposed her," says Richelieu, "as from fear lest, when once established at the king's council, she might wish to introduce me there. They acknowledged in me some force of judgment; they dreaded my wits, fearing lest, if the king were to take special cognizance of me, it might come to his committing to me the principal care of his affairs" (*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. ii. p. 193). On returning to Paris, the king, nevertheless, could not refuse this gratification to his mother. However, "The prince, who was in the habit of speaking very freely and could not be mum about what he had on his mind, permitted himself to go so far as to say that she had been received into the council on two conditions, one, that she should have cognizance of nothing but what they pleased, and the other, that, though only a portion of affairs was communicated to her, she would serve as authority for all in the minds of the people." (*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. ii. p. 194). In fact, the queen-mother quite perceived that "she was only shown the articles in the window and did not enter the shop;" but, with all the prudence and patience of an Italian, when she was not carried away by passion, she knew how to practise dissimulation towards the prince of Condé and his allies, Chancellor Sillery and his son Puisieux, secretary of state. She accompanied her son on an expedition against the Huguenots of the South, which

she had not advised, "foreseeing quite well, that, if she were separated from the king, she would have no part either in peace or war, and that, if they got on without her for ten months, they would become accustomed to getting on without her." She had the satisfaction of at last seeing the bishop of Luçon promoted to the cardinalship she had often solicited for him in vain; but, at the same time, the king called to the council Cardinal Rochefoucauld, "not through personal esteem for the old cardinal," says Richelieu, "but to cut off from the new one all hope of a place for which he might be supposed to feel some ambition." Nevertheless, in spite of his enemies' intrigues, in spite of a certain instinctive repugnance on the part of the king himself who repeated to his mother, "I know him better than you, Madame; he is a man of unbounded ambition," the "new cardinal" was called to the council at the opening of the year 1624, on the instance of the marquis of La Vieuville, superintendent of finance and chief of the council, who felt himself unsteady in his position and sought to secure the favor of the queen-mother. It was as the protégé and organ of Mary de' Medici that the cardinal wrote to the prince of Condé on the 11th of May, 1624: "The king having done me the honor to place me on his council, I pray God with all my heart to render me worthy of serving him as I desire; and I feel myself bound thereto by every sort of consideration. I cannot sufficiently thank you for the satisfaction that you have been pleased to testify to me thereat. Therefore would I far rather do so in deed by serving you than by bootless words. And in that I cannot fail without failing to follow out the king's intention. I have made known to the queen the assurance you give her by your letter of your affection, for which she feels all the reciprocity you can desire. She is the more ready to flatter herself with the hope of its continuance in that she will be very glad to incite you thereto by all the good offices she has means of rendering you with His Majesty" [*Lettres du cardinal de Richelieu*, t. ii. p. 5]. On the 12th of August, however, M. de la Vieuville fell irretrievably and was confined in the castle of Amboise. A pamphlet of the time had forewarned him of the danger which threatened him when he introduced Richelieu into the council; "You are both of the same temper," it said, "that is, you both desire one and the same thing, which is, to be, each of you, sole governor. That which you believe to be your making will be your undoing."

From that moment the cardinal, in spite of his modest re-

sistance based upon the state of his health, became the veritable chief of the council: "Everybody knew that, amidst the mere private occupations he had hitherto had, it would have been impossible for him to exist with such poor health, unless he took frequent recreation in the country" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. ii. p. 289]. Turning his attention to founding his power and making himself friends, he authorized the recall of Count Schomberg, lately disgraced, and of the duke of Anjou's the king's brother's, governor, Colonel Ornano, imprisoned by the marquis of La Vieuville. He, at the same time, stood out against the danger of concentrating all the power of the government in a single pair of hands: "Your Majesty," he said, "ought not to confide your public business to a single one of your councillors and hide it from the rest; those whom you have chosen ought to live in fellowship and amity in your service, not in partisanship and division. Every time and as many times as a single one wants to do everything himself, he wants to ruin himself; but in ruining himself he will ruin your kingdom and you, and as often as any single one wants to possess your ear and do in secret what should be resolved upon openly, it must necessarily be for the purpose of concealing from Your Majesty either his ignorance or his wickedness" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. ii. p. 349]. Prudent rules and acute remarks, which Richelieu, when he became all powerful, was to forget.

Eighteen months had barely rolled away when Colonel Ornano, lately created a marshal at the duke of Anjou's request, was again arrested and carried off a prisoner "to the very room, where, twenty-four years ago, Marshal Biron had been confined." For some time past "it had been current at court and throughout the kingdom that a great cabal was going on," says Richelieu in his *Mémoires*, "and the cabalists said quite openly that under his ministry, men might cabal with impunity, for he was not a dangerous enemy." If the cabalists had been living in that confidence, they were most woefully deceived. Richelieu was neither meddlesome nor cruel, but he was stern and pitiless towards the suffering as well as the supplications of those who sought to thwart his policy. At this period, he wished to bring about a marriage between the duke of Anjou, then eighteen years old, and Mdle. de Montpensier, the late duke of Montpensier's daughter, and the richest heiress in France. The young prince did not like it. Madame de Chevreuse, it was said, seeing the king

an invalid and childless, was already anticipating his death and the possibility of marrying his widowed queen to his successor. "I should gain too little by the change," said Anne of Austria one day, irritated by the accusations of which she was the object. Divers secret or avowed motives had formed about the duke of Anjou what was called the "aversion" party, who were opposed to his marriage; but the arrest of Colonel Ornano dismayed the accomplices for a while. The duke of Anjou protested his fidelity to his brother, and promised the cardinal to place in the king's hands a written undertaking to submit his wishes and affections to him. The intrigue appeared to have been abandoned. But the "*dreadful (épouvantable) faction*," as the cardinal calls it in his *Mémoires*, conspired to remove the young prince from the court. The duke of Vendôme, son of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées, had offered him an asylum in his government of Brittany; but the far-sighted policy of the minister took away this refuge from the heir to the throne, always inclined as he was to put himself at the head of a party. The duke of Vendôme and his brother the Grand Prior, disquieted at the rumors which were current about them, hastened to go and visit the king at Blois. He received them with great marks of affection. "Brother," said he, to the duke of Vendôme, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "I was impatient to see you." Next morning, the 15th of June, the two princes were arrested in bed. "Ah! brother," cried Vendôme, "did not I tell you in Brittany that we should be arrested?" "I wish I were dead and you were there," said the Grand Prior. "I told you, you know, that the castle of Blois was a fatal place for princes," rejoined the duke. They were conducted to Amboise. The king, continually disquieted by the projects of assassination hatched against his minister, gave him a company of musketeers as guards and set off for Nantes, whither the cardinal was not slow to go and join him. In the interval, a fresh accomplice in the plot had been discovered.

This time it was in the king's own household that he had been sought and found. Henry de Talleyrand, count of Chalais, master of the wardrobe, hare-brained and frivolous, had hitherto made himself talked about only for his duels and his successes with women. He had already been drawn into a plot against the cardinal's life; but, under the influence of remorse, he had confessed his criminal intentions to the minister himself. Richelieu appeared touched by the repentance but

he did not forget the offence, and his watch over this "unfortunate gentleman," as he himself calls him, made him aware before long that Chalais was compromised in an intrigue which aimed at nothing less, it was said, than to secure the person of the cardinal by means of an ambush, so as to get rid of him at need. Chalais was arrested in his bed on the 8th of July. The marquis of La Valette, son of the duke of Épernon and governor of Metz, who had been asked to give an asylum to Monsieur, in case he decided upon flying from the court, had answered after an embarrassed fashion; the cardinal had his enemies in a trap. He went to call on Monsieur; it was in Richelieu's own house and under pretext of demanding hospitality of him that the conspirators calculated upon striking their blow; "I very much regret," said the cardinal to Gaston, "that your Highness did not warn me that you and your friends meant to do me the honor of coming to sup with me, I would have exerted myself to entertain them and receive them to the best of my ability" [*Journal de Bassompierre*, t. ii.]. Monsieur seemed to be dumbfounded; he still thought of flight, but Madame de Guise had just arrived at Nantes with her daughter, Mdle. de Montpensier; Madame de Chevreuse had been driven from court; the young prince's friends had been scared or won over; and President le Coigneux, his most honest adviser, counselled him to get the cardinal's support with the king: "That rascal," said the president, "gets so sharp an edge on his wits, that it is necessary to avail oneself of all sorts of means to undo what he does." Monsieur at last gave way and consented to be married, provided that the king would treat it as appanage. Louis XIII., in his turn, hesitated, being attracted by the arguments of certain underlings, "folks ever welcome, as being apparently out of the region of political interests, and seeming to have an eye in everything to their master's person only." They represented to the king that if the duke of Anjou were to have children, he would become of more importance in the country, which would be to the king's detriment. The minister boldly demanded of the king the dismissal of "those petty folks who insolently abused his ear." Louis XIII., in his turn, gave way; and on the 5th of August, 1626, the cardinal himself celebrated the marriage of Gaston, who became duke of Orleans on the occasion, with Mary of Bourbon, Mdle. de Montpensier. "No viols or music were heard that day, and it was said in the bridegroom's circle that there was no occasion for having Monsieur's marriage stained

with blood. This was reported to the king, and to the cardinal who did not at all like it."

When Chalais, in his prison, heard of the marriage, he undoubtedly conceived some hope of a pardon, for he exclaimed, as the cardinal himself says: "That is a mighty sharp trick, to have not only scattered a great faction, but, by removing its object, to have annihilated all hopes of re-uniting it. Only the sagacity of the king and his minister could have made such a hit; it was well done to have caught Monsieur between touch-and-go (*entre bond et volee*). The prince, when he knows of this, will be very vexed, though he do not say so, and the count (of Soissons, nephew of Condé) will weep over it with his mother."

The hopes of Chalais were deceived. He had written to the king to confess his fault: "I was only thirteen days in the faction," he said; but those thirteen days were enough to destroy him. In vain did his friends intercede passionately for him; in vain did his mother write to the king the most touching letter: "I gave him to you, Sir, at eight years of age; he is a grandson of Marshal Montluc and President Jeannin; his family serve you daily, but dare not throw themselves at your feet for fear of displeasing you; nevertheless, they join with me in begging of you the life of this wretch, though he should have to end his days in perpetual imprisonment or in serving you abroad." Chalais was condemned to death on the 18th of August, 1626, by the criminal court established at Nantes for that purpose; all the king's mercy went no further than a remission of the tortures which should have accompanied the execution. He sent one of his friends to assure his mother of his repentance. "Tell him," answered the noble lady, "that I am very glad to have the consolation he gives me of his dying in God; if I did not think that the sight of me would be too much for him, I would go to him and not leave him until his head was severed from his body; but, being unable to be of any help to him in that way I am going to pray God for him." And she returned into the church of the nuns of Sainte-Claire. The friends of Chalais had managed to have the executioner carried off so as to retard his execution; but an inferior criminal, to whom pardon had been granted for the performance of this service, cut off the unfortunate culprit's head in thirty-one strokes [*Mémoires d'un Favori du duc d'Orléans (Archives curieuses de l'histoire de France)*, 2nd series, t. iii.]. "The sad news was brought to the duke of Orleans, who, was

playing *abbot*; he did not leave the game, and went on as if instead of death he had heard of deliverance." An example of cruelty which might well have discouraged the friends of the duke of Orleans "from dying a martyr's death for him" like the unhappy Chalais.

It has been said that Richelieu was neither meddlesome nor cruel, but that he was stern and pitiless; and he gave proof of that the following year, on an occasion when his personal interests were not in any way at stake. At the outset of his ministry, in 1624, he had obtained from the king a severe ordinance against duels, a fatal custom which was at that time decimating the noblesse. Already several noblemen, amongst others M. du Plessis-Praslin, had been deprived of their offices or sent into exile in consequence of their duels, when M. de Bouteville, of the house of Montmorency, who had been previously engaged in twenty-one affairs of honor, came to Paris to fight the marquis of Beuvron on the *Place Royale*. The marquis' second, M. de Bussy d'Amboise, was killed by the count of Chapelles, Bouteville's second. Beuvron fled to England. M. de Bouteville and his comrade had taken post for Lorraine; they were recognized and arrested at Vitry-le-Brûlé and brought back to Paris; and the king immediately ordered Parliament to bring them to trial. The crime was flagrant and the defiance of the king's orders undeniable; but the culprit was connected with the greatest houses in the kingdom; he had given striking proofs of bravery in the king's service; and all the court interceded for him. Parliament, with regret, pronounced condemnation, absolving the memory of Bussy d'Amboise, who was a son of President de Mesmes's wife, and reducing to one-third of their goods the confiscation to which the condemned were sentenced. "Parliament has played the king," was openly said in the queen's ante-chamber; "if things proceed to execution, the king will play Parliament."

"The cardinal was much troubled in spirit," says he himself: "it was impossible to have a noble heart and not pity this poor gentleman whose youth and courage excited so much compassion." However, whilst expounding, according to his practice, to the king the reasons for and against the execution of the culprits, Richelieu let fall this astounding expression: "It is a question of breaking the neck of duels or of your Majesty's edicts."

Louis XIII. did not hesitate: though less stern than his minister, he was more indifferent, and "the love he bore his

kingdom prevailed over his compassion for these two gentlemen." Both died with courage: "There was no sign of anything weak in their words or mean in their actions. They received the news that they were to die with the same visage as they would have that of pardon," in such sort that they who had lived like devils were seen dying like saints, and they who had cared for nothing but to foment duels serving towards the extinction of them" [*Mémoires d'un Favori du duc d'Orléans (Archives curieuses de l'histoire de France)*, t. ii.].

The cardinal had got Chalais condemned as a conspirator; he had let Bouteville be executed as a duellist; the greatest lords bent beneath his authority, but the power that depends on a king's favor is always menaced and tottering. The enemies of Richelieu had not renounced the idea of overthrowing him, their hopes ever went on growing, since for some time past, the queen-mother had been waxing jealous of the all-powerful minister, and no longer made common cause with him. The king had returned in triumph from the siege of La Rochelle; the queen-mother hoped to retain him by her at court; but the cardinal ever on the watch over the movements of Spain, prevailed upon Louis XIII. to support his subject, the duke of Nevers, legitimate heir to Mantua and Montferrat, of which the Spaniards were besieging the capital. The army began to march, but the queen designedly retarded the movements of her son. The cardinal was appointed generalissimo, and the king, who had taken upon himself the occupation of Savoy, was before long obliged by his health to return to Lyons, where he fell seriously ill. The two queens hurried to his bedside; and they were seconded by the keeper of the seals, M. de Marillac, but lately raised to power by Richelieu, as a man on whom he could depend, and now completely devoted to the queen-mother's party.

At the news of the king's danger, the cardinal quitted St. Jean-de-Maurienne for a precipitate journey to Lyons; but he was soon obliged to return to his army. During the king's convalescence the resentment of the queen-mother against the minister, as well as that of Anne of Austria, had free course; and when the royal train took the road slowly back to Paris in the month of October, the ruin of the cardinal had been resolved upon.

What a trip was that descent of the Loire from Roanne to Briare in the same boat and "at very close quarters between the queen-mother and the cardinal!" says Bassompierre.

"She hoped that she would more easily be able to have her will and crush her servant with the more facility, the less he was on his guard against it; she looked at him with a kindly eye, accepted his dutiful attentions and respects as usual, and spoke to him with as much appearance of confidence as if she had wholly given it him" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iii. pp. 303-305].

The king had requested his mother "to put off for six weeks or two months the grand move against the cardinal, for the sake of the affairs of his kingdom, which were then at a crisis in Italy" [*Mémoires de Bassompierre*, t. iii. p. 276], and she had promised him; but Richelieu "suspected something wrong, and discovered more," and, on the 12th of November, 1630, when mother and son were holding an early conference at the Luxembourg, a fine palace which Mary de' Medici had just finished, "the cardinal arrived there; finding the door of the chamber closed, he entered the gallery and went and knocked at the door of the cabinet, where he obtained no answer. Tired of waiting and knowing the ins and outs of the mansion, he entered by the little chapel, whereat the king was somewhat dismayed and said to the queen in despair, 'Here he is!' thinking, no doubt, that he would blaze forth. The cardinal, who perceived this dismay, said to them, 'I am sure you were speaking about me.' The queen answered, 'We were not.' Whereupon, he having replied, 'Confess it, Madame,' she said *yes* and thereupon conducted herself with great tartness towards him, declaring to the king 'that she would not put up with the cardinal any longer or see in her house either him or any of his relatives and friends, to whom she incontinently gave their dismissal, and not to them only, but even down to the pettiest of her officers who had come to her from his hands'" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iii. p. 428].

The struggle was begun. Already the courtiers were flocking to the Luxembourg; the keeper of the seals, Marillac, had gone away to sleep at his country-house at Glatigny, quite close to Versailles, where the king was expected; and he was hoping that Louis XIII. would summon him and put the power in his hands. The king was chatting with his favorite, St. Simon, and tapping with his finger-tips on the window-pane. "What do you think of all this?" he asked. "Sir," was the reply, "I seem to be in another world, but at any rate you are master." "Yes, I am," answered the king, "and I will make it felt too." He sent for Cardinal la Vallette, son

of the duke of Épernon, but devoted to Richelieu: "The cardinal has a good master," he said: "go and make my compliments to him and tell him to come to me without delay" [*Mémoires de Bassompierre*, t. iii. p. 276].

With all his temper and the hesitations born of his melancholy mind Louis XIII. could appreciate and discern the great interests of his kingdom and of his power. The queen had supposed that the king would abandon the cardinal, and "that her private authority as mother, and the pious affection and honor the king showed her as her son, would prevail over the public care which he ought, as king to take of his kingdom and his people. But God who holds in His hand the hearts of princes, disposed things otherwise: his Majesty resolved to defend his servant against the malice of those who prompted the queen to this wicked design" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*]; he conversed a long while with the cardinal, and when the keeper of the seals awoke the next morning it was to learn that the minister was at Versailles with the king, who had lodged him in a room under his own, that His Majesty demanded the seals back and that the exons were at his, Marillac's, door to secure his person.

At the same time was despatched a courier to head-quarters at Foglizzo in Piedmont. The three marshals Schomberg, La Force, and Marillac, had all formed a junction there. Marillac, brother of the keeper of the seals, held the command that day; and he was awaiting with impatience the news, already announced by his brother, of the cardinal's disgrace. Marshal Schomberg opened the despatches; and the first words that met his eye were these, written in the king's own hand: "My dear cousin, you will not fail to arrest Marshal Marillac; it is for the good of my service and for your own exculpation." The marshal was greatly embarrassed; a great part of the troops had come with Marillac from the army of Champagne and were devoted to him. Schomberg determined, on the advice of Marshal la Force, in full council of captains, to show Marillac the postscript. "Sir," answered the marshal, "a subject must not murmur against his master, nor say of him that the things he alleges are false. I can protest with truth that I have done nothing contrary to his service. The truth is that my brother the keeper of the seals and I have always been the servants of the queen-mother; she must have had the worst of it and Cardinal Richelieu has won the day against her and her servants" [*Mémoires de Puy-Séguir*.]

Thus arrested in the very midst of the army he commanded, Marshal Marillac was taken to the castle of St. Menehould and thence to Verdun, where a court of justice extraordinary sat upon his case. It was cleared of any political accusation; the marshal was prosecuted for peculation and extortion, common crimes at that time with many generals and always odious to the nation, which regarded their punishment with favor. "It is a very strange thing," said Marillac, "to prosecute me as they do; my trial is a mere question of hay, straw, wood, stones and lime; there is not case enough for whipping a lacquey." There was case enough for sentencing to death a marshal of France. The proceedings lasted eighteen months; the commission was transferred from Verdun to Ruel, to the very house of the cardinal. Marillac was found guilty by a majority of one only. The execution took place on the 10th of May, 1632. The former keeper of the seals, Michael de Marillac, died of decline at Châteaudun, three months after the death of his brother.

Dupes' Day was over and lost. The queen-mother's attack on Richelieu had failed before the minister's ascendancy and the king's calculating fidelity to a servant he did not like; but Mary de' Medici's anger was not calmed and the struggle remained set between her and the cardinal. The duke of Orleans, who had lost his wife after a year's marriage, had not hitherto joined his mother's party, but all on a sudden, excited by his grievances, he arrived at the cardinal's, on the 30th of January, 1631, with a strong escort, and told him that he would consider it a strange purpose that had brought him there; that, so long as he supposed that the cardinal would serve him, he had been quite willing to show him amity; now, when he saw that he foiled him in everything that he had promised, to such extent that the way in which he, Monsieur, had behaved himself, had served no end but to make the world believe that he had abandoned the queen his mother, he had come to take back the word he had given him to show him affection." On leaving the cardinal's house Monsieur got into his carriage and went off in haste to Orleans, whilst the king, having received notice from Richelieu, was arriving with all despatch from Versailles to assure his minister "of his protection, well knowing that nobody could wish him ill save for the faithful services he rendered him" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. ii. p. 444].

The queen-mother had undoubtedly been aware of the duke

of Orleans' project, for she had given up to him Madame's jewels which he had confided to her; she nevertheless sent her equerry to the king, protesting "that she had been much astonished when she heard of Monsieur's departure, that she had almost fainted on the spot, and that Monsieur had sent her word that he was going away from court because he could no longer tolerate the cardinal's violent proceedings against her."

"When the king signified to her that he considered this withdrawal very strange and let her know that he had much trouble in believing that she knew nothing about it, she took occasion to belch forth fire and flames against the cardinal, and made a fresh attempt to ruin him in the king's estimation, though she had previously bound herself by oath to take no more steps against him" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. ii. p. 465].

The cardinal either had not sworn at all or did not consider himself more bound than the queen by oaths. Their Majesties set out for Compiègne; there the minister brought the affair before the council, explaining with a skilful appearance of indifference the different courses to be taken, and ending by propounding the question of his own retirement or the queen-mother's. "His Majesty, without hesitation, made his own choice, taking the resolution of returning to Paris and of begging the queen-mother to retire for the time being to one of his mansions, particularly recommending Moulins, which she had formerly expressed to the late king a wish to have; and, in order that she might be the better contented with it, he offered her the government of it and of all the province." Next day, February 23, 1631, before the queen-mother was up, her royal son had taken the road back to Paris, leaving Marshal d'Estrées at Compiègne to explain to the queen his departure and to hasten his mother's, a task in which the marshal had but small success, for Mary de' Medici declared that, if they meant to make her depart, they would have to drag her stark naked from her bed. She kept herself shut up in the castle, refusing to go out and complaining of the injury the seclusion did to her health; then she fled by night from Compiègne, attended by one gentleman only, to go and take refuge in Flanders, whence she arrived before long at Brussels.

The cardinal's game was definitively won. Mary de' Medici had lost all empire over her son, whom she was never to see again.

The duke of Orleans, meanwhile, had taken the road to Lorraine, seeking a refuge in the dominions of a prince able, crafty,

restless, and hostile to France from inclination as well as policy. Smitten, before long, with the duke's sister, Princess Margaret, Gaston of Orleans married her privately, with a dispensation from the cardinal of Lorraine, all which did not prevent either duke or prince from barefacedly denying the marriage when the king reproached them with having contracted this marriage without his consent. In the month of June, 1632, the duke of Orleans entered France again at the head of some wretched regiments, refuse of the Spanish army, given to him by Don Gonzalvo di Cordova. For the first time, he raised the standard of revolt openly. For him it was of little consequence, accustomed as he was to place himself at the head of parties that he abandoned without shame in the hour of danger; but he dragged along with him in his error a man worthy of another fate and of another chief. Henry, duke of Montmorency, marshal of France and governor of Languedoc, was a godson of Henry IV., who said one day to M. de Villeroy and to President Jeannin, "Look at my son Montmorency, how well made he is; if ever the house of Bourbon came to fail, there is no family in Europe which would so well deserve the crown of France as his, whose great men have always supported it and even added to it at the price of their blood." Shining at court as well as in arms, kind and charitable, beloved of every body and adored by his servants, the duke of Montmorency had steadily remained faithful to the king up to the fatal day when the duke of Orleans entangled him in his hazardous enterprise. Languedoc was displeased with Richelieu, who had robbed it of some of its privileges; the duke had no difficulty in collecting adherents there; and he fancied himself to be already wielding the constable's sword, five times borne by a Montmorency, when Gaston of Orleans entered France and Languedoc sooner than he had been looked for and with a smaller following than he had promised. The eighteen hundred men brought by the king's brother did not suffice to re-establish him, with the queen his mother, in the kingdom; the governor of Languedoc made an appeal to the Estates then assembled at Pézenas; he was supported by the bishop of Alby and by that of Nîmes; the province itself proclaimed revolt. The sums demanded by the king were granted to the duke, whom the deputies prayed to remain faithful to the interests of the province, just as they promised never to abandon his. The archbishop of Narbonne alone opposed this rash act; he left the Estates, where he was president, and the duke marched out to meet

Monsieur as far as Lunel. "Troops were levied throughout the province and the environs as openly as if it had been for the king." But the regiments were slow in forming; the duke of Orleans wished to gain over some of the towns; Narbonne and Montpellier closed their gates. The bishop's influence had been counted upon for making sure of Nîmes, and Montmorency everywhere tried to practise on the Huguenots; "but the reformed ministers of Nîmes, having had advices by letter from His Majesty whereby he represented himself to have been advertised that the principal design of Monsieur was to excite them of the religion styled reformed, considered themselves bound in their own defence to do more than the rest for the king's service. They assembled the consistory, resolved to die in obedience to him, went to seek the consuls and requested them to have the town-council assembled, in order that it might be brought to take a similar resolution; which the consuls, gained over by M. de Montmorency, refused" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iii. p. 160]. Thereupon the ministers sent off in haste to Marshal la Force, who had already taken position at Pont-Saint-Esprit with his army; and, he having despatched some light horse on the 26th of July, the people cried "*Hurrah! for the king!*" the bishop was obliged to fly and the town was kept to its allegiance. "Beaucaire, the governor of which had been won over," made armed resistance. "If we beat the king's army," said the duke of Montmorency on returning to Pézenas after this incident, "we shall have no lack of towns; if not, we shall have to go and make our court at Brussels."

At the news of his brother's revolt, the king, who happened to be on the frontiers of Lorraine, had put himself in motion, but he marched at his ease and by short stages, "thinking that the fire Monsieur would kindle would be only a straw-fire." He hurried his movements when he heard of Montmorency's uprising and left Paris after having put the seals upon the duke's house, who had imprudently left five hundred and fifty thousand livres there; the money was seized and lodged in the royal safe. The princess of Guéméné, between whom and Montmorency there were very strong ties, went to see the cardinal, who was in attendance on the king. "Sir," she said to him, "you are going to Languedoc; remember the great marks of attachment that M. de Montmorency showed you not long ago; you cannot forget them without ingratitude." Indeed, when the king believed himself to be dying at Lyons, he had recommended the cardinal to the duke of Montmorency, who

had promised to receive him into his government. "Madame," replied Richelieu coldly, "I have not been the first to break off."

Already the parliament of Toulouse, remaining faithful to the king, had annulled the resolutions of the Estates, the letters and commissions of the governor; and the parliament of Paris had just enregistered a resolution against the servants and adherents of the duke of Orleans, as rebels guilty of high treason and disturbers of the common peace. Six weeks were granted the king's brother to put an end to all acts of hostility; else the king was resolved to decree against him, after that interval of delay, "whatsoever he should consider it his duty to do for the preservation of his kingdom, according to the laws of the realm and the example of his predecessors."

It was against Marshal Schomberg that Montmorency was advancing. The latter found himself isolated in his revolt, shut up within the limits of his government, between the two armies of the king, who was marching in person against him. Calculations had been based upon an uprising of several provinces and the adhesion of several governors, amongst others of the aged duke of Épernon, who had sent to Monsieur to say: "I am his very humble servant, let him place himself in a position to be served;" but no one moved, the king every day received fresh protestations of fidelity, and the duke of Épernon had repaired to Montauban to keep that restless city to its duty and to prevent any attempt from being made in the province.

At three leagues' distance from Castelnaudary, Marshal Schomberg was besieging a castle called St. Félix-de-Carmain, which held out for the duke of Orleans. Montmorency advanced to the aid of the place; he had two thousand foot and three thousand horse; and the duke of Orleans accompanied him with a large number of gentlemen. The marshal had won over the defenders of St. Felix, and he was just half a league from Castelnaudary when he encountered the rebel army. The battle began almost at once. Count de Moret, natural son of Henry IV. and Jacqueline de Bueil, fired the first shot. Hearing the noise, Montmorency, who commanded the right wing, takes a squadron of cavalry, and, "urged on by that impetuosity which takes possession of all brave men at the like juncture, he spurs his horse forward, leaps the ditch which was across the road, rides over the musketeers, and, the mishap of finding himself alone causing him to feel more indignation than fear, he makes up his mind to signalize by his resistance a death which he cannot avoid." Only a few gentlemen

had followed him, amongst others an old officer named Count de Rieux, who had promised to die at his feet: and he kept his word. In vain had Montmorency called to him his men-at-arms and the regiment of Ventadour; the rest of the cavalry did not budge. Count de Moret had been killed; terror was everywhere taking possession of the men. The duke was engaged with the king's light horse; he had just received two bullets in his mouth. His horse, "a small barb, extremely swift," came down with him; and he fell wounded in seventeen places, alone, without a single squire to help him. A sergeant of a company of the guards saw him fall and carried him into the road; some soldiers who were present burst out crying; they seemed to be lamenting their general's rather than their prisoner's misfortune. Montmorency alone remained as if insensible to the blows of adversity, and testified by the grandeur of his courage that in him it had its seat in a place higher than the heart" [*Journal du duc de Montmorency (Archives curieuses de l'histoire de France)*, t. iv.].

Whilst the army of the duke of Orleans was retiring, carrying off their dead, nearly all of the highest rank, the king's men were bearing away Montmorency mortally wounded to Castelnaudary. His wife, Mary Felicia des Ursins, daughter of the duke of Bracciano, being ill in bed at Béziers, sent him a doctor together with her equerry to learn the truth about her husband's condition. "Thou'lt tell my wife," said the duke, "the number and greatness of the wounds thou hast seen, and thou'lt assure her that it which I have caused her spirit is incomparably more painful to me than all the others." On passing through the faubourgs of the town, the duke desired that his litter should be opened, "and the serenity that shone through the pallor of his visage moved the feelings of all present and forced tears from the stoutest and the most stolid" [*Journal du duc de Montmorency (Archives curieuses de l'histoire de France)*, t. iv.].

The duke of Orleans did not lack the courage of the soldier; he would fain have rescued Montmorency and sought to rally his forces; but the troops of Languedoc would obey none but the governor; the foreigners mutinied, and the king's brother had no longer an army. "Next day, when it was too late, I says Richelieu, "Monsieur sent a trumpeter to demand battle of Marshal Schomberg, who replied that he would not give it, but that, if he met him, he would try to defend himself against him." Monsieur considered himself absolved from seeking the

combat, and henceforth busied himself about nothing but negotiation. Alby, Béziers, and Pézenas hastened to give in their submission. It was necessary for the duchess of Montmorency, ill and in despair, to quicken her departure from Béziers, where she was no longer safe. "As she passed along the streets she heard nothing but a confusion of voices amongst the people, speaking insolently of those who would withdraw in apprehension." The king was already at Lyons.

He was at Pont-Saint-Esprit when he sent a message to his brother, from whom he had already received emissaries on the road. The first demands of Gaston d'Orleans were still proud; he required the release of Montmorency, the rehabilitation of all those who had served his party and his mother's, places of surety and money. The king took no notice; and a second envoy from the prince was put in prison. Meanwhile, the superintendent of finance, M. de Bullion, had reached him from the king, and "found the mind of Monsieur very penitent and well disposed, but not that of all the rest, for Monsieur confessed that he had been ill-advised to behave as he did at the cardinal's house and afterwards leave the court; acknowledging himself to be much obliged to the king for the clemency he had shown to him, in his proclamation, which had touched him to the heart, and that he was bounden therefor to the cardinal, whom he had always liked and esteemed, and believed that he also on his side liked him" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. viii. p. 196].

The duchess of Montmorency knew Monsieur, although she, it was said, had pressed her husband to join him; and all ill as she was, had been following him ever since the battle of Castelnaudary, in the fear lest he should forget her husband in the treaty. She could not, unfortunately, enter Béziers, and it was there that the arrangements were concluded. Monsieur protested his repentance, cursing in particular Father Chanteloube, confessor and confidant of the queen his mother, "whom he wished the king would have hanged; he had given pretty counsel to the queen, causing her to leave the kingdom; for all the great hopes he had led her to conceive, she was reduced to relieve her weariness by praying to God" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. viii. p. 196]. As for Monsieur, he was ready to give up all intelligence with Spain, Lorraine, and the queen his mother, "who could negotiate her business herself." He bound himself to take no interest "in him or those who had connected themselves with him on these occasions for their

own purposes, and he would not complain should the king make them suffer what they had deserved." It is true that he added to these base concessions many entreaties in favor of M. de Montmorency; but M. de Bullion did not permit him to be under any delusion. "It is for Your Highness to choose," he said, "whether or not you prefer to cling to the interests of M. de Montmorency, displease the king and lose his good graces." The prince signed everything; then he set out for Tours, which the king had assigned for his residence, receiving on the way, from town to town, all the honors that would have been paid to His Majesty himself. M. de Montmorency remained in prison.

"He awaited death with a resignation which is inconceivable," says the author of his *Mémoires*, "never did man speak more boldly than he about it; it seemed as if he were recounting another's perils when he described his own to his servants and his guards, who were the only witnesses of such lofty manliness." His sister, the princess of Condé, had a memorial prepared for his defence put before him. He read it carefully, then he tore it up, "having always determined," he said, "not to (*chicaner*) go pettifogging for (or, dispute) his life." "I ought by rights to answer before the Parliament of Paris only," said he to the commission of the Parliament of Toulouse instructed to conduct his trial, "but I give up with all my heart this privilege and all others that might delay my sentence."

There was not long to wait for the decree. On arriving at Toulouse, October 27, at noon, the duke had asked for a confessor. "Father," said he to the priest, "I pray you to put me this moment in the shortest and most certain path to heaven that you can, having nothing more to hope or wish for but God." All his family had hurried up, but without being able to obtain the favor of seeing the king. "His Majesty had strengthened himself in the resolution he had taken from the first to make in the case of the said *Sieur de Montmorency* a just example for all the *grandees* of his kingdom in the future, as the late king his father had done in the person of Marshal Biron," says Richelieu in his *Mémoires*. The princess of Condé could not gain admittance to His Majesty, who lent no ear to the supplications of his oldest servants, represented by the aged duke of Épernon, who accused himself by his own mouth of having but lately committed the same crime as the duke of Montmorency. "You can retire, duke," was all that Louis

XIII. deigned to reply. "I should not be a king, if I had the feelings of private persons," said he to Marshal Châtillon who pointed out to him the downcast looks and swollen eyes of all his court.

It was the 30th of October, early; and the duke of Montmorency was sleeping peacefully. His confessor came and awoke him. "*Surgite, eamus (Rise, let us be going)*," he said, as he awoke; and when his surgeon would have dressed his wounds, "Now is the time to heal all my wounds with a single one," he said, and he had himself dressed in the clothes of white linen he had ordered to be made at Lectoure for the day of execution. When the last questions were put to him by the judges, he answered by a complete confession; and, when the decree was made known to him: "I thank you, gentlemen," said he to the commissioners, "and I beg you to tell all them of your body from me that I hold this decree of the king's justice for a decree of God's mercy." He walked to the scaffold with the same tranquillity, saluting right and left those whom he knew, to take leave of them; then, having with difficulty placed himself upon the block, so much did his wounds still cause him to suffer, he said out loud: "*Domine Jesu, accipe spiritum meum (Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!)*" As his head fell the people rushed forward to catch his blood and dip their handkerchiefs in it.

Henry de Montmorency was the last of the ducal branch of his house and was only thirty-seven.

It was a fine opportunity for Monsieur to once more break his engagements. Shame and anxiety drove him equally. He was universally reproached with Montmorency's death; and he was by no means easy on the subject of his marriage, of which no mention had been made in the arrangements. He quitted Tours and withdrew to Flanders, writing to the king to complain of the duke's execution, saying that the life of the latter had been the tacit condition of his agreement, and that, his promise being thus not binding, he was about to seek a secure retreat out of the kingdom. "Everybody knows in what plight you were, brother, and whether you could have done anything else," replied the king.

"What think you, gentlemen, was it that lost the duke of Montmorency his head?" said Cardinal Zapata to Bautru and Barrault, envoys of France, whom he met in the antechamber of the king of Spain. "His crimes," replied Bautru. "No," said the cardinal, "but the clemency of His Majesty's

predecessors." Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu have assuredly not merited that reproach in history.

So many and such terrible examples were at last to win the all-powerful minister some years of repose. Once only, in 1636, a new plot on the part of Monsieur and the count of Soissons threatened not only his power but his life. The king's headquarters were established at the castle of Demuin; and the princes, urged on by Montrésor and Saint-Ibal, had resolved to compass the cardinal's death. The blow was to be struck at the exit from the council. Richelieu conducted the king back to the bottom of the staircase. The two gentlemen were awaiting the signal; but Monsieur did not budge and retired without saying a word. The count of Soissons dared not go any further, and the cardinal mounted quietly to his own rooms, without dreaming of the extreme peril he had run. Richelieu was rather lofty than proud, and too clear-sighted to mistake the king's feelings towards him. Never did he feel any confidence in his position; and never did he depart from his jealous and sometimes petty watchfulness. Any influence foreign to his own disquieted him in proximity to a master whose affairs he governed altogether, without ever having been able to get the mastery over his melancholy and singular mind.

Women filled but a small space in the life of Louis XIII. Twice, however, in that interval of ten years which separated the plot of Montmorency from that of Cinq-Mars, did the minister believe himself to be threatened by feminine influence; and twice he used artifice to win the monarch's heart and confidence from two young girls of his court, Louise de la Fayette and Marie d'Hautefort. Both were maids of honor to the queen. Mdle. d'Hautefort was fourteen years old when, in 1630, at Lyons, in the languors of convalescence, the king first remarked her blooming and at the same time severe beauty, and her air of nobility and modesty; and it was not long before the whole court knew that he had remarked her, for his first care, at the sermon, was to send the young maid of honor the velvet-cushion on which he knelt for her to sit upon. Mdle. d'Hautefort declined it, and remained seated, like her companions, on the ground; but henceforth the courtiers' eyes were riveted on her movements, on the interminable conversations in which she was detained by the king, on his jealousies, his tiffs and his reconciliations. After their quarrels, the king would pass the

greater part of the day in writing out what he had said to Mdle. d'Hautefort and what she had replied to him. At his death, his desk was found full of these singular reports of the most innocent, but also most stormy and most troublesome love-affair that ever was. The king was especially jealous of Mdle. d'Hautefort's passionate devotion to the queen her mistress, Anne of Austria: "You love an ingrate," he said, "and you will see how she will repay your services." Richelieu had been unable to win Mdle. d'Hautefort; and he did his best to embitter the tiff which separated her from the king in 1635. But Louis XIII. had learnt the charm of confidence and intimacy; and he turned to Louise de la Fayette, a charming girl of seventeen, who was as virtuous as Mdle. d'Hautefort, but more gentle and tender than she, and who gave her heart in all guilelessness to that king so powerful, so a-weary, and so melancholy at the very climax of his reign. Happily for Richelieu he had a means, more certain than even Mdle. d'Hautefort's pride, of separating her from Louis XIII.; Mdle. de la Fayette, whilst quite a child, had serious ideas of becoming a nun; and scruples about being false to her vocation troubled her at court and even in those conversations, in which she reproached herself with taking too much pleasure. Father Coussin, her confessor, who was also the king's, sought to quiet her conscience; he hoped much from the influence she could exercise over the king; but Mdle. de la Fayette, feeling herself troubled and perplexed, was urgent. When the Jesuit reported to Louis XIII. the state of his fair young friend's feelings, the king, with tears in his eyes, replied: "Though I am very sorry she is going away, nevertheless I have no desire to be an obstacle to her vocation; only let her wait until I have left for the army." She did not wait, however. Their last interview took place at the queen's, who had no liking for Mdle. de la Fayette; and, as the king's carriage went out of the court-yard, the young girl, leaning against the window, turned to one of her companions and said, "Alas! I shall never see him again!" But she did see him again often for some time. He went to see her in her convent, and "remained so long glued to her grating," says Madame de Motteville, "that Cardinal Richelieu, falling a prey to fresh terrors, recommenced his intrigues to tear him from her entirely. And he succeeded." The king's affection for Mdle. d'Hautefort awoke again. She had just rendered the queen an important service. Anne of Austria was secretly corresponding with her two brothers, King Philip

IV. and the Cardinal Infante, a correspondence which might well make the king and his minister uneasy, since it was carried on through Madame de Chevreuse and there was war at the time with Spain. The queen employed for this intercourse a valet named Laporte, who was arrested and thrown into prison. The chancellor removed to Val-de-Grâce, whither the queen frequently retired; he questioned the nuns and rummaged Anne of Austria's cell. She was in mortal anxiety, not knowing what Laporte might say or how to unloose his tongue so as to keep due pace with her own confessions to the king and the cardinal. Mdlle. d'Hautefort disguised herself as a servant, went straight to the Bastille and got a letter delivered to Laporte, thanks to the agency of Commander de Jars, her friend, then in prison. The confessions of mistress and agent being thus set in accord, the queen obtained her pardon, but not without having to put up with reproaches and conditions of stern supervision. Madame de Chevreuse took fright and went to seek refuge in Spain. The king's inclination towards Mdlle. d'Hautefort revived, without her having an idea of turning it to profit on her own account. "She had so much loftiness of spirit that she could never have brought herself to ask anything for herself and her family; and all that could be wrung from her was to accept what the king and queen were pleased to give her."

Richelieu had never forgotten Mdlle. d'Hautefort's airs: he feared her and accused her to the king of being concerned in Monsieur's continual intrigues. Louis XIII.'s growing affection for young Cinq-Mars, son of Marshal d'Effiat, was beginning to occupy the gloomy monarch; and he the more easily sacrificed Mdlle. d'Hautefort. The cardinal merely asked him to send her away for a fortnight. She insisted upon hearing the order from the king's own mouth. "The fortnight will last all the rest of my life," she said: "and so I take leave of Your Majesty for ever." She went accompanied by the regrets and tears of Anne of Austria and leaving the field opened to the new favorite, the king's "rattle," as the cardinal called him.

M. de Cinq-Mars was only nineteen when he was made master of the wardrobe and grand equerry of France. Brilliant and witty, he amused the king and occupied the leisure which peace gave him. The passion Louis XIII. felt for his favorite was jealous and capricious. He upbraided the young man for his flights to Paris to see his friends and the elegant

society of the Marais, and sometimes also Mary di Gonzaga, daughter of the duke of Mantua, wooed but lately by the duke of Orleans, and not indifferent, it was said, to the vows of M. le Grand, as Cinq-Mars was called. The complaints were detailed to Richelieu by the king himself in a strange correspondence, which reminds one of the "reports" of his quarrels with Mdle. d'Hautefort. "I am very sorry," wrote Louis XIII. on the 4th of January, 1641, "to trouble you about the ill tempers of M. le Grand. I upbraided him with his heedlessness; he answered that for that matter he could not change, and that he should do no better than he had done. I said that, considering his obligations to me, he ought not to address me in that manner. He answered in his usual way: that he didn't want my kindness, that he could do very well without it, and that he would be quite as well content to be Cinq-Mars as M. le Grand, but, as for changing his ways and his life, he couldn't do it. And so, Le continually knagging at me and I at him, we came as far as the court-yard, when I said to him that, being in the temper he was in, he would do me the pleasure of not coming to see me. I have not seen him since. Signed LOUIS." This time the cardinal reconciled the king and the favorite, whom he had himself placed near him but whose constant attendance upon the king his master he was beginning to find sometimes very troublesome. "One day he sent word to him not to be for the future so continually at his heels, and treated him even to his face with so much tartness and imperiousness as if he had been the lowest of the valets." Cinq-Mars began to lend an ear to those who were egging him on against the cardinal.

Then began a series of negotiations and intrigues; the duke of Orleans had come back to Paris, the king was ill and the cardinal more so than he; thence arose conjectures and insensate hopes; the duke of Bouillon, being sent for by the king who confided to him the command of the army of Italy, was at the same time drawn into the plot which was beginning to be woven against the minister; the duke of Orleans and the queen were in it; and the town of Sedan, of which Bouillon was prince-sovereign, was wanted to serve the authors of the conspiracy as an asylum in case of reverse. Sedan alone was not sufficient; there was need of an army. Whence was it to come? Thoughts naturally turned towards Spain.

For so perilous a treaty a negotiator was required, and the grand equerry proposed his friend, Viscount de Fontrailles, a man of wit, who detested the cardinal, and who would have

considered it a simpler plan to assassinate him; he consented, however, to take charge of the negotiation, and he set out for Madrid, where his treaty was soon concluded, in the name of the duke of Orleans. The Spaniards were to furnish 12,000 foot and 5000 horse, 400,000 crowns down, 12,000 crowns' pay a month, and 300,000 livres to fortify the frontier-town which was promised by the duke. Sedan, Cinq-Mars and the duke of Bouillon were only mentioned in a separate instrument.

The king was then at Narbonne, on his way to his army which was besieging Perpignan, the grand equerry was with him. Fontrailles went to call upon him: "I do not intend to be seen by anybody," said he, "but to make speedily for England, as I do not think I am strong enough to undergo the torture the cardinal might put me to in his own room on the least suspicion." On the 21st of April, the cardinal was dangerously ill, and the king left him at Narbonne a prey to violent fever, with an abscess on the arm which prevented him from writing, whilst Cinq-Mars, ever present and ever at work, was doing his best to insinuate into his master's mind suspicion of the minister and the hopes founded upon his disgrace or death. The king listened, as he subsequently avowed, in order to discover his favorite's wicked thoughts and make him tell all he had in his heart. "The king was tacitly the head of this conspiracy," says Madame de Motteville: "the grand equerry was the soul of it; the name made use of was that of the duke of Orleans, the king's only brother; and their council was the duke of Bouillon, who joined with them because, having belonged to the party of M. de Soissons, he was in very ill odor at court. They all formed fine projects touching the change that was to take place to the advantage of their aggrandizement and fortunes, persuading themselves that the cardinal could not live above a few days, during which he would not be able to set himself right with the king." Such were their projects and their hopes when the *Gazette de France* on the 21st of June, 1642, gave these two pieces of news both together: "The cardinal-duke, after remaining two days at Arles, embarked on the 11th of this month for Tarascon, his health becoming better and better. The king has ordered under arrest Marquis de Cinq-Mars, grand equerry of France."

Great was the surprise and still greater was the dismay amongst the friends of Cinq-Mars. "Your grand designs are as well known at Paris as that the Seine flows under the Pont Neuf," wrote Mary di Gonzaga to him a few days previously.

Those grand designs so imprudently divulged caused a presentiment of great peril. When left alone with his young favorite and suddenly overwhelmed, amidst his army, with cares and business of which his minister usually relieved him, the king had too much wit not to perceive the frivolous insignificance of Cinq-Mars compared with the mighty capability of the cardinal. "I love you more than ever," he wrote to Richelieu: "we have been too long together to be ever separated, as I wish everybody to understand." In reply, the cardinal had sent him a copy of the treaty between Cinq-Mars and Spain.

The king could not believe his eyes; and his wrath equalled his astonishment. Together with that of the grand equerry he ordered the immediate arrest of M. de Thou, his intimate friend; and the order went out to secure the duke of Bouillon, then at the head of the army of Italy. He, caught like Marshal Marillac in the midst of his troops, had vainly attempted to conceal himself; but he was taken and conducted to the castle of Pignerol. Fontrailles had seen the blow coming. He went to visit the grand equerry, and, "Sir," said he, "you are a fine figure; if you were shorter by the whole head, you would not cease to be very tall; as for me, who am already very short, nothing could be taken off me without inconveniencing me and making me cut the poorest figure in the world; you will be good enough, if you please, to let me get out of the way of edged tools." And he set out for Spain, whence he had hardly returned.

What had become of the most guilty, if not the most dangerous, of all the accomplices? Monsieur, "the king's only (*unique*) brother," as Madame de Motteville calls him, had come as far as Moulins and had sent to ask the grand equerry to appoint a place of meeting, when he heard of his accomplice's arrest and, before long, that of the duke of Bouillon. Frightened to death as he was, he saw that treachery was safer than flight, and, just as the king had joined the all but dying cardinal at Tarascon, there arrived an emissary from the duke of Orleans bringing letters from him. He assured the king of his fidelity; he intreated Chavigny, the minister's confidant, to give him "means of seeing his Eminence before he saw the king, in which case all would go well." He appealed to the cardinal's generosity, begging him to keep his letter as an eternal reproach, if he were not thenceforth the most faithful and devoted of his friends.

Abbé de la Rivière, who was charged to implore pardon for

his master, was worthy of such a commission: he confessed everything, he signed everything, though he "all but died of terror," and, at the cardinal's demand, he soon brought all those poltrooneries written out in the duke of Orleans' own hand. The prince was all but obliged to appear at the trial and deliver up his accomplices in the face of the whole world. The respect, however, of Chancellor Séguier for his rank spared him this crowning disgrace. The king's orders to his brother, after being submitted to the cardinal, bore this note in the minister's hand: "Monsieur will have in his place of exile 12,000 crowns a month, the same sum that the king of Spain had promised to give him."

"Paralysis of the arm did not prevent the head from acting:" the dying cardinal had dictated to the king stretched on a couch at his side, in a chamber of his house at Monfrin, near Tarascon, those last commands which completed the dishonor of the duke of Orleans and the ruin of the favorite. Louis XIII. slowly took the road back to Fontainebleau in the cardinal's litter, which the latter had lent him. The prisoners were left in the minister's keeping, who ordered them before long to Lyons, whither he was himself removed. The grand equerry coming from Montpellier, M. de Thou from Tarascon, in a boat towed by that of the cardinal, and the duke of Bouillon from Pignerol, were all three lodged in the castle of Pierre-Encise. Their examination was put off until the arrival of such magistrates "as should be capable of philosophizing and perpetually thinking of the means they must use for arriving at their ends." That was useless, inasmuch as the grand equerry "never ceased to say quite openly that he had done nothing to which the king had not consented."

Louis XIII. was, no doubt, affected by such language; for, scarcely had he arrived at Fontainebleau, whither he had been preceded by news of the end of the queen, his mother, who had died at Cologne in exile and poverty, when he wrote to all the parliaments of his kingdom, to the governors of the provinces, and to the ambassadors at foreign courts, to give his own account of the arrest of the guilty and the part he himself had played in the matter. "The notable and visible change which had for the last year appeared in the conduct of *Sieur de Cinq-Mars*, our grand equerry, made us resolve, as soon as we perceived it, to carefully keep watch on his actions and his words, in order to fathom them and discover what could be the cause. To this end, we resolved to let him act and speak with us more

freely than heretofore." And in a letter written straight to the chancellor, the king exclaims in wrath: "It is true that having seen me sometimes dissatisfied with the cardinal, whether from the apprehension I felt lest he should hinder me from going to the siege of Perpignan or induce me to leave it, for fear lest my health might suffer, or from any other like reason, the said *Sieur de Cinq-Mars* left nothing undone to chafe me against my said cousin, which I put up with so long as his evil offices were confined within the bounds of moderation. But when he went so far as to suggest to me that the cardinal must be got rid of and offered to carry it out himself, I conceived a horror of his evil thoughts and held them in detestation. Although I have only to say so for you to believe it, there is nobody who can deem but that it must have been so; for, otherwise, what motive would he have had for joining himself to Spain against me, if I had approved of what he desired?"

The trial was a foregone conclusion; the king and his brother made common cause in order to overwhelm the accused, "an earnest of a peace which was not such as God announced with good will to man on Christmas-day," writes *Madame de Motteville*, "but such as may exist at court and amongst brothers of royal blood."

The cardinal did not think it necessary to wait for the sentence. He had arrived at his house at Lyons, in a sort of square chamber, covered with red damask, and borne on the shoulders of eighteen guards; there, stretched upon his couch, a table covered with papers beside him, he worked and chattered with whomsoever of his servants he had been pleased to have as his companion on the road. It was in the same equipage that he left Lyons to gain the Loire and return to Paris. On his passage, it was necessary to pull down lumps of wall and throw bridges over the fosses to make way for this vast litter and the indomitable man that lay dying within it.

It was on the 12th of September, 1642, that the accused appeared before the commission; there were now but two of them; the duke of Bouillon had made his private arrangement with the cardinal, confessing everything, and requesting "to have his life spared in order that he might employ it to preserve to the Catholic Church five little children whom his death would leave to persons of the opposite religion." In consideration of this pardon, a demand was made upon him to give up Sedan to the king, "though it were easy to gain pos-

session of it by investment." The duke consented to all, and he awaited in his dungeon at Pierre-Encise the execution of his accomplices who had no town to surrender. Their death was to be the signal of his liberation.

The two accused denied nothing: M. de Thou merely maintained that he had not been in any way mixed up with the conspiracy, proving that he had blamed the treaty with Spain and that his only crime was not having revealed it. "He believed me to be his friend, his one faithful friend," said he, speaking of Cinq-Mars, "and I had no mind to betray him." The grand equerry told in detail the story of the plot, his connection with the duke of Orleans, who had missed no opportunity of paying court to him, the resolutions taken in concert with the duke of Bouillon, and the treaty concluded with Spain, "confessing that he had erred and had no hope but in the clemency of the king, and of the cardinal whose generosity would be so much the more shown in asking pardon for him as he was the less bound to do so." There was not long to wait for the decree; the votes were unanimous against the grand equerry, a single one of the judges pronouncing in favor of M. de Thou. The latter turned towards Cinq-Mars, and said: "Ah! well, sir; humanly speaking I might complain of you; you have placed me in the dock, and you are the cause of my death; but God knows how I love you. Let us die, sir, let us die courageously and win paradise."

The decree against Cinq-Mars sentenced him to undergo the question in order to get a more complete revelation of his accomplices. "It had been resolved not to put him to it," says Tallemant des Réaux: "but it was exhibited to him nevertheless; it gave him a turn, but it did not make him do anything to belie himself, and he was just taking off his doublet, when he was told to raise his hand in sign of telling the truth."

The execution was not destined to be long deferred; the very day on which the sentence was delivered saw the execution of it. "The grand equerry showed a never changing and very resolute firmness to the death, together with admirable calmness and the constancy and devoutness of a Christian," wrote M. du Marca, councillor of State, to the secretary of State Brionne; and Tallemant des Réaux adds: "he died with astoundingly great courage and did not waste time in speechifying; he would not have his eyes bandaged, and kept them open when the blow was struck." M. de Thou said not a word save to God, repeating the *Credo* even to the very scaffold,

with a fervor of devotion that touched all present. "We have seen," says a report of the time, "the favorite of the greatest and most just of kings lose his head upon the scaffold at the age of twenty-two, but with a firmness which has scarcely its parallel in our histories. We have seen a councillor of state die like a saint after a crime which men cannot justly pardon. There is nobody in the world who, knowing of their conspiracy against the State, does not think them worthy of death, and there will be few who, having knowledge of their rank and their fine natural qualities, will not mourn their sad fate."

"Now that I make not a single step which does not lead me to death, I am more capable than anybody else of estimating the value of the things of the world," wrote Cinq-Mars to his mother, the wife of Marshal d'Effiat. "Enough of this world; away to Paradise!" said M. de Thou, as he marched to the scaffold. Châlais and Montmorency had used the same language. At the last hour, and at the bottom of their hearts, the frivolous courtier and the hare-brained conspirator as well as the great soldier and the grave magistrate had recovered their faith in God.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOUIS XIII., CARDINAL RICHELIEU AND THE PROVINCES.

THE story has been told of the conspiracies at court and the repeated checks suffered by the great lords in their attempts against Cardinal Richelieu. With the exception of Languedoc, under the influence of its governor the duke of Montmorency, the provinces took no part in these enterprises; their opposition was of another sort; and it is amongst the parliaments chiefly that we must look for it.

"The king's cabinet and his bed-time business (*petit coucher*) cause me more embarrassment than the whole of Europe causes me," said the cardinal in the days of the *great storms at court*; he would often have had less trouble in managing the parliaments and the parliament of Paris in particular, if the latter had not felt itself supported by a party at court. For a long time past a pretention had been put forward by that great body to give the king advice, and to replace towards

him the vanished States-general. "We hold the place in council of the princes and barons, who from time immemorial were near the person of the kings," was the language used, in 1615, in the representations of the parliament, which had dared, without the royal order, to summon the princes, dukes, peers, and officers of the crown to deliberate upon what was to be done for the service of the king, the good of the State, and the relief of the people.

This pretention on the part of the parliaments was what Cardinal Richelieu was continually fighting against. He would not allow the intervention of the magistrates in the government of the State. When he took the power into his hands, nine parliaments sat in France—Paris, Toulouse, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Dijon, Rouen, Aix, Rennes, and Pau: he created but one, that of Metz, in 1633, to sever in a definitive manner the bonds which still attached the three bishoprics to the Germanic Empire. Trials at that time were carried in the last resort to Spires.

Throughout the history of France we find the parliament of Paris bolder and more enterprising than all the rest: and it did not belie its character in the very teeth of Richelieu. When, after *Dupes' Day* was over, Louis XIII. declared all the companions of his brother's escape guilty of high treason, the parliament of Dijon, to which the decree was presented by the king himself, enregistered it without making any difficulty. All the other parliaments followed the example; that of Paris alone resisted, and its decision on the 25th of April contained a bitter censure upon the cardinal's administration. On the 12th of May, the decision of that parliament was quashed by a decree of the royal council, and all its members were summoned to the Louvre: on their knees they had to hear the severe reprimand by Châteauneuf, keeper of the seals; and one president and three counsellors were at the same time dismissed. When the parliament, still indomitable, would have had those magistrates sit in defiance of the royal order, they were not to be found in their houses; the soldiery had carried them off.

The trial of Marshal Marillac, before a commission, twice modified during the course of proceedings, of the Parliament of Dijon, was the occasion of a fresh reclamation on the part of the parliament of Paris; and the king's ill-humor against the magistrates burst forth on the occasion of a commission constituted at the Arsenal to take cognizance of the crime of



THE BAREFOOTS



THE ABBOT OF ST. CYRAN.



RICHELIEU AND FATHER JOSEPH.

coining. The parliament made some formal objections; the king, who was at that time at Metz with his troops, summoned President Séguier and several counsellors. He quashed the decree of the parliament. "You are only constituted," said he, "to judge between Master Peter and Master John (between *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*); if you go on as at present, I will pare your nails so close that you'll be sorry for it." Five counsellors were interdicted and had great trouble in obtaining authority to sit again.

So many and such frequent squabbles, whether about points of jurisdiction or about the registration of edicts respecting finances, which the parliament claimed to have the right of looking into, caused between the king, inspired by his minister, and the parliament of Paris an irritation which reached its height during the trial of the duke of La Valette, third son of the duke of Épernon, accused, not without grounds, of having caused the failure of the siege of Fontarabia from jealousy towards the prince of Condé. The affair was called on before a commission composed of dukes and peers, some councillors of State and some members of the parliament, which demanded that the duke should be removed to its jurisdiction. "I will not have it," answered the king; "you are always making difficulties; it seems as if you wanted to keep me in leading-strings; but I am master and shall know how to make myself obeyed. It is a gross error to suppose that I have not a right to bring to judgment whom I think proper and where I please." The king himself asked the judges for their opinion [*Isambert, Recueil des anciennes lois Françaises*, t. xvi.]. "Sir," replied Counsellor Pinon, dean of the grand chamber, "for fifty years I have been in the parliament, and I never saw anything of this sort; M. de la Valette had the honor of wedding a natural sister of your Majesty, and he is, besides, a peer of France; I implore you to remove him to the jurisdiction of the parliament." "Your opinion!" said the king curtly. "I am of opinion that the duke of La Valette be removed to be tried before the parliament." "I will not have that; it is no opinion." "Sir, removal is a legitimate opinion." "Your opinion on the case!" rejoined the king, who was beginning to be angry; "if not, I know what I must do." President Bellèvre was even bolder: "It is a strange thing," said he to Louis XIII.'s face, "to see a king giving his vote at the criminal trial of one of his subjects; hitherto kings have reserved to themselves the rights of grace and have removed to their

officers' province the sentencing of culprits. Could your Majesty bear to see in the dock a nobleman, who might leave your presence only for the scaffold? It is incompatible with kingly majesty." "Your opinion on the case!" bade the king. "Sir, I have no other opinion." The duke of La Valette had taken refuge in England: he was condemned and executed in effigy. The attorney-general, Matthew Molé, "did not consider it his business to carry out an execution of that sort:" and recourse was obliged to be had to the lieut.-governor of convicts at the Châtelet of Paris.

The cup had overflowed, and the cardinal resolved to put an end to an opposition which was the more irritating inasmuch as it was sometimes legitimate. A notification of the king's, published in 1641, prohibited the parliament from any interference in affairs of state and administration. The whole of Richelieu's home-policy is summed up in the preamble to that instrument, a formal declaration of absolute power concentrated in the hands of the king. "It seemeth that, the institution of monarchies having its foundation in the government of a single one, that rank is as it were the soul which animates them and inspires them with as much force and vigor as they can have short of perfection. But as this absolute authority raises States to the highest pinnacle of their glory, so, when it happens to be enfeebled, they are observed, in a short time, to fall from their high estate. There is no need to go out of France to find instances of this truth. . . . The fatal disorders and divisions of the League, which ought to be buried in eternal oblivion, owed their origin and growth to disregard of the kingly authority. . . . Henry the Great, in whom God had put the most excellent virtues of a great prince, on succeeding to the crown of Henry III., restored by his valor the kingly authority which had been as it were cast down and trampled under foot. France recovered her pristine vigor and let all Europe see that power concentrated in the person of the sovereign is the source of the glory and greatness of monarchies, and the foundation upon which their preservation rests. . . . We, then, have thought it necessary to regulate the administration of justice and to make known to our parliaments what is the legitimate usage of the authority which the kings, our predecessors, and we have deposited with them, in order that a thing which was established for the good of the people may not produce contrary effects, as would happen if the officers, instead of contenting themselves with that power

which makes them judges in matters of life and death and touching the fortunes of our subjects, would fain meddle in the government of the State which appertains to the prince only."

The cardinal had gained the victory; parliament bowed the head; its attempts at independence during the Fronde were but a flash, and the yoke of Louis XIV. became the more heavy for it. The pretensions of the magistrates were often foundationless, the restlessness and meddlesome character of their assemblies did harm to their remonstrances; but for a long while they maintained, in the teeth of more and more absolute kingly power, the country's rights in the government, and they had perceived the dangers of that sovereign monarchy which certainly sometimes raises States to the highest pinnacle of their glory, but only to let them sink before long to a condition of the most grievous abasement.

Though always first in the breach, the parliament of Paris was not alone in its opposition to the cardinal. The parliament of Dijon protested against the sentence of Marshal Marillac, and refused, to its shame, to bear its share of the expenses for the defence of Burgundy against the duke of Lorraine, in 1636, a refusal which cost it the suspension of its premier president. The parliament of Brittany, in defence of its jurisdictional privileges, refused to enregister the decree which had for object the foundation of a company trading with the Indies "for the general trade between the West and the East," a grand idea of Richelieu's, the seat of which was to be in the roads of Morbihan; the company, already formed, was disheartened, thanks to the delays caused by the parliament, and the enterprise failed. The parliament of Grenoble, fearing a dearth of corn in Dauphiny, quashed the treaties of supply for the army of Italy, at the time of the second expedition to Mantua; it went so far as to have the dealers' granaries thrown open and the superintendent of finance, D'Émery, was obliged to come to terms with the deputies of Dauphiny, "in order that they of the parliament of Grenoble, who said they had no interests but those of the province, might have no reason to prevent for the future the transport of corn," says Richelieu himself in his *Mémoires*.

The parliament of Rouen had always passed for one of the most recalcitrant. The province of Normandy was rich and, consequently, overwhelmed with imposts; and several times the parliament refused to enregister financial edicts which

still further aggravated the distress of the people. In 1637, the king threatened to go in person to Rouen and bring the parliament to submission, whereat it took fright and enregistered decrees for twenty-two millions. It was, no doubt, this augmentation of imposts that brought about the revolt of the *Nu-pieds* (*Barefoots*) in 1639. Before now, in 1624 and in 1637, in Périgord and Rouergue, two popular risings of the same sort, under the name of *Croquants* (*Paupers*), had disquieted the authorities, and the governor of the province had found some trouble in putting them down. The *Nu-pieds* were more numerous and more violent still; from Rouen to Avranches all the country was ablaze. At Coutances and at Vire, several *monopoliers* and *gabelleurs*, as the fiscal officers were called, were massacred; a great number of houses were burnt, and most of the receiving-offices were pulled down or pillaged. Everywhere the *army of suffering* (*armée de souffrance*), the name given by the revolters to themselves, made appeal to violent passions; popular rhymes were circulated from hand to hand, in the name of General *Nu-pieds* (*Barefoot*), an imaginary personage whom nobody ever saw. Some of these verses are fair enough:—

TO NORMANDY.

“Dear land of mine, thou canst no more:
What boots it to have served so well?
For, see! thy faithful service bore
This bitter fruit—the cursed gabelle.
Is that the guerdon earn’d by those
Who succour’d France against her foes,
Who saved her kings, upheld her crown,
And raised the lilies trodden down,
In spite of all the foe could do,
In spite of Spain and England too?

“Recall thy generous blood and show—
That all posterity may know—
Duke William’s breed still lives at need:
Show that thou hast a heavier hand
Than erst came forth from Northern land;
A hand so strong, a heart so high,
These tyrants all shall beaten cry:
‘From Normans and the Norman race,
Deliver us, O God of grace!’”

The tumult was more violent at Rouen than anywhere else, and the parliament energetically resisted the mob. It had sent two counsellors as a deputation to Paris to inform the king about the state of affairs. “You may signify to the gentlemen of the parliament of Rouen,” said Chancellor Séguier in

answer to the delegates, "that I thank them for the trouble they have taken on this occasion; I will let the king know how they have behaved in this affair. I beg them to go on as they have begun. I know that the parliament did very good service there."

In fact, several counsellors, on foot in the street and in the very midst of the revolvers, had, at the peril of their lives, defended Le Tellier de Tournerville, receiver-general of gabels, and his officers, whilst the whole parliament, in their robes, with the premier president at their head, perambulated Rouen, amidst the angry mob, repairing at once to the points most threatened, insomuch that the presidents and counsellors were "in great danger and fear for their skins" [*Histoire du Parlement de Normandie*, by M. Floquet, t. iv. l. It was this terror, born of tumults and the sight of an infuriated populace, which, at a later period retarded the parliament in dealing out justice and brought down upon it the wrath of the king and of the cardinal.

Meanwhile the insurrection was gaining ground, and the local authorities were powerless to repress it. There was hesitation at the king's council in choosing between Marshal Rantzau and M. de Gassion to command the forces ordered to march into Normandy. "That country yields no wine," said the king: "that will not do for Rantzau, or be good quarters for him." And they sent Colonel Gassion, not so heavy a drinker as Rantzau, a good soldier and an inflexible character. First at Caen, then at Avranches, where there was fighting to be done, at Coutances and at Elbeuf, Gassion's soldiery everywhere left the country behind them in subjection, in ruin and in despair. They entered Rouen on the 31st of December, 1639, and on the 2nd of January, 1640, the chancellor himself arrived to do justice on the rebels heaped up in the prisons, whom the parliament dared not bring up for judgment. "I come to Rouen," he said on entering the town, "not to deliberate but to declare and execute the matters on which my mind is made up." And he forbade all intervention on the part of the archbishop, Francis de Harlay, who was disposed, in accordance with his office of love as well as the parliamentary name he bore, to implore pity for the culprits and to excuse the backward judges. The chancellor did not give himself the trouble to draw up sentences. "The decree is at the tip of my staff," replied Picot, captain of his guards, when he was asked to show his orders. The executions were numerous in Higher

and Lower Normandy, and the parliament received the wages of its tardiness. All the members of the body, even the most aged and infirm, were obliged to leave Rouen. A commission of fifteen councillors of the parliament of Paris came to replace provisionally the interdicted parliament of Normandy; and, when the magistrates were empowered at last to resume their sitting, it was only a *six months' term*: that is, the parliament henceforth found itself divided into two fragments perfect strangers one to the other, which were to sit alternately for six months. "A veritable thunderbolt for that sovereign court, for by the *six months' term*," says M. Floquet, "there was no longer any parliament properly speaking, but two phantoms of parliament, making war on each other, whilst the government had the field open to carve and cut without control."

"All obedience is now from fear," wrote Grotius to Oxenstiern, chancellor of Sweden; "the idea is to exorcise and annihilate hatred by means of terror." "This year," wrote an inhabitant of Rouen, "there have been no New Year's presents [*étrennes*], no singing of 'the king's drinking-song' [*le roi boit*], in any house. Little children will be able to tell tales of it when they have attained to man's estate; for never, these fifty years past, so far as I can learn, has it been so" [*Journal de l'Abbé de la Rue*]. The heaviest imposts weighed upon the whole province, which thus expiated the crime of an insignificant portion of its inhabitants. "The king shall not lose the value of this handkerchief that I hold," said the superintendent Bullion, on arriving at Rouen. And he kept his word: Rouen alone had to pay more than three millions. The province and its parliament were henceforth reduced to submission.

It was not only the parliaments that resisted the efforts of Cardinal Richelieu to concentrate all the power of the government in the hands of the king. From the time that the sovereigns had given up convoking the states-general, the states-provincial had alone preserved the right of bringing to the foot of the throne the complaints and petitions of subjects. Unhappily few provinces enjoyed this privilege; Languedoc, Brittany, Burgundy, Provence, Dauphiny, and the countship of Pau alone were *states-districts*, that is to say, allowed to tax themselves independently and govern themselves to a certain extent. Normandy, though an *elections-district*, and, as such, subject to the royal agents in respect of finance, had states which con-

tinued to meet even in 1666. The states-provincial were always convoked by the king, who fixed the place and duration of assembly.

The composition of the states-provincial varied a great deal, according to the districts. In Brittany all noblemen settled in the province had the right of sitting, whilst the third estate were represented by only forty deputies. In Languedoc, on the contrary, the nobility had but twenty-three representatives, and the class of the third estate numbered sixty-eight deputies. Hence, no doubt, the divergences of conduct to be remarked in those two provinces between the parliament and the states-provincial. In Languedoc, even during Montmorency's insurrection, the parliament remained faithful to the king and submissive to the cardinal, whilst the states declared in favor of the revolt: in Brittany, the parliament thwarted Richelieu's efforts in favor of trade, which had been enthusiastically welcomed by the states.

In Languedoc as well as in Dauphiny the cardinal's energy was constantly directed towards reducing the privileges which put the imposts and, consequently, the royal revenues at the discretion of the states. Montmorency's insurrection cost Languedoc a great portion of its liberties, which had already been jeoparded, in 1629, on the occasion of the Huguenots' rising; and those of Dauphiny were completely lost: the states were suppressed in 1628.

The states of Burgundy ordinarily assembled every three years, but they were accustomed, on separating, to appoint "a chamber of states-general," whereat the nobility, clergy, and third estate were represented, and which was charged to watch over the interests of the province in the interval between the sessions. When, in 1629, Richelieu proposed to create, as in Languedoc, a body of "elect" to arrange with the fiscal agents for the rating of imposts without the concurrence of the states, the assembly proclaimed that "it was all over with the liberties of the province if the edict passed," and in the chamber of the nobility, two gentlemen were observed to draw their swords. But, spite of the disturbance which took place at Dijon, in 1630, on occasion of an impost on wines, and which was called, from the title of a popular ditty, *la Sédition de Lanturlu*, the province preserved its liberties and remained a states-district.

It was the same subject that excited in Provence the revolt of the *Cascaveous*, or bell-bearers. Whenever there was any

question of elections or "elect," the conspirators sounded their bells as a rallying signal, and so numerous was the body of adherents that the bells were heard tinkling everywhere. The prince of Condé was obliged to march against the revolters, and the states assembled at Tarascon found themselves forced to vote a subsidy of 1,500,000 livres. At this cost the privileges of Provence were respected.

The states of Brittany, on the contrary, lent the cardinal faithful support, when he repaired thither with the king, in 1626, at the time of the conspiracy of Châlais; the duke of Vendôme, governor of Brittany, had just been arrested; the states requested the king "never to give them a governor issue of the old dukes, and to destroy the fortifications of the towns and castles which were of no use for the defence of the country." The petty noblemen, a majority in the states, thus delivered over the province to the kingly power, from jealousy of the great lords. The ordinance, dated from Nantes on the 31st of July, 1626, rendered the measure general throughout France. The battlements of the castles fell beneath the axe of the demolishers, and the masses of the district welcomed enthusiastically the downfall of those old reminiscences of feudal oppression.

As a sequel to the systematic humiliation of the great lords, even when provincial governors, and to the gradual enfeeblement of provincial institutions, Richelieu had to create in all parts of France, still so diverse in organization as well as in manners, representatives of the kingly power, of too modest and feeble a type to do without him, but capable of applying his measures and making his wishes respected. Before now the kings of France had several times over perceived the necessity of keeping up a supervision over the conduct of their officers in the provinces. The *inquisitors* (*enquêteurs*) of St. Louis, the *ridings of the revising-masters* (*chevauchées des maîtres des requêtes*), the *departmental commissioners* (*commissaires départis*) of Charles IX., were so many temporary and travelling inspectors, whose duty it was to inform the king of the state of affairs throughout the kingdom. Richelieu substituted for these shifting commissions a fixed and regular institution, and in 1637 he established in all provinces overseers of *justice, police, and finance*, who were chosen for the most part from amongst the burgesses and who before long concentrated in their hands the whole administration and maintained the struggle of the kingly power against the governors, the sovereign courts and the states-provincial.

At the time when the overseers of provinces were instituted, the battle of pure monarchy was gained; Richelieu had no further need of allies, he wanted mere subjects; but at the beginning of his ministry he had felt the need of throwing himself sometimes for support on the nation, and this great foe of the states-general had twice convoked the *assembly of notables*. The first took place at Fontainebleau, in 1625-6. The cardinal was at that time at loggerheads with the court of Rome: "If the Most Christian King," said he, "is bound to watch over the interests of the Catholic Church, he has first of all to maintain his own reputation in the world. What use would it be for a State to have power, riches, and popular government, if it had not character enough to bring other people to form alliance with it?" These few words summed up the great minister's foreign policy, to protect the Catholic Church whilst keeping up protestant alliances. The notables understood the wisdom of this conduct, and Richelieu received their adhesion.

It was just the same the following year, the day after the conspiracy of Châlais; the cardinal convoked the assembly of notables. "We do protest before the living God," said the letters of convocation, "that we have no other aim and intention but His honor and the welfare of our subjects; that is why we do conjure in His name those whom we convoke and do most expressly command them, without fear or desire of displeasing or pleasing any, to give us in all frankness and sincerity the counsels they shall judge on their consciences to be the most salutary and convenient for the welfare of the commonwealth." The assembly so solemnly convoked opened its sittings at the palace of the Tuileries on the 2nd of December, 1626. The state of the finances was what chiefly occupied those present; and the cardinal himself pointed out the general principles of the reform he calculated upon establishing. "It is impossible," he said, "to meddle with the expenses necessary for the preservation of the State; it were a crime to think of such a thing. The retrenchment, therefore, must be in the case of useless expenses. The most stringent rules are and appear to be, even to the most ill regulated minds, comparatively mild, when they have, in deed as well as in appearance, no object but the public good and the safety of the State. To restore the State to its pristine splendor, we need not many ordinances but a great deal of practical performance."

The performance appertained to Richelieu, and he readily dispensed with many ordinances. The assembly was favor

able to his measures; but amongst those that it rejected was the proposal to substitute loss of offices and confiscation for the penalty of death in matters of rebellion and conspiracy. "Better a moderate but certain penalty," said the cardinal, "than a punishment too severe to be always inflicted." It was the notables who preserved in the hands of the inflexible minister the terrible weapon of which he availed himself so often. The assembly separated on the 24th of February, 1627, the last that was convoked before the revolution of 1789. It was in answer to its demands, as well as to those of the states of 1614, that the keeper of the seals, Michael Marillac, drew up, in 1629, the important administrative ordinance which has preserved from its author's name the title of *Code Michau*.

The cardinal had propounded to the notables a question which he had greatly at heart, the foundation of a navy. Already, when disposing, some weeks previously, of the government of Brittany, which had been taken away from the duke of Vendôme, he had separated from the office that of admiral of Brittany; already he was in a position to purchase from M. de Montmorency his office of grand admiral of France, so as to suppress it and substitute for it that of grand master of navigation, which was personally conferred upon Richelieu by an edict enregistered on the 18th of March, 1627.

"Of the power which it has seemed agreeable to His Majesty that I should hold," he wrote on the 20th of January, 1627, "I can say with truth that it is so moderate that it could not be more so to be an appreciable service, seeing that I have desired no wage or salary so as not to be a charge to the State, and I can add without vanity that the proposal to take no wage came from me, and that His Majesty made a difficulty about letting it be so."

The notables had thanked the king for the intention he had "of being pleased to give the kingdom the treasures of the sea which nature had so liberally proffered it, for without [keeping] the sea one cannot profit by the sea nor maintain war." Harbors repaired and fortified, arsenals established at various points on the coast, organization of marine regiments, foundation of pilot-schools, in fact, the creation of a powerful marine which, in 1642, numbered 63 vessels and 22 galleys, that left the roads of Barcelona after the rejoicings for the capture of Perpignan and arrived the same evening at Toulon—such were the fruits of Richelieu's administration of naval affairs. "Instead," said the bailiff of Forbin, "of having a handful of

rebels forcing us, as of late, to compose our naval forces of foreigners and implore succor from Spain, England, Malta, and Holland, we are at present in a condition to do as much for them if they continue in alliance with us, or to beat them when they fall off from us."

So much progress on every point, so many efforts in all directions, 85 vessels afloat, a hundred regiments of infantry, and 300 troops of cavalry, almost constantly on a war-footing, naturally entailed enormous expenses and terrible burthens on the people. It was Richelieu's great fault to be more concerned about his object than scrupulous as to the means he employed for arriving at it. His principles were as harsh as his conduct. "Reason does not admit of exempting the people from all burdens," said he, "because in such case, on losing the mark of their subjection, they would also lose remembrance of their condition, and, if they were free from tribute, would think that they were from obedience also." Cruel words those, and singularly destitute of regard for Christian charity and human dignity, beside which, however, must be placed these: "If the subsidies imposed on the people were not to be kept within moderate bounds, even when they were needed for the service of the country, they would not cease to be unjust." The strong common-sense of this great mind did not allow him to depart for long from a certain hard equity. Posterity has preserved the memory of his equity less than of his hardness: men want sympathy more than justice.

CHAPTER XL.

LOUIS XIII., CARDINAL RICHELIEU, THE CATHOLICS AND THE PROTESTANTS.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU has often been accused of indifference towards the catholic Church: the ultramontanes called him the *Huguenots' cardinal*; in so speaking there was either a mistake or a desire to mislead; Richelieu was all his life profoundly and sincerely catholic; not only did no doubt as to the fundamental doctrines of his Church trouble his mind, but he also gave his mind to her security and her aggrandisement. He was a believer on conviction, without religious emotions

and without the mystic's zeal; he labored for catholicism whilst securing for himself protestant alliances, and if the independence of his mind caused him to feel the necessity for a reformation, it was still in the Church and by the Church that he would have had it accomplished.

Spirits more fervent and minds more pious than Richelieu's felt the same need. On emerging from the violent struggles of the religious wars, the catholic Church had not lost her faith, but she had neglected sweetness and light. King Henry IV.'s conversion had secured to her the victory in France, but she was threatened with letting it escape from her hands by her own fault. God raised up for her some great servants who preserved her from this danger.

The oratorical and political brilliancy of the catholic Church in the reign of Louis XIV. has caused men to forget the great religious movement in the reign of Louis XIII. Learned and mystic in the hands of Cardinal Bérulle, humane and charitable with St. Vincent de Paul, bold and saintly with M. de Saint-Cyran, the Church underwent from all quarters quickening influences which roused her from her dangerous lethargy. The effort was attempted at all points at once. The priests had sunk into an ignorance as perilous as their lukewarmness. Mid all the diplomatic negotiations which he undertook in Richelieu's name and the intrigues he, with the queen-mother, often hatched against him, Cardinal Bérulle founded the congregation of the Oratory, designed to train up well-informed and pious young priests with a capacity for devoting themselves to the education of children as well as the edification of the people. "It is a body," said Bossuet, "in which everybody obeys and nobody commands." No vow fettered the members of this celebrated congregation which gave to the world Mallebranche and Massillon. It was, again, under the inspiration of Cardinal Bérulle, renowned for the pious direction of souls, that the order of Carmelites, hitherto confined to Spain, was founded in France. The convent in Rue St. Jacques soon numbered amongst its penitents women of the highest rank.

The labors of Mgr. de Bérulle tended especially to the salvation of individual souls; those of St. Vincent de Paul embraced a vaster field and one offering more scope to Christian humanity. Some time before, in 1610, St. Francis de Sales had founded, under the direction of Madame de Chantal, the order of *Visitation*, whose duty was the care of the sick and

poor; he had left the direction of his new institution to *M. Vincent*, as was at that time the appellation of the poor priest without birth and without fortune who was one day to be celebrated throughout the world under the name of *St. Vincent de Paul*. This direction was not enough to satisfy his zeal for charity; children and sick, the ignorant and the convict, all those who suffered in body or spirit, seemed to summon *M. Vincent* to their aid; he founded in 1617, in a small parish of Bresse, the charitable society of Servants of the poor, which became in 1633, at Paris, under the direction of *Madame Legras*, niece of the keeper of the seals *Marillac*, the sisterhood of Servants of the sick poor and the cradle of the Sisters of Charity. "They shall not have, as a regular rule," said *St. Vincent*, "any monastery but the houses of the sick, any chapel but their parish-church, any cloister but the streets of the town and the rooms of the hospitals, any enclosure but obedience, any 'grating' but the fear of God, or any veil but the holiest and most perfect modesty." Eighteen thousand daughters of *St. Vincent de Paul*, of whom fourteen thousand are French, still testify at this day to the far-sighted wisdom of their founder; his regulations have endured like his work and the necessities of the poor.

It was to the daughters of Charity that *M. Vincent* confided the work in connection with foundlings, when his charitable impulses led him, in 1633, to take up the cause of the poor little abandoned things who were perishing by heaps at that time in Paris. Appealing for help, on their account, to the women of the world, one evening when he was in want of money, he exclaimed at the house of the duchess of Aiguillon, Cardinal Richelieu's niece, "Come now, ladies; compassion and charity have made you adopt these little creatures as your own children; you have been their mothers according to grace, since their mothers according to nature have abandoned them. Consider, then, whether you too will abandon them; their life and their death are in your hands; it is time to pronounce their sentence and know whether you will any longer have pity upon them. They will live, if you continue to take a charitable care of them; they will die and perish infallibly, if you abandon them." *St. Vincent de Paul* had confidence in human nature and everywhere on his path sprang up good works in response to his appeals; the foundation of Mission-priests or Lazarists, designed originally to spread about in the rural districts the knowledge of God, still testifies in the East,

whither they carry at one and the same time the Gospel and the name of France, to that great awakening of Christian charity which signalized the reign of Louis XIII. The same inspiration created the seminary of St. Sulpice, by means of M. Olier's solicitude, the brethren of Christian Doctrine and the Ursulines, devoted to the education of childhood, and so many other charitable or pious establishments, noble fruits of devoutness and Christian sacrifice.

Nowhere was this fructuating idea of the sacrifice, the immolation of man for God and of the present in prospect of eternity, more rigorously understood and practised than amongst the disciples of John du Vergier de Hauranne, abbot of St. Cyran. More bold in his conceptions than Cardinal Bérulle and St. Vincent de Paul, of a nature more austere and at the same time ardent, he had early devoted himself to the study of theology. Connected in his youth with a Fleming, Jansen, known under the name of Jansenius and afterwards created bishop of Yprès, he adopted with fervor the doctrines as to the grace of God which his friend had inbibed in the school of St. Augustin, and employing in the direction of souls that zealous ardor which makes conquerors, he set himself to work to regenerate the Church by penance, sanctity and sacrifice; God supreme, reigning over hearts subdued, that was his ultimate object, and he marched towards it without troubling himself about revolts and sufferings, certain that he would be triumphant with God and for Him.

Victories gained over souls are from their very nature of a silent sort: but M. de St. Cyran was not content with them. He wrote also, and his book, "*Petrus Aurelius*," published under the veil of the anonymous, excited a great stir by its defence of the rights of the bishops against the monks and even against the pope. The Gallican bishops welcomed at that time with lively satisfaction its eloquent pleadings in favor of their cause. But, at a later period, the French clergy discovered in St. Cyran's book free-thinking concealed under dogmatic forms. "In case of heresy any Christian may become judge," said *Petrus Aurelius*. Who, then, should be commissioned to define heresy? So M. de St. Cyran was condemned.

He had been already by an enemy more formidable than the assemblies of the clergy of France. Cardinal Richelieu, naturally attracted towards greatness as he was at a later period towards the infant prodigy of the Pascals, had been desirous

of attaching St. Cyran to himself. "Gentlemen," said he one day as he led back the simple priest into the midst of a throng of his courtiers, "here you see the most learned man in Europe." But the abbot of St. Cyran would accept no yoke but God's: he remained independent and perhaps hostile, pursuing, without troubling himself about the cardinal, the great task he had undertaken. Having had, for two years past, the spiritual direction of the convent of Port Royal, he had found in Mother Angelica Arnauld, the superior and reformer of the monastery, in her sister, Mother Agnes, and in the nuns of their order, souls worthy of him and capable of tolerating his austere instructions.

Before long he had seen forming, beside Port Royal and in the solitude of the fields, a nucleus of penitents, emulous of the hermits of the desert. M. le Maître, Mother Angelica's nephew, a celebrated advocate in the parliament of Paris, had quitted all "to have no speech but with God." A howling (*rugissant*) penitent, he had drawn after him his brothers, MM. de Sacy and de Séricourt, and, ere long, young Lancelot, the learned author of *Greek roots*: all steeped in the rigors of penitential life, all blindly submissive to M. de St. Cyran and his saintly requirements. The director's power over so many eminent minds became too great. Richelieu had comprehended better than the bishops the tendency of M. de St. Cyran's ideas and writings. "He continued to publish many opinions, new and leading to dangerous conclusions," says Father Joseph in his *Mémoires*, "in such sort that the king being advertised, commanded him to be kept a prisoner in the Bois de Vincennes." "That man is worse than six armies," said Cardinal Richelieu; "if Luther and Calvin had been shut up when they began to dogmatize, States would have been spared a great deal of trouble.

The consciences of men and the ardor of their souls are not so easily stifled by prison or exile. The abbot of St. Cyran, in spite of the entreaties of his powerful friends, remained at Vincennes up to the death of Cardinal Richelieu; the seclusionists of Port Royal were driven from their retreat and obliged to disperse; but neither the severities of Richelieu nor, at a later period, those of Louis XIV. were the true cause of the ultimate powerlessness of Jansenism to bring about that profound reformation of the Church which had been the dream of the abbot of St. Cyran. He had wished to immolate sinful man to God, and he regarded sanctity as the complete sacrifice of

human nature corrupt to its innermost core. Human conscience could not accept this cruel yoke; its liberty revolted against so narrow a prison; and the protestant reformation, with a doctrine as austere as that of M. de St. Cyran, but more true and more simple in its practical application, offered strong minds the satisfaction of direct and personal relations between God and man; it saw the way to satisfy them without crushing them; and that is why the kingly power in France succeeded in stifling Jansenism without having ever been able to destroy the protestant faith.

Cardinal Richelieu dreaded the doctrines of M. de St. Cyran, and still more those of the reformation, which went directly to the emancipation of souls; but he had the wit to resist ecclesiastical encroachments, and, for all his being a cardinal, never did minister maintain more openly the independence of the civil power. "The king, in things temporal, recognizes no sovereign save God." That had always been the theory of the Gallican Church. "The Church of France is in the kingdom, and not the kingdom in the Church," said the jurisconsult Loyseau, thus subjecting ecclesiastics to the common law of all citizens.

The French clergy did not understand it so; they had recourse to the liberties of the Gallican Church in order to keep up a certain measure of independence as regarded Rome, but they would not give up their ancient privileges, and especially the right of taking an independent share in the public necessities without being taxed as a matter of law and obligation. Here it was that Cardinal Richelieu withstood them: he maintained that, the ecclesiastics and the brotherhoods not having the right to hold property in France by mort-main, the king tolerated their possession, of his grace, but he exacted the payment of seignorial dues. The clergy at that time possessed more than a quarter of the property in France; the tax to be paid amounted, it is said, to eighty millions. The subsidies further demanded reached a total of eight millions six hundred livres.

The clergy in dismay wished to convoke an assembly to determine their conduct; and after a great deal of difficulty it was authorized by the cardinal. Before long he intimated to the five prelates who were most hostile to him that they must quit the assembly and retire to their dioceses. "There are," said the bishop of Autun, who was entirely devoted to Richelieu, "some who show great delicacy about agreeing to all that

the king demands, as if they had a doubt whether all the property of the Church belonged to him or not, and whether His Majesty, leaving the ecclesiastics wherewithal to provide for their subsistence and a moderate establishment, could not take all the surplus." That sort of doctrine would never do for the clergy; still they consented to pay five millions and a half, the sum to which the minister lowered his pretensions. "The wants of the State," said Richelieu, "are real; those of the Church are fanciful and arbitrary; if the king's armies had not repulsed the enemy, the clergy would have suffered far more."

Whilst the cardinal imposed upon the French clergy the obligations common to all subjects, he defended the kingly power and majesty against the ultramontanes, and especially against the Jesuits. Several of their pamphlets had already been censured by his order when Father Sanctarel published a treatise *on heresy and schism*, clothed with the pope's approbation and containing, amongst other dangerous propositions, the following: "The pope can depose emperor and kings for their iniquities or for personal incompetence, seeing that he has a sovereign, supreme and absolute power." The work was referred to the parliament, who ordered it to be burnt in Place de Grève; there was talk of nothing less than the banishment of the entire order.

Father Cotton, superior of the French Jesuits, was summoned to appear before the council; he gave up Father Sanctarel unreservedly, making what excuse he best could for the approbation of the pope and of the general of the Jesuits. The condemnation of the work was demanded, and it was signed by sixteen French fathers. The parliament was disposed to push the matter farther, when Richelieu, always as prudent as he was firm in his relations with this celebrated order, represented to the king that there are "certain abuses which are more easily put down by passing them over than by resolving to destroy them openly, and that it was time to take care lest proceedings should be carried to a point which might be as prejudicial to his service as past action had been serviceable to it." The Jesuits remained in France, and their college at Clermont was not closed; but they published no more pamphlets against the cardinal. They even defended him at need.

Richelieu's grand quarrel with the clergy was nearing its end when the climax was reached of a disagreement with the court of Rome, dating from some time back. The pope had never

forgiven the cardinal for not having accepted his mediation in the affair with Spain on the subject of the Valteline; he would not accede to the desire which Richelieu manifested to become legate of the Holy See in France as Cardinal d'Amboise had been; and when Marshal d'Estrées arrived as ambassador at Rome, his resolute behavior brought the misunderstanding to a head: the pope refused the customary funeral honors to Cardinal la Valette, who had died in battle, without dispensation, at the head of the king's army in Piedmont. Richelieu preserved appearances no longer; the king refused to receive the pope's nuncio and prohibited the bishops from any communication with him. The quarrel was envenomed by a pamphlet called *Optatus Gallus*. The cardinal's enemies represented him as a new Luther ready to excite a schism and found a patriarchate in France. Father Rabardeau, of the Jesuits' order, maintained in reply that the act would not be schismatical, and that the consent of Rome would be no more necessary to create a patriarchate in France than it had been to establish those of Constantinople and Jerusalem.

Urban VIII. took fright; he sent to France Julius Mazarin, at that time vice-legate, and already frequently employed in the negotiations between the court of Rome and Cardinal Richelieu, who had taken a great fancy to him. The French clergy had just obtained authority to vote the subsidy in an assembly; and the pope contented himself with this feeble concession. Mazarin put the finishing touch to the reconciliation and received as recompense the cardinal's hat. In fact, the victory of the civil power was complete, and the independence of the crown clearly established. "His Holiness," said the cardinal, "ought to commend the zeal shown by His Majesty for the welfare of the Church and to remain satisfied with the respect shown him by an appeal to his authority which His Majesty might have dispensed with in this matter, having his parliaments to fall back upon for the chastisement of those who lived evilly in his kingdom." In principle, the supreme question between the court of Rome and the kingly power remained undecided, and it showed wisdom on the part of Urban VIII. as well as of Cardinal Richelieu never to fix fundamentally and within their exact limits the rights and pretensions of the Church or the crown.

Cardinal Richelieu had another battle to deliver and another victory, which was to be more decisive, to gain. During his exile at Avignon, he had written against the reformers, vio-

lently attacking their doctrines and their precepts; he was, therefore, personally engaged in the theological strife and more hotly than has been made out; but he was above everything a great politician, and the rebellion of the reformers, their irregular political assemblies, their alliances with the foreigner, occupied him far more than their ministers' preaching. It was State within State that the reformers were seeking to found, and that the cardinal wished to upset. Seconded by the prince of Condé, the king had put an end to the war which cost the life of the constable De Luynes, but the peace concluded at Montpellier on the 19th of November, 1622, had already received many a blow; pacific counsels amongst the reformers were little by little dying out together with the old servants of Henry IV.; Du Plessis-Mornay had lately died (Nov. 11, 1623) at his castle of Forêt-sur-Sèvres, and the direction of the party fell entirely into the hands of the duke of Rohan, a fiery temper and soured by misfortunes as well as by continual efforts made on the part of his brother the duke of Soubise, more restless and less earnest than he. Hostilities broke out afresh at the beginning of the year 1625. The reformers complained that, instead of demolishing Fort Louis which commanded La Rochelle, all haste was being made to complete the ramparts they had hoped to see razed to the ground: a small royal fleet mustered quietly at Le Blavet and threatened to close the sea against the Rochellese. The peace of Montpellier had left the protestants only two surety-places, Montauban and La Rochelle; and they clung to them with desperation. On the 6th of January, 1625, Soubise suddenly entered the harbor of Le Blavet with twelve vessels, and seizing without a blow the royal ships, towed them off in triumph to La Rochelle, a fatal success which was to cost that town dear.

The royal marine had hardly an existence; after the capture made by Soubise, help had to be requested from England and Holland; the marriage of Henrietta of France, daughter of Henry IV., with the prince of Wales who was soon to become Charles I., was concluded; the English promised eight ships; the treaties with the United Provinces obliged the Hollanders to supply twenty, which they would gladly have refused to send against their brethren, if they could; the cardinal even required that the ships should be commanded by French captains: "One lubber may ruin a whole fleet," said he, "and a captain of a ship, if assured by the enemy of payment for his vessel, may undertake to burn the whole armament, and that

the more easily inasmuch as he would think he was making a grand sacrifice to God, for the sake of his religion."

Meanwhile, Soubise had broken through the feeble obstacles opposed to him by the duke of Vendôme, and, making himself master of all the trading-vessels he encountered, soon took possession of the islands of Ré and Oléron and effected descents even into Médoc, whilst the duke of Rohan, leaving the duchess his wife, Sully's daughter, at Castres, where he had established the seat of his government, was scouring Lower Languedoc and the Cévennes to rally his partisans. The insurrection was very undecided and the movement very irregular. Nîmes, Uzès and Alais closed their gates; even Montauban hesitated a long while before declaring itself. The duke of Épernon ravaged the outskirts of that place. "At night," writes his secretary, "might be seen a thousand fires. Wheat, fruit-trees, vines and houses were the food that fed the flames." Marshal Thémine did the same all round Castres, defended by the duchess of Rohan.

There were negotiations, nevertheless, already. Rohan and Soubise demanded to be employed against Spain in the Valtelline, claiming the destruction of Fort Louis; parleys mitigated hostilities; the duke of Soubise obtained a suspension of arms from the Dutch admiral Haustein, and then, profiting by a favorable gust of wind, approached the fleet, set fire to the admiral's ship and captured five vessels, which he towed off to the island of Ré. But he paid dear for his treachery: the Hollanders in their fury seconded with more zeal the efforts of the duke of Montmorency who had just taken the command of the squadron; the island of Ré was retaken and Soubise obliged to retreat in a shallop to Oléron, leaving for "pledge his sword and his hat which dropped off in his flight." Nor was the naval fight more advantageous for Soubise: "The battle was fierce, but the enemy had the worst," says Richelieu in his *Mémoires*: "night coming on was favorable to their designs; nevertheless, they were so hotly pursued that on the morrow, at daybreak, eight of their vessels were taken." Soubise sailed away to England with the rest of his fleet, and the island of Oléron surrendered.

The moment seemed to have come for crushing La Rochelle, deprived of the naval forces that protected it; but the cardinal, still at grips with Spain in the Valteline, was not sure of his allies before La Rochelle. In Holland all the churches echoed with reproaches hurled by the preachers against States that

gave help against their own brethren to catholics; at Amsterdam the mob had besieged the house of Admiral Haustein; and the Dutch fleet had to be recalled. The English protestants were not less zealous; the duke of Soubise had been welcomed with enthusiasm, and, though Charles I., now king of England and married, had refused to admit the fugitive to his presence, he would not restore to Louis XIII. the vessels, captured from that king and his subjects, which Soubise had brought over to Portsmouth.

The game was not yet safe; and Richelieu did not allow himself to be led astray by the anger of fanatics who dubbed him *State-cardinal*. "The cardinal alone, to whom God gave the blessedness of serving the king and restoring to his kingdom its ancient lustre and to his person the power and authority meet for royal Majesty which is the next Majesty after the divine, saw in his mind the means of undoing all those tangles, clearing away all those mists and emerging to the honor of his master from all those confusions" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iv. p. 2].

Marshal Bassompierre was returning from his embassy to Switzerland, having secured the alliance of the Thirteen Cantons in the affair of the Valteline, when it was noised abroad that peace with Spain was signed. Count du Fargis, it was said, had, in an excess of zeal, taken upon himself to conclude without waiting for orders from Paris. Bassompierre was preparing a grand speech against this unexpected peace, but during the night he reflected that the cardinal had perhaps been not so much astonished as he would have made out. "I gave up my speech," says he, "and betook myself to my jubilee."

The Huguenots on their side yielded at the entreaties of the ambassadors who had been sent by the English to France, "with orders to beg the Rochellese to accept the peace which the king had offered them, and who omitted neither arguments nor threats in order to arrive at that conclusion; whence it came to pass that, by a course of conduct full of unwonted dexterity, the Huguenots were brought to consent to peace for fear of that with Spain, and the Spaniards to make peace for fear of that with the Huguenots.

"The greatest difficulty the cardinal had to surmount was in the king's council; he was not ignorant that by getting peace made with the Huguenots, and showing them that he was somewhat inclined to favor their cause with the king, he might

expose himself to the chance of getting into bad odor at Rome. But in no other way could he arrive at His Majesty's ends. His cloth made him suspected by the Huguenots; it was necessary, therefore, to behave so that they should think him favorable to them, for by so doing he found means of waiting more conveniently for an opportunity of reducing them to the terms to which all subjects ought to be reduced in a State, that is to say, inability to form any separate body, and liability to accept their sovereign's wishes.

"It was a grievous thing for him to bear, to see himself so unjustly suspected at the court of Rome, and by those who affected the name of zealous Catholics, but he resolved to take patiently the rumors that were current about him, apprehending that if he had determined to clear himself of them effectually he might not find that course of advantage to his master or the public."

The cardinal, in fact, took it patiently, revising and then confirming the treaty with Spain, and imposing on the Huguenots a peace so hard that they would never have accepted it but for the hope of obtaining at a later period some assuagements, with the help of England, which refused formally to help them to carry on the war. At the first parleys the king had said, "I am disposed enough toward peace; I am willing to grant it to Languedoc and the other provinces. As for La Rochelle, that is another thing" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iii.]. It was ultimately La Rochelle that paid the expenses of the war, biding the time when the proud city, which had resisted eight kings in succession, would have to succumb before Louis XIII. and his all-powerful minister. Already her independence was threatened on all sides; the bastions and new fortifications had to be demolished; no armed vessel of war might be stationed in her harbor. "The way was at last open," said the cardinal, "to the extermination of the Huguenot party, which, for a hundred years past, had divided the kingdom" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iii. p. 17].

The peace of 1626, then, was but a preliminary to war. Richelieu was preparing for it by land and sea; vessels of war were being built, troops were being levied; and the temper of England furnished a pretext for commencing the struggle. King Charles I., at the instigation of his favorite the duke of Buckingham, had suddenly and unfeelingly dismissed the French servants of the queen his wife, without giving her even time to say good-bye to them, insomuch that "the poor princess, hear-

ing their voices in the courtyard, dashed to the window and, breaking the glass with her head, clung with her hands to the bars to show herself to her women and take the last look at them. The king indignantly dragged her back with so great an effort that he tore her hands right away." Louis XIII. had sent Marshal Bassompierre to England to complain of the insult done to his sister; the duke of Buckingham wished to go in person to France to arrange the difference, but the cardinal refused. "Has Buckingham ever undertaken any foreign commission without going away dissatisfied and offended with the princes to whom he was sent?" said Cardinal Richelieu to the king. So the favorite of Charles I. resolved to go to France "in other style and with other attendants than he had as yet done; having determined to win back the good graces of the parliament and the people of England by the succor he was about to carry to the oppressed protestant Churches," he pledged his property; he sold the trading-vessels captured on the coasts of France; and on the 17th of July, 1627, he set sail with a hundred and twenty vessels, heading for La Rochelle. Soubise was on board his ship; and the duke of Rohan, notified of the enterprise, had promised to declare himself the moment the English set foot in France. Already he was preparing his manifesto to the Churches, avowing that he had summoned the English to his legitimate defence, and that, since the king had but lately been justified in employing the arms of the Hollanders to defeat them, much more reasonably might he appeal to those of the English their brethren for protection against him.

This time the cardinal was ready; he had concluded an alliance with Spain against England, "declaring merely to the king of Spain that he was already at open war with England, and that he would put in practice with all the power of his forces against his own States all sorts of hostilities permissible in honorable warfare, which His Majesty also promised to do by the month of June, 1628, at the latest." The king set out to go and take in person the command of the army intended to give the English their reception. He had gone out ill from the parliament, where he had been to have some edicts enregistered. "I did nothing but tremble all the time I was holding my bed of justice," he said to Bassompierre. "It is there, however, that you make others tremble," replied the Marshal. Louis XIII. was obliged to halt at Villeroy, where the cardinal remained with him, "being all day at his side, and most frequently not leaving him at night; he, nevertheless, had his mind constantly

occupied with giving orders, taking care above everything to let it appear before the king that he had no fear; he preferred to put himself in peril of being blamed or ruined in well-doing rather than, in order to secure himself, to do anything which might be a cause of illness to His Majesty." In point of fact Richelieu was not without anxiety, for *Sieur de Toiras*, a young favorite of the king's, to whom he had entrusted the command in the island of Ré, had not provided for the defence of that place so well as had been expected; *Buckingham* had succeeded in effecting his descent. The French were shut up in the fort of *St. Martin*, scarcely finished as it was, and ill-provisioned. The cardinal "saw to it directly, sending of his own money because that of the king was not to be quickly got at, and because he had at that time none to spare; he despatched *Abbé Marcillac*, who was in his confidence, to see that everything was done punctually and no opportunity lost. He did not trouble himself to make reports of all the despatches that passed, and all the orders that were within less than a fortnight given on the subject of this business during the king's illness, in order to provide for everything that was necessary, and to prepare all things in such wise that the king and France might reap from them the fruit which was shortly afterwards gathered in."

Meanwhile, *La Rochelle* had closed her gates to the English, and the old duchess of *Rohan* had been obliged to leave the town in order to bring *Soubise* in with her. "Before taking any resolution," replied the Rochellese authorities to the entreaties of the duke who was pressing them to lend assistance to the English, "we must consult the whole body of the religion, of which *La Rochelle* is only one member." An assembly was already convoked to that end at *Uzès*; and when it met, on the 11th of September, the duke of *Rohan* communicated to the deputies from the churches the letter of the inhabitants of *La Rochelle*, "not such an one," he said, "as he could have desired, but such as he must make the best of." The king of England had granted his aid and promised not to relax until the reformers had firm repose and solid contentment, provided that they seconded his efforts. "I bid you thereto in God's name," he added, "and for my part, were I alone, abandoned of all, I am determined to prosecute this sacred cause even to the last drop of my blood and to the last gasp of my life." The assembly fully approved of their chief's behavior, accepting "with gratitude the king of England's powerful intervention, without, however, loosing themselves from the humble and

inviolable submission which they owed to their king." The consuls of the town of Milhau were bolder in their reservations: "We have at divers time experienced," they wrote to the duke of Rohan, whilst refusing to join the movement, "that violence is no certain means of obtaining observation of our edicts, for force extorts many promises, but the hatred it engenders prevents them from taking effect." The duke was obliged to force an entrance into this small place. La Rochelle had just renounced her neutrality and taken sides with the English, "flattering ourselves," they said in their proclamation, "that, having good men for our witnesses and God for our judge, we shall experience the same assistance from His goodness as our fathers had aforetime."

M. de la Millière, the agent of the Rochellese, wrote to one of his friends at the duke of Rohan's quarters: "Sir, I am arrived from Villeroy, where the English are not held as they are at Paris to be a mere chimera. Only I am very apprehensive of the September-tides and lest the new grapes should kill us off more English than the enemy will. I am much vexed to hear nothing from your quarter to second the exploits of the English, being unable to see without shame foreigners showing more care for our welfare than we ourselves show. I know that it will not be M. de Rohan's fault nor yours that nothing good is done.

"I forgot to tell you that the cardinal is very glad that he is no longer a bishop, for he has put so many rings in pawn to send munitions to the islands that he has nothing remaining wherewith to give the episcopal benediction. The most zealous amongst us pray God that the sea may swallow up his person as it has swallowed his goods. As for me, I am not of that number, for I belong to those who offer incense to the powers that be." It was as yet a time when the religious fatherland was dearer than the political; the French Huguenots naturally appealed for aid to all protestant nations. It was even now an advance in national ideas to call the English who had come to the aid of La Rochelle *foreigners*.

Toiras, meanwhile, still held out in the fort of St. Martin, and Buckingham was beginning to "abate somewhat of the absolute confidence he had felt about making himself master of it, having been so ill advised as to write to the king his master that he would answer for it." The proof of this was that a burgess of La Rochelle, named Laleu, went to see the king with authority from the duke of Angoulême, who commanded the

army in His Majesty's absence, and that "he proposed that the English should retire provided that the king would have Fort Louis dismantled. The duke of Angoulême was inclined to accept this proposal, but the cardinal forcibly represented all the reasons against it: 'It will be said perhaps that if the island of Ré be lost, it will be very difficult to recover it;' this he allowed, but he put forward, to counterbalance this consideration, another, that, if honor were lost, it would never be recovered, and that, if the island of Ré were lost, he considered that His Majesty was bound to stick to the blockade of Rochelle, and that he might do so with success. Upon this, His Majesty resolved to push the siege of Rochelle vigorously and to give the command to Mylord his brother;" but Monsieur was tardy as usual, not wanting to serve under the king when the health of His Majesty might permit him to return to his army, so that the cardinal wrote to President le Coigneux, one of the favorite counsellors of the duke of Orleans, to say that "if imaginary *hydras* of that sort were often taking shape in the mind of Monsieur, he had nothing more to say than that there would be neither pleasure nor profit in being mixed up with his affairs. As for himself, he would always do his duty." Monsieur at last made up his mind to join the army, and it was resolved to give aid to the forts in the island of Ré.

It was a bold enterprise that was about to be attempted: "to hold La Rochelle invested and not quit it, and, nevertheless, to send the flower of the force to succor a citadel considered to be half-lost; to make a descent upon an island blockaded by a large naval armament; to expose the best part of the army to the mercy of the winds and the waves of the sea, and of the English cannons and vessels, in a place where there was no landing in order and under arms" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iii. p. 361]; but it had to be resolved upon or the island of Ré lost. Toiras had already sent to ask the duke of Buckingham if he would receive him to terms.

On the 8th of October, at eight a.m., the duke of Buckingham was preparing to send a reply to the fort, and he was already rejoicing "to see his felicity and the crowning of his labors," when, on nearing the citadel, "there were exhibited to him at the ends of pikes lots of bottles of wine, capons, turkeys, hams, ox-tongues and other provisions, and his vessels were saluted with lots of cannonades, they having come too near in the belief that those inside had no more powder." During the night, the fleet which was assembled at Oléron and had been at sea

for two days past had succeeded in landing close to the fort, bringing up reinforcements of troops, provisions and munitions. At the same time the king and the cardinal had just arrived at the camp before La Rochelle.

Before long the English could not harbor a doubt but that the king's army had recovered its real heads; a grand expedition was preparing to attack them in the island of Ré, and the cardinal had gone in person to Oléron and to Le Brouage in order to see to the embarkation of the troops. "The nobility of the court came up in crowds to take leave of His Majesty, and their looks were so gay that it must be allowed that to no nation but the French is it given to march so freely to death for the service of their king or for their own honor as to make it impossible to remark any difference between him that inflicts it and him that receives" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iii. p. 398]. Marshal Schomberg took the road to Marennes, whence he sent to the cardinal for boats to carry over all his troops. "This took him greatly by surprise, and as his judgments are always followed by the effect he intended, he thought that this great following of nobility might hinder the said sir marshal from executing his design so promptly. However, by showing admirable diligence, doubling both his vessels and his provisions, he found sufficient to embark the whole" [*Siège de La Rochelle. Archives curieuses de l'Histoire de France*, t. iii. p. 76]. By this time the king's troops, in considerable numbers, had arrived in the island without the English being able to prevent their disembarkation; the enemy therefore took the resolution of setting sail, in spite of the entreaties which the duke of Soubise sent them on the part of the Rochellese, those latter promising great assistance in men and provisions, more than they could afford. To satisfy them, the duke of Buckingham determined to deliver a general assault before he departed.

The assault was delivered on the 5th and 6th of November, and everywhere repulsed, exhausted as the besieged were. "Those who were sick and laid up in their huts appeared on the bastions. There were some of them so weak that, unable to fight, they loaded their comrades' muskets; and others, having fought beyond their strength, being able to do no more, said to their comrades, 'Friend, here are my arms for thee; prithee, make my grave; and, thither retiring, there they died.'" The duke of Buckingham wrote to M. de Fiesque, who was holding Fort la Prée, that he was going to embark, without waiting for any more men to make their descent upon the

island; but the king, who trusted not his enemies and least of all the English, from whom, even when friends, he had received so many proofs of faithlessness and falsehood, besides that he knew Buckingham for a man who, from not having the force of character to decide on such an occasion, did not know whether to fight or to fly, continued in his first determination to transport promptly all those who remained, in order to encounter the enemy on land, fight them, and make them for the future quake with fear if it were proposed to them to try another descent upon his dominions.

Marshal Schomberg, thwarted by bad weather, had just rallied his troops which had been cast by the winds on different parts of the coast, when it was perceived that the enemy had sheered off. M. de Toiras, issuing from his fortress to meet the marshal, would have pursued them at once to give them battle, but Schomberg refused, saying, "I ought to make them a bridge of gold rather than a barrier of iron:" and he contented himself with following the English, who retreated to a narrow causeway which led to the little island of Oie. There, a furious charge of French cavalry broke the ranks of the enemy, disorder spread amongst them, and when night came to put an end to the combat, forty flags remained in the hands of the king's troops; and he sent them at once to Notre-Dame, by Claude de St. Simon, together with a quantity of prisoners, of whom the king made a present to his sister the queen of England.

"Such," says the duke of Rohan in his *Mémoires*, "was the success of the duke of Buckingham's expedition, wherein he ruined the reputation of his nation and his own, consumed a portion of the provisions of the Rochellese, and reduced to despair the party for whose sake he had come to France. The duke of Rohan first learnt this bad news by the bonfires which all the Roman Catholics lighted for it all through the countship of Foix, and, later on, by a despatch from the duke of Soubise, who exhorted him not to lose courage, saying, that he hoped to come back next spring in condition to efface the affront received." This latter prince had not covered himself with glory in the expedition. "As recompense and consolation for all their losses," says the cardinal, "they carried off Soubise to England. He has not been mentioned all through this siege, because, whenever there was any question of negotiation, no one would apply to him but only to Buckingham. When there was nothing for it but to fight, he would

not hear of it. On the day the English made their descent, he was at La Rochelle; nobody knows where he was at the time of the assault, but he was one of the first and most forward in the rout."

Soubise had already been pronounced guilty of high-treason by decree of the parliament of Toulouse, but the duke of Rohan had been degraded from his dignities, and "a title offered to those who would assassinate him, which created an inclination in three or four wretches to undertake it, who had but a rope or the wheel for recompense, it not being in any human power to prolong or shorten any man's life without the permission of God." The prince of Condé had been commissioned to fight the valiant chief of the Huguenots, "for that he was their sworn enemy," says the cardinal. In the eyes of fervent Catholics the name of Condé had many wrongs for which to obtain pardon.

The English were ignominiously defeated; the king was now confronted by none but his revolted subjects; he resolved to blockade the place at all points, so that it could not be entered by land or sea, and, to this end, he claimed from Spain the fleet which had been promised him and which did not arrive. "The whole difficulty of this enterprise," said the cardinal to the king, "lies in this, that the majority will only labor therein in a perfunctory manner."

His ordinary penetration did not deceive him; the great lords entrusted with commands saw with anxiety the increasing power of Richelieu. "You will see," said Bassompierre, "that we shall be mad enough to take La Rochelle." "His Majesty had just then many of his own kingdom and all his allies sworn together against him, and so much the more dangerously in that it was secretly. England at open war, and with all her maritime power but lately on our coasts; the king of Spain apparently united to his Majesty, yet, in fact, not only giving him empty words but, under cover of the emperor's name, making a diversion against him in the direction of Germany. Nevertheless the king held firm to his resolve; and then the siege of La Rochelle was undertaken with a will."

The old duchess of Rohan (Catherine de Parthenay Larch évêque) had shut herself up in La Rochelle with her daughter Anne de Rohan, as pious and as courageous as her mother, and of rare erudition into the bargain; she had hitherto refused to leave the town; but, when the blockade commenced,

she asked leave to retire with two hundred women. The town had already been refused permission to get rid of useless mouths. "All the Rochellese shall go out together," was the answer returned to Madame de Rohan. She determined to undergo with her brethren in the faith all the rigors of the siege. "Secure peace, complete victory or honorable death," she wrote to her son the duke of Rohan: the old device of Jeanne d'Albret which had never been forgotten by the brave chief of the Huguenots.

At the head of the burgesses of La Rochelle, as determined as the duchess of Rohan to secure their liberties or perish, was the president of the board of marine, soon afterwards mayor of the town, John Guiton, a rich merchant, whom the misfortunes of the times had wrenched away from his business to become a skilful admiral, an intrepid soldier, accustomed for years past to scour the seas as a corsair. "He had at his house," says a narrative of those days, "a great number of flags which he used to show one after another, indicating the princes from whom he had taken them." When he was appointed mayor, he drew his poniard and threw it upon the council-table: "I accept," he said, "the honor you have done me, but on condition that yonder poniard shall serve to pierce the heart of whoever dares to speak of surrender, mine first of all, if I were ever wretch enough to condescend to such cowardice." Of indomitable nature, of passionate and proud character, Guiton, in fact, rejected all proposals of peace: "My friend, tell the cardinal that I am his very humble servant," was his answer to insinuating speeches as well as to threats; and he prepared with tranquil coolness for defence to the uttermost. Two municipal councillors, two burgesses and a clergyman were commissioned to judge and to punish spies and traitors; attention was concentrated upon getting provisions into the town; the country was already devastated, but reliance was placed upon promises of help from England; and religious exercises were everywhere multiplied. "We will hold out to the last day," reiterated the burgesses.

It was the month of December; bad weather interfered with the siege-works; the king was having a line of circumvallation pushed forward to close the approaches to the city on the land side; the cardinal was having a mole of stone-work, occupying the whole breadth of the roads, constructed; the king's little fleet, commanded by M. de Guise, had been ordered up to pro-

tect the laborers; Spain had sent twenty-eight vessels in such bad condition that those which were rolled into the sea laden with stones were of more value; "They were employed Spanish-fashion," says Richelieu, "that is, to make an appearance so as to astound the Rochellese by the union of the two crowns." A few days after their arrival, at the rumor of assistance coming from England, the Spanish admiral, who had secret orders to make no effort for France, demanded permission to withdraw his ships. "It was very shameful of them, but it was thought good to let them go without the king's consent, making believe that he had given them their dismissal and desired them to go and set about preparing, one way or another, a large armament by the spring." The Rochellese were rejoicing over the treaty they had just concluded with the king of England, who promised "to aid them by land and sea, to the best of his kingly power, until he should have brought about a fair and secure peace." The mole was every moment being washed away by the sea; and, "whilst the cardinal was employing all the wits which God had given him to bring to a successful issue the siege of La Rochelle to the glory of God and the welfare of the State, and was laboring to that end more than the bodily strength granted to him by God seemed to permit, one would have said that the sea and the winds favoring the English and the islands, were up in opposition and thwarting his designs."

The king was growing tired and wished to go to Paris; but this was not the advice of the cardinal, and "the truths he uttered were so displeasing to the king that he fell somehow into disgrace. The dislike the king conceived for him was such that he found fault with him about everything." The king at last took his departure, and the cardinal who had attended him "without daring, out of respect, to take his sunshade to protect him against the heat of the sun which was very great that day," was on his return taken ill with fever. "I am so down-hearted that I cannot express the regret I feel at quitting the cardinal, fearing lest some accident may happen to him," the king had said to one of his servants: "tell him from me to take care of himself, to think what a state my affairs would be in if I were to lose him." When the king returned to La Rochelle on the 10th of April, he found his army strengthened, the line of circumvallation finished, and the mole well advanced into the sea; the assault was becoming possible, and the king summoned the place to surrender [*Siège*

de La Rochelle. *Archives curieuses de l'Histoire de France*, t. iii. p. 102]. "We recognize no other sheriffs and governors than ourselves," answered the sergeant on guard to the improvised herald sent by the king; "nobody will listen to you; away at once!" It was at last announced that the reinforcements so impatiently expected were coming from England. "The cardinal, who knew that there was nothing so dangerous as to have no fear of one's enemy, had a long while before set everything in order as if the English might arrive any day." Their fleet was signalled at sea; it numbered thirty vessels and had a convoy of twenty barques laden with provisions and munitions, and it was commanded by the earl of Denbigh, Buckingham's brother-in-law. The Rochellese, transported with joy, "had planted a host of flags on the prominent points of their town." The English came and cast anchor at the tip of the island of Ré. The cannon of La Rochelle gave them a royal salute. A little boat with an English captain on board found means of breaking the blockade; and "Open a passage," said the envoy to the Rochellese, "as you sent notice to us in England, and we will deliver you." But the progress made in the works of the mole rendered the enterprise difficult; the besieged could not attempt anything; they waited and waited for Lord Denbigh to bring on an engagement; on the 19th of May, all the English ships got under sail and approached the roads. The besieged hurried on to the ramparts, there was the thunder of one broadside, and one only; and then the vessels tacked and crowded sail for England, followed by the gaze "of the king's army, who returned to make good cheer without any fear of the enemy and with great hopes of soon taking the town."

Great was the despair in La Rochelle: "This shameful retreat of the English, and their aid which had only been received by faith as they do in the Eucharist," wrote Cardinal Richelieu, "astounded the Rochellese so mightily that they would readily have made up their minds to surrender, if Madame de Rohan, the mother, whose hopes for her children were all centred in the preservation of this town, and the minister Salbert, a very seditious fellow, had not regaled them with imaginary succor which they made them hope for." The cardinal, when he wrote these words, knew nothing of the wicked proposals made to Guiton and to Salbert: "Couldn't the cardinal be got rid of by the deed of one determined man?" it was asked: but the mayor refused; and "It is not in



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immediately hanged. La Rochelle, however, still held out. "Their rabid fury," says the cardinal, "gave them new strength, or rather the avenging wrath of God caused them to be supplied therewith in extraordinary measure by his evil spirit in order to prolong their woes; they were already almost at the end thereof and misery found upon them no more substance whereon it could feed and support itself; they were skeletons, empty shadows, breathing corpses rather than living men." At the bottom of his heart, and in spite of the ill temper their resistance caused in him, the heroism of the Rochellese excited the cardinal's admiration. Buckingham had just been assassinated: "The king could not have lost a more bitter or a more idiotic enemy; his unreasoning enterprises ended unluckily, but they, nevertheless, did not fail to put us in great peril and cause us much mischief," says Richelieu: "the idiotic madness of an enemy being more to be feared than his wisdom, inasmuch as the idiot does not act on any principle common to other men, he attempts everything and anything, violates his own interests and is restrained by impossibility alone."

It was this impossibility of any aid that the cardinal attempted to impress upon the Rochellese by means of letters which he managed to get into the town, representing to them that Buckingham, their protector, was dead and that they were allowing themselves to be unjustly tyrannized over by a small number amongst them who, being rich, had wheat to eat, whereas, if they were good citizens, they would take their share of the general misery. These manœuvres did not remain without effect: the besieged resolved to treat and a deputation was just about to leave the town, when a burgess who had broken through the lines arrived in hot haste, on his return from England; he had seen, he said, the armament all ready to set out to save them or perish; it must arrive within a week; the public body of La Rochelle had promised not to treat without the king of England's participation; he was not abandoning his allies; and so the deputies returned home and there was more waiting still.

On the 29th of September the English flag appeared before St. Martin de Ré; it was commanded by the earl of Lindsay and was composed of a hundred and forty vessels, which carried six thousand soldiers, besides the crews; the French who were of the *religion* were in the van, commanded by the duke of Soubise and the count of Laval, brother of the duke of La

Trémoille who had lately renounced his faith in front of La Rochelle, being convinced of his errors by a single lesson from the cardinal. "This armament was England's utmost effort, for the Parliament which was then being holden had granted six millions of livres to fit it out to avenge the affronts and ignominy which the English nation had encountered on the island of Ré and afterwards by the shameful retreat of their armament in the month of May." But it was too late coming; the mole was finished and the opening in it defended by two forts; and a floating palisade blocked the passage as well. The English sent some petards against this construction, but they produced no effect; and when, next day, they attacked the royal fleet, the French crews lost but twenty-eight men: the fire-ships were turned aside "by men who feared fire as little as water." Lord Lindsay retired with his squadron to the shelter of the island of Aix, sending to the king "Lord Montagu to propose some terms of accommodation. He demanded pardon for the Rochellese, freedom of conscience, and quarter for the English garrison in La Rochelle; the answer was "that the Rochellese were subjects of the king who knew quite well what he had to do with them, and that the King of England had no right to interfere. As for the English, they should meet with the same treatment as was received by the French whom they held prisoners." Montagu set out for England to obtain further orders from the king his master.

All hope of effectual aid was gone, and the Rochellese felt it; the French who were on board the English fleet had taken, like them, a resolution to treat; and they had already sent to the cardinal when, on the 29th of October, the deputies from La Rochelle arrived at the camp: "Your fellows who were in the English army have already obtained grace," said the cardinal to them; and when they were disposed not to believe it, the cardinal sent for the pastors Vincent and Gobert, late delegates to King Charles I.; "they embraced with tears in their eyes, not daring to speak of business, as they had been forbidden to do so on pain of death."

The demands of the Rochellese were more haughty than befitted their extreme case: "Though they were but shadows of living men and their life rested solely on the king's mercy, they actually dared, nevertheless, to propose to the cardinal a general treaty on behalf of all those of their party, including Madame de Rohan and Monsieur de Soubise, the maintenance of their privileges, of their governor, and of their mayor,

together with the right of those bearing arms to march out with beat of drum and lighted match" [with the honors of war].

The cardinal was amused at their impudence, he writes in his *Mémoires*, and told them that they had no right to expect anything more than pardon, which, moreover, they did not deserve. "He was nevertheless anxious to conclude, wishing that Montagu should find peace made, and that the English fleet should see it made without their consent, which would render the rest of the king's business easier, whether as regarded England or Spain, or the interior of the kingdom." On the 28th the treaty or rather the grace was accordingly signed, "the king granting life and property to those of the inhabitants of the town who were then in it, and the exercise of the religion within La Rochelle." These articles bore the signature of a brigadier-general, M. de Marillac, the king not having thought proper to put his name at the bottom of a convention made with his subjects.

Next day, twelve deputies issued from the town, making a request for horses to Marshal de Bassompierre, whose quarters were close by, for they had not strength to walk. They dismounted on approaching the king's quarters, and the cardinal presented them to his Majesty: "Sir," said they, "we do acknowledge our crimes and rebellions and demand mercy; promising to remain faithful for the future, if your Majesty deign to remember the services we were able to render to the king your father."

The king gazed upon these suppliants kneeling at his feet, deputies from the proud city which had kept him more than a year at her gates; fleshless, almost fainting, they still bore on their features the traces of the haughty past. They had kept the lilies of France on their walls, refusing to the last to give themselves to England. "Better surrender to a king who could take Rochelle, than to one who couldn't succor her," said the mayor John Guiton, who was asked if he would not become an English subject. "I know that you have always been malignants," said the king at last, "and that you have done all you could to shake off the yoke of obedience to me; I forgive you, nevertheless, your rebellions and will be a good prince to you, if your actions conform to your protestations." Thereupon he dismissed them, not without giving them a dinner, and sent victuals into the town; without which, all that remained would have been dead of hunger within two days.

The fighting men marched out, "the officers and gentlemen wearing their swords and the soldiery with bare (white) staff in hand," according to the conventions; as they passed they were regarded with amazement, there not being more than sixty-four Frenchmen and ninety English: all the rest had been killed in sorties or had died of want. The cardinal at the same time entered this city which he had subdued by sheer perseverance; Guiton came to meet him with six archers; he had not appeared during the negotiations, saying that his duty detained him in the town. "Away with you!" said the cardinal, "and at once dismiss your archers, taking care not to style yourself mayor any more on pain of death." Guiton made no reply and went his way quietly to his house, a magnificent dwelling till lately, but now lying desolate amidst the general ruin. He was not destined to reside there long; the heroic defender of La Rochelle was obliged to leave the town and retire to Tournay-Boutonne. He returned to La Rochelle to die, in 1656.

The king made his entry into the subjugated town on the 1st of November, 1628: it was full of corpses in the chambers, the houses, the public thoroughfares; for those who still survived were so weak that they had not been able to bury the dead. Madame de Rohan and her daughter, who had not been included in the treaty, were not admitted to the honor of seeing his Majesty. "For having been the brand that had consumed this people," they were sent to prison at Niort; "there kept captive, without exercise of their religion, and so strictly that they had but one domestic to wait upon them, all which, however, did not take from them their courage or wonted zeal for the good of their party. The mother sent word to the duke of Rohan, her son, that he was to put no faith in her letters, since she might be made to write them by force, and that no consideration of her pitiable condition should make her flinch to the prejudice of her party, whatever harm she might be made to suffer" (*Mémoires du duc de Rohan*, t. i. p. 395). Worn out by so much suffering, the old duchess of Rohan died in 1631 at her castle Du Parc: she had been released from captivity by the pacification of the South.

With La Rochelle fell the last bulwark of religious liberties. Single-handed, duke Henry of Rohan now resisted at the head of a handful of resolute men. But he was about to be crushed in his turn. The capture of La Rochelle had raised the cardinal's power to its height; it had, simultaneously, been the

death-blow to the Huguenot party and to the factions of the *grandeess*. "One of them was bold enough to say," on seeing that La Rochelle was lost, "now we may well say that we are all lost" (*Mémoires de Richelieu*).

Upper Languedoc had hitherto refused to take part in the rising, and the prince of Condé was advancing on Toulouse when the duke of Rohan attempted a bold enterprise against Montpellier. He believed that he was sure of his communications with the interior of the town; but when the detachment of the advance-guard got a footing on the draw-bridge the ropes that held it were cut, and "the soldiers fell into a ditch, where they were shot down with arquebuses, at the same time that musketry played upon them from without." The lieutenant fell back in all haste upon the division of the duke of Rohan, who retreated "to the best villages between Montpellier and Lunel, without ever a man from Montpellier going out to follow and see whither he went." The war was wasting Languedoc, Viverrais and Rouergue; the dukes of Montmorency and Ventadour, under the orders of the prince of Condé, were pursuing the troops of Rohan in every direction; the burgesses of Montauban had declared for the reformers, and were ravaging the lands of their catholic neighbors in return for the frightful ruin everywhere caused by the royal troops. The wretched peasantry laid the blame on the duke of Rohan, "for one of the greatest misfortunes connected with the position of party-chiefs is this necessity they lie under of accounting for all their actions to the people, that is, to a monster composed of numberless heads, amongst which there is scarcely one open to reason" (*Mémoires de Montmorency*). "Whoso has to do with a people that considers nothing difficult to undertake and, as for the execution, makes no sort of provision, is apt to be much hampered," writes the duke of Rohan in his *Mémoires* (t. i. p. 376). It was this extreme embarrassment that landed him in crime. One of his emissaries, returning from Piedmont where he had been admitted to an interview with the ambassador of Spain, made overtures to him on behalf of that power "which had an interest, he said, in a prolongation of the hostilities in France, so as to be able to peaceably achieve its designs in Italy. The great want of money in which the said duke then found himself, the country being unable to furnish more and the towns being unwilling to do anything further, there being nothing to hope from England, and nothing but words without deeds having been ob-

tained from the duke of Savoy, absolutely constrained him to find some means of raising it in order to subsist." And so, in the following year, the duke of Rohan treated with the king of Spain, who promised to allow him annually three hundred thousand ducats for the keep of his troops and forty thousand for himself. In return the duke, who looked forward to "the time when he and his might make themselves sufficiently strong to canton themselves and form a separate State," promised, in that State, freedom and enjoyment of their property to all Catholics. A piece of strange and culpable blindness for which Rohan was to pay right dearly.

It was in the midst of this cruel partisan war that the duke heard of the fall of La Rochelle; he could not find fault "with folks so attenuated by famine that the majority of them could not support themselves without a stick, for having sought safety in capitulation;" but to the continual anxiety felt by him for the fate of his mother and sister was added disquietude as to the effect that this news might produce on his troops. "The people, weary of and ruined by the war, and naturally disposed to be very easily cast down by adversity; the tradesmen annoyed at having no more chance of turning a penny; the burgesses seeing their possessions in ruins and uncultivated; all were inclined for peace at any price whatever." The prince of Condé, whilst cruelly maltreating the countries in revolt, had elsewhere had the prudence to observe some gentle measures towards the peaceable reformers in the hope of thus producing submission. He made this quite clear himself when writing to the duke of Rohan: "Sir, the king's express commands to maintain them of the religion styled reformed in entire liberty of conscience have caused me to hitherto preserve those who remain in due obedience to his Majesty in all catholic places, countries as well as towns, in entire liberty. Justice has run its free course, the worship continues everywhere, save in two or three spots where it served not for the exercise of religion but to pave the way for rebellion. The officers who came out of rebel cities have kept their commissions: in a word, the treatment of so-styled reformers, when obedient, has been the same as that of catholics faithful to the king . . ." To which Henry de Rohan replied: "I confess to have once taken up arms unadvisedly, in so far as it was not on behalf of the affairs of our religion, but of those of yourself personally, who promised to obtain us reparation for the infractions of our treaties, and you did nothing of the kind, having had thoughts of peace be

fore receiving news from the general assembly. Since that time everybody knows that I have had arms in my hands only from sheer necessity in order to defend our propriétés, our lives, and the freedom of our consciences. I seek my repose in Heaven, and God will give me grace to always find that of my conscience on earth. They say that in this war you have not made a bad thing of it. This gives me some assurance that you will leave our poor Cévennes at peace, seeing that there are more hard knocks than pistoles to be got there." The prince of Condé avenged himself for this stinging reply by taking possession, in Brittany, of all the duke of Rohan's property, which had been confiscated, and of which the king had made him a present. There were more pistoles to be picked up on the duke's estates than in the Cévennes.

The king was in Italy, and the reformers hoped that his affairs would detain him there a long while; but "God, who had disposed it otherwise, breathed upon all those projects," and the arms of Louis XIII. were everywhere victorious; peace was concluded with Piedmont and England, without the latter treaty making any mention of the Huguenots. The king then turned his eyes towards Languedoc, and, summoning to him the dukes of Montmorency and Schomberg, he laid siege to Privas. The cardinal soon joined him there, and it was on the day of his arrival that the treaty with England was proclaimed by heralds beneath the walls. The besieged thus learnt that their powerful ally had abandoned them without reserve; at the first assault the inhabitants fled into the country, the garrison retired within the forts, and the king's soldiers, penetrating into the deserted streets, were able without resistance to deliver up the town to pillage and flames. When the affrighted inhabitants came back by little and little within their walls, they found the houses confiscated to the benefit of the king, who invited a new population to inhabit Privas.

Town after town, "fortified Huguenot-wise," surrendered, opening to the royal armies the passage to the Cévennes. The duke of Rohan, who had at first taken position at Nîmes, repaired to Anduze for the defence of the mountains, the real fortress of the reformation in Languedoc. Alais itself had just opened its gates. Rohan saw that he could no longer impose the duty of resistance upon a people weary of suffering, "easily believing ill of good folks and readily agreeing with those whiners who blame everything and do nothing." He sent "to the king, begging to be received to mercy, thinking it

better to resolve on peace, whilst he could still make some show of being able to help it, than to be forced, after a longer resistance, to surrender to the king with a rope round his neck." The cardinal advised the king to show the duke grace, "well knowing that, together with him individually, the other cities whether they wished it or not, would be obliged to do the like, there being but little resolution and constancy in people deprived of leaders, especially when they are threatened with immediate harm and see no door of escape open."

The general assembly of the reformers, which was then in meeting at Nîmes, removed to Anduze to deliberate with the duke of Rohan; a wish was expressed to have the opinion of the province of the Cévennes, and all the deputies repaired to the king's presence. No more surety-towns; fortifications everywhere raised, at the expense and by the hands of the reformers; the catholic worship re-established in all the churches of the reformed towns; and, at this price, an amnesty granted for all acts of rebellion, and religious liberties confirmed anew—such were the conditions of the peace signed at Alais on the 28th of June, 1629, and made public the following month at Nîmes under the name of *Edict of grace*. Montauban alone refused to submit to them.

The duke of Rohan left France and retired to Venice, where his wife and daughter were awaiting him. He had been appointed by the Venetian senate generalissimo of the forces of the republic, when the cardinal, who had no doubt preserved some regard for his military talents, sent him an offer of the command of the king's troops in the Valteline. There he for several years maintained the honor of France, being at one time abandoned and at another supported by the cardinal, who ultimately left him to bear the odium of the last reverse. Meeting with no response from the court, cut off from every resource, he brought back into the district of Gex the French troops driven out by the Grisons themselves, and then retired to Geneva. Being threatened with the king's wrath, he set out for the camp of his friend Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar; and it was whilst fighting at his side against the imperialists that he received the wound of which he died in Switzerland on the 16th of April, 1638. His body was removed to Geneva amidst public mourning. A man of distinguished mind and noble character, often wild in his views and hopes, and so deeply absorbed in the interests of his party and of his Church, that he had sometimes the misfortune to forget those of his country.

Meanwhile the king had set out for Paris, and the cardinal was marching on Montauban. Being obliged to halt at Pézenas because he had a fever, he there received a deputation from Montauban, asking to have its fortifications preserved. On the minister's formal refusal, supported by a movement in advance on the part of Marshal Bassompierre with the army, the town submitted unreservedly. "Knowing that the cardinal had made up his mind to enter in force, they found this so bitter a pill that they could scarcely swallow it;" they, nevertheless, offered the dais to the minister as they had been accustomed to do to the governor, but he refused it, and would not suffer the consuls to walk on foot beside his horse. Bassompierre set guards at the doors of the meeting-house, that things might be done without interruption or scandal; it was ascertained that the parliament of Toulouse, "habitually intractable in all that concerned religion," had enregistered the Edict without difficulty; the gentlemen of the neighborhood came up in crowds, the Reformers to make their submission and the Catholics to congratulate the cardinal; on the day of his departure the pickaxe was laid to the fortifications of Montauban; those of Castres were already beginning to fall; and the Huguenot party in France was dead. Deprived of the political guarantees which had been granted them by Henry IV., the reformers had nothing for it but to retire into private life. This was the commencement of their material prosperity; they henceforth transferred to commerce and industry all the intelligence, courage and spirit of enterprise that they had but lately displayed in the service of their cause, on the battle-field or in the cabinets of kings.

"From that time," says Cardinal Richelieu, "difference in religion never prevented me from rendering the Huguenots all sorts of good offices, and I made no distinction between Frenchmen but in respect of fidelity." A grand assertion, true at bottom, in spite of the frequent grievances that the reformers had often to make the best of; the cardinal was more tolerant than his age and his servants; what he had wanted to destroy was the political party; he did not want to drive the reformers to extremity, nor force them to fly the country; happy had it been if Louis XIV. could have listened to and borne in mind the instructions given by Richelieu to Count de Sault, commissioned to see after the application in Dauphiny of the Edicts of pacification: "I hold that, as there is no need to extend in favor of them of the religion styled reformed that

which is provided by the edicts, so there is no ground for cutting down the favors granted them thereby: even now, when, by the grace of God, peace is so firmly established in the kingdom, too much precaution cannot be used for the prevention of all these discontents amongst the people. I do assure you that the king's veritable intention is to have all his subjects living peaceably in the observation of his edicts, and that those who have authority in the provinces will do him service by conforming thereto." The era of liberty passed away with Henry IV.; that of tolerance, for the reformers, began with Richelieu, pending the advent with Louis XIV. of the day of persecution.

CHAPTER XLI.

LOUIS XIII., CARDINAL RICHELIEU, AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FRANCE was reduced to submission; six years of power had sufficed for Richelieu to obtain the mastery; from that moment he directed his ceaseless energy towards Europe; "He feared the repose of peace," said the ambassador Nani in his letters to Venice; "and, thinking himself more safe amidst the bustle of arms, he was the originator of so many wars and of such long-continued and heavy calamities, he caused so much blood and so many tears to flow within and without the kingdom, that there is nothing to be astonished at, if many people have represented him as faithless, atrocious in his hatred, and inflexible in his vengeance. But no one, nevertheless, can deny him the gifts that this world is accustomed to attribute to its greatest men, and his most determined enemies are forced to confess that he had so many and such great ones that he would have carried with him power and prosperity wherever he might have had the direction of affairs. We may say that, having brought back unity to divided France, having succored Italy, upset the Empire, confounded England and enfeebled Spain, he was the instrument chosen by divine Providence to direct the great events of Europe."

The Venetian's independent and penetrating mind did not mislead him; everywhere in Europe were marks of Richelieu's handiwork. "There must be no end to negotiations near and

far," was his saying: he had found negotiations succeed in France; he extended his views; numerous treaties had already marked the early years of the cardinal's power; and, after 1630, his activity abroad was redoubled. Between 1623 and 1642 seventy-four treaties were concluded by Richelieu: four with England; twelve with the United Provinces; fifteen with the princes of Germany; six with Sweden; twelve with Savoy; six with the Republic of Venice; three with the pope; three with the emperor; two with Spain; four with Lorraine; one with the Grey Leagues of Switzerland; one with Portugal; two with the revolters of Catalonia and Roussillon; one with Russia; two with the emperor of Morocco; such was the immense network of diplomatic negotiations whereof the cardinal held the threads during nineteen years.

An enumeration of the alliances would serve, without further comment, to prove this: that the foreign policy of Richelieu was a continuation of that of Henry IV.; it was to protestant alliances that he looked for their support in order to maintain the struggle against the House of Austria, whether the German or the Spanish branch. In order to give his views full swing, he waited till he had conquered the Huguenots at home; nearly all his treaties with protestant powers are posterior to 1630. So soon as he was secure that no political discussions in France itself would come to thwart his foreign designs, he marched with a firm step towards that *enfeeblement* of Spain and that *upsetting* of the empire of which Nani speaks; Henry IV. and Queen Elizabeth, pursuing the same end, had sought and found the same allies; Richelieu had the good fortune, beyond theirs, to meet, for the execution of his designs, with Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden.

Richelieu had not yet entered the king's council (1624), when the breaking off of the long negotiations between England and Spain, on the subject of the marriage of the prince of Wales with the Infanta, was officially declared to Parliament. At the very moment when Prince Charles, with the duke of Buckingham, was going post-haste to Madrid to see the Infanta Mary Anne of Spain, they were already thinking at Paris of marrying him to Henrietta of France, the king's young sister, scarcely fourteen years of age. King James I. was at that time obstinately bent upon his plan of alliance with Spain; when it failed, his son and his favorite forced his hand to bring him round to France. His envoys at Paris, the

Earl of Carlisle and Lord Holland, found themselves confronted by Cardinal Richelieu, commissioned, together with some of his colleagues, to negotiate the affair. M. Guizot, in his *Projet de mariage royal* (1 vol. 18mo: 1863; Paris, Hachette et C^{ie}), has said that the marriage of Henry IV.'s daughter with the prince of Wales was, in Richelieu's eyes, one of the essential acts of a policy necessary to the greatness of the kingship and of France. He obtained the best conditions possible for the various interests involved, but without any stickling and without favor for such and such a one of these interests, skilfully adapting words and appearance but determined upon attaining his end.

The tarryings and miscarriages of Spanish policy had warned Richelieu to make haste. "In less than nine moons," says James I.'s private secretary, James Howell, "this great matter was proposed, prosecuted and accomplished, whereas the sun might, for as many years, have run his course from one extremity of the zodiac to the other, before the court of Spain would have arrived at any resolution and conclusion. That gives a good idea of the difference between the two nations, the leaden step of the one and the quick-silver movements of the other. It is also shows that the Frenchman is more noble in his proceedings, less full of scruple, reserve and distrust, and that he acts more chivalrously."

In France meanwhile, as well as in Spain, the question of religion was the rock of offence. Richelieu confined himself to demanding in a general way that, in this matter, the king of England should grant, in order to obtain the sister of the king of France, all that he had promised in order to obtain the king of Spain's. "So much was required," he said, "by the equality of the two crowns."

The English negotiators were much embarrassed; the protestant feelings of Parliament had shown themselves very strongly on the subject of the Spanish marriage. "As to public freedom for the catholic religion," says the cardinal, "they would not so much as hear of it, declaring that it was a design, under cover of alliance, to destroy their constitution even to ask such a thing of them." "You want to conclude the marriage," said Lord Holland to the queen-mother, "and yet you enter on the same paths that the Spaniards took to break it off; which causes all sorts of doubts and mistrusts, the effect whereof the premier minister of Spain, Count Olivarez, is very careful to aggravate by saying that, if the

pope granted a dispensation for the marriage with France, the king his master would march to Rome with an army and give it up to sack." "We will soon stop *that*," answered Mary de' Medici quickly, "we will cut out work for him elsewhere." At last it was agreed that King James and his son should sign a private engagement, not inserted in the contract of marriage, "securing to the English Catholics more liberty and freedom in all that concerns their religion than they would have obtained by virtue of any articles whatsoever accorded by the marriage-treaty with Spain, provided that they made sparing use of them, rendering to the king of England the obedience owed by good and true subjects, the which king, of his benevolence, would not bind them by any oath contrary to their religion." The promises were vague and the securities anything but substantial; still the vanity as well as the fears of King James were appeased, and Richelieu had secured, simultaneously with his own ascendancy, the policy of France. Nothing remained but to send to Rome for the purpose of obtaining the dispensation. The ordinary ambassador, Count de Béthune, did not suffice for so delicate a negotiation; Richelieu sent Father Bérulle.

Father Bérulle, founder of the brotherhood of the Oratory, patron of the Carmelites and the intimate friend of Francis de Sales, though devoid of personal ambition, had been clever enough to keep himself on good terms with Cardinal Richelieu, whose political views he did not share, and with the court of Rome, whose most faithful allies, the Jesuits, he had often thwarted. He was devoted to Queen Mary de' Medici and willingly promoted her desires in the matter of her daughter's marriage. He found the court of Rome in confusion and much exercised by Spanish intrigue. "This court," he wrote to the cardinal, "is, in conduct and in principles, very different from what one would suppose before having tried it for oneself; for my part, I confess to having learnt more of it in a few hours, since I have been on the spot, than I knew by all the talk that I have heard. The dial constantly observed in this country is the balance existing between France, Italy and Spain." "The king my master," said Count de Béthune, quite openly, "has obtained from England all he could; it is no use to wait for more ample conditions, or to measure them by the Spanish ell; I have orders against sending off any courier save to give notice of concession of the dispensation; otherwise there would be nothing but asking one

thing after another." "If we determine to act like Spain, we, like her, shall lose everything," said Father Bérulle. Some weeks later, on the 6th of January, 1625, Bérulle wrote to the cardinal: "For a month I have been on the point of starting, but we have been obliged to take so much trouble and have so many meetings, on the subject of transcripts and missives as well as the kernel of the business . . . I will merely tell you that the dispensation is *pure and simple*."

King James I. had died on the 6th of April, 1625; and so it was King Charles I. and not the prince of Wales whom the duke of Chevreuse represented at Paris on the 11th of May, 1625, at the espousals of Princess Henrietta Maria. She set out on the 2nd of June for England, escorted by the duke of Buckingham, who had been sent by the king to fetch her and who had gladly prolonged his stay in France, smitten as he was by the young queen Anne of Austria. Charles I. went to Dover to meet his wife, showing himself very amiable and attentive to her. Though she little knew how fatal they would be to her, the king of England's palaces look bare and deserted to the new queen, accustomed as she was to French elegance; she, however, appeared contented. "How can your Majesty reconcile yourself to a Huguenot for a husband?" asked one of her suite, indiscreetly. "Why not?" she replied with spirit: "was not my father one?"

By this speech Henrietta Maria expressed, undoubtedly without realizing all its grandeur, the idea which had suggested her marriage and been prominent in France during the whole negotiations. It was the policy of Henry IV. that Henry IV.'s daughter was bringing to a triumphant issue. The marriage between Henrietta Maria and Charles I., negotiated and concluded by Cardinal Richelieu, was the open declaration of the fact that the style of Protestant or Catholic was not the supreme law of policy in Christian Europe, and that the interests of nations should not remain subservient to the religious faith of the reigning or governing personages,

Unhappily the policy of Henry IV., carried on by Cardinal Richelieu, found no Queen Elizabeth any longer on the throne of England to comprehend it and maintain it. Charles I. tossed about between the haughty caprices of his favorite Buckingham and the religious or political passions of his people, did not long remain attached to the great idea which had predominated in the alliance of the two crowns. Proud and timid, imperious and awkward, all at the same time, he did

not succeed, in the first instance, in gaining the affections of his young wife, and early infractions of the treaty of marriage, the dismissal of all the queen's French servants, hostilities between the merchant navies of the two nations had for some time been paving the way for open war, when the Duke of Buckingham, in the hope of winning back to him the House of Commons (June, 1626), madly attempted the expedition against the island of Ré. What was the success of it, as well as of the two attempts that followed it, has already been shown. Three years later, on the 24th of April, 1629, the king of England concluded peace with France without making any stipulation in favor of the reformers whom hope of aid from him had drawn into rebellion. "I declare," says the duke of Rohan, "that I would have suffered any sort of extremity rather than be false to the many sacred oaths we had given him not to listen to any treaty without him, who had many times assured us that he would never make peace without including us in it." The English accepted the peace "as the king had desired, not wanting the king of Great Britain to meddle with his rebellious Huguenot subjects any more than he would want to meddle with his catholic subjects if they were to rebel against him." [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iv. p. 421]. The subjects of Charles I. were soon to rebel against him: and France kept her word and did not interfere.

The Hollanders, with more prudence and ability than distinguished Buckingham and Charles I. had done better service to the protestant cause without ever becoming entangled in the quarrels that divided France; natural enemies as they were of Spain and the House of Austria, they readily seconded Richelieu in the struggle he maintained against them; besides, the United Provinces were as yet poor, and the cardinal always managed to find money for his allies; nearly all the treaties he concluded with Holland were treaties of alliance and subsidy; those of 1641 and 1642 secured to them twelve hundred thousand livres a year out of the coffers of France. Once only the Hollanders were faithless to their engagements: it was during the siege of Rochelle, when the national feeling would not admit of war being made on the French Huguenots. All the forces of Protestantism readily united against Spain; Richelieu had but to direct them. She, in fact, was the great enemy, and her humiliation was always the ultimate aim of the cardinal's foreign policy; the struggle, power to power, between France and Spain explains, during that period, nearly all the

political and military complications in Europe. There was no lack of pretexts for bringing it on. The first was the question of the Valteline, a lovely and fertile valley, which, extending from the Lake of Como to the Tyrol, thus serves as a natural communication between Italy and Germany. Possessed but lately, as it was, by the Grey Leagues of the protestant Swiss, the Valteline, a catholic district, had revolted at the instigation of Spain in 1620; the emperor, Savoy and Spain had wanted to divide the spoil between them; when France, the old ally of the Grisons, had interfered, and, in 1623, the forts of the Valteline had been entrusted on deposit to the pope, Urban VIII. He still retained them in 1624, when the Grison lords, seconded by a French reinforcement under the orders of the marquis of Cœuvres, attacked the feeble garrison of the Valteline; in a few days they were masters of all the places in the canton; the pope sent his nephew, Cardinal Barberini, to Paris to complain of French aggression and with a proposal to take the sovereignty of the Valteline from the Grisons; that was, to give it to Spain. "Besides," said Cardinal Richelieu, "the precedent and consequences of it would be perilous for kings in whose dominions it hath pleased God to permit diversity of religion." The legate could obtain nothing. The assembly of notables, convoked by Richelieu in 1625, approved of the king's conduct, and war was resolved upon. The siege of La Rochelle retarded it for two years; Richelieu wanted to have his hands free; he concluded a specious peace with Spain, and the Valteline remained for the time being in the hands of the Grisons, who were one day themselves to drive the French out of it.

Whilst the cardinal was holding La Rochelle besieged, the duke of Mantua had died in Italy, and his natural heir, Charles di Gonzaga, who was settled in France with the title of Duke of Nevers, had hastened to put himself in possession of his dominions. Meanwhile the duke of Savoy claimed the marquise of Montferrat; the Spaniards supported him; they entered the dominions of the duke of Mantua and laid siege to Casale. When La Rochelle succumbed, Casale was still holding out; but the duke of Savoy had already made himself master of the greater part of Montferrat; the duke of Mantua claimed the assistance of the king of France whose subject he was; here was a fresh battle-field against Spain; and, scarcely had he been victorious over the Rochelloise, when the king was on the march for Italy. The duke of Savoy refused a passage to the royal army, which found the defile of Suza Pass fortified with

three barricades. Marshal Bassompierre went to the king, who was a hundred paces behind the storming-party, ahead of his regiment of guards. "'Sir,' said he, 'the company is ready, the violins have come in and the masks are at the door; when your Majesty pleases, we will commence the ballet.' 'The king came up to me and said to me angrily, "Do you know, pray, that we have but five hundred pounds of lead in the park of artillery?"' I said to him, 'It is a pretty time to think of that. Must the ballet not dance, for lack of one mask that is not ready? Leave it to us, sir, and all will go well.' 'Do you answer for it?' said he to me. 'Sir,' replied the cardinal, 'by the marshal's looks I prophesy that all will be well, rest assured of it'" [*Mémoires de Bassompierre*]. The French dashed forward, the marshals with the storming-party, and the barricades were soon carried. The duke of Savoy and his son had hardly time to fly. "Gentlemen," cried the duke to some Frenchmen who happened to be in his service, "gentlemen, allow me to pass; your countrymen are in a temper."

With the same dash, on debouching from the mountains, the king's troops entered Suza. The prince of Piedmont soon arrived to ask for peace; he gave up all pretensions to Montferrat and promised to negotiate with the Spanish general to get the siege of Casale raised; and the effect was that, on the 18th of March, Casale, delivered "by the mere wind of the renown gained by the king's arms, saw, with tears of joy, the Spaniards retiring desolate, showing no longer that pride which they had been wont to wear on their faces, looking constantly behind them, not so much from regret for what they were leaving as for fear lest the king's vengeful sword should follow after them and come to strike their death-blow" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iv. p. 370].

The Spaniards remained, however, in Milaness, ready to burst again upon the duke of Mantua. The king was in a hurry to return to France in order to finish the subjugation of the reformers in the south, commanded by the duke of Rohan. The cardinal placed little or no reliance upon the duke of Savoy, whose "mind could get no rest, and going more swiftly than the rapid movements of the heavens, made every day more than twice the circuit of the world, thinking how to set by the ears all kings, princes and potentates, one with another, so that he alone might reap advantage from their divisions" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. iv. p. 375]. A league, however, was formed between France, the republic of Venice, the duke of

Mantua, and the duke of Savoy, for the defence of Italy in case of fresh aggression on the part of the Spaniards; and the king, who had just concluded peace with England, took the road back to France. Scarcely had the cardinal joined him before Privas when an Imperialist army advanced into the Grisons and, supported by the celebrated Spanish general Spinola, laid siege to Mantua. Richelieu did not hesitate: he entered Piedmont in the month of March, 1630, to march before long on Pignerol, an important place commanding the passage of the Alps; it, as well as the citadel, was carried in a few days; the governor having asked for time to "do his Easter" (take the sacrament), Marshal Créquy, who was afraid of seeing aid arrive from the duke of Savoy, had all the clocks in the town put on, to such purpose that the governor had departed and the place was in the hands of the French when the reinforcements came up. The duke of Savoy was furious and had the soldiers who surrendered Pignerol cut in pieces.

The king had put himself in motion to join his army. "The French noblesse," said Spinola, "are very fortunate in seeing themselves honored by the presence of the king their master amongst their armies; I have nothing to regret in my life but never to have seen the like on the part of mine." This great general had resumed the siege of Casale when Louis XIII. entered Savoy; the inhabitants of Chambéry opened their gates to him; Annecy and Montmélian succumbed after a few days' siege; Maurienne in its entirety made its submission and the king fixed his quarters there whilst the cardinal pushed forward to Casale with the main body of the army. Rejoicings were still going on for a success gained before Veillane over the troops of the duke of Savoy, when news arrived of the capture of Mantua by the Imperialists. This was the finishing blow to the ambitious and restless spirit of the duke of Savoy. He saw Mantua in the hands of the Spaniards "who never give back aught of what falls into their power, whatever justice and the interests of alliance may make binding on them;" it was all hope lost of an exchange which might have given him back Savoy; he took to his bed and died on the 26th of July, 1630, telling his son that peace must be made on any terms whatever. "By just punishment of God, he who, during forty or fifty years of his reign, had constantly tried to set his neighbors a-blaze, died amidst the flames of his own dominions which he had lost by his own obstinacy against the advice of his friends and his allies."

The king of France, in ill health, had just set out for Lyons; and thither the cardinal was soon summoned, for Louis XIII. appeared to be dying. When he reached convalescence, the truce suspending hostilities since the death of the duke of Savoy was about to expire; Marshal Schomberg was preparing to march on the enemy, when there was brought to him a treaty signed at Ratisbonne between the emperor and the ambassador of France, assisted by Francis du Tremblay, now known as Father Joseph, perhaps the only friend and certainly the most intimate confidant of the cardinal, who always employed him on delicate or secret business. But Marshal Schomberg was fighting against Spain; he did not allow himself to be stopped by a treaty concluded with the emperor, and speedily found himself in front of Casale. The two armies were already face to face, when there was seen coming out of the intrenchments an officer in the pope's service who waved a white handkerchief; he came up to Marshal Schomberg and was recognized as Captain Giulio Mazarini, often employed on the nuncio's affairs; he brought word that the Spaniards would consent to leave the city, if at the same time, the French would evacuate the citadel. Spinola was no longer there to make a good stand before the place; he had died a month previously, complaining loudly that his honor had been filched from him, and, determined not to yield up his last breath in a town which would have to be abandoned, he had caused himself to be removed out of Casale to go and die in a neighboring castle.

Casale evacuated, the cardinal broke out violently against the negotiators of Ratisbonne, saying that they had exceeded their powers and declaring that the king regarded the treaty as null and void; there was accordingly a recommencement of negotiations with the emperor as well as the Spaniards.

It was only in the month of September, 1631, that the States of Savoy and Mantua were finally evacuated by the hostile troops, Pignerol had been given up to the new duke of Savoy, but a secret agreement had been entered into between that prince and France; French soldiers remained concealed in Pignerol; and they retook possession of the place in the name of the king, who had purchased the town and its territory, to secure himself a passage into Italy. "The Spaniards, when they had news of it, made so much the more uproar as they had the less foreseen it and as it cut the thread of all the enter-

prises they were meditating against Christendom. The affairs of the emperor in Germany were in too bad a state for him to rekindle war, and France kept Pignerol.

The House of Austria, in fact, was threatened mortally. For two years Cardinal Richelieu had been laboring to carry war into its very heart. Ferdinand II. had displeased many electors of the empire, who began to be disquieted at the advances made by his power. "It is, no doubt, a great affliction for the Christian commonwealth," said the cardinal to the German princes, "that none but the Protestants should dare to oppose such pernicious designs; they must not be aided in their enterprises against religion, but they must be made use of in order to maintain Germany in the enjoyment of her liberties." The catholic league in Germany, habitually allied as it was with the House of Austria, did not offer any leader to take the field against her. The king of Denmark, after a long period of hostilities, had just made peace with the emperor; and "in their need, all these offended and despoiled princes looked, as sailors look to the North," towards the king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus.

"The king of Sweden was a new rising-sun, who, having been at war with all his neighbors, had wrested from them several provinces; he was young but of great reputation, and already incensed against the emperor, not so much on account of any real injuries he had received from him as because he was his neighbor. His Majesty had kept an eye upon him with a view of attempting to make use of him in order to draw off in course of time the main body of the emperor's forces and give him work to do in his own dominions" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. v. p. 119]. Through Richelieu's good offices, Gustavus Adolphus had just concluded a long truce with the Poles, with whom he had been for some time at war: the cardinal's envoy, M. de Charnacé, at once made certain propositions to the king of Sweden, promising the aid of France if he would take up the cause of the German princes; but Gustavus turned a cold ear to these overtures, "not seeing in any quarter any great encouragement to undertake the war, either in England, peace with the Spaniards being there as good as determined upon, or in Holland, for the same reason, or in the Hanseatic towns, which were all exhausted of wealth, or in Denmark, which had lost heart and was daily disarming, or in France whence he got not a word on which he could place certain re-

liance." The emperor, on his side, was seeking to make peace with Sweden, "and the people of that country were not disinclined to listen to him."

God, for the accomplishment of His will, sets at naught the designs and intentions of men. Gustavus Adolphus was the instrument chosen by Providence to finish the work of Henry IV. and Richelieu. Negotiations continued to be carried on between the two parties, but, before his alliance with France was concluded, the king of Sweden, taking a sudden resolution, set out for Germany, on the 30th of May, 1630, with fifteen thousand men, "having told Charnacé that he would not continue the war beyond that year, if he did not agree upon terms of treaty with the king; so much does passion blind us," adds the cardinal, "that he thought it to be in his power to put an end to so great a war as that, just as it had been in his power to commence it."

By this time Gustavus Adolphus was in Pomerania, the duke whereof, maltreated by the Emperor, admitted him on the 10th of July into Stettin, after a show of resistance. The Imperialists, in their fury, put to a cruel death all the inhabitants of the said city who happened to be in their hands and gave up all its territory to fire and sword. "The king of Sweden, on the contrary, had his army in such discipline that it seemed as if every one of them were living at home and not amongst strangers, for in the actions of this king there was nothing to be seen but inexorable severity towards the smallest excesses on the part of his men, extraordinary gentleness towards the populations and strict justice on every occasion, all which conciliated the affections of all, and so much the more in that the emperor's army, unruly, insolent, disobedient to its leaders, and full of outrage against the people, made their enemy's virtues shine forth the brighter" [*Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. vi. p. 419].

Gustavus Adolphus had left Sweden under the impulse of love for those glorious enterprises which make great generals, but still more of a desire to maintain the protestant cause, which he regarded as that of God. He had assembled the estates of Sweden in the castle of Stockholm, presenting to them his daughter Christina, four years old, whom he confided to their faithful care. "I have hopes," he said to them, "of ending by bringing triumph to the cause of the oppressed; but, as the pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken, so I fear it may be 'my fate. I who have exposed my life amidst so

many dangers, who have so often spilt my blood for the country without, thanks to God, having been wounded to death, must in the end make a sacrifice of myself; for that reason I bid you farewell, hoping to see you again in a better world." He continued advancing into Germany. "This snow-king will go on melting as he comes south," said the emperor, Ferdinand, on hearing that Gustavus Adolphus had disembarked; but Mecklenburg was already in his hands, and the elector of Brandenburg had just declared in his favor: he everywhere made proclamation, "that the inhabitants were to come forward and join him to take the part of their princes, whom he was coming to replace in possession." He was investing all parts of Austria, whose hereditary dominions he had not yet attacked; it was in the name of the empire that he fought against the emperor.

The diet was terminating at Ratisbonne, and it had just struck a fatal blow at the imperial cause. The electors, catholic and protestant, jealous of the power as well as of the glory of the celebrated Wallenstein, creator and commander-in chief of the emperor's army, who had made him duke of Friedland and endowed him with the duchies of Mecklenburg, had obliged Ferdinand II. to withdraw from him the command of the forces. At this price he had hoped to obtain their votes to designate his son king of the Romans; the first step towards hereditary empire had failed, thanks to the ability of Father Joseph. "This poor Capuchin has disarmed me with his chaplet," said the emperor, "and for all that his cowl is so narrow he has managed to get six electoral hats into it." The treaty he had concluded, disavowed by France, did not for an instant hinder the progress of the king of Sweden; and the cardinal lost no time in letting him know that "the king's intention was in no wise to abandon him but to assist him more than ever, insomuch as he deemed it absolutely necessary in order to thwart the designs of those who had no end in view but their own augmentation to the prejudice of all the other princes of Europe." On the 25th of January, 1631, at Bernwald, the treaty of alliance between France and Sweden was finally signed. Baron Charnacé had inserted in the draft of the treaty the term *protection* as between France and Gustavus Adolphus: "Our master asks for no protection but that of heaven," said the Swedish plenipotentiaries; "after God. His Majesty holds himself indebted only to his sword and his wisdom for any advantages he may gain." Charnacé did not insist; and the

victories of Gustavus Adolphus were an answer to any difficulties.

The king of Sweden bound himself to furnish soldiers, thirty thousand men at the least; France was to pay by way of subsidy four hundred thousand crowns a year, and to give a hundred thousand crowns to cover past expenses. Gustavus Adolphus promised to maintain the existing religion in such countries as he might conquer, "though he said laughingly that there was no possibility of promising about that, except in the fashion of him who sold the bear's skin;" he likewise guaranteed neutrality to the princes of the catholic league, provided that they observed it towards him. The treaty was made public at once through the exertions of Gustavus Adolphus, though Cardinal Richelieu had charged Charnacé to keep it secret for a time.

Torquato Conti, one of the emperor's generals, who had taken Wallenstein's place, wished to break off warfare during the long frosts. "My men do not recognize winter," answered Gustavus Adolphus. "This prince, who did not take to war as a pastime, but made it in order to conquer," marched with giant-strides across Germany, reducing everything as he went. He had arrived, by the end of April, before Frankfurt-on-the-Oder which he took; and he was preparing to succor Magdeburg, which had early pronounced for him and which Tilly, the emperor's general, kept besieged. The elector of Saxony hesitated to take sides; he refused Gustavus Adolphus a passage over the bridge of Dessau on the Elbe. On the 20th of May Magdeburg fell, and Tilly gave over the place to the soldiery; thirty thousand persons were massacred and the houses committed to the flames. "Nothing like it has been seen since the taking of Troy and of Jerusalem," said Tilly in his savage joy. The protestant princes, who had just been reconstituting the Evangelical Union in the diet they had held in February at Leipzig, revolted openly, ordering levies of soldiers to protect their territories; the Catholic League, renouncing neutrality, flew to arms on their side; the question became nothing less than that of restoring to the Protestants all that had been granted them by the peace of Passau. The soldiery of Tilly were already let loose on electoral Saxony; the elector, constrained by necessity, entrusted his soldiers to Gustavus Adolphus, who had just received reinforcements from Sweden; and the king marched against Tilly, still encamped before Leipzig, which he had forced to capitulate.

The Saxons gave way at the first shock of the imperial troops, but the king of Sweden had dashed forward, and nothing could withstand him; Tilly himself, hitherto proof against lead and steel, fell wounded in three places; five thousand dead were left on the field of battle; and Gustavus Adolphus dragged at his heels seven thousand prisoners. "Never did the grace of God pull me out of so bad a scrape," said the conqueror. He halted some time at Mayence, which had just opened its gates to him. Axel Oxenstiern, his most faithful servant and oldest friend, whose intimacy with his royal master reminds one of that between Henry IV. and Sully, came to join him in Germany; he had hitherto been commissioned to hold the government of the conquests won from the Poles. He did not approve of the tactics of Gustavus Adolphus, who was attacking the catholic league, and meanwhile leaving to the elector of Saxony the charge of carrying the war into the hereditary dominions of Austria. . . . "Sir," said he, "I should have liked to offer you my felicitations on your victories not at Mayence but at Vienna." "If, after the battle of Leipzig, the king of Sweden had gone straight to attack the emperor in his hereditary provinces, it had been all over with the House of Austria," says Cardinal Richelieu; "but either God did not will the certain destruction of that house, which would perhaps have been too prejudicial to the catholic religion, and He turned him aside from the counsel which would have been more advantageous for him to take, or the same God, who giveth not all to any, but distributeth His gifts diversely to each, had given to this king as to Hannibal, the knowledge how to conquer but not how to use victory."

Gustavus Adolphus had resumed his course of success: he came up with Tilly again on the Leck, April 10, 1632, and crushed his army; the general was mortally wounded, and the king of Sweden, entering Augsburg in triumph, proclaimed religious liberty there. He had moved forward in front of Ingolstadt and was making a reconnoissance in person. "A king is not worthy of his crown who makes any difficulty about carrying it wherever a simple soldier can go," he said. A cannon-ball carried off the hind quarters of his horse and threw him down. He picked himself up, all covered with blood and mud. "The fruit is not yet ripe," he cried, with that strange mixture of courage and fatalism which so often characterizes great warriors; and he marched to Munich, on which he imposed a heavy war-contribution. The elector of Bavaria,

strongly favored by France, sought to treat in the name of the catholic league; but Gustavus Adolphus required complete restitution of all territories wrested from the protestant princes, the withdrawal of the troops occupying the dominions of the evangelicals, and the absolute neutrality of the catholic princes. "These conditions smacked rather of your victorious prince, who would lay down and not accept the law." He summoned to him all the inhabitants of the countries he traversed in conqueror's style: "*Surgite à mortuis*," he said to the Bavarians, "*et venite ad judicium*" (*Rise from the dead, and come to judgment*). Protestant Suabia had declared for him, and Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, one of his ablest lieutenants, carried the Swedish arms to the very banks of the Lake of Constance. The Lutheran countries of Upper Austria had taken up arms; and Switzerland had permitted the king of Sweden to recruit on her territory. "Italy began to tremble," says Cardinal Richelieu; "the Genevese themselves were fortifying their town, and to see them doing so, it seemed as if the king of Sweden were at their gates; but God had disposed it otherwise."

The Emperor Ferdinand had recalled the only general capable of making a stand against Gustavus Adolphus. Wallenstein, deeply offended, had for a long while held out; but, being assured of the supreme command over the fresh army which Ferdinand was raising in all directions, he took the field at the end of April, 1632. Wallenstein effected a junction with the elector of Bavaria, forcing Gustavus Adolphus back, little by little, on Nuremberg. "I mean to show the king of Sweden a new way of making war," said the German general. The sufferings of his army in an intrenched camp soon became intolerable to Gustavus Adolphus. In spite of inferiority of forces, he attacked the enemy's redoubts and was repulsed; the king revictualled Nuremberg and fell back upon Bavaria. Wallenstein at first followed him, and then flung himself upon Saxony and took Leipzig; Gustavus Adolphus advanced to succor his ally, and the two armies met near the little town of Lützen, on the 16th of November, 1632.

There was a thick fog. Gustavus Adolphus, rising before daybreak, would not put on his breast-plate, his old wounds hurting him under harness: "God is my breast-plate," he said. When somebody came and asked him for the watchword, he answered, "God with us;" and it was Luther's hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*" (*Our God is a strong tower*), that the Swedes sang as they advanced towards the enemy. The king

had given orders to march straight on Lützen. "He animated his men to the fight," says Richelieu, "with words that he had at command, whilst Wallenstein, by his mere presence and the sternness of his silence, seemed to let his men understand that, as he had been wont to do, he would reward them or chastise them, according as they did well or ill on that great day."

It was ten a.m. and the fog had just lifted; six batteries of cannon and two large ditches defended the Imperialists; the artillery from the ramparts of Lützen played upon the king's army, the balls came whizzing about him; Bernard of Saxe-Weimar was the first to attack, pushing forward on Lützen, which was soon taken, Gustavus Adolphus marched on to the enemy's intrenchments; for an instant the Swedish infantry seemed to waver; the king seized a pike and flung himself amidst the ranks; "After crossing so many rivers, scaling so many walls and storming so many places, if you have not courage enough to defend yourselves, at least turn your heads to see me die," he shouted to the soldiers. They rallied: the king remounted his horse, bearing along with him a regiment of Smalandaise cavalry. "You will behave like good fellows, all of you," he said to them, as he dashed over the two ditches, carrying, as he went, two batteries of the enemy's cannon. "He took off his hat and rendered thanks to God for the victory He was giving him."

Two regiments of Imperial cuirassiers rode up to meet him; the king charged them at the head of his Swedes; he was in the thickest of the fight; his horse received a ball through the neck; Gustavus had his arm broken; the bone came through the sleeve of his coat; he wanted to have it attended to, and begged the duke of Saxe-Altenburg to assist him in leaving the battle-field; at that very moment, Falkenberg, lieutenant-colonel in the Imperial army, galloped his horse on to the king and shot him, point-blank, in the back with a pistol. The king fell from his horse; and Falkenberg took to flight, pursued by one of the king's squires, who killed him. Gustavus Adolphus was left alone with a German page, who tried to raise him; the king could no longer speak; three Austrian cuirassiers surrounded him, asking the page the name of the wounded man; the youngster would not say, and fell riddled with wounds on his master's body; the Austrians sent one more pistol-shot into the dying man's temple and stripped him of his clothes, leaving him only his shirt. The melley recommenced, and successive charges of cavalry passed over the

hero's corpse; there were counted nine open wounds and thirteen scars on his body when it was recovered towards the evening.

One of the king's officers, who had been unable to quit the fight in time to succor him, went and announced his fall to Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. To him a retreat was suggested; but, "We mustn't think of that," said he, "but of death or victory." A lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment made some difficulty about resuming the attack: the duke passed his sword through his body, and, putting himself at the head of the troops, led them back upon the enemy's intrenchments which he carried and lost three times. At last he succeeded in turning the cannon upon the enemy, and "that gave the turn to the victory, which, nevertheless, was disputed till night." "It was one of the most horrible ever heard of," says Cardinal Richelieu; "six thousand dead or dying were left on the field of battle, where Duke Bernard encamped till morning."

When day came, he led the troops off to Weisenfeld. The army knew nothing yet of the king's death. The duke of Saxe-Weimar had the body brought to the front: "I will no longer conceal from you," he said, "the misfortune that has befallen us; in the name of the glory that you have won in following this great prince, help me to exact vengeance for it and to let all the world see that he commanded soldiers who rendered him invincible and, even after his death, the terror of his enemies." A shout arose from the host: "We will follow you whither you will, even to the end of the earth."

"Those who look for spots on the sun and find something reprehensible even in virtue itself, blame this king," says Cardinal Richelieu, "for having died like a trooper; but they do not reflect that all conqueror-princes are obliged to do not only the duty of captain but of simple soldier and to be the first in peril in order to lead thereto the soldiers who would not run the risk without them. It was the case with Cæsar and with Alexander, and the Swede died so much the more gloriously than either the one or the other, in that it is more becoming the condition of a great captain and a conqueror to die sword in hand, making a tomb for his body of his enemies on the field of battle, then to be hated of his own and poniarded by the hands of his nearest and dearest, or to die of poison or of drowning in a wine-butt."

Just like Napoleon in Egypt and Italy, Gustavus Adolphus

had performed the prelude, by numerous wars against his neighbors, to the grand enterprise which was to render his name illustrious. Vanquished in his struggle with Denmark in 1613, he had carried war into Muscovy, conquered towns and provinces, and as early as 1617 he had effected the removal of the Russians from the shores of the Baltic. The Poles made a pretence of setting their own king, Sigismund, upon the throne of Sweden; and for eighteen years Gustavus Adolphus had bravely defended his rights, and protected and extended his kingdom up to the truce of Altenmarket, concluded in 1629 through the intervention of Richelieu, who had need of the young king of Sweden in order to oppose the Emperor Ferdinand and the dangerous power of the House of Austria. Summoned to Germany by the protestant princes who were being oppressed and despoiled, and assured of assistance and subsidies from the king of France, Gustavus Adolphus had, no doubt, ideas of a glorious destiny, which have been flippantly taxed with egotistical ambition. Perhaps, in the noble joy of victory, when he "was marching on without fighting," seeing provinces submit, one after another, without his being hardly at the pains to draw his sword, might he have sometimes dreamed of a protestant empire and the imperial crown upon his head; but, assuredly, such was not the aim of his enterprise and of his life. "I must in the end make a sacrifice of myself," he had said on bidding farewell to the Estates of Sweden; and it was to the cause of Protestantism in Europe that he made this sacrifice. Sincerely religious in heart, Gustavus Adolphus was not ignorant that his principal political strength was in the hands of the protestant princes; and he put at their service the incomparable splendor of his military genius. In two years the power of the House of Austria, a work of so many efforts and so many years, was shaken to its very foundations. The evangelical union of protestant princes was reforming in Germany and treating, as equal with equal, with the emperor; Ferdinand was trembling in Vienna, and the Spaniards, uneasy even in Italy, were collecting their forces to make head against the irresistible conqueror, when the battle-field of Lützen saw the fall, at thirty years of age, of the "hero of the North, the bulwark of Protestantism," as he was called by his contemporaries, astounded at his greatness. God sometimes thus cuts off His noblest champions in order to make men see that He is master and He alone accomplishes His great designs; but to them whom He deigns to thus en-

ploy He accords the glory of leaving their imprint upon the times they have gone through and the events to which they have contributed. Two years of victory in Germany at the head of Protestantism sufficed to make the name of Gustavus Adolphus illustrious for ever.

Richelieu had continued the work of Henry IV.; and Chancellor Oxenstiern did not leave to perish that of his master and friend. Scarcely was Gustavus Adolphus dead when Oxenstiern convoked at Erfurt the deputies from the protestant towns and made them swear the maintenance of the union. He afterwards summoned to Heilbronn all the protestant princes; the four circles of Upper Germany (Franconia, Suabia, the Palatinate and the Upper Rhine), and the elector of Brandenburg alone sent their representatives; but Richelieu had delegated M. de Feuquières, who quietly brought his weight to bear on the decision of the assembly and got Oxenstiern appointed to direct the protestant party, the elector of Saxony, who laid claim to his honor, was already leaning towards the treason which he was to consummate in the following year; France at the same time renewed her treaty with Sweden and Holland; the great general of the armies of the Empire, Wallenstein, displeased with his master, was making secret advances to the cardinal and to Oxenstiern; wherever he did not appear in person the Imperial armies were beaten. The emperor was just having his eyes opened, when Wallenstein, summoning around him at Pilsen his generals and his lieutenants, made them take an oath of confederacy for the defence of his person and of the army, and, begging Bernard of Saxe-Weimar and the Saxon generals to join him in Bohemia, he wrote to Feuquières to accept the king's secret offers.

Amongst the generals assembled at Pilsen there happened to be Max Piccolomini, in whom Wallenstein had great confidence: he at once revealed to the emperor his generalissimo's guilty intrigues. Wallenstein fell, assassinated by three of his officers, on the 15th of February, 1634; and the young king of Hungary, the emperor's eldest son, took the command-in-chief of the army under the direction of the veteran generals of the Empire. On the 6th of September, by one of those reversals which disconcert all human foresight, Bernard of Saxe-Weimar and the Swedish marshal, Horn, coming up to the aid of Nordlingen, which was being besieged by the Austrian army, were completely beaten in front of that place; and their army re-



CORNEILLE AT THE HOTEL RAMBOUILLET.



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THE GREAT CONDE.

tired in disorder, leaving Suabia to the conqueror. Protestant Germany was in consternation; all eyes were turned towards France.

Cardinal Richelieu was ready; the frequent treasons of Duke Charles of Lorraine had recently furnished him with an opportunity, whilst directing the king's arms against him, of taking possession, partly by negotiation and partly by force, first of the town of Nancy and then of the duchy of Bar; the duke had abdicated in favor of the cardinal, his brother, who, renouncing his ecclesiastical dignity, espoused his cousin, Princess Claude of Lorraine, and took refuge with her at Florence, whilst Charles led into Germany, to the emperor, all the forces he had remaining. The king's armies were coming to provisionally take possession of all the places in Lothringen, where the Swedes, beaten in front of Nördlingen, being obliged to abandon the left bank of the upper Rhine, placed in the hands of the French the town of Philipsburg, which they had but lately taken from the Spaniards. The Rhinegrave Otto, who was commanding in Elsass for the confederates, in the same way effected his retreat, delivering over to Marshal La Force Colmar, Schlestadt and many small places; the bishop of Basle and the free city of Mülhausen likewise claimed French protection.

On the 1st of November, the ambassadors of Sweden and of the protestant League signed at Paris a treaty of alliance, soon afterwards ratified by the diet at Worms, and the French army, entering Germany, under Marshals La Force and Brézé, caused the siege of Heidelberg to be raised on the 23rd of December. Richelieu was in treaty at the same time with the United Provinces for the invasion of the catholic Low Countries. It was in the name of their ancient liberties that the cardinal, in alliance with the heretics of Holland, summoned the ancient Flanders to revolt against Spain; if they refused to listen to this appeal, the confederates were under mutual promises to divide their conquest between them. France confined herself to stipulating for the maintenance of the catholic religion in the territory that devolved to Holland. The army destined for this enterprise was already in preparation and the king was setting out to visit it, when, in April, 1635, he was informed of Chancellor Oxenstiern's arrival. Louis XIII. awaited him at Compiègne. The chancellor was accompanied by a numerous following, worthy of the man who held the command of a sovereign over the princes of the protestant

League; he had at his side the famous Hugo Grotius, but lately exiled from his country on account of religious disputes, and now accredited as ambassador to the king of France from the little queen, Christina of Sweden. It was Grotius who acted as interpreter between the king and the chancellor of Sweden. A rare and grand spectacle was this interview between, on the one side, the Swede and the Hollander, both of them great political philosophers in theory or practice, and, on the other, the all-powerful minister of the king of France, in presence of that king himself. When Oxenstiern and Richelieu conferred alone together, the two ministers had recourse to Latin, that common tongue of the cultivated minds of their time, and nobody was present at their conversation. Oxenstiern soon departed for Holland, laden with attentions and presents: he carried away with him a new treaty of alliance between Sweden and France and the assurance that the king was about to declare war against Spain.

And it broke out, accordingly, on the 19th of May, 1635. The violation of the electorate of Trèves by the Cardinal Infante, and the carrying-off of the elector-archbishop served as pretext; and Louis XIII. declared himself protector of a feeble prince who had placed in his hands the custody of several places. Alençon, herald-at-arms of France, appeared at Brussels, proclamation of war in hand; and, not being able to obtain an interview with the Cardinal Infante, he hurled it at the feet of the Belgian herald-at-arms commissioned to receive him, and he affixed a copy of it to a post he set up in the ground in the last Flemish village, near the frontier. On the 6th of June, a proclamation of the king's summoned the Spanish Low Countries to revolt. A victory had already been gained in Luxembourg, close to the little town of Avein, over Prince Thomas of Savoy, the duke-regnant's brother, who was embroiled with him, and whom Spain had just taken into her service. The campaign of 1635 appeared to be commencing under happy auspices. These hopes were deceived; the Low Countries did not respond to the summons of the king and of his confederates; there was no rising anywhere against the Spanish yoke; traditional jealousy of the heretics of Holland prevented the Flanders from declaring for France; it was necessary to undertake a conquest instead of fomenting an insurrection. The prince of Orange was advancing slowly into Germany; the elector of Saxony had treated with the emperor, and several towns were accepting the peace concluded between

them at Prague; Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, supported by Cardinal Valette, at the head of French troops, had been forced to fall back to Metz in order to protect Lothringen and Elsass. In order to attach this great general to himself for ever, the king had just ceded to Duke Bernard the landgravate of Elsass, hereditary possession, as it was, of the House of Austria. The prince of Condé was attacking Franche-Comté; the siege of Dôle was dragging its slow length along, when the emperor's most celebrated lieutenants, John van Weert and Piccolomini, who had formed a junction in Belgium, all at once rallied the troops of Prince Thomas, and, advancing rapidly towards Picardy, invaded French soil at the commencement of July, 1636. La Capelle and Le Catelet were taken by assault, and the Imperialists laid siege to Corbie, a little town on the Somme, four leagues from Amiens.

Great was the terror at Paris, and, besides the terror, the rage; the cardinal was accused of having brought ruin upon France; for a moment the excitement against him was so violent that his friends were disquieted by it: he alone was unmoved. The king quitted St. Germain and returned to Paris, whilst Richelieu, alone, without escort, and with his horses at a walk, had himself driven to the Hôtel de Ville right through the mob in their fury. "Then was seen," says Fontenay-Mareuil, "what can be done by a great heart (*vertu*), and how it is revered even of the basest souls, for the streets were so full of folks that there was hardly room to pass, and all so excited that they spoke of nothing but killing him: as soon as they saw him approaching, they all held their peace or prayed God to give him good speed, that he might be able to remedy the evil which was apprehended."

On the 15th of August, Corbie surrendered to the Spaniards, who crossed the Somme, wasting the country behind them; but already alarm had given place to ardent desire for vengeance; the cardinal had thought of everything and provided for everything: the bodies corporate, from the parliament to the trade-syndicates, had offered the king considerable sums; all the gentlemen and soldiers unemployed had been put on the active list of the army: and the burgesses of Paris, mounting in throngs the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, went and shook hands with the veteran Marshal La Force, saying, "Marshal, we want to make war with you." They were ordered to form the nucleus of the reserve army which was to protect Paris. The duke of Orleans took the command of the army assembled

at Compiègne, at the head of which the count of Soissons already was; the two princes advanced slowly; they halted two days to recover the little fortress of Roze; the Imperialists fell back; they retired into Artois; they were not followed, and the French army encamped before Corbie.

Winter was approaching; nobody dared to attack the town; the cardinal had no confidence in either the duke of Orleans or the count of Soissons. He went to Amiens, whilst the king established his head-quarters at the castle of Demuin, closer to Corbie. Richelieu determined to attack the town by assault; the trenches were opened on the 5th of November; on the 10th the garrison parleyed; on the 14th the place was surrendered. "I am very pleased to send you word that we have recovered Corbie," wrote Voiture to one of his friends, very hostile to the cardinal [*Œuvres de Voiture*, p. 175]: "the news will astonish you, no doubt, as well as all Europe; nevertheless, we are masters of it. Reflect, I beg you, what has been the end of this expedition which has made so much noise. Spain and Germany had made for the purpose their supremest efforts. The emperor had sent his best captains and his best cavalry. The army of Flanders had given its best troops. Out of that is formed an army of twenty-five thousand horse, fifteen thousand foot and forty cannon. This cloud, big with thunder and lightning, comes bursting over Picardy, which it finds unsheltered, our arms being occupied elsewhere. They take, first of all, La Capelle and Le Catelet; they attack and, in nine days, take Corbie; and so they are masters of the river; they cross it, and they lay waste all that lies between the Somme and the Oise. And so long as there is no resistance, they valiantly hold the country, they slay our peasants and burn our villages; but, at the first rumor that reaches them to the effect that Monsieur is advancing with an army, and that the king is following close behind him, they intrench themselves behind Corbie; and, when they learn that there is no halting, and that the march against them is going on merrily, our conquerors abandon their intrenchments. And these determined gentry, who were to pierce France even to the Pyrenees, who threatened to pillage Paris, and recover there, even in Notre-Dame, the flags of the battle of Avein, permit us to effect the circumvallation of a place which is of so much importance to them, give us leisure to construct forts, and, after that, let us attack and take it by assault before their very eyes. Such is the end of the bravadoes of Piccolomini, who sent us word by his

trumpeters to say, at one time, that he wished we had some powder, and, at another, that we had some cavalry coming, and, when we had both one and the other, he took very good care to wait for us. In such sort, sir, that, except La Capelle and Le Catelet, which are of no consideration, all the flash made by this grand and victorious army has been the capture of Corbie, only to give it up again and replace it in the king's hands, together with a counterscarp, three bastions and three demilunes, which it did not possess. If they had taken ten more of our places with similar success, our frontier would be in all the better condition for it, and they would have fortified it better than those who hitherto have had the charge of it. . . . Was it not said that we should expend before this place many millions of gold and many millions of men with a chance of taking it, perhaps, in three years? Yet, when the resolution was taken to attack it by assault, the month of November being well advanced, there was not a soul but cried out. The best intentioned avowed that it showed blindness, and the rest said that we must be afraid lest our soldiers should not die soon enough of misery and hunger, and must wish to drown them in their own trenches. As for me, though I knew the inconveniencies which necessarily attend sieges undertaken at this season, I suspended my judgment; for, sooth to say, we have often seen the cardinal out in matters that he has had done by others, but we have never yet seen him fail in enterprises that he has been pleased to carry out in person and that he has supported by his presence. I believed, then, that he would surmount all difficulties; and that he who had taken La Rochelle in spite of Ocean would certainly take Corbie too in spite of Winter's rains. . . . You will tell me, that it is luck which has made him take fortresses without ever having conducted a siege before, which has made him, without any experience, command armies successfully, which has always led him, as it were, by the hand, and preserved him amidst precipices into which he had thrown himself, and which, in fact, has often made him appear bold, wise, and far-sighted: let us look at him, then, in misfortune, and see if he had less boldness, wisdom and far-sightedness. Affairs were not going over well in Italy, and we had met with scarcely more success before Dôle. When it was known that the enemy had entered Picardy, that all is a-flame to the very banks of the Oise, everybody takes fright, and the chief city of the realm is in consternation. On top of that come advices from Burgundy that the siege of Dôle is raised, and

from Saintonge that there are fifteen thousand peasants revolted, and that there is fear lest Poitou and Guienne may follow this example. Bad news comes thickly, the sky is overcast on all sides, the tempest beats upon us in all directions and from no quarter whatever does a single ray of good fortune shine upon us. Amidst all this darkness, did the cardinal see less clearly? Did he lose his head during all this tempest? Did he not still hold the helm in one hand, and the compass in the other? Did he throw himself into the boat to save his life? Nay, if the great ship he commanded were to be lost, did he not show that he was ready to die before all the rest? Was it luck that drew him out of this labyrinth, or was it his own prudence, steadiness and magnanimity? Our enemies are fifteen leagues from Paris, and his are inside it. Every day come advices that they are intriguing there to ruin him. France and Spain, so to speak, have conspired against him alone. What countenance was kept amidst all this by the man who they said would be dumbfounded at the least ill-success, and who had caused Le Havre to be fortified in order to throw himself into it at the first misfortune? He did not make a single step backward all the same. He thought of the perils of the State, and not of his own; and the only change observed in him all through was that, whereas he had not been wont to go out but with an escort of two hundred guards, he walked about, every day, attended by merely five or six gentlemen. It must be owned that adversity borne with so good a grace, and such force of character is worth more than a great deal of prosperity and victory. To me he did not seem so great and so victorious on the day he entered La Rochelle as then; and the journeys he made from his house to the arsenal seem to me more glorious for him than those which he made beyond the mountains, and from which he returned with the triumphs of Pignerol and Suza."

This was Cardinal Richelieu's distinction, that all his contemporaries, in the same way as Voiture, identified the mischances and the successes of their country with his own fortunes, and that upon him alone were fixed the eyes of Europe, whether friendly or hostile, when it supported or when it fought against France.

For four years the war was carried on with desperation by land and sea in the Low Countries, in Germany and in Italy, with alternations of success and reverse. The actors disappeared one after another from the scene; the emperor, Ferdinand II., had died on the 15th of February, 1637; the election

of his son, Ferdinand III., had not been recognized by France and Sweden; Bernard of Saxe-Weimar succumbed, at thirty-four years of age, on the 15th of July, 1639, after having beaten, in the preceding year, the celebrated John van Weert, whom he sent a prisoner to Paris. At his death the landgravate of Elsass reverted to France, together with the town of Brisach which he had won from the Imperialists.

The duke of Savoy had died in 1637; his widow, Christine of France, daughter of Henry IV., was, so far as her brother's cause in Italy was concerned, but a poor support; but Count d'Harcourt, having succeeded, as head of the army, Cardinal Valette, who died in 1638, had retaken Turin and Casale from the Imperialists in the campaign of 1640; two years later, in the month of June, 1642, the Princes Thomas and Maurice, brothers-in-law of the Duchess Christine, wearied out by the maladdress and haughtiness of the Spaniards, attached themselves definitively to the interests of France, drove out the Spanish garrisons from Nice and Ivrea, in concert with the duke of Longueville, and retook the fortress of Tortona as well as all Milaness to the south of the Po. Perpignan, besieged for more than two years past by the king's armies, capitulated at the same moment. Spain, hard pressed at home by the insurrection of the Catalans and the revolt of Portugal at the same time, both supported by Richelieu, saw Arras fall into the hands of France (August 9, 1640), and the plot contrived with the duke of Bouillon and the count of Soissons fail at the battle of La Marfée, where this latter prince was killed on the 16th of July, 1641. In Germany, Marshal Guébriant and the Swedish general Torstenson, so paralyzed that he had himself carried in a litter to the head of his army, had just won back from the empire Silesia, Moravia, and nearly all Saxony; the chances of war were everywhere favorable to France, a just recompense for the indomitable perseverance of Cardinal Richelieu through good and evil fortune. "The great tree of the House of Austria was shaken to its very roots, and he had all but felled that trunk which with its two branches covers the North and the West, and throws a shadow over the rest of the earth" [*Lettres de Malherbe*, t. iv.]. The king, for a moment shaken in his fidelity towards his minister by the intrigues of Cinq-Mars, had returned to the cardinal with all the impetus of the indignation caused by the guilty treaty made by his favorite with Spain. All Europe thought as the young captain in the guards, afterwards Marshal Fabert, who, when the king said to him, "I

know that my army is divided into two factions, royalists and cardinalists, which are you for?" answered, "Cardinalists, sir, for the cardinal's party is yours." The cardinal and France were triumphing together, but the conqueror was dying; Cardinal Richelieu had just been removed from Ruel to Paris.

For several months past, the cardinal's health, always precarious, had taken a serious turn; it was from his sick-bed that he, a prey to cruel agonies, directed the movements of the army and, at the same time, the prosecution of Cinq-Mars. All at once his chest was attacked; and the cardinal felt that he was dying. On the 2nd of December, 1642, public prayers were ordered in all the churches; the king went from St. Germain to see his minister. The cardinal was quite prepared. "I have this satisfaction," he said, "that I have never deserted the king and that I leave his kingdom exalted and all his enemies abased." He commended his relatives to his Majesty, "who on their behalf will remember my services;" then, naming the two secretaries of state, Chavigny and De Noyers, he added: "Your Majesty has Cardinal Mazarin; I believe him to be capable of serving the king." And he handed to Louis XIII. a proclamation which he had just prepared for the purpose of excluding the duke of Orleans from any right to the regency in case of the king's death. The preamble called to mind that the king had five times already pardoned his brother, recently engaged in a new plot against him.

The king had left the cardinal, but without returning to St. Germain. He remained at the Louvre. Richelieu had in vain questioned the physicians as to how long he had to live. One, only, dared to go beyond common-place hopes: "Monsignor," he said, "in twenty-four hours you will be dead or cured." "That is the way to speak!" said the cardinal; and he sent for the priest of St. Eustache, his parish. As they were bringing into his chamber the Holy Eucharist, he stretched out his hand, and, "There," said he, "is my Judge before whom I shall soon appear; I pray Him with all my heart to condemn me if I have ever had any other aim than the welfare of religion and of the State." The priest would have omitted certain customary questions, but "Treat me as the commonest of Christians," said the cardinal. And when he was asked to pardon his enemies, "I never had any but those of the State," answered the dying man.

The cardinal's family surrounded his bed; and the attendance was numerous. The bishop of Lisieux, Cospéan, a man

of small wits but of sincere devoutness, listened attentively to the firm speech, the calm declarations of the expiring minister. "So much self-confidence appals me," he said, below his breath. Richelieu died as he had lived, without scruples and without delicacies of conscience, absorbed by his great aim and but little concerned about the means he had employed to arrive at it. "I believe absolutely, all the truths taught by the Church," he had said to his confessor, and this faith sufficed for his repose. The memory of the scaffolds he had caused to be erected did not so much as recur to his mind. "I have loved justice and not vengeance. I have been severe towards some in order to be kind towards all," he had said in his will written in Latin. He thought just the same on his death-bed.

The king left him, not without emotion and regret. The cardinal begged Madame d'Aiguillon, his niece, to withdraw. "She is the one whom I have loved most," he said. Those around him were convulsed with weeping. A Carmelite whom he had sent for turned to those present, and "Let those," he said, "who cannot refrain from showing the excess of their weeping and their lamentation leave the room; let us pray for this soul." In presence of the majesty of death and eternity human grandeur disappears irrevocably; the all-powerful minister was at that moment only *this soul*. A last gasp announced his departure: Cardinal Richelieu was dead.

He was dead, but his work survived him. On the very evening of the 3rd of December, Louis XIII. called to his council Cardinal Mazarin; and next day he wrote to the parliament and governors of provinces: "God having been pleased to take to Himself the Cardinal de Richelieu, I have resolved to preserve and keep up all establishments ordained during his ministry, to follow out all projects arranged with him for affairs abroad and at home, in such sort that there shall not be any change. I have continued in my councils the same persons as served me then, and I have called thereto Cardinal Mazarin, of whose capacity and devotion to my service I have had proof, and of whom I feel no less sure than if he had been born amongst my subjects." Scarcely had the most powerful kings yielded up their last breath, when their wishes had been at once forgotten: Cardinal Richelieu still governed in his grave.

The king had distributed amongst his minister's relatives the offices and dignities which he had left vacant; the fortune that came to them was enormous; the legacies left to mere domestics amounted to more than three hundred thousand

livres. During his lifetime Richelieu had given to the Crown "my grand hôtel, which I built, and called Palais-de-Cardinal, my chapel (or chapel-service) of gold, enriched with diamonds, my grand buffet of chased silver, and a large diamond that I bought of Lopez." In his will he adds: "I most humbly beseech His Majesty to think proper to have placed in his hands, out of the coined gold and silver that I have at my decease, the sum of fifteen hundred thousand livres, of which sum I can truly say that I made very good use for the great affairs of his kingdom, in such sort, that if I had not had this money at my disposal, certain matters which have turned out well would have, to all appearances, turned out ill; which gives me ground for daring to beseech His Majesty to destine this sum, that I leave him, to be employed on divers occasions which cannot abide the tardiness of financial forms."

The minister and priest who had destroyed the power of the *grandeues* in France had, nevertheless, the true instinct respecting the perpetuation of families: "Inasmuch as it hath pleased God," he says in his will, "to bless my labors, and make them considered by the king, my kind master, showing recognition of them by his royal munificence, beyond what I could hope for, I have esteemed it a duty to bind my heirs to preserve the estate in my family, in such sort that it may maintain itself for a long while in the dignity and splendor which it hath pleased the king to confer upon it, in order that posterity may know that, as I served him faithfully, he, by virtue of a complete kingliness, knew what love to show me, and how to load me with his benefits."

The cardinal had taken pleasure in embellishing the estate of Richelieu, in Touraine, where he was born, and which the king had raised to a duchy-peerage. Mdle. de Montpensier, in her *Mémoires*, gives an account of a visit she paid to it in her youth. "I passed," she says, "along a very fine street of the town, all the houses of which are in the best style of building, one like another and quite newly made, which is not to be wondered at. MM. de Richelieu, though gentlemen of good standing, had never built a town; they had been content with their village and with a mediocre house. At the present time it is the most beautiful and most magnificent castle you could possibly see, and all the ornament that could be given to a house is found there. This will not be difficult to believe if one considers that it is the work of the most ambitious and most ostentatious man in the world, premier minister of State too, who for a long while

possessed absolute authority over affairs. It is, nevertheless, inconceivable that the apartments should correspond so ill in size with the beauty of the outside: I hear that this arose from the fact that the cardinal wished to have the chamber preserved in which he was born. To adjust the house of a simple gentleman to the grand ideas of the most powerful favorite there has ever been in France, you will observe that the architect must have been hampered; accordingly he did not see his way to planning any but very small quarters, which, by way of recompense, as regards gilding or painting, lack no embellishment inside.

"Amidst all that modern invention has employed to embellish it, there are to be seen, on the chimney-piece in a drawing-room the arms of Cardinal Richelieu, just as they were during the lifetime of his father, which the cardinal desired to leave there, because they comprise a collar of the Holy Ghost, in order to prove to those who are wont to misrepresent the origin of favorites that he was born a gentleman of a good house. In this point, he imposed upon nobody."

The castle of Richelieu is well-nigh destroyed; his family, after falling into poverty, is extinct; the Palais-Cardinal has assumed the name of Palais-Royal; and pure monarchy, the aim of all his efforts and the work of his whole life, has been swept away by the blast of revolution. Of the cardinal there remains nothing but the great memory of his power and of the services he rendered his country. Evil has been spoken, with good reason, of glory; it lasts, however, more durably than material successes even when they rest on the best security. Richelieu had no conception of that noblest ambition on which a human soul can feed, that of governing a free country, but he was one of the greatest, the most effective and the boldest as well as the most prudent servants that France ever had.

Cardinal Richelieu gave his age, whether admirers or adversaries, the idea which Malherbe expressed in a letter to one of his friends: "You know that my humor is neither to flatter nor to lie; but I swear to you that there is in this man a something which surpasses humanity, and that if our bark is ever to outride the tempests, it will be whilst this glorious hand holds the rudder. Other pilots diminish my fear, this one makes me unconscious of it. Hitherto, when we had to build anew or repair some ruin, plaster alone was put in requisition. Now we see nothing but marble used; and, whilst the counsels are judicious and faithful, the execution is diligent and mag-

nanimous. Wits, judgment and courage never existed in any man to the degree that they do in him. As for interest, he knows none but that of the public. To that he clings with a passion so unbridled, if I may dare so to speak, that the visible injury it does his constitution is not capable of detaching him from it. Sees he anything useful to the king's service, he goes at it without looking to one side or the other. Obstacles tempt him, resistance piques him, and nothing that is put in his way diverts him; the disregard he shows of self, and of all that touches himself, as if he knew no sort of health or disease but the health or disease of the State, causes all good men to fear that his life will not be long enough for him to see the fruit of what he plants; and moreover, it is quite evident that what he leaves undone can never be completed by any man that holds his place. Why, man, he does a thing because it has to be done! The space between the Rhine and the Pyrenees seems to him not field enough for the lilies of France. He would have them occupy the two shores of the Mediterranean, and waft their odors thence to the extremest countries of the Orient. Measure by the extent of his designs the extent of his courage." [Letters to Racan and to M. de Mentin. *Œuvres de Malherbe*, t. iv.]

The cardinal had been barely four months reposing in that chapel of the Sorbonne which he had himself repaired for the purpose, and already King Louis XIII. was sinking into the tomb. The minister had died at fifty-seven, the king was not yet forty-two; but his always languishing health seemed unable to bear the burden of affairs which had been but lately borne by Richelieu alone. The king had permitted his brother to appear again at court. "Monsieur supped with me," says Mdlle. de Montpensier, "and we had the twenty-four violins; he was as gay as if MM. Cinq-Mars and De Thou had not tarried by the way. I confess that I could not see him without thinking of them, and that in my joy I felt that his gave me a pang." The prisoners and exiles, by degrees, received their pardon; the duke of Vendôme, Bassompierre, and Marshal Vitry had been empowered to return to their castles, the duchess of Chevreuse and the ex-keeper of the seals, Château-neuf, were alone excepted from this favor. "After the peace," said the declaration touching the regency, which the king got enregistered by the Parliament on the 23rd of April. The little dauphin, who had merely been sprinkled, had just received baptism in the chapel of the castle of St. Germain. The king

asked him, next day, if he knew what his name was. "My name is Louis XIV.," answered the child. "Not yet, my son, not yet," said the king softly.

Louis the XIII. did not cling to life: it had been sad and burthensome to him by the mere fact of his own melancholy and singular character, not that God had denied him prosperity or success. He had the windows opened of his chamber in the new castle of St. Germain looking towards the abbey of St. Denis, where he had, at last, just laid the body of the queen his mother, hitherto resting at Cologne. "Let me see my last resting-place," he said to his servants. The crowd of courtiers thronged to the old castle, inhabited by the queen; visits were made to the new castle to see the king, who still worked with his ministers; when he was alone, "he was seen nearly always with his eyes open towards heaven, as if he talked with God heart to heart." [*Mémoires sur la mort de Louis XIII.*, by his valet-de-chambre Dubois; *Archives curieuses*, t. v. p. 428.] On the 23rd of April, it was believed that the last moment had arrived: the king received extreme unction; a dispute arose about the government of Brittany, given by the king to the duke of La Meilleraye and claimed by the duke of Vendôme; the two claimants summoned their friends; the queen took fright, and, being obliged to repair to the king, committed the imprudence of confiding her children to the duke of Beaufort, Vendôme's eldest son, a young scatter-brain who made a great noise about this favor. The king rallied and appeared to regain strength. He was sometimes irritated at sight of the courtiers who filled his chamber. "Those gentry," he said to his most confidential servants, "come to see how soon I shall die. If I recover, I will make them pay dearly for their desire to have me die." The austere nature of Louis XIII. was awakened again with the transitory return of his powers; the severities of his reign were his own as much as Cardinal Richelieu's.

He was, nevertheless, dying, asking God for deliverance. It was Thursday, May 14. "Friday has always been my lucky day," said Louis XIII.: "on that day I have undertaken assaults that I have carried; I have even gained battles: I should have liked to die on a Friday." His doctors told him that they could find no more pulse; he raised his eyes to heaven and said out loud, "My God, receive me to mercy!" and, addressing himself to all, he added, "Let us pray!" Then, fixing his eyes upon the bishop of Meaux, he said, "You will, of course, see when the time comes for reading the agony-prayers, I have

marked them all." Everybody was praying and weeping; the queen and all the court were kneeling in the king's chamber. At three o'clock, he softly breathed his last, on the same day and almost at the same moment at which his father had died beneath the dagger of Ravallac, thirty-three years before.

France owed to Louis XIII. eighteen years of Cardinal Richelieu's government; and that is a service which she can never forget. "The minister made his sovereign play the second part in the monarchy and the first in Europe," said Montesquieu: "he abased the king, but he exalted the reign." It is to the honor of Louis XIII. that he understood and accepted the position designed for him by Providence in the government of his kingdom, and that he upheld with dogged fidelity a power which often galled him all the while that it was serving him.

CHAPTER XLII.

LOUIS XIII., RICHELIEU AND LITERATURE.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU was dead and "his works followed him," to use the words of Holy Writ. At home and abroad, in France and in Europe, he had to a great extent continued the reign of Henry IV., and had completely cleared the way for that of Louis XIV. "Such was the strength and superiority of his genius that he knew all the depths and all the mysteries of government," said La Bruyère in his admission-speech before the French Academy; "he was regardful of foreign countries, he kept in hand crowned heads, he knew what weight to attach to their alliance; with allies he hedged himself against the enemy. . . . And, can you believe it, gentlemen? this practical and austere soul, formidable to the enemies of the State, inexorable to the factious, overwhelmed in negotiations, occupied at one time in weakening the party of heresy, at another in breaking up a league, and at another in meditating a conquest, found time for literary culture, and was fond of literature and of those who made it their profession!" From inclination and from personal interest therein this indefatigable and powerful mind had courted literature; he had foreseen its nascent power; he had divined in the literary circle he got about him a means of acting upon the whole

nation; he had no idea of neglecting them; he did not attempt to subjugate them openly; he brought them near to him and protected them. It is one of Richelieu's triumphs to have founded the French Academy.

We must turn back for a moment and cast a glance at the intellectual condition which prevailed at the issue of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

For sixty years a momentous crisis had been exercising language and literature as well as society in France. They yearned to get out of it. Robust intellectual culture had ceased to be the privilege of the erudite only; it began to gain a footing on the common domain; people no longer wrote in Latin, like Erasmus; the Reformation and the Renaissance spoke French. In order to suffice for this change, the language was taking form; everybody had lent a hand to the work: Calvin with his *Christian Institutes* (*Institution Chrétienne*) at the same time as Rabelais with his learned and buffoonish romarce, Ramus with his *Dialectics*, and Bodine with his *Republic*, Henry Estienne with his essays in French philology, as well as Ronsard and his friends by their classical crusade. Simultaneously with the language there was being created a public, intelligent, inquiring and eager. Scarcely had the translation of Plutarch by Amyot appeared, when it at once became, as Montaigne says, "the breviary of women and of ignoramuses." "God's life, my love," wrote Henry IV. to Mary de' Medici, "you could not have sent me any more agreeable news than of the pleasure you have taken in reading. Plutarch has a smile for me of never failing freshness; to love him is to love me, for he was during a long while the instructor of my tender age; my good mother, to whom I owe everything and who set so great store on my good deportment, and did not want me to be (that is what she used to say) an illustrious ignoramus, put that book into my hands, though I was then little more than a child at the breast. It has been like my conscience to me, and has whispered into my ear many good hints and excellent maxims for my behavior and for the government of my affairs."

Thanks to Amyot, Plutarch "had become a Frenchman:" Montaigne would not have been able to read him easily in Greek. Indifferent to the Reformation, which was too severe and too affirmative for him, Montaigne, "to whom Latin had been presented as his mother-tongue," rejoiced in the Renaissance without becoming a slave to it, or intoxicated with it like

Rabelais or Ronsard. "The ideas I had naturally formed for myself about man," he says, "I confirmed and fortified by the authority of others and by the sound examples of the ancients, with whom I found my judgment in conformity." Born in 1533, at the castle of Montaigne in Périgord, and carefully brought up by "the good father God had given him," Michael de Montaigne was, in his childhood, "so heavy, lazy and sleepy, that he could not be roused from sloth, even for the sake of play." He passed several years in the parliament of Bordeaux, but "he had never taken a liking to jurisprudence, though his father had steeped him in it, when quite a child, to his very lips, and he was always asking himself why common language, so easy for every other purpose, becomes obscure and unintelligible in a contract or will, which made him fancy that the men of law had muddled everything in order to render themselves necessary." He had lost the only man he had ever really loved, Stephen de la Boétie, an amiable and noble philosopher, counsellor in the parliament of Bordeaux. "If I am pressed to declare why I loved him," Montaigne used to say, "I feel that it can only be expressed by answering: because he was he, and I was I." Montaigne gave up the parliament, and travelled in Switzerland and Italy, often stopping at Paris, and gladly returning to his castle of Montaigne, where he wrote down what he had seen, "hungering for self-knowledge," inquiring, indolent, without ardor for work, an enemy of all constraint, he was at the same time frank and subtle, gentle, humane, and moderate. As an inquiring spectator, without personal ambition, he had taken for his life's motto, "Who knows? (*Que sais-je?*)" Amidst the wars of religion he remained without political or religious passion. "I am disgusted by novelty, whatever aspect it may assume, and with good reason," he would say, "for I have seen some very disastrous effects of it." Outside as well as within himself, Montaigne studied mankind without regard to order and without premeditated plan. "I have no drill-sergeant to arrange my pieces (of writing) save hap-hazard only," he writes; "just as my ideas present themselves; I heap them together; sometimes they come rushing in a throng, sometimes they straggle single file. I like to be seen at my natural and ordinary pace, all a-hobble though it be; I let myself go, just as it happens. The parlance I like is a simple and natural parlance, the same on paper as in the mouth, a succulent and a nervous parlance, short and compact, not so much refined and finished

to a hair as impetuous and brusque, difficult rather than wearisome, devoid of affectation, irregular, disconnected and bold, not pedant-like, not preacher-like, not pleader-like." That fixity which Montaigne could not give to his irresolute and doubtful mind he stamped upon the tongue; it came out in his *Essays* supple, free and bold; he had made the first decisive step towards the formation of the language, pending the advent of Descartes and the great literature of France.

The sixteenth century began everything, attempted everything; it accomplished and finished nothing; its great men opened the road of the future to France; but they died without having brought their work well through, without foreseeing that it was going to be completed. The Reformation itself did not escape this misappreciation and discouragement of its age; and nowhere do they crop out in a more striking manner than in Montaigne. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Rabelais is a satirist and a cynic, he is no sceptic; there is felt circulating through his book a glowing sap of confidence and hope; fifty years later, Montaigne, on the contrary, expresses, in spite of his happy nature, in vivid, picturesque, exuberant language, only the lassitude of an antiquated age. Henry IV. was still disputing his throne with the League and Spain. Several times, amidst his embarrassments and his wars, the king had manifested his desire to see Montaigne; but the latter was ill, and felt "death nipping him continually in the throat or the reins." And he died, in fact, at his own house, on the 13th of September, 1592, without having had the good fortune to see Henry IV. in peaceable possession of the kingdom which was destined to receive from him, together with stability and peace, a return of generous hope. All the writers of mark in the reign of Henry IV. bear the same imprint; they all yearn to get free from the chaos of those ideas and sentiments which the sixteenth century left still bubbling up. In literature as well as in the State, one and the same need of discipline and unity, one universal thirst for order and peace was bringing together all the intellects and all the forces which were but lately clashing against and hampering one another; in literature, as well as in the State, the impulse, everywhere great and effective, proceeded from the king, without pressure or effort: "Make known to Monsieur de Genève," said Henry IV. to one of the friends of St. Francis de Sales, "that I desire of him a work to serve as a manual for all persons of the court and the great world, without excepting kings

and princes, to fit them for living Christianly each according to their condition. I want this manual to be accurate, judicious, and such as any one can make use of." St. Francis de Sales published, in 1608, the *Introduction to a Devout Life*, a delightful and charming manual of devotion, more stern and firm in spirit than in form, a true Christian regimen softened by the tact of a delicate and acute intellect, knowing the world and its ways. "The book has surpassed my hope," said Henry IV. The style is as supple, the fancy as rich, as Montaigne's; but scepticism has given place to Christianity; St. Francis de Sales does not doubt, he believes; ingenious and moderate withal, he escapes out of the controversies of the violent and the incertitudes of the sceptics. The step is firm, the march is onward towards the seventeenth century, towards the reign of order, rule and *method*. The vigorous language and the beautiful arrangement in the style of the magistrates had already prepared the way for its advent. Descartes was the first master of it and its great exponent.

Never was any mind more independent in voluntary submission to an inexorable logic. René Descartes, who was born at La Haye, near Tours, in 1596, and died at Stockholm in 1650, escaped the influence of Richelieu by the isolation to which he condemned himself as well as by the proud and somewhat uncouth independence of his character. Engaging as a volunteer, at one and twenty, in the Dutch army, he marched over Germany in the service of several princes, returned to France, where he sold his property, travelled through the whole of Italy, and ended, in 1629, by settling himself in Holland, seeking everywhere solitude and room for his thoughts. "In this great city of Amsterdam, where I am now," he wrote to Balzac, "and where there is not a soul, except myself, that does not follow some commercial pursuit, everybody is so attentive to his gains, that I might live there all my life without being noticed by anybody. I go walking every day amidst the confusion of a great people with as much freedom and quiet as you could do in your forest-alleys, and I pay no more attention to the people who pass before my eyes than I should do to the trees that are in your forests and to the animals that feed there. Even the noise of traffic does not interrupt my reveries any more than would that of some rivulet." Having devoted himself for a long time past to the study of geometry and astronomy, he composed in Holland his *Treatise on the World* (*Traité du Monde*); "I had intended to send you my *World* for

your New Year's gift," he wrote to the learned Minime, Father Mersenne, who was his best friend; "but I must tell you that, having had inquiries made, lately, at Leyden and at Amsterdam, whether Galileo's system of the world was to be obtained there, word was sent me that all the copies of it had been burnt at Rome, and the author condemned to some fine, which astounded me so mightily that I almost resolved to burn all my papers, or at least not let them be seen by anybody. I confess that if the notion of the earth's motion is false, all the foundations of my philosophy are too, since it is clearly demonstrated by them. It is so connected with all parts of my treatise that I could not detach it without rendering the remainder wholly defective. But as I would not, for anything in the world, that there should proceed from me a discourse in which there was to be found the least word which might be disapproved of by the Church, so would I rather suppress it altogether than let it appear mutilated.

Descartes' independence of thought did not tend to revolt, as he had proved: in publishing his *Discourse on Method* he halted at the threshold of Christianity without laying his hand upon the sanctuary. Making a clean sweep of all he had learnt, and tearing himself free by a supreme effort from the whole tradition of humanity, he resolved "never to accept anything as true until he recognized it to be clearly so, and not to comprise amongst his opinions anything but what presented itself so clearly and distinctly to his mind that he could have no occasion to hold it in doubt." In this absolute isolation of his mind, without past and without future, Descartes, first of all assured of his own personal existence by that famous axiom, "*Cogito, ergo sum*" (*I think, therefore I am*), drew from it as a necessary consequence the fact of the separate existence of soul and of body; passing on by a sort of internal revelation which he called *innate ideas*, he came to the pinnacle of his edifice, concluding for the existence of a God from the notion of the infinite impressed on the human soul. A laborious reconstruction of a primitive and simple truth which the philosopher could not, for a single moment, have banished from his mind all the while that he was laboring painfully to demonstrate it.

By a tacit avowal of the weakness of the human mind, the speculations of Descartes stopped short at death. He had hopes, however, of retarding the moment of it. "I felt myself alive," he said, at forty years of age, "and, examining myself with as much care as if I were a rich old man, I fancied I was

even farther from death than I had been in my youth." He had yielded to the entreaties of Queen Christina of Sweden, who had promised him an observatory, like that of Tycho-Brahé. He was delicate, and accustomed to follow a regimen adapted to his studies. "O flesh!" he wrote to Gassendi, whose philosophy contradicted his own: "O idea!" answered Gassendi. The climate of Stockholm was severe; Descartes caught inflammation of the lungs; he insisted upon doctoring himself, and died on the 11th of February, 1650. "He didn't want to resist death," said his friends, not admitting that their master's will could be vanquished by death itself. His influence remained for a long while supreme over his age: Bossuet and Fénelon were Cartesians. "I think, therefore I am," wrote Madame de Sévigné to her daughter: "I think of you tenderly, therefore I love you; I think only of you in that manner, therefore I love you only." Pascal alone, though adopting to a certain extent Descartes' form of reasoning, foresaw the excess to which other minds less upright and less firm would push the system of the great philosopher: "I cannot forgive Descartes," he said: "he would have liked throughout his philosophy to be able to do without God, but he could not help making Him give just a flick to set the world in motion; after that he didn't know what to do with God." A severe, but a true saying; Descartes had required everything of pure reason, he had felt a foreshadowing of the infinite and the unknown without daring to venture into them. In the name of reason, others have denied the infinite and the unknown. Pascal was wiser and bolder when, with St. Augustine, he found in reason itself a step towards faith: "Reason would never give in if she were not of opinion that there are occasions when she ought to give in."

By his philosophical method, powerful and logical, as well as by the clear, strong, and concise style he made use of to expound it, Descartes accomplished the transition from the sixteenth century to the seventeenth; he was the first of the great prose-writers of that incomparable epoch, which laid for ever the foundations of the language. At the same moment the great Corneille was rendering poetry the same service.

It had come out of the sixteenth century more disturbed and less formed than prose; Ronsard and his friends had received it, from the hands of Marot, quite young, unsophisticated and undecided; they attempted, at the first effort, to raise it to the level of the great classic models of which their

minds were full. The attempt was bold, and the Pleiad did not pretend to consult the taste of the vulgar. "The obscurity of Ronsard," says M. Guizot in his *Corneille et son Temps*, "is not that of a subtle mind torturing itself to make something out of nothing, it is the obscurity of a full and a powerful mind, which is embarrassed by its own riches, and has not learnt to regulate the use of them. Furnished, by his reading of the ancients, with that which was wanting in our poetry, Ronsard thought he could perceive in his lofty and really poetical imagination what was needed to supply it; he cast his eyes in all directions with the view of enriching the domain of poetry: 'Thou wilt do well to pick dexterously,' he says in his abridgment of the art of French poetry, 'and adopt to thy work the most expressive words in the dialects of our own France; there is no need to care whether the vocables are Gascon, or Poitevin, or Norman, or Mancese, or Lyonnese, or of other districts, provided that they are good and properly express what thou wouldst say.' Ronsard was too bold in extending his conquests over the classical languages; it was that exuberance of ideas, that effervescence of a genius not sufficiently master over its conceptions which brought down upon him in after-times the contempt of the writers who, in the seventeenth century, followed with more wisdom and taste the road which he had contributed to open. 'He is not,' said Balzac, 'quite a poet; he has the first beginnings and the making of a poet; we see in his works nascent and half-animated portions of a body which is in formation, but which does not care to arrive at completion.'"

This body is that of French poetry; Ronsard traced out its first lineaments, full of elevation, play of fancy, images and a poetic fire unknown before him. He was the first to comprehend the dignity which befits grand subjects, and which earned him in his day the title of *Prince of poets*. He lived in stormy times, not much adapted for poetry, and steeped in the most cruel tragedies; he felt deeply the misfortunes of his country rent by civil war, when he wrote:

"A cry of dread, a din, a thundering sound
Of men and clashing harness roars around;
Peoples 'gainst peoples furiously rage;
Cities with cities deadly battle wage;
Temples and towns—one heap of ashes lie;
Justice and equity fade out and die;
Uncheck'd the soldier's wicked will is done;
With human blood the outraged churches run;
Bedridden Age disbedded perisheth,
And over all grins the pale face of Death."

There was something pregnant, noble and brilliant about Ronsard, in spite of exaggerations of style and faults of taste; his friends and disciples imitated and carried to an extreme his defects without possessing his talent; the unruliness was such as to call for reform. Peace revived with Henry IV., and the court, henceforth in accord with the nation, resumed that empire over taste, manners and ideas, which it was destined to exercise so long and so supremely under Louis XIV. Malherbe became the poet of the court, whose business it was to please it, to adopt for it that literature which had but lately been reserved for the feasts of the learned. "He used often to say, and chiefly when he was reproached with not following the meaning of the authors he translated or paraphrased, that he did not dress his meat for cooks, as if he had meant to infer that he cared very little to be praised by the literary folks who understood the books he had translated, provided that he was by the court-folks." A complete revolution in the opposite direction to that which Ronsard attempted appeared to have taken place, but the human mind never loses all the ground it has once won; in the verses of Malherbe, often bearing the imprint of beauties borrowed from the ancients, the language preserved, in consequence of the character given to it by Ronsard, a dignity, a richness of style, of which the times of Marot showed no conception, and it was falling, moreover, under the chastening influence of an elegant correctness. It was for the court that Malherbe made verses, striving, as he said, to *degasconnise* it, seeking there his public and the source of honor as well as profit. As passionate an admirer of Richelieu as of Henry IV., naturally devoted to the service of the order established in the State as well as in poetry, he, under the regency of Mary de' Medici, favored the taste which was beginning to show itself for intellectual things, for refined pleasures and elegant occupations. It was not around the queen that this honorable and agreeable society gathered; it was at the Hôtel Rambouillet, around Catherine de Vivonne, in Rue St. Thomas du Louvre. Literature was there represented by Malherbe and Racan, afterwards by Balzac and Voiture, Gombault and Chapelain, who constantly met there, in company with Princess de Condé and her daughter, subsequently duchess of Longueville, Mademoiselle du Vigeon, Madame and Mdlle. d'Épernon, and the bishop of Luçon himself, quite young as yet, but already famous. "All the wits were received at the Hôtel Rambouillet, whatever their condition,"

says M. Cousin: "all that was asked of them was to have good manners; but the aristocratic tone was established there without any effort, the majority of the guests at the house being very great lords, and the mistress being at one and the same time Rambouillet and Vivonne. The wits were courted and honored, but they did not hold the dominion." At that great period which witnessed the growth of Richelieu's power and of the action he universally exercised upon French society, at the outcome from the moral licentiousness which Henry IV.'s example had encouraged in his court and after a certain roughness, the fruit of long civil wars, a lesson was taught at Madame de Rambouillet's of modesty, grace and lofty politeness, together with the art of forming good ideas and giving them good expression, sometimes with rather too much of far-fetched and affected cleverness, always in good company, and with much sweetness and self-possession on the part of the mistress of the house. In 1627, Cardinal Richelieu, having become minister, sent the Marquis of Rambouillet as ambassador to Spain. He wanted to be repaid for this favor. One of his friends went to call upon Madame de Rambouillet. At the first hint of what was expected from her: "I do not believe that there are any intrigues between Cardinal Valette and the princess," said she, "and, even if there were, I should not be the proper person for the office it is intended to put upon me. Besides, everybody is so convinced of the consideration and friendship I have for his Eminence that nobody would dare to speak ill of him in my presence; I cannot, therefore, ever have an opportunity of rendering him the services you ask of me."

The cardinal did not persist, and remained well-disposed towards Hôtel Rambouillet. Completely occupied in laying solidly the foundations of his power, in checkmating and punishing conspiracies at court and in breaking down the party of the Huguenots, he had no leisure just yet to think of literature and the literary. He had, nevertheless, in 1626, begun removing the ruins of the Sorbonne, with a view of reconstructing the buildings on a new plan and at his own expense. He wrote, in 1627, to M. Saintôt: "I thank him for the care he has taken of the Sorbonne, begging him to continue it, assuring him that, though I have many expenses on my hands, I am as desirous of continuing to build up that house as of contributing, to the best of my little ability, to pull down the fortifications of La Rochelle." The works were not completely finished at the death of the cardinal, who provided therefor by his will.

At the same time that he was repairing and enriching the Sorbonne, the cardinal was helping Guy de la Brosse, the king's physician, to create the Botanic Gardens (*Le Jardin des plantes*), he was defending the independence of the College of France against the pretensions of the University of Paris, and gave it for its Grand Almoner his brother, the archbishop of Lyons. He was preparing the foundation of the King's Press (*Imprimerie royale*), definitively created in 1640; and he gave the *Academy* or *King's College* (*collège royal*) of his town of Richelieu a regulation-code of studies which bears the imprint of his lofty and strong mind. He prescribed a deep study of the French tongue. "It often happens unfortunately that the difficulties which must be surmounted and the long time which is employed in learning the dead languages before any knowledge of the sciences can be arrived at have the effect, at the outset, of making young gentlemen disgusted and hasten to betake themselves to the exercise of arms without having been sufficiently instructed in good literature, though it is the fairest ornament of their profession. . . . It has, therefore, been thought necessary to establish a royal academy at which discipline suitable to their condition may be taught them in the French tongue, in order that they may exercise themselves therein, and that even foreigners, who are curious about it, may learn to know its riches and the graces it hath in unfolding the secrets of the highest discipline." Herein is revealed the founder of the French Academy, skilful as he was in divining the wants of his day, and always ready to profit by new means of action and to make them his own whilst doing them service.

Associations of the literary were not unknown in France; Ronsard and his friends, at first under the name of the *brigade* and then under that of the *Pleiad*, often met to read together their joint productions and to discuss literary questions; and the same thing was done, subsequently, in Malherbe's rooms. "Now let us speak at our ease," Balzac would say, when the sitting was over, "and without fear of committing solecisms." When Malherbe was dead and Balzac had retired to his country-house on the borders of the Charente, some friends, "men of letters and of merits very much above the average," says Pellisson in his *Histoire de l'Académie Française*, "finding that nothing was more inconvenient in this great city than to go often and often to call upon one another without finding anybody at home, resolved to meet one day in the week at the

house of one of them. They used to assemble at M. Conrart's, who happened to be most conveniently quartered for receiving them and in the very heart of the city (Bue St. Martin). There they conversed familiarly as they would have on an ordinary visit, and upon all sorts of things, business, news and literature. If any one of the company had a work done, as often happened, he readily communicated its contents to all the others, who freely gave him their opinion of it, and their conferences were followed sometimes by a walk and sometimes by a collation which they took together. Thus they continued for three or four years, as I have heard many amongst them say; it was an extreme pleasure and an incredible gain, insomuch that, when they speak nowadays of that time and of those early days of the Academy, they speak of it as a golden age during the which, without bustle and without show, and without any other laws but those of friendship, they enjoyed all that is sweetest and most charming in the intercourse of intellects and in rational life."

Even after the intervention and regulationizing of Cardinal Richelieu, the French Academy still preserved something of that sweetness and that polished familiarity in their relations which caused the regrets of its earliest founders. [They were MM. Godeau, afterwards bishop of Grasse, Conrart and Gombault who were Huguenots, Chapelain, Giry, Habert, Abbé de Cérisy, his brother, M. de Sérizay and M. de Maleville.] The secret of the little gatherings was not so well kept but that Bois-Robert, the cardinal's accredited gossip, ever on the alert for news to divert his patron, heard of them and begged before long to be present at them. "There was no probability of his being refused, for, besides that he was on friendly terms with many of these gentlemen, the very favor he enjoyed gave him some sort of authority and added to his consequence. He was full of delight and admiration at what he saw and did not fail to give the cardinal a favorable account of the little assembly, insomuch that the cardinal, who had a mind naturally inclined towards great things and who loved the French language which he himself wrote extremely well, asked if those persons would not be disposed to form a body and assemble regularly and under public authority." Bois-Robert was entrusted with the proposal.

Great was the consternation in the little voluntary and friendly Academy. There was scarcely one of these gentlemen who did not testify displeasure: MM. de Sérizay and de

Maleville, who were attached to the households of the duke of La Rochefoucauld and Marshal Bassompierre, one in retirement on his estates and the other a prisoner in the Bastille, were for refusing and excusing themselves as best they might to the cardinal. Chapelain, who had a pension from his Eminence, represented that "in good truth he could have been well pleased to dispense with having their conferences thus bruited abroad, but in the position to which things were reduced it was not open to them to follow the more agreeable of the two courses; they had to do with a man who willed in no half-hearted way whatever he willed, and who was not accustomed to meet resistance or to suffer it with impunity; he would consider as an insult the disregard shown for his protection, and might visit his resentment upon each individual; he could, at any rate, easily prohibit their assemblies, breaking up by that means a society which every one of them desired to be eternal."

The arguments were strong, the members yielded; Bois-Robert was charged to thank his Eminence very humbly for the honor he did them, assuring him that they were all resolved to follow his wishes. "I wish to be of that assembly the protector and the father," said Richelieu, giving at once divers proofs that he took a great interest in that establishment, a fact which soon brought the Academy solicitations from those who were most intimate with the cardinal, and who, being in some sort of repute for wit, gloried in being admitted to a body which he regarded with favor.

In making of this little private gathering a great national institution, Cardinal Richelieu yielded to his natural yearning for government and dominion; he protected literature as a minister and as an admirer; the admirer's inclination was supported by the minister's influence. At the same time, and perhaps without being aware of it, he was giving French literature a centre of discipline and union whilst securing for the independence and dignity of writers a supporting-point which they had hitherto lacked. Whilst recompensing them by favors nearly always conferred in the name of the State, he was preparing for them afar off the means of withdrawing themselves from that private dependence the yoke of which they nearly always had to bear. Set free at his death from the weight of their obligations to him, they became the servants of the State; ere long the French Academy had no other protector but the king.

Order and rule everywhere accompanied Cardinal Richelieu; the Academy drew up its statutes, chose a director, a chancellor and a perpetual secretary: Conrart was the first to be called to that honor; the number of Academicians was set down at forty by letters patent from the king: "As soon as God had called us to the conduct of this realm, we had for aim, not only to apply a remedy to the disorders which the civil wars had introduced into it, but also to enrich it with all ornaments suitable for the most illustrious and the most ancient of the monarchies that are at this day in the world. Although we have labored without ceasing at the execution of this design, it hath been impossible for us hitherto to see the entire fulfilment thereof. The disturbances so often excited in the greater part of our provinces and the assistance we have been obliged to give to many of our allies have diverted us from any other thought but that of war, and have hindered us for a long while from enjoying the repose we procured for others. . . . Our very dear and very much beloved cousin, the cardinal-duke of Richelieu, who hath had the part that everybody knows in all these things, hath represented to us that one of the most glorious signs of the happiness of a kingdom was that the sciences and arts should flourish there, and that letters should be in honor there as well as arms; that, after having performed so many memorable exploits, we had nothing further to do but to add agreeable things to the necessary, and ornament to utility; and he was of opinion that we could not begin better than with the most noble of all the arts, which is eloquence; that the French tongue, which up to the present hath only too keenly felt the neglect of those who might have rendered it the most perfect of the day, is more than ever capable of becoming so, seeing the number of persons who have knowledge of the advantages it possesses; it is to establish fixed rules for it that he hath ordained an assembly whose propositions were satisfactory to him. For these reasons and in order to secure the said conferences, we will that they continue henceforth, in our good city of Paris, under the name of *French Academy*, and that letters patent be enregistered to that end by our gentry of the parliament of Paris."

The parliament was not disposed to fulfil the formality of enregistration. The cardinal had compressed it, stifled it, but he had never mastered it; the Academy was a new institution, it was regarded as his work; on that ground it inspired great distrust in the public as well as the magistrates. "The people,

to whom everything that came from this minister looked suspicious, knew not whether, beneath these flowers, there were not a serpent concealed, and were apprehensive that this establishment was, at the very least, a new prop to support his domination, that it was but a batch of folks in his pay, hired to maintain all that he did and to observe the actions and sentiments of others. It went about that he cut down the scavenging expenses of Paris by eighty thousand livres in order to give them a pension of two thousand livres apiece; the vulgar were so frightened, without attempting to account for their terror, that a tradesman of Paris, who had taken a house that suited him admirably in *Rue Cinq Diamants*, where the Academy then used to meet at M. Chapelain's, broke off his bargain on no other ground but that he did not want to live in a street where a *'Cademy of Conspirators* (*une Académie de Manopoleurs*) met every week." The wits, like St. Évremond, in his comedy of the *Académistes*, turned into ridicule a body which, as it was said, claimed to subject the language of the public to its decisions:

"So I, with hoary head, to school
Must, like a child, go day by day;
And learn my parts of speech, poor fool,
When Death is taking speech away!"

said Maynard, who, nevertheless, was one of the forty.

The letters patent for establishment of the French Academy had been sent to the parliament in 1635; they were not registered until 1637 at the express instance of the cardinal, who wrote to the premier President to assure him that "the foundation of the Academy was useful and necessary to the public, and the purpose of the Academicians was quite different from what it had been possible to make people believe hitherto." The decree of verification, when it at length appeared, bore traces of the jealous prejudices of the parliament. "They of the said assembly and academy," it ran, "shall not be empowered to take cognizance of anything but the ornamentation, embellishment and augmentation of the French language, and of the books that shall be made by them and by other persons who shall desire it and want it."

The French Academy was founded; it was already commencing its Dictionary in accordance with the suggestion enunciated by Chapelain at the second meeting; the cardinal was here carrying out that great moral idea of literature which he had expressed but lately in a letter to Balzac: "The

conceptions in your letters," said he, "are forcible and as far removed from ordinary imaginations as they are in conformity with the common sense of those who have superior judgment. Truth has this advantage, that it forces those who have eyes and mind sufficiently clear to discern what it is to represent it without disguise." Neither Balzac and his friends, nor the protection of Cardinal Richelieu, sufficed as yet to give lustre to the Academy; great minds and great writers alone could make the glory of their society. The principle of the association of men of letters was, however, established: men of the world, friendly to literature, were already preparing to mingle with them; the literary, but lately servitors of the great, had henceforth at their disposal a privilege envied and sought after by courtiers; their independence grew by it and their dignity gained by it. The French Academy became an institution and took its place amongst the glories of France. It had this piece of good fortune, that Cardinal Richelieu died without being able to carry out the project he had conceived. He had intended to open on the site of the horse-market, near Porte St. Honoré and behind the Palais-Cardinal, "a great *Place* which he would have called *Ducale* in imitation of the *Royale*, which is at the other end of the city," says Pellisson; he had placed in the hands of M. de la Mesnardière a memorandum drawn up by himself for the plan of a college "which he was meditating for all the noble sciences and in which he designed to employ all that was most telling for the cause of literature in Europe. He had an idea of making the members of the Academy directors and as it were arbiters of this great establishment, and aspired, with a feeling worthy of the immortality with which he was so much in love, to set up the French Academy there in the most distinguished position in the world, and to offer an honorable and pleasant repose to all persons of that class who had deserved it by their labors." It was a noble and a liberal idea, worthy of the great mind which had conceived it; but it would have stifled the fertile germ of independence and liberty which he had unconsciously buried in the womb of the French Academy. Pensioned and barracked, the Academicians would have remained men of letters, shut off from society and the world. The Academy grew up alone, favored indeed but never reduced to servitude; it alone has withstood the cruel shocks which have for so long a time agitated France; in a country where nothing lasts, it has lasted, with

its traditions, its primitive statutes, its reminiscences, its respect for the past. It has preserved its courteous and modest dignity, its habits of polite neutrality, the suavity and equality of the relations between its members. It was said just now that Richelieu's work no longer existed save in history, and that revolutions have left him nothing but his glory; but that was a mistake: the French Academy is still standing, stronger and freer than at its birth, and it was founded by Richelieu and has never forgotten him.

Amongst the earliest members of the Academy the cardinal had placed his most habitual and most intimate literary servants, Bois-Robert, Desmarets, Colletet, all writers for the theatre, employed by Richelieu in his own dramatic attempts. Theatrical representations were the only pleasure the minister enjoyed, in accord with the public of his day. He had everywhere encouraged this taste, supporting with marked favor Hardy and the *Théâtre parisien*. With his mind constantly exercised by the wants of the government, he soon sought in the theatre a means of acting upon the masses. He had already foreseen the power of the press; he had laid hands on Doctor Renaudot's *Gazette de France*; King Louis XIII. often wrote articles in it; the manuscript exists in the National Library, with some corrections which appear to be Richelieu's. As for the theatre, the cardinal aspired to try his own hand at the work; his literary labors were nearly all political pieces; his tragedy of *Mirame*, to which he attached so much value, and which he had represented at such great expense for the opening of his theatre in the Palais-Cardinal, is nothing but one continual allusion, often bold even to insolence, to Buckingham's feelings towards Anne of Austria. The comedy, in heroic style, of *Europe*, which appeared in the name of Desmarets after the cardinal's death, is a political allegory touching the condition of the world. *Francion* and *Ibère* contend together for the favors of Europe, not without, at the same time, paying court to the Princess Austrasia (Lorraine). All the cardinal's foreign policy, his alliances with Protestants, are there described in verses which do not lack a certain force: *Germanique* (the emperor) pleads the cause of *Ibère* with Europe:

"No longer can he brook to gaze on such as these,
Destroyers of the shrines, foes of the Deities.
By *Francion* evoked from out the Frozen Main,*
That he might cope with us and equal war maintain.

* The Swedes.

EUROPE.

Oh! call not by those names th' indomitable race,
 Who 'midst my champions hold honorable place.
 Unlike to us, they own no shrine, no sacrifice;
 But still, unlike Ibère, they use no artifice;
 About the Gods they speak their mind as seemeth best,
 Whilst he, with pious air, still keepeth me opprest:
 Through them I hold mine own, from harm and insult free,
 Their errors I deplore, their valor pleases me.
 What was that noble king,* that puissant conqueror,
 Who through thy regions, like a mighty torrent, tore?
 Who march'd with giant strides along the path of fame,
 And, in the hour of death, left vict'ry with his name?
 What are those gallant chiefs, who from his ashes rose,
 Whom still, methinks, his shade assists against their foes?
 What was that Saxon heart,† so full of noble rage,
 He, whom thine own decrees drove from his heritage?
 Who, with his gallant few, full many a deed hath done
 Within thine own domains, and many a laurel won?
 Who, wasting not his strength in strife with granite walls,
 Routs thee in open field, and lo! the fortress falls?
 Who, taking just revenge for loss of all his own,
 Compress'd thy boundaries, and cut thy frontiers down.
 How many virtues in that prince's ‡ heart reside
 Who leads yon free-set § people's armies in their pride.
 People who boldly spurn'd Ibère and all his laws,
 Bravely shook off his yoke and bravely left his cause?
 Francion, without such aid, thou say'st would helpless be;
 What were Ibère without thy provinces and thee?

GERMANIQUE.

But I am of his blood:—own self-same Deities.

EUROPE.

All they are of my blood:—gaze on the self-same skies;
 Do all your hosts adore the Deities we own?
 Nay from your very midst come errors widely sown.
 Ibère for chief support on erring men relies:
 Yet, what himself may do, to others he denies.
 What! Francion favor error! This is idle prate:
 He who from irreligion thoroughly purged the State!
 Who brought the worship back to altars in decay;
 Who built the temples up that in their ashes lay;
 True son of them, who, spite of all thy fathers' feats,
 Replaced my reverend priests upon their holy seats!
 'Twixt Francion and Ibère this difference remains:
 One sets them in their seats, and one in iron chains."

Already, in *Mirame*, Richelieu had celebrated the fall of Rochelle and of the Huguenot party, bringing upon the scene the king of Bithynia who is taking arms

"To tame a rebel slave.

Perch'd proudly on his rock wash'd by the ocean-wave."

* Gustavus Adolphus.

† Prince of Orange.

‡ Bernard of Saxe-Weimar.

§ The Hollanders.

As epigraph to *Europe* there were these lines:

"All friends of France to this my work will friendly be;
And all unfriends of her will say the author ill;
Yet shall I be content, say, reader, what you will;
The joy of some, the rage of others, pleases me."

The enemies of France did not wait for the comedy, in heroic style, of *Europe* in order to frequently say ill of Cardinal Richelieu.

Occupied as he was in governing the affairs of France and of Europe otherwise than in verse, the cardinal chose out work-fellows; there were five of them, to whom he gave his ideas and the plan of his piece; he entrusted to each the duty of writing an act and "by this means finished a comedy a month," says Pellisson. Thus was composed the comedy of the *Tuilleries* and the *Aveugle de Smyrne*, which were printed in 1638; Richelieu had likewise taken part in the composition of the *Visionnaires* of Desmarets, and supported in a rather remarkable scene the rule of the three unities against its detractors. A new comedy, the *Grande Pastorale*, was in hand. "When he was purposing to publish it," says the History of the Academy, "he desired M. Chapelain to look over it and make careful observations upon it. These observations were brought to him by M. de Bois-Robert and, though they were written with much discretion and respect, they shocked and nettled him to such a degree either by their number or by the consciousness they caused him of his faults that, without reading them through, he tore them up. But on the following night, when he was in bed and all his household asleep, having thought over the anger he had shown, he did a thing incomparably more estimable than the best comedy in the world, that is to say, he listened to reason, for he gave orders to collect and glue together the pieces of that torn paper, and, having read it from one end to the other and given great thought to it, he sent and awakened M. de Bois-Robert to tell him that he saw quite well that the Gentlemen of the Academy were better informed about such matters than he, and that there must be nothing more said about that paper and print."

The cardinal ended by permitting the liberties taken in literary matters by Chapelain and even Colletet. His courtiers were complimenting him about some success or other obtained by the king's arms, saying that nothing could withstand his Eminence: "You are mistaken," he answered, laughing; "and I find even in Paris persons who withstand

me. There's Colletet, who, after having fought with me yesterday over a word, does not give in yet; look at this long letter that he has just written me!" He counted, at any rate, in the number of his five work-fellows one mind too independent to be subservient for long to the ideas and wishes of another, though it were Cardinal Richelieu and the premier minister. In conjunction with Colletet, Bois-Robert, De l'Etoile and Rotrou, Peter Corneille worked at his Eminence's tragedies and comedies. He handled according to his fancy the act entrusted to him, with so much freedom that the cardinal was shocked and said that he lacked, in his opinion, "the follower-spirit" (*l'esprit de suite*). Corneille did not appeal from this judgment; he quietly took the road to Rouen, leaving henceforth to his four work-fellows the glory of putting into form the ideas of the all-powerful minister; he worked alone, for his own hand, for the glory of France and of the human mind.

Peter Corneille, born at Rouen on the 6th of June, 1606, in a family of lawyers, had been destined for the bar from his infancy; he was a briefless barrister; his father had purchased him two government posts, but his heart was otherwise set than "on jurisprudence"; in 1635, when he quietly renounced the honor of writing for the cardinal, Corneille had already had several comedies played. He himself said of the first, *Mélite*, which he wrote at three and twenty: "It was my first attempt, and it has no pretence of being according to the rules, for I did not know then that there were any. I had for guide nothing but a little common sense together with the models of the late Hardy, whose vein was rather fertile than polished." "The comedies of Corneille had met with success; praised as he was by his competitors in the career of the theatre, he was as yet in their eyes but one of the supports of that literary glory which was common to them all. Tranquil in their possession of bad taste, they were far from foreseeing the revolution which was about to overthrow its sway and their own" [*Corneille et son temps*, by M. Guizot].

Corneille made his first appearance in tragedy, in 1633, with a *Médée*. "Here are verses which proclaim Corneille," said Voltaire:

"After so many boons, to leave me can he bear?
After so many sins, to leave me can he dare?"

They proclaimed tragedy; it had appeared at last to Corneille; its features, roughly sketched, were nevertheless recog-

nizable. He was already studying Spanish with an old friend of his family, and was working at the *Cid*, when he brought out his *Illusion comique*, a mediocre piece, Corneille's last sacrifice to the taste of his day. Towards the end of the year 1636, the *Cid* was played for the first time at Paris. There was a burst of enthusiasm forthwith. "I wish you were here," wrote the celebrated comedian Mondory to Balzac, on the 18th of January, 1637, "to enjoy amongst other pleasures that of the beautiful comedies that are being played and especially a *Cid* who has charmed all Paris. So beautiful is he that he has smitten with love all the most virtuous ladies, whose passion has many times blazed out in the public theatre. Seated in a body on the benches of the boxes have been seen those who are commonly seen only in gilded chamber and on the seat with the fleurs-de-lis. So great has been the throng at our doors and our place has turned out so small, that the corners of the theatre which served at other times as niches for the page-boys have been given as a favor to blue ribands, and the scene has been embellished, ordinarily, with the crosses of knights of the order." "It is difficult," says Pellisson, "to imagine with what approbation this piece was received by court and people." It was impossible to tire of seeing it, nothing else was talked of in company; everybody knew some portion by heart; it was taught to children, and in many parts of France it had passed into a proverb to say: *Beautiful as the Cid*. Criticism itself was silenced for a while; carried along in the general whirl, bewildered by its success, the rivals of Corneille appeared to join the throng of his admirers; but they soon recovered their breath, and their first sign of life was an effort of resistance to the torrent which threatened to carry them away; with the exception of Rotrou, who was worthy to comprehend and enjoy Corneille, the revolt was unanimous. The malcontents and the envious had found in Richelieu an eager and a powerful auxiliary.

Many attempts have been made to fathom the causes of the cardinal's animosity to the *Cid*. It was a Spanish piece, and represented in a favorable light the traditional enemies of France and of Richelieu; it was all in honor of the duel, which the cardinal had prosecuted with such rigorous justice; it depicted a king simple, patriarchal, genial in the exercise of his power, contrary to all the views cherished by the minister touching royal majesty; all these reasons might have contributed to his wrath, but there was something more personal

and petty in its bitterness. In tacit disdain for the work that had been entrusted to him, Corneille had abandoned Richelieu's pieces; he had retired to Rouen; far away from the court, he had only his successes to set against the perfidious insinuations of his rivals. The triumph of the *Cid* seemed to the resentful spirit of a neglected and irritated patron a sort of insult. Therewith was mingled a certain shade of author's jealousy. Richelieu saw in the fame of Corneille the success of a rebel. Egged on by base and malicious influences, he attempted to crush him as he had crushed the House of Austria and the Huguenots.

The cabal of bad taste enlisted to a man in this new war. Scudéry was standard bearer; astounded that "such fantastic beauties should have seduced knowledge as well as ignorance and the court as well as the cit, and conjuring decent folks to suspend judgment for a while and not condemn without a hearing, *Sophonisbe*, *César*, *Cléopâtre*, *Hercule*, *Marianne*, *Cléomédon*, and so many other illustrious heroes who had charmed them on the stage." Corneille might have been satisfied; his adversaries themselves recognized his great popularity and success.

A singular mixture of haughtiness and timidity, of vigorous imagination and simplicity of judgment! It was by his triumphs that Corneille had become informed of his talents; but, when once aware, he had accepted the conviction thereof as that of those truths which one does not arrive at by one's self, absolutely, without explanation, without modification.

"I know my worth, and well believe men's rede of it;
 I have no need of leagues, to make myself admired;
 Few voices may be raised for me, but none is hired;
 To swell th' applause, my just ambition seeks no *claque*,
 Nor out of holes and corners hunts the hireling pack,
 Upon the boards, quite self-supported, mount my plays,
 And every one is free to censure or to praise;
 There, though no friends expound their views or preach my cause,
 It hath been many a time my lot to win applause;
 There, pleased with the success by modest merit won,
 With brilliant critics' laws I seek to dazzle none;
 To court and people both I give the same delight,
 Mine only partisans the verses that I write;
 To them alone I owe the credit of my pen,
 To my own self alone the fame I win of men;
 And if, when rivals meet, I claim equality,
 Methinks I do no wrong to whosoe'er it be."

"Let him rise on the wings of composition," said La Bruyère, "and he is not below Augustus, Pompey, Nico-

demus, Sertorius; he is a king and a great king; he is a politician, he is a philosopher." Modest and bashful in what concerns himself, when it has nothing to do with his works and his talents, Corneille, who does not disdain to receive a pension from Cardinal Richelieu or, in writing to Scudéry, to call him "your master and mine," becomes quite another creature when he defends his genius:

"Leaving full oft the earth, soon as he leaves the goal,
With lofty flight he soars into the upper air,
Looks down on envious men and smiles at their despair."

The contest was becoming fierce and bitter; much was written for and against the *Cid*; the public remained faithful to it; the cardinal determined to submit it to the judgment of the Academy, thus exacting from that body an act of complaisance towards himself as well as an act of independence and authority in the teeth of predominant opinion. At his instigation, Scudéry wrote to the Academy to make them the judges in the dispute. "The cardinal's desire was plain to see," says Pellisson; "but the most judicious amongst that body testified a great deal of repugnance to this design. They said that the Academy, which was only in its cradle, ought not to incur odium by a judgment which might perhaps displease both parties, and which could not fail to cause umbrage to one at least, that is to say, to a great part of France; that they were scarcely tolerated from the mere fancy which prevailed that they pretended to some authority over the French tongue; what would be the case if they proved to have exercised it in respect of a work which had pleased the majority and won the approbation of the people? M. Corneille did not ask for this judgment, and, by the statutes of the Academy, they could only sit in judgment upon a work with the consent and at the entreaty of the author." Corneille did not facilitate the task of the Academicians: he excused himself modestly, protesting that such occupation was not worthy of such a body, that a mere piece (*un libelle*) did not deserve their judgment. . . . "At length, under pressure from M. de Bois-Robert, who gave him pretty plainly to understand what was his master's desire, this answer slipped from him: 'The gentlemen of the Academy can do as they please: since you write me word that My Lord would like to see their judgment and it would divert his Eminence, I have nothing further to say.'"

These expressions were taken as a formal consent, and as

the Academy still excused themselves: "Let those gentlemen know," said the cardinal, at last, "that I desire it, and that I shall love them as they love me."

There was nothing for it but to obey. Whilst Bois-Robert was amusing his master by representing before him a parody of the *Cid*, played by his lacqueys and scullions, the Academy was at work drawing up their *sentiments* respecting the *Cid*. Thrice submitted to the cardinal, who thrice sent it back with some strong remarks appended, the judgment of the Academicians did not succeed in satisfying the minister. "What was wanted was the complaisance of submission, what was obtained was only that of gratitude." "I know quite well," says Pellisson, "that His eminence would have wished to have the *Cid* more roughly handled, if he had not been adroitly made to understand that a judge must not speak like a party to a suit, and that, in proportion as he showed passion, he would lose authority."

Balzac, still in retirement at his country-place, made no mistake as to the state of mind either in the Academy or in the world when he wrote to Scudéry, who had sent him his *Observations sur le Cid*: "Reflect, sir, that all France takes sides with M. Corneille, and that there is not one perhaps of the judges with whom it is rumored that you have come to an agreement who has not praised that which you desire him to condemn; so that, though your arguments were incontrovertible and your adversary should acquiesce therein, he would still have the wherewith to give himself glorious consolation for the loss of his case, and be able to tell you that it is something more to have delighted a whole kingdom than to have written a piece according to regulation. This being so, I doubt not that the gentlemen of the Academy will find themselves much hampered in delivering a judgment on your case, and that, on the one hand, your arguments will stagger them, whilst, on the other, the public approbation will keep them in check. You have the best of it in the closet; he has the advantage on the stage. If the *Cid* be guilty, it is of a crime which has met with reward; if he be punished, it will be after having triumphed; if Plato must banish him from his republic, he must crown him with flowers whilst banishing him and not treat him worse than he formerly treated Homer."

The *Sentiments de l'Académie* at last saw the light in the month of December, 1637, and, as Chapelain had foreseen, they did not completely satisfy either the cardinal or Scudéry, in

spite of the thanks which the latter considered himself bound to express to that body, or Corneille, who testified bitter displeasure: "The Academy proceeds against me with so much violence and employs so supreme an authority to close my mouth, that all the satisfaction I have is to think that this famous production, at which so many fine intellects have been working for six months, may no doubt be esteemed the opinion of the French Academy, but will probably not be the opinion of the rest of Paris. I wrote the *Cid* for my diversion and that of decent folks who like comedy. All the favor that the opinion of the Academy can hope for is to make as much way; at any rate, I have had my account settled before them, and I am not at all sure that they can wait for theirs."

Corneille did not care to carry his resentment higher than the Academy. At the end of December, 1637, when writing to Bois-Robert a letter of thanks for getting him his pension, which he calls "the liberalities of my Lord," he adds: "As you advise me not to reply to the *Sentiments de l'Académie*, seeing what personages are concerned therein, there is no need of interpreters to understand that; I am somewhat more of this world than Heliodorus was, who preferred to lose his bishopric rather than his book, and I prefer my master's good graces to all the reputations on earth. I shall be mum, then, not from disdain, but from respect."

The great Corneille made no further defence; he had become a servitor again; but the public, less docile, persisted in their opinion:

"In vain against the *Cid* a minister makes league;
All Paris gazing on Chimène, thinks with Rodrigue;
In vain to censure her th' Academy aspires;
The stubborn populace revolts and still admires;"

said Boileau, subsequently.

The dispute was ended; and, in spite of the judgment of the Academy, the cardinal did not come out of it victorious; his anger, however, had ceased: the duchess of Aiguillon, his niece, accepted the dedication of the *Cid*; when *Horace* appeared, in 1639, the dedicatory epistle addressed to the cardinal proved that Corneille read his works to him beforehand; the cabal appeared for a while on the point of making head again: "Horace, condemned by the decemvirs, was acquitted by the people," said Corneille. The same year *Cinna* came to give the finishing touch to the reputation of the great poet:

"To the persecuted *Cid* the *Cinna* owed its birth."

Corneille had withdrawn to the obscurity which suited the

simplicity of his habits; the cardinal, it was said, had helped him to get married; he had no longer to defend his works, their fame was amply sufficient. "Henceforth, Corneille walks freely by himself and in the strength of his own powers; the circle of his ideas grows larger, his style grows loftier and stronger, together with his thoughts, and purer, perhaps, without his dreaming of it; a more correct, a more precise expression comes to him, evoked by greater clearness in idea, greater fixity of sentiment; genius, with the mastery of means, seeks new outlets. Corneille writes *Polyeucte*" [*Corneille et son temps*, by M. Guizot].

It was a second revolution accomplished for the upsetting of received ideas, at a time when paganism was to such an extent master of the theatre that in the midst of an allegory of the seventeenth century, alluding to Gustavus Adolphus and the wars of religion, Richelieu and Desmarets, in the heroic comedy of *Europe*, dared not mention the name of God save in the plural. Corneille read his piece at the Hôtel Rambouillet. "It was applauded to the extent demanded by propriety and the reputation already achieved by the author," says Fontenelle; "but, some days afterwards, M. de Voiture went to call upon M. Corneille and took a very delicate way of telling him that *Polyeucte* had not been so successful as he supposed, that the Christianity had been extremely displeasing." "The story is," adds Voltaire, "that all the Hôtel Rambouillet and especially the bishop of Vence, Godeau, condemned the attempt of *Polyeucte* to overthrow idols." Corneille, in alarm, would have withdrawn the piece from the hands of the comedians, who were learning it, and he only left it on the assurance of one of the comedians who did not play in it because he was too bad an actor. Posterity has justified the poor comedian against the Hôtel Rambouillet; amongst so many of Corneille's master-pieces it has ever given a place apart to *Polyeucte*; neither the *Saint-Genest* of Rotrou, nor the *Zaïre* of Voltaire, in spite of their various beauties, have dethroned *Polyeucte*; in fame as well as in date it remains the first of the few pieces in which Christianity appeared, to gain applause, upon the French classic stage.

Richelieu was no longer there to lay his commands upon the court and upon the world: he was dead, without having been forgiven by Corneille:—

"Of our great cardinal let men speak as they will,
By me, in prose or verse, they shall not be withstood:
He did me too much good for me to say him ill,
He did me too much ill for me to say him good!"

The great literary movement of the seventeenth century had begun; it had no longer any need of a protector; it was destined to grow up alone during twenty years, amidst troubles at home and wars abroad, to flourish all at once, with incomparable splendor, under the reign and around the throne of Louis XIV. Cardinal Richelieu, however, had the honor of protecting its birth; he had taken personal pleasure in it; he had comprehended its importance and beauty; he had desired to serve it whilst taking the direction of it. Let us end, as we began, with the judgment of La Bruyère: "Compare yourselves, if you dare, with the great Richelieu, you men devoted to fortune, you, who say that you know nothing, that you have read nothing, that you will read nothing. Learn that Cardinal Richelieu did know, did read; I say not that he had no estrangement from men of letters, but that he loved them, caressed them, favored them, that he contrived privileges for them, that he appointed pensions for them, that he united them in a celebrated body, and that he made of them the French Academy."

The Academy, the Sorbonne, the Botanic Gardens (*Jardin des Plantes*), the King's Press have endured; the theatre has grown and been enriched by many master-pieces, the press has become the most dreaded of powers; all the new forces that Richelieu created or foresaw have become developed without him, frequently in opposition to him and to the work of his whole life; his name has remained connected with the commencement of all these wonders, beneficial or disastrous, which he had grasped and presaged, in a future happily concealed from his ken.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOUIS XIV., THE FRONDE AND THE GOVERNMENT OF CARDINAL MAZARIN (1643—1661).

LOUIS XIII. had never felt confidence in the queen his wife; and Cardinal Richelieu had fostered that sentiment which promoted his views. When M. de Chavigny came, on Anne of Austria's behalf, to assure the dying king that she had never had any part in the conspiracy of Chalais, or dreamt of

espousing Monsieur in case she was left a widow, Louis XIII. answered, "Considering the state I am in, I am bound to forgive her, but not to believe her." He did not believe her, he never had believed her, and his declaration touching the Regency was entirely directed towards counteracting by anticipation the power entrusted to his wife and his brother. The queen's regency and the duke of Orleans' lieutenant-generalship were in some sort subordinated to a council composed of the prince of Condé, Cardinal Mazarin, Chancellor Séguier, Superintendent Bouthillier, and Secretary of State Chavigny, "with a prohibition against introducing any change therein, for any cause or on any occasion whatsoever." The queen and the duke of Orleans had signed and sworn the declaration.

King Louis XIII. was not yet in his grave when his last wishes were violated; before his death the queen had made terms with the ministers; the course to be followed had been decided. On the 18th of May, 1643, the queen, having brought back the little king to Paris, conducted him in great state to the parliament of Paris to hold his bed of justice there. The boy sat down and said with a good grace that he had come to the parliament to testify his good will to it, and that his chancellor would say the rest. The duke of Orleans then addressed the queen: "The honor of the regency is the due altogether of your Majesty," said he, "not only in your capacity of mother, but also for your merits and virtues; the regency having been confided to you by the deceased king and by the consent of all the *grande*s of the realm, I desire no other part in affairs than that which it may please your Majesty to give me, and I do not claim to take any advantage from the special clauses contained in the declaration." The prince of Condé said much the same thing, but with less earnestness, and on the evening of the same day the queen regent, having sole charge of the administration of affairs, and modifying the council at her pleasure, announced to the astounded court that she should retain by her Cardinal Mazarin. Not a word had been said about him at the parliament, the courtiers believed that he was on the point of leaving France; but the able Italian, attractive as he was subtle, had already found a way to please the queen. She retained as chief of her council the heir to the traditions of Richelieu, and deceived the hopes of the party of *Importants*, those meddlers of the court at whose head marched the duke of Beaufort. all

puffed up with the confidence lately shown to him by her Majesty. Potier, bishop of Beauvais, the queen's confidant during her troubles, "expected to be all-powerful in the State; he sought out the duke of Orleans and the prince of Condé, promising them governorship of places and, generally, anything they might desire. He thought he could set the affairs of State going as easily as he could his parish-priests; but the poor prelate came down from his high hopes when he saw that the cardinal was advancing more and more in the queen's confidence, and that, for him, too much was already thought to have been done in according him admittance to the council, whilst flattering him with a hope of the purple" [*Mémoires de Brienne*, ii. 37]. Cardinal Mazarin soon sent him off to his diocese. Continuing to humor all parties, and displaying foresight and prudence, the new minister was even now master. Louis XIII., without any personal liking, had been faithful to Richelieu to the death; with different feelings, Anne of Austria was to testify the same constancy toward Mazarin.

A stroke of fortune came at the very first to strengthen the regent's position. Since the death of Cardinal Richelieu, the Spaniards, but recently overwhelmed at the close of 1642, had recovered courage and boldness; new counsels prevailed at the court of Philip IV. who had dismissed Olivarez; the House of Austria vigorously resumed the offensive; at the moment of Louis XIII.'s death, Don Francisco de Mello, governor of the Low Countries, had just invaded French territory by way of the Ardennes, and laid siege to Rocroi, on the 12th of May. The French army was commanded by the young duke of Enghien, the prince of Condé's son, scarcely twenty-two years old; Louis XIII. had given him as his lieutenant and director the veteran Marshal de l'Hôpital; and the latter feared to give battle. The duke of Enghien, who "was dying with impatience to enter the enemy's country, resolved to accomplish by address what he could not carry by authority. He opened his heart to Gassion alone. As he was a man who saw nothing but what was easy even in the most dangerous deeds, he had very soon brought matters to the point that the prince desired. Marshal de l'Hôpital found himself imperceptibly so near the Spaniards that it was impossible for him any longer to hinder an engagement" [*Relation de M. de la Moussaye*]. The army was in front of Rocroi, and out of the dangerous defile which led to the place, without any idea on the part of the marshal and the army that Louis XIII. was dead. The duke of Enghien, who had

received the news, had kept it secret. He had merely said in the tone of a master "that he meant to fight and would answer for the issue. His orders given, he passed along the ranks of his army with an air which communicated to it the same impatience that he himself felt to see the night over in order to begin the battle. He passed the whole of it at the camp fire of the officers of Picardy." In the morning "it was necessary to rouse from deep slumber this second Alexander. Mark him as he flies to victory or death! As soon as he had kindled from rank to rank the ardor with which he was animated, he was seen, in almost the same moment, driving in the enemy's right, supporting ours that wavered, rallying the half-beaten French, putting to flight the victorious Spaniards, striking terror everywhere, and dumbfounding with his flashing looks those who escaped from his blows. There remained that dread infantry of the army of Spain, whose huge battalions, in close order, like so many towers, but towers that could repair their breaches, remained unshaken amidst all the rest of the rout, and delivered their fire on all sides. Thrice the young conqueror tried to break these fearless warriors; thrice he was driven back by the valiant count of Fuentès, who was seen carried about in his chair, and, in spite of his infirmities, showing that a warrior's soul is mistress of the body it animates. But yield they must: in vain through the woods, with his cavalry all fresh, does Beck rush down to fall upon our exhausted men: the prince has been beforehand with him; the broken battalions cry for quarter, but the victory is to be more terrible than the fight for the duke of Enghien. Whilst with easy mien he advances to receive the parole of these brave fellows, they, watchful still, apprehend the surprise of a fresh attack; their terrible volley drives our men mad; there is nothing to be seen but slaughter; the soldier is drunk with blood, till that great prince, who could not bear to see such lions butchered like so many sheep, calmed excited passions and to the pleasure of victory joined that of mercy. He would willingly have saved the life of the brave count of Fuentès, but found him lying amidst thousands of the dead whose loss is still felt by Spain. The prince bends the knee and, on the field of battle, renders thanks to the God of armies for the victory He hath given him. Then were there rejoicings over Rocroi delivered, the threats of a dread enemy converted to their shame, the regency strengthened, France at rest, and a reign, which was to be so noble, commenced with such happy augury" [Bossuet, *Oraison funèbre de Louis de*

Bourbon, prince de Condé]. *Victory or death*, below the cross of Burgundy, was borne upon most of the standards taken from the imperialists; and "indeed," says the *Gazette de France*, "the most part were found dead in the ranks where they had been posted. Which was nobly brought home by one of the prisoners to our captains when, being asked how many there had been of them, he replied, *Count the dead*." Condé was worthy to fight such enemies, and Bossuet to recount their defeat. "The prince was a born captain," said Cardinal de Retz. And all France said so with him, on hearing of the victory of Rocroi.

The delight was all the keener in the queen's circle, because the house of Condé openly supported Cardinal Mazarin, bitterly attacked as he was by the Importants, who accused him of reviving the tyranny of Richelieu.

A ditty on the subject was current in the streets of Paris:—

"He is not dead, he is but changed of age,
The cardinal, at whom men gird with rage,
But all his household make thereat great cheer;
It pleaseth not full many a chevalier;
They fain had brought him to the lowest stage.
Beneath his wing came all his lineage,
By the same art whereof he made usage:
And, by my faith, 'tis still their day, I fear.
He is not dead.

"Hush! we are mum, because we dread the cage;
For he's at court—this eminent personage,
There to remain of years to come a score.
Ask those Importants, would you fain know more,
And they will say in dolorous language:
'He is not dead.'"

And indeed, on pretext offered by a feminine quarrel between the young duchess of Longueville, daughter of the prince of Condé, and the duchess of Montbazou, the duke of Beaufort and some of his friends resolved to assassinate the cardinal. The attempt was a failure, but the duke of Beaufort, who was arrested on the 2nd of September, was taken to the castle of Vincennes. Madame de Chevreuse, recently returned to court where she would fain have exacted from the queen the reward for her services and her past sufferings, was sent into exile as well as the duke of Vendôme. Madame d'Hautefort, but lately summoned by Anne of Austria to be near her, was soon involved in the same disgrace. Proud and compassionate, without any liking for Mazarin, she was daring enough, during a trip to Vincennes, to ask pardon for the duke of Beaufort.

"The queen made no answer, and, the collation being served, Madame d'Hautefort, whose heart was full, ate nothing; when she was asked why, she declared that she could not enjoy anything in such close proximity to that poor boy." The queen could not put up with reproaches; and she behaved with extreme coldness to Madame d'Hautefort. One day, at bedtime, her ill temper showed itself so plainly that the old favorite could no longer be in doubt about the queen's sentiments. As she softly closed the curtains, "I do assure you, Madame," she said, "that if I had served God with as much attachment and devotion as I have your Majesty all my life, I should be a great saint." And, raising her eyes to the crucifix, she added, "Thou knowest, Lord, what I have done for her." The queen let her go—to the convent where Mademoiselle de la Fayette had taken refuge ten years before. Madame d'Hautefort left it ere long to become the wife of Marshal Schomberg, but the party of the Importants was dead, and the power of Cardinal Mazarin seemed to be firmly established. "It was not the thing just then for any decent man to be on bad terms with the court," says Cardinal de Retz.

Negotiations for a general peace, the preliminaries whereof had been signed by King Louis XIII. in 1641, had been going on since 1644 at Münster and at Osnabrück, without having produced any result; the duke of Enghien, who became prince of Condé in 1646, was keeping up the war in Flanders and Germany, with the co-operation of Viscount Turenne, younger brother of the duke of Bouillon, and, since Rocroi, a marshal of France. The capture of Thionville and of Dunkerque, the victories of Friburg and Nördlingen, the skilful opening effected in Germany as far as Augsburg by the French and the Swedes, had raised so high the reputation of the two generals, that the prince of Condé, who was haughty and ambitious, began to cause great umbrage to Mazarin. Fear of having him unoccupied deterred the cardinal from peace and made all the harder the conditions he presumed to impose upon the Spaniards. Meanwhile the United Provinces, weary of a war which fettered their commerce, and skilfully courted by their old masters, had just concluded a private treaty with Spain; the emperor was trying, but to no purpose, to detach the Swedes likewise from the French alliance, when the victory of Lens, gained on the 20th of August, 1648, over Archduke Leopold and General Beck, came to throw into the balance the weight of a success as splendid as it was unexpected; one more campaign, and Tu-

renne might be threatening Vienna whilst Condé entered Brussels; the emperor saw there was no help for it and bent his head. The House of Austria split in two; Spain still refused to treat with France, but the whole of Germany clamored for peace; the conditions of it were at last drawn up at Münster by MM. Servien and de Lionne; M. d'Avaux, the most able diplomatist that France possessed, had been recalled to Paris at the beginning of the year. On the 24th of October, 1648, after four years of negotiation, France at last had secured to her Elsass and the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun; Sweden gained Western Pomerania, including Stettin, the isle of Rugen, the three mouths of the Oder and the bishoprics of Bremen and Werden, thus becoming a German power: as for Germany, she had won liberty of conscience and political liberty; the rights of the Lutheran or reformed Protestants were equalized with those of Catholics; henceforth the consent of a free assembly of all the Estates of the empire was necessary to make laws, raise soldiers, impose taxes, and decide peace or war. The peace of Westphalia put an end at one and the same time to the Thirty Years' War and to the supremacy of the House of Austria in Germany.

So much glory and so many military or diplomatic successes cost dear; France was crushed by imposts, and the finances were discovered to be in utter disorder; the superintendent, D'Emery, an able and experienced man, was so justly discredited that his measures were, as a foregone conclusion, unpopular; an edict laying octroi or tariff on the entry of provisions into the city of Paris irritated the burgesses, and parliament refused to enregister it. For some time past the parliament, which had been kept down by the iron hand of Richelieu, had perceived that it had to do with nothing more than an able man and not a master; it began to hold up its head again; a union was proposed between the four sovereign courts of Paris, to wit, the parliament, the grand council, the chamber of exchequer, and the court of aids or indirect taxes; the queen quashed the deed of union; the magistrates set her at naught; the queen yielded, authorizing the delegates to deliberate in the chamber of St. Louis at the Palace of Justice; the pretensions of the parliament were exorbitant and aimed at nothing short of resuming, in the affairs of the State, the position from which Richelieu had deposed it; the concessions which Cardinal Mazarin with difficulty wrung from the queen augmented the parliament's demands. Anne of Austria was beginning to lose

patience, when the news of the victory of Lens restored courage to the court. "Parliament will be very sorry," said the little king, on hearing of the prince of Condé's success. The grave assemblage, on the 26th of August, was issuing from Notre Dame, where a *Te Deum* had just been sung, when Councillor Broussel and President Blancmesnil were arrested in their houses and taken one to St. Germain and the other to Vincennes. This was a familiar proceeding on the part of royal authority in its disagreements with the parliament. Anne of Austria herself had practised it four years before.

It was a mistake on the part of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin not to have considered the different condition of the public mind. A suppressed excitement had for some months been hatching in Paris and in the provinces. "The parliament growled over the tariff edict," says Cardinal de Retz; "and no sooner had it muttered than everybody awoke. People went groping as it were after the laws; they were no longer to be found. Under the influence of this agitation the people entered the sanctuary and lifted the veil that ought always to conceal whatever can be said about the right of peoples and that of kings which never accord so well as in silence." The arrest of Broussel, an old man in high esteem, very keen in his opposition to the court, was like fire to flax. "There was a blaze at once, a sensation, a rush, an outcry and a shutting up of shops." Paul de Godi, known afterwards as Cardinal de Retz, was at that time coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris, his uncle; witty, debauched, bold and restless, lately compromised in the plots of the count of Soissons against Cardinal Richelieu, he owed his office to the queen, and "did not hesitate," he says; "to repair to her, that he might stick to his duty above all things." There was already a great tumult in the streets when he arrived at the Palais-Royal: the people were shouting, "Broussel! Broussel!" The coadjutor was accompanied by Marshal la Meilleraie; and both of them reported the excitement amongst the people. The queen grew angry: "There is revolt in imagining that there can be revolt," she said: "these are the ridiculous stories of those who desire it; the king's authority will soon restore order." Then, as old M. de Guitaut, who had just come in, supported the coadjutor and said that he did not understand how anybody could sleep in the state in which things were, the cardinal asked him, with some slight irony, "Well, M. de Guitaut, and what is your advice?" "My advice," said Guitaut, "is to give up that old rascal of a Brou-

sel, dead or alive." "The former," replied the coadjutor, "would not accord with either the queen's piety or her prudence; the latter might stop the tumult." At this word the queen blushed and exclaimed: "I understand you, Mr. Coadjutor, you would have me set Broussel at liberty. I would strangle him with these hands first!" "And, as she finished the last syllable, she put them close to my face," says De Retz, "adding, and those who" The cardinal advanced and whispered in her ear." Advices of a more and more threatening character continued to arrive; and, at last, it was resolved to promise that Broussel should be set at liberty, provided that the people dispersed and ceased to demand it tumultuously. The coadjutor was charged to proclaim this concession throughout Paris; he asked for a regular order, but was not listened to. "The queen had retired to her little grey room. Monsignor pushed me very gently with his two hands, saying, 'Restore the peace of the realm.' Marshal Meilleraye drew me along, and so I went out with my rochet and camail, bestowing benedictions right and left, but this occupation did not prevent me from making all the reflections suitable to the difficulty in which I found myself. The impetuosity of Marshal Meilleraye did not give me opportunity to weigh my expressions; he advanced sword in hand, shouting with all his might: 'Hurrah! for the king! Liberation for Broussel!' As he was seen by many more folks than heard him, he provoked with his sword far more people than he appeased with his voice." The tumult increased; there was a rush to arms on all sides; the coadjutor was felled to the ground by a blow from a stone. He had just picked himself up, when a burgess put his musket to his head. "Though I did not know him a bit," says Retz, "I thought it would not be well to let him suppose so at such a moment; on the contrary, I said to him, 'Ah! wretch, if thy father saw thee!' He thought I was the best friend of his father, on whom, however, I had never set eyes." The coadjutor was recognized, and the crowd pressed round him, dragging him to the marketplace. He kept repeating everywhere that "the queen promised to restore Broussel." The frippers laid down their arms, and thirty or forty thousand men accompanied him to the Palais-Royal. "Madame," said Marshal Meilleraye as he entered, "here is he to whom I owe my life, and your Majesty the safety of the Palais-Royal." The queen began to smile. "The marshal flew into a passion and said with an oath: 'Madame, no proper man can venture to flatter you in the

state in which things are; and if you do not this very day set Broussel at liberty, to-morrow there will not be left one stone upon another in Paris.' I wished to speak in support of what the marshal said, but the queen cut me short, saying with an air of raillery, 'Go and rest yourself, sir; you have worked very hard.'

The coadjutor left the Palais-Royal "in what is called a rage;" and he was in a greater one in the evening, when his friends came and told him that he was being made fun of at the queen's supper-table; that she was convinced that he had done all he could to increase the tumult; that he would be the first to be made a great example of; and that the parliament was about to be interdicted. Paul de Gondi had not waited for their information to think of revolt. "I did not reflect as to what I could do," says he, "for I was quite certain of that; I reflected only as to what I ought to do, and I was perplexed." The jests and the threats of the court appeared to him to be sufficient justification. "What effectually stopped my scruples was the advantage I imagined I had in distinguishing myself from those of my profession by a state of life in which there was something of all professions. In disorderly times, things lead to a confusion of species, and the vices of an archbishop may, in an infinity of conjunctures, be the virtues of a party-leader." The coadjutor recalled his friends: "We are not in such bad case as you supposed, gentlemen," he said to them: "there is an intention of crushing the public; it is for me to defend it from oppression; to-morrow before mid-day I shall be master of Paris."

For some time past the coadjutor had been laboring to make himself popular in Paris; the general excitement was only waiting to break out, and when the chancellor's carriage appeared in the streets in the morning, on the way to the Palace of Justice, the people, secretly worked upon during the night, all at once took up arms again. The chancellor had scarcely time to seek refuge in the Hôtel de Luynes; the mob rushed in after him, pillaging and destroying the furniture, whilst the chancellor, flying for refuge into a small chamber and believing his last hour had come, was confessing to his brother, the bishop of Meaux. He was not discovered, and the crowd moved off in another direction. "It was like a sudden and violent conflagration lighted up from the Pont Neuf over the whole city. Everybody without exception took up arms. Children of five and six years of age were seen dagger in hand;

and the mothers themselves carried them. In less than two hours there were in Paris more than two hundred barricades, bordered with flags and all the arms that the League had left entire. Everybody cried: 'Hurrah! for the king!' but echo answered: 'None of your Mazarin!'

The coadjutor kept himself shut up at home, protesting his powerlessness; the parliament had met at an early hour; the Palace of Justice was surrounded by an immense crowd, shouting "Broussel! Broussel!" The parliament resolved to go in a body and demand of the queen the release of their members arrested the day before. "We set out in full court," says the premier president Molé, "without sending, as the custom is, to ask the queen to appoint a time, the ushers in front, with their square caps and a-foot; from this spot as far as the Trahoir cross we found the people in arms and barricades thrown up at every hundred paces" [*Mémoires de Matthieu Molé*, iii. p. 255].

"If it were not blasphemy to say that there was any one in our age more intrepid than the great Gustavus and the Prince, I should say it was M. Molé, premier president," writes Cardinal de Retz. Sincerely devoted to the public weal and a magistrate to the very bottom of his soul, Molé, nevertheless, inclined towards the side of power, and understood better than his brethren the danger of factions. He represented to the queen the extreme danger the sedition was causing to Paris and to France. "She, who feared nothing because she knew but little, flew into a passion and answered furiously, 'I am quite aware that there is disturbance in the city, but you shall answer to me for it, gentlemen of the parliament, you, your wives and your children.'" "The queen was pleased," says Molé, in his dignified language, "to signify in terms of wrath that the magisterial body should be answerable for the evils which might ensue and which the king, on reaching his majority, would remember."

The queen had retired to her room, slamming the door violently; the parliament turned back to the Palace of Justice; the angry mob thronged about the magistrates; when they arrived at Rue St. Honoré, just as they were about to turn on to the Pont Neuf, a band of armed men fell upon them, "and a cookshop-lad, advancing at the head of two hundred men, thrust his halbert against the premier president's stomach, saying, 'Turn, traitor, and, if thou wouldst not thyself be slain, give up to us Broussel, or Mazarin and the chancellor as



ANNE OF AUSTRIA AND CARDINAL MAZARIN.



DEATH OF MAZARIN.



COLBERT.

hostages.'” Matthew Molé quietly put the weapon aside, and, “You forget yourself,” he said, “and are oblivious of the respect you owe to my office.” “Thrice an effort was made to thrust me into a private house,” says his account in his *Mémoires*, “but I still kept my place, and, attempts having been made with swords and pistols on all sides of me to make an end of me, God would not permit it, some of the *members* (*Messieurs*) and some true friends having placed themselves in front of me. I told President de Mesmes that there was no other plan but to return to the Palais-Royal and thither take back the body, which was much diminished in numbers, five of the presidents having dropped away, and also many of the members on whom the people had inflicted unworthy treatment.” “Thus having given himself time to rally as many as he could of the body, and still preserving the dignity of the magistracy both in his words and in his movements, the premier president returned at a slow pace to the Palais-Royal, amidst a running fire of insults, threats, execrations and blasphemies” [*Mémoires de Retz*].

The whole court had assembled in the gallery: Molé spoke first. “This man,” says Retz, “had a sort of eloquence peculiar to himself. He knew nothing of apostrophes, he was not correct in his language, but he spoke with a force which made up for all that, and he was naturally so bold that he never spoke so well as in the midst of peril. Monsieur made as if he would throw himself on his knees before the queen, who remained inflexible; four or five princesses, who were trembling with fear, did throw themselves at her feet; the queen of England, who had come that day from St. Germain, represented that the troubles had never been so serious at their commencement in England, nor the feelings so heated or united” [*Histoire du temps*, 1647-48. (*Archives curieuses*, vi., p. 162)]. At last the cardinal made up his mind; “he had been roughly handled in the queen’s presence by the presidents and councillors in their speeches, some of them telling him, in mockery, that he had only to give himself the trouble of going as far as the Pont Neuf to see for himself the state in which things were,” and he joined with all those present in entreating Anne of Austria; finally, the release of Broussel was extorted from her, “not without a deep sigh which showed what violence she did her feelings in the struggle.”

“We returned in full court by the same road,” says Matthew Molé, “and the people demanding with confused clamor of

voices, whether M. Broussel were at liberty, we gave them assurances thereof, and entered by the back-door of my lodging; before crossing the threshold, I took leave of Presidents De Mesmes and Le Coigneux and waited until the members had passed, testifying my sentiments of gratitude for that they had been unwilling to separate until they had seen to the security of my person, which I had not at all deserved, but such was their good pleasure. After this business, which had lasted from six in the morning until seven o'clock, there was need of rest, seeing that the mind had been agitated amidst so many incidents, and not a morsel had been tasted" [*Mémoires de Matthieu Molé*, t. iii. p. 265].

Broussel had taken his seat in the parliament again. The prince of Condé had just arrived in Paris; he did not like the cardinal, but he was angry with the parliament, which he considered imprudent and insolent. "They are going ahead," said he: "If I were to go ahead with them, I should perhaps do better for my own interests, but my name is Louis de Bourbon, and I do not wish to shake the throne; these devils of square-caps, are they mad about bringing me either to commence a civil war before long or to put a rope round their own necks, and place over their heads and over my own an adventurer from Sicily, who will be the ruin of us all in the end? I will let the parliament plainly see that they are not where they suppose, and that it would not be a hard matter to bring them to reason." The coadjutor, to whom he thus expressed himself, answered that "the cardinal might possibly be mistaken in his measures, and that Paris would be a hard nut to crack." Whereupon the prince rejoined angrily: "It will not be taken, like Dunkerque, by mining and assaults, but if the bread of Gonesse were to fail them for a week . . ." The coadjutor took the rest as said. Some days afterwards, during the night between the 5th and 6th of January, 1649, the queen, with the little king and the whole court, set out at four a.m. from Paris for the castle of St. Germain, empty, unfurnished, as was then the custom in the king's absence, where the courtiers had great difficulty in finding a bundle of straw. "The queen had scarcely a bed to lie upon," says Mdlle. de Montpensier, "but never did I see any creature so gay as she was that day; had she won a battle, taken Paris, and had all who had displeased her hanged, she could not have been more so, and nevertheless she was very far from all that."

Paris was left to the malcontents; everybody was singing—

“ A Fronde-ly wind
Got up to-day,
'Gainst Mazarin
It howls, they say.”

On the 8th of January the parliament of Paris, all the chambers in assembly, issued a decree whereby Cardinal Mazarin was declared an enemy to the king and the State, and a disturber of the public peace, and injunctions were laid upon all subjects of the king to hunt him down; war was declared.

Scarcely had it begun, when the greatest lords came flocking to the popular side. On the departure of the court for St. Germain, the duchess of Longueville had remained in Paris, her husband and her brother the prince of Conti were not slow in coming to look after her; and already the duke of Elbeuf, of the House of Lorraine, had offered his services to the parliament. Levies of troops were beginning in the city, and the command of the forces was offered to the prince of Conti; the dukes of Bouillon and Beaufort and Marshal de la Mothe likewise embraced the party of revolt; the duchesses of Longueville and Bouillon established themselves with their children at the Hôtel de Ville as hostages given by the Fronde of princes to the Fronde of the people; the parliaments of Aix and Rouen made common cause with that of Paris; a decree ordered the seizure, in all the exchequers of the kingdom, of the royal moneys, in order that they might be employed for the general defence. Every evening Paris wore a festive air; there was dancing at the Hôtel de Ville, and the gentlemen who had been skirmishing during the day around the walls came for recreation in the society of the princesses. “ This commingling of blue scarves, of ladies, of cuirasses, of violins in the hall and of trumpets in the square, offered a spectacle which is oftener seen in romances than elsewhere” [*Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz*, t. i.]. Affairs of gallantry were mixed up with the most serious resolves; Madame de Longueville was of the Fronde because she was in love with M. de Marsillac (afterwards duke of La Rochefoucauld) and he was on bad terms with Cardinal Mazarin.

Meanwhile war was rumbling round Paris; the post of Charenton, fortified by the Frondeurs, had been carried by the prince of Condé at the head of the king's troops; the parliament was beginning to perceive its mistake and desired to have peace again, but the great lords engaged in the contest

aspired to turn it to account; they had already caused the gates of Paris to be closed against a herald sent by the queen to recall her subjects to their duty; they were awaiting the army of Germany, commanded by M. de Turenne, whom his brother, the duke of Bouillon, had drawn into his culpable enterprise; nay more, they had begun to negotiate with Spain, and they brought up to the parliament a pretended envoy from Archduke Leopold, but the court refused to receive him; "What! sir," said President de Mesmes, turning to the prince of Conti, "is it possible that a prince of the blood of France should propose to give a seat upon the fleurs-de-lis to a deputy from the most cruel enemy of the fleurs-de-lis?"

The parliament sent a deputation to the queen, and conferences were opened at Ruel on the 4th of March; the great lords of the Fronde took no part in it, "they contented themselves with having at St. Germain low-voiced (*à basses notes*—secret) agents," says Madame de Motteville, "commissioned to negotiate in their favor." Paris was beginning to lack bread; it was festival-time, and want began to make itself felt; a "complaint of the Carnival" was current amongst the people:

"In my extreme affliction, yet
I can this consolation get,
That, at his hands, my enemy,
Old Lent, will fare the same as I;
That, at the times when people eat,
We both shall equal worship meet.
Thus, joining with the whole of France
In war against him *à outrance*,
Grim Lent and festive Carnival,
Will fight against the cardinal."

It was against the cardinal, in fact, that all attacks were directed, but the queen remained immovable in her fidelity: "I should be afraid," she said to Madame de Motteville, "that, if I were to let him fall, the same thing would happen to me that happened to the king of England (Charles I. had just been executed), and that, after he had been driven out, my turn would come." Grain had found its way into Paris during the truce; and when, on the 13th of March, the premier president, Molé, and the other negotiators, returned to Paris, bringing the peace which they had signed at Ruel, they were greeted with furious shouts: "None of your peace! None of your Mazarin! We must go to St. Germain to seek our good king! We must fling into the river all the Mazarins!" A rioter had

just laid his hand on the premier president's arm: "When you have killed me," said the latter calmly, "I shall only want six feet of earth:" and, when he was advised to get back into his house by way of the record-offices, "The court never hides itself," he said; "if I were certain to perish, I would not commit this poltroonery, which, moreover, would but serve to give courage to the rioters. They would, of course, come after me to my house if they thought that I shrank from them here." The deputies of the parliament were sent back to Ruel, taking a statement of the claims of the great lords: "according to their memorials, they demanded the whole of France" [*Mémoires de Madame de Motteville*, t. iii. p. 247].

Whilst Paris was in disorder, and the agitation, through its example, was spreading over almost the whole of France, M. de Turenne, obliged to fly from his army, was taking refuge, he and five others, with the landgrave of Hesse; his troops had refused to follow him in revolt; the last hope of the Frondeurs was slipping from them.

They found themselves obliged to accept peace, not without obtaining some favors from the court.

There was a general amnesty; and the parliament preserved all its rights. "The king will have the honor of it, and we the profit," said Guy-Patin. The great lords reappeared one after another at St. Germain. "It is the way of our nation to return to their duty with the same airiness with which they depart from it, and to pass in a single instant from rebellion to obedience" [*La Rochefoucauld*]. The return to rebellion was not to be long delayed. The queen had gone back to Paris, and the prince of Condé with her; he, proud of having beaten the parliamentary Fronde, affected the conqueror's airs, and the throng of his courtiers, the "petit maîtres," as they were called, spoke very slightly of the cardinal. Condé, reconciled with the duchess of Longueville, his sister, and his brother, the prince of Conti, assumed to have the lion's share in the government, and claimed all the favors for himself or his friends; the Frondeurs made skilful use of the ill-humor which this conduct excited in Cardinal Mazarin; the minister responded to their advances; the coadjutor was secretly summoned to the Louvre; the dowager-princess of Condé felt some apprehensions; but, "What have I to fear?" her son said to her, "the cardinal is my friend." "I doubt it," she answered. "You are wrong; I rely upon him as much as upon you." "Please God you may not be mistaken!"

replied the princess, who was setting out for the Palais-Royal to see the queen, said to be indisposed that day.

Anne of Austria was upon her bed; word was brought to her that the council was waiting; this was the moment agreed upon; she dismissed the princess, shut herself up in her oratory with the little king, to whom she gave an account of what was going to be done for his service; then, making him kneel down, she joined him in praying to God for the success of this great enterprise. As the prince of Condé arrived in the grand gallery, he saw Guitaut, captain of the guards, coming towards him; at the same instant, through a door at the bottom, out went the cardinal, taking with him Abbé de la Rivière, who was the usual confidant of the duke of Orleans, but from whom his master had concealed the great secret. The prince supposed that Guitaut was coming to ask him some favor; the captain of the guards said in his ear: "My lord, what I want to say is, that I have orders to arrest you—you, the prince of Conti your brother, and M. de Longueville." "Me, M. Guitaut, arrest me?" Then, reflecting for a moment, "In God's name," he said, "go back to the queen and tell her that I entreat her to let me have speech of her!" Guitaut went to her, whilst the prince, returning to those who were waiting for him, said, "Gentlemen, the queen orders my arrest, and yours too, brother, and yours too, M. de Longueville; I confess that I am astonished, I who have always served the king so well and believed myself secure of the cardinal's friendship." The chancellor, who was not in the secret, declared that it was Guitaut's pleasantry. "Go and seek the queen then," said the prince, "and tell her of the pleasantry that is going on; as for me, I hold it to be very certain that I am arrested." The chancellor went out, and did not return. M. Servien, who had gone to speak to the cardinal, likewise did not appear again. M. de Guitaut entered alone: "The queen cannot see you, my lord," he said. "Very well, I am content; let us obey:" answered the prince: "but whither are you going to take us? I pray you let it be to a warm place." "We are going to the wood of Vincennes, my lord," said Guitaut. The prince turned to the company and took his leave without uneasiness and with the calmest countenance: as he was embracing M. de Brienne, secretary of State, he said to him, "Sir, as I have often received from you marks of your friendship and generosity, I flatter myself that you will some day tell the king the services I have rendered him." The

princes went out; and, as they descended the staircase, Condé leant towards Comminges, who commanded the detachment of guards, saying, "Comminges, you are a man of honor and a gentleman, have I anything to fear?" Comminges assured him he had not, and that the orders were merely to escort him to the wood of Vincennes. The carriage upset on the way; as soon as it was righted, Comminges ordered the driver to urge on his horses. The prince burst out laughing: "Don't be afraid, Comminges," he said; "there is nobody to come to my assistance; I swear to you that I had not taken any precautions against this trip." On arriving at the castle of Vincennes, there were no beds to be found, and the three princes passed the night playing at cards; the princess of Condé and the dowager-princess received orders to retire to their estates; the duchess of Longueville, fearing with good cause that she would be arrested, had taken with all speed the road to Normandy, whither she went and took refuge at Dieppe, in her husband's government.

The State-stroke had succeeded; Mazarin's skill and prudence once more checkmated all the intrigues concocted against him; when the news was told to Chavigny, in spite of all his reasons for bearing malice against the cardinal, who had driven him from the council and kept him for some time in prison, he exclaimed: "That is a great misfortune for the prince and his friends; but the truth must be told: the cardinal has done quite right; without it he would have been ruined." The contest was begun between Mazarin and the great Condé, and it was not with the prince that the victory was to remain.

Already hostilities were commencing; Mazarin had done everything for the Frondeurs who remained faithful to him, but the house of Condé was rallying all its partisans; the dukes of Bouillon and La Rochefoucauld had thrown themselves into Bordeaux, which was in revolt against the royal authority, represented by the duke of Épernon. The princess of Condé and her young son left Chantilly to join them; Madame de Longueville occupied Stenay, a strong place belonging to the prince of Condé: she had there found Turenne; on the other hand, the queen had just been through Normandy; all the towns had opened their gates to her; it was just the same in Burgundy; the princess of Condé's able agent, Lenet, could not obtain a declaration from the parliament of Dijon in her favor. Bordeaux was the focus of the insurrec-

tion; the people, passionately devoted to "the dukes," as the saying was, were forcing the hand of the parliament; riots were frequent in the town; the little king, with the queen and the cardinal, marched in person upon Bordeaux; one of the faubourgs was attacked, the dukes negotiated and obtained a general amnesty, but no mention was made of the princes' release.

The parliament of Paris took the matter up. The premier president spoke in so bitter a tone of the *unhappy policy* of the minister, that the little king, feeling hurt, told his mother that, if he had thought it would not displease her, he would have made the premier president hold his tongue and would have dismissed him. On the 30th of January, Anne of Austria sent word to the parliament that she would consent to grant the release of the princes, "provided that the armaments of Stenay and of M. de Turenne might be discontinued."

But it was too late; the duke of Orleans had made a treaty with the princes. England served as pretext. Mazarin compared the parliament to the House of Commons, and the coadjutor to Cromwell. Monsieur took the matter up for his friends, and was angry. He openly declared that he would not set foot again in the Palais-Royal as long as he was liable to meet the cardinal there, and joined the parliament in demanding the removal of Mazarin. The queen replied that nobody had a right to interfere in the choice of ministers. By way of answer, the parliament laid injunctions upon all the officers of the crown to obey none but the duke of Orleans, lieutenant-general of the kingdom. A meeting of the noblesse, at a tumultuous assembly in the house of the duke of Nemours, expressed themselves in the same sense. It was the 6th of February, 1651: during the night, Cardinal Mazarin set out for St. Germain; a rumor spread in Paris that the queen was preparing to follow him with the king; a rush was made to the Palais-Royal: the king was in his bed. Next day, Anne of Austria complained to the parliament. "The prince is at liberty," said the premier president, "and the king, the king our master, is a prisoner." "Monsieur, who felt no fear," says Retz, "because he had been more cheered in the streets and the hall or the palace than he had ever been," answered with vivacity; "The king was a prisoner in the hands of Mazarin; but, thank God, he is not any longer." The premier president was right, the king was a prisoner to the Parisians; patrols of burgesses were moving incessantly round the Palais

Royal; one night the queen was obliged to let the people into her chamber; the king was asleep; and two officers of the town-guard watched for some hours at his pillow. The yoke of Richelieu and the omnipotence of Mazarin were less hard for royalty to bear than the capricious and jealous tyranny of the populace.

The cardinal saw that he was beaten; he made up his mind, and, anticipating the queen's officers, he hurried to Le Havre to release the prisoners himself; he entered the castle alone, the governor having refused entrance to the guards who attended him. "The prince told me," says Mdle. de Montpensier, "that, when they were dining together, Cardinal Mazarin was not so much in the humor to laugh as he himself was, and that he was very much embarrassed. Liberty to be gone had more charms for the prince than the cardinal's company. He said that he felt marvellous delight at finding himself outside Le Havre, with his sword at his side; and he might well be pleased to wear it, he is a pretty good hand at using it. As he went out he turned to the cardinal and said: 'Farewell, Cardinal Mazarin,' who kissed 'the tip of sleeve' to him."

The cardinal had slowly taken the road to exile, summoning to him his nieces, Mdles. Mancini and Martinozzi, whom he had, a short time since, sent for to court; he crossed from Normandy into Picardy, made some stay at Doullens, and, impelled by his enemies' hatred, he finally crossed the frontier on the 12th of March. The parliament had just issued orders for his arrest in any part of France. On the 6th of April, he fixed his quarters at Brühl, a little town belonging to the electorate of Cologne, in the same territory which had but lately sheltered the last days of Mary de' Medici.

The Frondeurs, old and new, had gained the day; but even now there was disorder in their camp. Condé had returned to and court "like a raging lion, seeking to devour everybody, and, in revenge for his imprisonment, to set fire to the four corners of the realm" [*Mémoires de Montglat*]. After a moment's reconciliation with the queen he began to show himself more and more haughty towards her in his demands every day; he required the dismissal of the ministers Le Tellier, Servien and Lionne, all three creatures of the cardinal and in correspondence with him at Brühl; as Anne of Austria refused, the prince retired to St. Maur; he was already in negotiation with Spain, being invigiled into treason by the influence of his sister,

Madame de Longueville, who would not leave the duke of La Rochefoucauld or return into Normandy to her husband. Fatal results of a guilty passion which enlisted against his country the arms of the hero of Rocroi! When he returned to Paris, the queen had, in fact, dismissed her ministers, but she had formed a fresh alliance with the coadjutor, and, on the 17th of August, in the presence of an assembly convoked for that purpose at the Palais-Royal, she openly denounced the intrigues of the prince with Spain, accusing him of being in correspondence with the archduke. Next day Condé brought the matter before the parliament.

The coadjutor quite expected the struggle, and had brought supporters; the queen had sent some soldiers; the prince arrived with a numerous attendance. On entering, he said to the company, that he could not sufficiently express his astonishment at the condition in which he found the palace, which seemed to him more like a camp than a temple of justice, and that it was not seemly that there could be found in the kingdom people insolent enough to presume to dispute (superiority) the pavement (*disputer le pavé*) with him. "I made him a deep obeisance," says Retz, "and said that I very humbly begged His Highness to pardon me if I told him that I did not believe that there was anybody in the kingdom insolent enough to dispute the wall (*le haut du pavé*) with him, but I was persuaded that there were some who could not and ought not, for their dignity's sake, to yield the pavement (*quitter le pavé*) to any but the king. The prince replied that he would make me yield it. I said that that would not be easy." The dispute grew warm; the presidents flung themselves between the disputants; Condé yielded to their entreaties, and begged the duke of La Rochefoucauld to go and tell his friends to withdraw. The coadjutor went out to make the same request to his friends. "When he would have returned into the ushers' little court," writes Mdlle. de Montpensier, "he met at the door the duke of La Rochefoucauld, who shut it in his face, just keeping it ajar to see who accompanied the coadjutor; he, seeing the door ajar, gave it a good push, but he could not pass quite through, and remained as it were jammed between the two folds, unable to get in or out. The duke of La Rochefoucauld had fastened the door with an iron catch, keeping it so to prevent its opening any wider. The coadjutor was in an ugly position, for he could not help fearing lest a dagger should pop out and take his life from behind. A complaint was made to the grand

chamber, and Champlâtreux, son of the premier president, went out and, by his authority, had the door opened, in spite of the duke of La Rochefoucauld." The coadjutor protested, and the duke of Brissac, his relative, threatened the duke of La Rochefoucauld; whereupon the latter said that, if he had them outside, he would strangle them both; to which the coadjutor replied; "My dear La Franchise (the duke's nickname), do not act the bully; you are a poltroon and I am a priest; we shall not do one another much harm." There was no fighting, and the parliament, supported by the duke of Orleans, obtained from the queen a declaration of the innocence of the prince of Condé, and at the same time a formal disavowal of Mazarin's policy, and a promise never to recall him. Anne of Austria yielded everything; the king's majority was approaching, and she flattered herself that under cover of his name she would be able to withdraw the concessions which she felt obliged to make as regent. Her declaration, nevertheless, deeply wounded Mazarin, who was still taking refuge at Brühl, whence he wrote incessantly to the queen, who did not neglect his counsels: "Ten times I have taken up my pen to write to you," he said on the 26th of September, 1651 [*Lettres du Cardinal Mazarin à la reine*, pp. 292, 293], "but could not, and I am so beside myself at the mortal wound I have just received, that I am not sure whether anything I could say to you would have rhyme or reason. The king and the queen, by an authentic deed, have declared me a traitor, a public robber, an incapable, and an enemy to the repose of Christendom after I had served them with so many signs of my devotion to the advancement of peace: it is no longer a question of property, repose, or whatever else there may be of the sort. I demand the honor which has been taken from me, and that I be let alone, renouncing very heartily the cardinalate and the benefices, whereof I send in my resignation joyfully, consenting willingly to have given up to France twenty-three years of the best of my life, all my pains and my little of wealth, and merely to withdraw with the honor which I had when I began to serve her." The persistent hopes of the adroit Italian appeared once more in the postscript of the letter: "I had forgotten to tell you that it was not the way to set me right in the eyes of the people to impress upon their mind that I am the cause of all the evils they suffer, and of all the disorders of the realm, in such sort that my ministry will be held in horror forever."

Condé did not permit himself to be caught by the queen's

declarations; of all the princes he alone was missing at the ceremony of the bed of justice whereat the youthful Louis XIV., when entering his fourteenth year, announced, on the 7th of September, "to his people that, according to the laws of his realm, he intended himself to assume the government, hoping of God's goodness that it would be with piety and justice." The prince had retired to Chantilly, on the pretext that the new minister, the president of the council, Châteauneuf, and the keeper of the seals, Matthew Molé, were not friends of his. The duchess of Longueville at last carried the day; Condé was resolved upon civil war. "You would have it," he said to his sister on repelling the envoy, who had followed him to Bourges, from the queen and the duke of Orleans; "remember that I draw the sword in spite of myself, but I will be the last to sheathe it." And he kept his word.

A great disappointment awaited the rebels; they had counted upon the duke of Bouillon and M. de Turenne, but neither of them would join the faction. The relations between the two great generals had not been without rubs; Turenne had, moreover, felt some remorse because he, being a general in the king's army, had but lately declared against the court, "doing thereby a deed at which Le Balafre and Admiral de Coligny would have hesitated," says Cardinal de Retz. The two brothers went, before long, and offered their services to the queen.

Meanwhile, Condé had arrived at Bordeaux: a part of Guienne, Saintonge and Périgord had declared in his favor; Count d'Harcourt, at the head of the royal troops, marched against La Rochelle, which he took from the revolted under the very beard of the prince, who had come from Bordeaux to the assistance of the place, whilst the king and the queen, resolutely quitting Paris, advanced from town to town as far as Poitiers, keeping the centre of France to its allegiance by their mere presence. The treaty of the prince of Condé with Spain was concluded: eight Spanish vessels, having money and troops on board, entered the Gironde. Condé delivered over to them the castle and harbor of Talmont. The queen had commissioned the cardinal to raise levies in Germany; and he had already entered the country of Liège, embodying troops and forming alliances. On the 17th of November, Anne of Austria finally wrote to Mazarin to return to the king's assistance. In the presence of Condé's rebellion she had no more appearances to keep up with anybody; and it was already in the master's tone that Mazarin wrote to the queen, on the 30th of October, to put

her on her guard against the duke of Orleans: "The power committed to his Royal Highness and the neutrality permitted to him, being as he is wholly devoted to the prince, surrounded by his partisans and adhering blindly to their counsels, are matters highly prejudicial to the king's service, and, for my part, I do not see how one can be a servant of the king's, with ever so little judgment and knowledge of affairs, and yet dispute these truths. The queen, then, must bide her time to remedy all this."

The cardinal's penetration had not deceived him; the duke of Orleans was working away in Paris, where the queen had been obliged to leave him, on the prince of Condé's side. The parliament had assembled to enregister against the princes the proclamation of high treason despatched from Bourges by the court; Gaston demanded that it should be sent back, threatened as they were, he said, with a still greater danger than the rebellion of the princes in the return of Mazarin, who was even now advancing to the frontier; but the premier president took no notice, and put the proclamation to the vote in these words: "It is a great misfortune when princes of the blood give occasion for such proclamations, but this is a common and ordinary misfortune in the kingdom, and, for five or six centuries past, it may be said that they have been the scourges of the people and the enemies of the monarchy." The decree passed by a hundred votes to forty

On the 24th of December, the cardinal crossed the frontier with a large body of troops, and was received at Sedan by lieutenant-general Fabert, faithful to his fortunes even in exile. The parliament was furious and voted, almost unanimously, that the cardinal and his adherents were guilty of high treason; ordering the communes to hound him down, and promising, from the proceeds of his furniture and library which were about to be sold, a sum of 500,000 livres to whoever should take him dead or alive. At once began the sale of the magnificent library which the cardinal had liberally opened to the public. The dispersion of the books was happily stopped in time to still leave a nucleus for the Mazarin Library.

Meanwhile, Mazarin had not allowed himself to be frightened by parliamentary decrees or by dread of assassins. Re-entering France, with six thousand men, he forced the passage of Pont-sur-Yonne, in spite of the two councillors of the parliaments who were commissioned to have him arrested; the duke of Beaufort, at the head of Monsieur's troops, did not even at-

tempt to impede his march, and, on the 28th of January, the cardinal entered Poitiers, at once resuming his place beside the king, who had come to meet him a league from the town. The court took leisurely the road to Paris.

The coadjutor had received the price of his services in the royal cause; he was a cardinal "sooner," said he, "than Mazarin would have had him;" and so the new prince of the Church considered himself released from any gratitude to the court, and sought to form a third party at the head of which was to be placed the duke of Orleans as nominal head. Monsieur, harried by intrigues in all directions, remained in a state of inaction, and made a pretension of keeping Paris neutral; his daughter, Mdle. de Montpensier, who detested Anne of Austria and Mazarin and would have liked to marry the king, had boldly taken the side of the princes; the court had just arrived at Blois, on the 27th of March, 1652; the keeper of the seals, Molé, presented himself in front of Orleans to summon the town to open its gates to the king; at that very moment arrived Mdle., the *great Mdle.*, as she was then called; and she claimed possession of Orleans in her father's name. "It was the appanage of Monsieur; but the gates were shut and barricaded. After they had been told that it was I," writes Mdle., "they did not open; and I was there three hours. The governor sent me some sweetmeats, and what appeared to me rather funny was that he gave me to understand that he had no influence. At the window of the sentry-box was the marquis d'Halluys, who watched me walking up and down by the fosse. The rampart was fringed with people who shouted incessantly, 'Hurrah, for the king! hurrah, for the princes! None of your Mazarin!' I could not help calling out to them: 'Go to the Hôtel de Ville and get the gate opened to me!' The captain made signs that he had not the keys. I said to him; 'It must be burst open, and you owe me more allegiance than to the gentlemen of the town, seeing that I am your master's daughter.' The boatmen offered to break open for me a gate which was close by there. I told them to make haste, and I mounted upon a pretty high mound of earth overlooking that gate. I thought but little about any nice way of getting thither; I climbed like a cat; I held on to briars and thorns, and I leapt all the hedges without hurting myself at all; two boats were brought up to serve me for a bridge, and in the second was placed a ladder by which I mounted. The gate was burst at last. Two planks had been forced out of the middle; signs were made to me to advance;

and as there was a great deal of mud a footman took me up, carried me along and put me through this hole, through which I had no sooner passed my head than the drums began beating. I gave my hand to the captain and said to him, 'You will be very glad that you can boast of having managed to get me in.'" The keeper of the seals was obliged to return to Blois, and Mdle. kept Orleans, but without being able to effect an entrance for the troops of the dukes of Nemours and Beaufort, who had just tried a surprise against the court. Had it not been for the aid of Turenne, who had defended the bridge of Jargeau, the king might have fallen into the hands of his revolted subjects. The queen rested at Gien, whilst the princes went on as far as Montargis, thus cutting off the communications of the Court with Paris. Turenne was preparing to fall upon his incapable adversaries when the situation suddenly changed: the prince of Condé, weary of the bad state of his affairs in Guienne, where the veteran soldiers of the count of Harcourt had the advantage everywhere over the new levies, had traversed France in disguise, and forming a junction, on the 1st of April, with the dukes of Nemours and Beaufort, threw himself upon the quarters of Marshal d'Hocquincourt, defeated him, burnt his camp, and drove him back to Bléneau; a rapid march, on the part of Turenne, coming to the aid of his colleague, forced Condé to fall back upon Châtillon; on the 11th of April he was in Paris.

The princes had relied upon the irritation caused by the return of Mazarin to draw Paris into the revolt, but they were only half successful; the parliament would scarcely give Condé admittance; President de Bailleul, who occupied the chair in the absence of Molé, declared that the body always considered it an honor to see the prince in their midst, but that they would have preferred not to see him there in the state in which he was at the time, with his hands still bloody from the defeat of the king's troops. Amelot, premier president of the Court of Aids, said to the prince's face, "that it was a matter of astonishment, after many battles delivered or sustained against His Majesty's troops, to see him not only returning to Paris without having obtained letters of amnesty, but still appearing amongst the sovereign bodies as if he gloried in the spoils of His Majesty's subjects, and causing the drum to be beaten for levying troops, to be paid by money coming from Spain, in the capital of the realm, the most loyal city possessed by the king." The city of Paris resolved not to make "com-

mon cause or furnish money to assist the princes against the king under pretext of its being against Mazarin." The populace alone were favorable to the princes' party.

Meanwhile, Turenne had easy work with the secondary generals remaining at the head of the factious army; by his able manœuvres he had covered the march of the court, which established itself at St. Germain.

Condé assembled his forces encamped around Paris: he intended to fortify himself at the confluence of the Seine and the Marne, hoping to be supported by the little army which had just been brought up by Duke Charles of Lorraine, as capricious and adventurous as ever. Turenne and the main body of his troops barred the passage. Condé threw himself back upon Faubourg St. Antoine and there intrenched himself, at the outlet of the three principal streets which abutted upon Porte St. Antoine (now Place de la Bastille). Turenne had meant to wait for reinforcements and artillery, but the whole court had flocked upon the heights of Charonne to see the fight; pressure was put upon him, and the marshal gave the word to attack. The army of the Fronde fought with fury. "I did not see a prince of Condé," Turenne used to say; "I saw more than a dozen." The king's soldiers had entered the houses, thus turning the barricades; Marshal Ferté had just arrived with the artillery and was sweeping Rue St. Antoine. The princes' army was about to be driven back to the foot of the walls of Paris, when the cannon of the Bastille, replying all on a sudden to the volleys of the royal troops, came like a thunderbolt on M. de Turenne; the Porte St. Antoine opened, and the Parisians, under arms, fringing the streets, protected the return of the rebel army. Mdle. de Montpensier had taken the command of the city of Paris.

For a week past the Duke of Orleans had been ill or pretended to be; he refused to give any order. When the prince began his movement, on the 2nd of July, early, he sent to beg Mdle. not to desert him. "I ran to the Luxembourg," she says, "and I found Monsieur at the top of the stairs. 'I thought I should find you in bed,' said I; 'Count Fiesque told me that you didn't feel well.' He answered, 'I am not ill enough for that, but enough not to go out.' I begged him to ride out to the aid of the prince, or, at any rate, to go to bed and assume to be ill; but I could get nothing from him. I went so far as to say, 'Short of having a treaty with the court in your pocket, I cannot understand how you can take things so easily; but can you

really have one to sacrifice the prince to Cardinal Mazarin?' He made no reply: all I said lasted quite an hour, during which every friend we had might have been killed, and the prince as well as another, without anybody's caring; nay there were people of Monsieur's in high spirits, hoping that the prince would perish; they were friends of Cardinal de Retz. At last Monsieur gave me a letter for the gentlemen of the Hôtel, leaving it to me to tell them his intention. I was there in a moment, assuring those present that, if ill luck would have it that the enemy should beat the prince, no more quarter would be shown to Paris than to the men who bore arms. Marshal de l'Hôpital, governor of Paris for the king, said to me, 'You are aware, Mdle., that if your troops had not approached this city, those of the king would not have come thither and that they only came to drive them away.' Madame de Nemours did not like this, and began to argue the point. I broke off their altercation. 'Consider, sir, that, whilst time is being wasted in discussing useless matters, the prince is in danger in your faubourgs.' " She carried with her the aid of the duke of Orleans' troops and immediately moved forwards, meeting everywhere on her road her friends wounded or dying. "When I was near the gate, I went into the house of an exchequer-master (*maître des comptes*). As soon as I was there, the prince came thither to see me; he was in a pitiable state; he had two fingers' breadth of dust on his face, and his hair all matted; his collar and his shirt were covered with blood, although he was not wounded; his breastplate was riddled all over; and he held his sword bare in his hand, having lost the scabbard. He said to me, 'You see a man in despair; I have lost all my friends; MM. de Nemours, de la Rochefoucauld, and Clinchamps are wounded to death.' I consoled him a little by telling him that they were in better case than he supposed. Then I went off to the Bastille where I made them load the cannon which was trained right upon the city; and I gave orders to fire as soon as I had gone. I went thence to the Porte St. Antoine. The soldiers shouted, 'Let us do something that will astonish them; our retreat is secure; here is Mdle. at the gate, and she will have it opened for us, if we are hard pressed.' The prince gave orders to march back into the city; he seemed to me quite different from what he had been early in the day, though he had not changed at all; he paid me a thousand compliments and thanks for the great service he considered that I had rendered him. I said to him, 'I have a favor to ask of

you: that is, not to say anything to Monsieur about the laches he has displayed towards you.' At this very moment up came Monsieur, who embraced the prince with as gay an air as if he had not left him at all in the lurch. The prince confessed that he had never been in so dangerous a position."

The fight at Porte St. Antoine had not sufficiently compromised the Parisians, who began to demand peace at any price. The mob, devoted to the princes, set themselves to insult in the street all those who did not wear in their hats a tuft of straw, the rallying sign of the faction. On the 4th of July, at the general assembly of the city, when the king's attorney-general proposed to conjure His Majesty to return to Paris without Cardinal Mazarin, the princes, who demanded the union of the Parisians with themselves, rose up and went out, leaving the assembly to the tender mercies of the crowd assembled on the Place de Grève. "Down on the Mazarins!" was the cry; "there are none but Mazarins any longer at the Hôtel de Ville!" Fire was applied to the doors defended by the archers; all the outlets were guarded by men beside themselves; more than thirty burgesses of note were massacred; many died of their wounds, the Hôtel de Ville was pillaged, Marshal de l'Hôpital escaped with great difficulty and the provost of tradesmen yielded up his office to Councillor Broussel. Terror reigned in Paris: it was necessary to drag the magistrates to the Palace of Justice to decree, on the 19th of July, by seventy-four votes against sixty-nine, that the duke of Orleans should be appointed "lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and the prince of Condé commandant of all the armies." The usurpation of the royal authority was flagrant, the city-assembly voted subsidies, and Paris wrote to all the good towns of France to announce to them her resolution. Chancellor Séguier had the poltroonery to accept the presidency of the council, offered him by the duke of Orleans; he thus avenged himself for the preference the queen had but lately shown for Molé by confiding the seals to him. At the same time the Spaniards were entering France; for all the strong places were dismantled or disgarrisoned. The king, obliged to confront civil war, had abandoned his frontiers; Gravelines had fallen on the 18th of May, and the archduke had undertaken the siege of Dunkerque. At Condé's instance, he detached a body of troops, which he sent, under the orders of Count Fuendalsagna, to join the duke of Lorraine, who had again approached Paris. Everywhere the fortune of arms appeared to be against the

king. "This year we lost Barcelona, Catalonia, and Casale, the key of Italy," says Cardinal de Retz. "We saw Brisach in revolt, on the point of falling once more into the hands of the House of Austria. We saw the flags and standards of Spain fluttering on the Pont Neuf, the yellow scarves of Lorraine appeared in Paris as freely as the isabels and the blues." Dissension, ambition, and poltroonery were delivering France over to the foreigner.

The evil passions of men, under the control of God, help sometimes to destroy and sometimes to preserve them. The interests of the Spaniards and of the prince of Condé were not identical. He desired to become the master of France, and to command in the king's name; the enemy were laboring to humiliate France and to prolong the war indefinitely. The archduke recalled Count Fuendalsagna to Dunkerque; and Turenne, withstanding the terrors of the court which would fain have fled first into Normandy and then to Lyons, prevailed upon the queen to establish herself at Pontoise, whilst the army occupied Compiègne. At every point cutting off the passage of the duke of Lorraine, who had been reinforced by a body of Spaniards, Turenne held the enemy in check for three weeks, and prevented them from marching on Paris. All parties began to tire of hostilities.

Cardinal Mazarin took his line, and loudly demanded of the king permission to withdraw, in order, by his departure, to restore peace to the kingdom. The queen refused: "There is no consideration shown," she said, "for my son's honor and my own; we will not suffer him to go away." But the cardinal insisted. Prudent and far-sighted as he was, he knew that to depart was the only way of remaining. He departed on the 19th of August, but without leaving the frontier: he took up his quarters at Bouillon. The queen had summoned the parliament to her at Pontoise. A small number of magistrates responded to her summons, enough, however, to give the queen the right to proclaim rebellious the parliament remaining at Paris. Chancellor Séguier made his escape in order to go and rejoin the court. Nobody really believed in the cardinal's withdrawal; men are fond of yielding to appearances in order to excuse in their own eyes a change in their own purposes. Disorder went on increasing in Paris; the great lords, in their discontent, were quarrelling one with another; the prince of Condé struck M. de Rieux, who returned the blow; the duke of Nemours was killed in a duel by M. de Beaufort; the bur-

gesses were growing weary of so much anarchy; a public display of feeling in favor of peace took place on the 24th of September in the garden of the Palais-Royal; those present stuck in their hats pieces of white paper in opposition to the Frondeurs' tufts of straw. People fought in the streets on behalf of these tokens.

For some weeks past Cardinal de Retz had remained inactive, and his friends pressed him to move. "You see quite well," they said, "that Mazarin is but a sort of jack-in-the-box, out of sight to-day and popping up to-morrow; but you also see that, whether he be in or out, the spring that sends him up or down is that of the royal authority, the which will not, apparently, be so very soon broken by the means taken to break it. The obligation you are under towards Monsieur, and even towards the public, as regards Mazarin, does not allow you to work for his restoration; he is no longer here, and, though his absence may be nothing but a mockery and a delusion, it nevertheless gives you an opportunity for taking certain steps which naturally lead to that which is for your good." Retz lost no time in going to Compiègne, where the king had installed himself after Mazarin's departure; he took with him a deputation of the clergy, and received in due form the cardinal's hat. He was the bearer of proposals for an accommodation from the duke of Orleans, but the queen cut him short. The court perceived its strength, and the instructions of Cardinal Mazarin were precise. The ruin of De Retz was from that moment resolved upon.

The prince of Condé was ill; he had left the command of his troops to M. de Tavannes; during the night between the 5th and 6th of October, Turenne struck his camp at Villeneuve-St.-Georges, crossed the Seine at Corbeil, the Marne at Meaux, without its being in the enemy's power to stop him, and established himself in the neighborhood of Dammartin. Condé was furious: "Tavannes and Vallon ought to wear bridles," he said, "they are asses;" he left his house, and placed himself once more at the head of his army, at first following after Turenne, and soon to sever himself completely from that Paris which was slipping away from him. "He would find himself more at home at the head of four squadrons in the Ardennes than commanding a dozen millions of such fellows as we have here, without excepting President Charton," said the duke of Orleans. "The prince was wasting away with sheer disgust; he was so weary of hearing all the talk about parliament,

court of aids, chambers in assembly and Hôtel de Ville, that he would often declare that his grandfather had never been more fatigued by the parsons of La Rochelle." The great Condé was athirst for the thrilling emotions of war; and the crime he committed was to indulge at any price that boundless passion. Ever victorious at the head of French armies, he was about to make experience of defeat in the service of the foreigner.

The king had proclaimed a general amnesty on the 18th of October; and on the 21st he set out in state for Paris. The duke of Orleans still wavered. "You wanted peace," said Madame, "when it depended but on you to make war; you now want war when you can make neither war nor peace. It is of no use to think any longer of anything but going with a good grace to meet the king." At these words he exclaimed aloud, as if it had been proposed to him to go and throw himself in the river. "And where the devil should I go?" he answered. He remained at the Luxembourg. On drawing near Paris, the king sent word to his uncle that he would have to leave the city. Gaston replied in the following letter:

"Monseigneur,—Having understood from my cousin the duke of Danville and from Sieur d'Aligre the respect that your Majesty would have me pay you, I most humbly beseech your Majesty to allow me to assure you by these lines that I do not propose to remain in Paris longer than till to-morrow, and that I will go my way to my house at Limours, having no more passionate desire than to testify by my perfect obedience that I am, with submission,

"Monseigneur,

"Your most humble and most obedient servant and subject,

"GASTON."

The duke of Orleans retired before long to his castle at Blois, where he died in 1660, deserted, towards the end of his life, by all the friends he had successively abandoned and betrayed. "He had, with the exception of courage, all that was necessary to make an honorable man," says Cardinal de Retz, "but weakness was predominant in his heart through fear, and in his mind through irresolution; it disfigured the whole course of his life. He engaged in everything because he had not strength to resist those who drew him on, and he always came out disgracefully, because he had not the courage to support them." He was a prey to fear, fear of his friends as well as of his enemies.

The Fronde was all over, that of the gentry of the long robe

as well as that of the gentry of the sword. The Parliament of Paris was once more falling in the State to the rank which had been assigned to it by Richelieu, and from which it had wanted to emerge by a supreme effort. The attempt had been the same in France as in England, however different had been the success. It was the same yearnings of patriotism and freedom, the same desire on the part of the country to take an active part in its own government, which had inspired the opposition of the Parliament of England to the despotism of Charles I., and the opposition of the French parliaments to Richelieu as well as to Mazarin. It was England's good fortune to have but one parliament of politicians instead of ten parliaments of magistrates, the latter more fit for the theory than the practice of public affairs; and the Reformation had, beforehand, accustomed its people to discussion as well as to liberty. Its great lords and its gentlemen placed themselves from the first at the head of the national movement, demanding nothing and expecting nothing for themselves from the advantages they claimed for their country. The remnant of the feudal system had succumbed with the duke of Montmorency under Richelieu; France knew not the way to profit by the elements of courage, disinterestedness and patriotism offered her by her magistracy; she had the misfortune to be delivered over to noisy factions of princes and great lords, ambitious or envious, greedy of honors and riches, as ready to fight the court as to be on terms with it, and thinking far more of their own personal interests than of the public service. Without any unity of action or aim, and by turns excited and dismayed by the examples that came to them from England, the Frondeurs had to guide them no Hampden or Cromwell; they had at their backs neither people nor army; the English had been able to accomplish a revolution; the Fronde failed before the dexterous prudence of Mazarin and the queen's fidelity to her minister. In vain did the coadjutor aspire to take his place; Anne of Austria had not forgotten the earl of Strafford.

Cardinal de Retz learnt before long the hollowness of his hopes. On the 19th of December, 1652, as he was repairing to the Louvre, he was arrested by M. de Villequier, captain of the guards on duty, and taken the same evening to the Bois de Vincennes; there was a great display of force in the street and around the carriage; but nobody moved, "whether it were," says Retz, "that the dejection of the people was too great, or that those who were well-inclined to-

wards me lost courage on seeing nobody at their head." People were tired of raising barricades and hounding down the king's soldiers.

"I was taken into a large room where there were neither hangings nor bed; that which was brought in about eleven o'clock at night was of Chinese taffeta, not at all the thing for winter furniture. I slept very well, which must not be attributed to stout-heartedness, because misfortune has naturally that effect upon me. I have on more than one occasion discovered that it wakes me in the morning and sends me to sleep at night. I was obliged to get up the next day without a fire, because there was no wood to make one, and the three exons who had been posted near me had the kindness to assure me that I should not be without it the next day. He who remained alone on guard over me took it for himself, and I was a whole fortnight, at Christmas, in a room as big as a church, without warming myself. I do not believe that there could be found under heaven another man like this exon. He stole my linen, my clothes, my boots, and I was sometimes obliged to stay in bed eight or ten days for lack of anything to put on. I could not believe that I was subjected to such treatment without orders from some superior, and without some mad notion of making me die of vexation. I fortified myself against that notion, and I resolved at any rate not to die that kind of death. At last I got him into the habit of not tormenting me any more, by dint of letting him see that I did not torment myself at all. In point of fact, I had risen pretty nearly superior to all these ruses, for which I had a supreme contempt; but I could not assume the same loftiness of spirit in respect of the prison's entity (*substance*), if one may use the term, and the sight of myself, every morning when I awoke, in the hands of my enemies made me perceive that I was anything rather than a stoic." The archbishop of Paris had just died, and the dignity passed to his coadjutor; as the price of his release, Mazarin demanded his resignation. The clergy of Paris were highly indignant; Cardinal de Retz was removed to the castle of Nantes, whence he managed to make his escape in August, 1653; for nine years he lived abroad, in Spain, Italy and Germany, everywhere mingling in the affairs of Europe, engaged in intrigue, and not without influence; when at last he returned to France, in 1662, he resigned the archbishopric of Paris and established himself in the principality of Commercy, which belonged to him, occupied up to the day of his death in paying his debts, doing good

to his friends and servants, writing his memoirs, and making his peace with God. This was in those days a solicitude which never left the most worldly: the prince of Conti had died very devout, and Madame de Longueville had just expired at the Carmelites', after twenty-five years' penance, when Cardinal de Retz died on the 24th of August, 1679. At the time of his arrest, it was a common saying of the people in the street that together with "Cardinal de Retz it would have been a very good thing to imprison Cardinal Mazarin as well, in order to teach them of the clergy not to meddle for the future in the things of this world." Language which was unjust to the grand government of Cardinal Richelieu, unjust even to Cardinal Mazarin. The latter was returning with greater power than ever at the moment when Cardinal de Retz, losing forever the hope of supplanting him in power, was beginning that life of imprisonment and exile which was ultimately to give him time to put retirement and repentance between himself and death.

Cardinal Mazarin had once more entered France, but he had not returned to Paris. The prince of Condé, soured by the ill-success of the Fronde and demented by illimitable pride, had not been ashamed to accept the title of generalissimo of the Spanish armies; Turenne had succeeded in hurling him back into Luxembourg, and it was in front of Bar, besieged, that Mazarin, with a body of four thousand men, joined the French army; Bar was taken, and the campaign of 1652, disastrous at nearly every point, had just finished with this success, when the cardinal re-entered Paris at the end of January, 1653. Six months later, at the end of July, the insurrection in Guienne becoming extinguished by a series of private conventions; the king's armies were entering Bordeaux; the revolted princes received their pardon, waiting, meanwhile, for the prince of Conti to marry, as he did next year, Mdle. Martinozzi, one of Mazarin's nieces; Madame de Longueville retired to Moulins into the convent where her aunt, Madame de Montmorency, had for the last twenty years been mourning for her husband; Condé was the only rebel left, more dangerous, for France, than all the hostile armies he commanded.

Cardinal Mazarin was henceforth all-powerful; whatever may have been the nature of the ties which united him to the queen, he had proved their fidelity and strength too fully to always avoid the temptation of adopting the tone of a master; the young king's confidence in his minister, who had brought

him up, equalled that of his mother; the merits as well as the faults of Mazarin were accordingly free to crop out: he was neither vindictive nor cruel towards even his most inveterate enemies, whom he could not manage, as Richelieu did, to confound with those of the State; the excesses of the factions had sufficed to destroy them; "Time is an able fellow," the cardinal would frequently say; if people often complained of being badly compensated for their services, Mazarin could excuse himself on the ground of the deplorable condition of the finances. He nevertheless feathered his own nest inordinately, taking care, however, not to rob the people, it was said. He confined himself to selling everything at a profit to himself, even the offices of the royal household, without making, as Richelieu had made, any "advance out of his own money to the State, when there was none in the treasury." The power had been honestly won, if the fortune were of a doubtful kind. M. Mignet has said with his manly precision of language: "Amidst those unreasonable disturbances which upset for a while the judgment of the great Turenne, which, in the case of the great Condé, turned the sword of Rocroi against France, and which led Cardinal Retz to make so poor a use of his talent, there was but one firm will, and that was Anne of Austria's; but one man of good sense, and that was Mazarin" [*Introduction aux négociations pour la succession d'Espagne*].

From 1653 to 1657, Turenne, seconded by Marshal La Ferté and sometimes by Cardinal Mazarin in person, constantly kept the Spaniards and the prince of Condé in check, recovering the places but lately taken from France and relieving the besieged towns; without ever engaging in pitched battles, he almost always had the advantage. Mazarin resolved to strike a decisive blow. It was now three years since, after long negotiations, the cardinal had concluded with Cromwell, Protector of the Commonwealth of England, a treaty of peace and commerce, the prelude and first fruits of a closer alliance which the able minister of Anne of Austria had not ceased to wish for and pave the way for. On the 23rd of March, 1657, the parleys ended at last in a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive; it was concluded at Paris between France and England. Cromwell promised that a body of six thousand English, supported by a fleet prepared to victual and aid them along the coasts, should go and join the French army, twenty thousand strong, to make war on the Spanish Low Countries, and especially to besiege the three forts of Gravelines, Mardyck

and Dunkerque, the last of which was to be placed in the hands of the English and remain in their possession. Six weeks after the conclusion of the treaty, the English troops disembarked at Boulogne; they were regiments formed and trained in the long struggles of the civil war, drilled to the most perfect discipline, of austere manners, and of resolute and stern courage; the king came in person to receive them on their arrival; Mardyk was soon taken and placed as pledge in the hands of the English. Cromwell sent two fresh regiments for the siege of Dunkerque. In the spring of 1658, Turenne invested the place. Louis XIV. and Mazarin went to Calais to be present at this great enterprise.

“At Brussels,” says M. Guizot in his *Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et de Cromwell*, “neither Don Juan nor the marquis of Carracena would believe that Dunkerque was in danger; being at the same time indolent and proud, they disdained the counsel, at one time of vigilant activity and at another of prudent reserve, which was constantly given them by Condé; they would not have anybody come and rouse them during their siesta if any unforeseen incident occurred, nor allow any doubt of their success when once they were up and on horseback. They hurried away to the defence of Dunkerque, leaving behind them their artillery and a portion of their cavalry. Condé conjured them to intrench themselves whilst awaiting them: Don Juan, on the contrary, was for advancing on to the ‘dunes’ and marching to meet the French army. ‘You don’t reflect,’ said Condé: ‘that ground is fit only for infantry, and that of the French is more numerous and has seen more service.’ ‘I am persuaded,’ replied Don Juan, ‘that they will not even dare to look His Most Catholic Majesty’s army in the face.’ ‘Ah! you don’t know M. de Turenne; no mistake is made with impunity in the presence of such a man as that.’ Don Juan persisted, and, in fact, made his way on to the ‘dunes.’ Next day, the 13th of June, Condé, more and more convinced of the danger, made fresh efforts to make him retire. ‘Retire!’ cried Don Juan: ‘if the French dare fight, this will be the finest day that ever shone on the arms of His Most Catholic Majesty.’ ‘Very fine, certainly,’ answered Condé, ‘if you give orders to retire.’ Turenne put an end to this disagreement in the enemy’s camp. Having made up his mind to give battle on the 14th, at daybreak, he sent word to the English general, Lockhart, by one of his officers who wanted at the same time to explain the commander-in-chief’s

plan and his grounds for it: 'All right,' answered Lockhart: 'I leave it to M. de Turenne; he shall tell me his reasons after the battle, if he likes.' A striking contrast between the manly discipline of English good sense and the silly blindness of Spanish pride. Condé was not mistaken: the issue of a battle, begun under such auspices, could not be doubtful. 'My lord,' said he to the young duke of Gloucester, who was serving in the Spanish army by the side of his brother, the duke of York, 'did you ever see a battle?' 'No, prince.' 'Well, then you are going to see one lost.' The battle of the Dunes was, in fact, totally lost by the Spaniards after four hours' very hard fighting, during which the English regiments carried bravely and with heavy losses the most difficult and the best defended position; all the officers of Lockhart's regiment, except two, were killed or wounded before the end of the day; the Spanish army retired in disorder, leaving four thousand prisoners in the hands of the conqueror. 'The enemy came to meet us,' wrote Turenne in the evening to his wife; 'they were beaten, God be praised! I have worked rather hard all day; I wish you good night, and am going to bed.' Ten days afterwards, on the 23rd of June, 1658, the garrison of Dunkerque was exhausted; the aged governor, the marquis of Leyden, had been mortally wounded in a sortie; the place surrendered, and, the next day but one, Louis XIV. entered it, but merely to hand it over at once to the English. 'Though the court and the army are in despair at the notion of letting go what he calls a rather nice morsel,' wrote Lockhart the day before to Secretary Thurloe, 'nevertheless the cardinal is staunch to his promises, and seems as well satisfied at giving up this place to His Highness as I am to take it. The king also is extremely polite and obliging, and he has in his soul more honesty than I had supposed.' "

The surrender of Dunkerque was soon followed by that of Gravelines and several other towns; the great blow against the Spanish arms had been struck; negotiations were beginning; tranquillity reigned everywhere in France; the parliament had caused no talk since the 20th of March, 1655, when, they having refused to enregister certain financial edicts, *for want of liberty of suffrage*, the king, setting out from the castle of Vincennes, "had arrived early at the Palace of Justice, in scarlet jacket and gray hat, attended by all his court in the same costume, as if he were going to hunt the stag, which was unwonted up to that day. When he was in his bed of justice,

he prohibited the parliament from assembling, and, after having said a word or two, he rose and went out without listening to any address." [*Mémoires de Montglat*, t. ii.] The sovereign courts had learnt to improve upon the old maxim of Matthew Molé: "I am going to court; I shall tell the truth; after which the king must be obeyed." Not a tongue wagged, and obedience at length was rendered to Cardinal Mazarin as it had but lately been to Cardinal Richelieu.

The court was taking its diversion. "There were plenty of fine comedies and ballets going on. The king, who danced very well, liked them extremely," says Mdlle. de Montpensier, at that time exiled from Paris; "all this did not affect me at all; I thought that I should see enough of it on my return; but my ladies were different, and nothing could equal their vexation at not being in all these gayeties." It was still worse when announcement was made of the arrival of Queen Christina of Sweden, that celebrated princess who had reigned from the time she was six years old, and had lately abdicated, in 1654, in favor of her cousin, Charles Gustavus, in order to regain her liberty, she said, but perhaps also because she found herself confronted by the ever-increasing opposition of the grandees of her kingdom, hostile to the foreign fashions favored by the queen as well as to the design that was attributed to her of becoming converted to Catholicism. When Christina arrived at Paris, in 1656, she had already accomplished her abjuration at Brussels, without assigning her motives for it to anybody. "Those who talk of them know nothing about them," she would say, "and she who knows something about them has never talked of them." There was great curiosity at Paris to see this queen. The king sent the duke of Guise to meet her, and he wrote to one of his friends as follows:—"She is not tall, she has a good arm, a hand white and well made, but rather a man's than a woman's, a high shoulder, a defect which she so well conceals by the singularity of her dress, her walk and her gestures that you might make a bet about it. Her face is large without being defective, all her features are the same and strongly marked, a pretty tolerable turn of countenance, set off by a very singular head-dress, that is, a man's wig, very big and very much raised in front; the top of the head is a tissue of hair, and the back has something of a woman's style of head-dress. Sometimes she also wears a hat; her bodice laced behind, crosswise, is made something like our doublets, her chemise bulging out all around her petticoat, which she

wears rather badly fastened and not over-straight. She is always very much powdered, with a good deal of pomade, and almost never puts on gloves. She has at the very least as much swagger and haughtiness as the great Gustavus, her father, can have had; she is mighty civil and coaxing, speaks eight languages, and principally French, as if she had been born in Paris. She knows as much about it as all our Academy and the Sorbonne put together, has an admirable knowledge of painting as well as of everything else, and knows all the intrigues of our court better than I. In fact, she is quite an extraordinary person." "The king, though very timid at that time," says Madame de Motteville, "and not at all well informed, got on so well with this bold, well-informed and haughty princess, that, from the first moment, they associated together with much freedom and pleasure on both sides. It was difficult, when you had once had a good opportunity of seeing her, and above all of listening to her, not to forgive all her irregularities, though some of them were highly blamable." All the court and all Paris made a great fuss about this queen who insisted upon going everywhere, even to the French Academy, where no woman had ever been admitted. Patru thus relates to one of his friends the story of her visit: "No notice was given until about eight or nine in the morning of this princess's purpose, so that some of our body could not receive information in time. M. de Gombault came without having been advertised, but, as soon as he knew of the queen's purpose, he went away again, for thou must know that he is wrath with her because, he having written some verses in which he praised the great Gustavus, she did not write to him, she who, as thou knowest, has written to a hundred impertinent apes. I might complain with far more reason; but, so long as kings, queens, princes, and princesses do me only that sort of harm, I shall never complain. The chancellor [Séguier at whose house the Academy met] had forgotten to have the portrait of this princess, which she had given to the society, placed in the room; which, in my opinion, ought not to have been forgotten. Word was brought that the carriage was entering the courtyard. The chancellor, followed by the whole body, went to receive the princess. . . . As soon as she entered the room, she went off-hand, according to her habit, and sat down in her chair; and at the same moment, without any order given us, we also sat down. The princess, seeing that we were at some little distance from the table, told us that we could draw up close to

it. There was some little drawing up, but not as if it were a dinner-party. . . . Several pieces were read; and then the director, who was M. de la Chambre, told the queen that the ordinary exercise of the society was to work at the Dictionary, and that, if it were agreeable to Her Majesty, a sheet should be read. 'By all means,' said she. M. de Mézeray, accordingly, read the word *Jeux*, under which, amongst other proverbial expressions, there was: '*Jeux de princes, qui ne plaisent qu'à ceux qui les font*' (*Princes' jokes, which amuse only those who make them*). She burst out laughing. The word, which was in fair copy, was finished. It would have been better to read a word which had to be weeded, because then we should all have spoken; but people were taken by surprise—the French always are. . . . After about an hour, the princess rose, made a courtesy to the company, and went away as she had come. Here is really what passed at this famous interview which, no doubt, does great honor to the Academy. The duke of Anjou talks of coming to it, and the zealous are quite transported with this bit of glory" [*Œuvres diverses de Patru*, t. ii. p. 512].

Queen Christina returned the next year and passed some time at Fontainebleau. It was there, in a gallery that King Louis Philippe caused to be turned into apartments, which M. Guizot at one time occupied, that she had her first equerry, Monaldeschi, whom she accused of having betrayed her, assassinated almost before her own eyes; and she considered it astonishing and very bad taste that the court of France should be shocked at such an execution. "This barbarous princess," says Madame de Motteville, "after so cruel an action as that, remained in her room laughing and chatting as easily as if she had done something of no consequence or very praiseworthy. The queen-mother, a perfect Christian, who had met with so many enemies whom she might have punished but who had received from her nothing but marks of kindness, was scandalized by it. The king and Monsieur blamed her, and the minister, who was not a cruel man, was astounded."

The queen-mother had other reasons for being less satisfied than she had been at the first trip of Queen Christina of Sweden. The young king testified much inclination for Mary de Mancini, Cardinal Mazarin's niece, a bold and impassioned creature, whose sister Olympia had already found favor in his eyes before her marriage with the count of Soissons. The eldest of all had married the duke of Mercœur, son of the duke of Vendôme; the other two were destined to be united, at a later

period, to the dukes of Bouillon and la Meilleraye; the hopes of Mary went still higher; relying on the love of young Louis XIV. she dared to dream of the throne; and the Queen of Sweden encouraged her. "The right thing is to marry one's love," she told the king. No time was lost in letting Christina understand that she could not remain long in France; the cardinal, "with a moderation for which he cannot be sufficiently commended," says Madame de Motteville, "himself put obstacles in the way of his niece's ambitious designs; he sent her to the convent of Brouage, threatening, if that exile were not sufficient, to leave France and take his niece with him."

"No power," he said to the king, "can wrest from me the free authority of disposal which God and the laws give me over my family." "You are king; you weep; and yet I am going away!" said the young girl to her royal lover, who let her go. Mary de Mancini was mistaken; he was not yet *King*.

Cardinal Mazarin and the queen had other views regarding the marriage of Louis XIV.; for a long time past the object of their labors had been to terminate the war by an alliance with Spain. The Infanta, Maria Theresa, was no longer heiress to the crown, for King Philip at last had a son; Spain was exhausted by long-continued efforts and dismayed by the checks received in the campaign of 1658; the alliance of the Rhine, recently concluded at Frankfurt between the two leagues, catholic and protestant, confirmed immutably the advantages which the treaty of Westphalia had secured to France. The electors had just raised to the head of the Empire young Leopold I., on the death of his father Ferdinand III., and they proposed their mediation between France and Spain. Whilst King Philip IV. was still hesitating, Mazarin took a step in another direction; the king set out for Lyons, accompanied by his mother and his minister, to go and see Princess Margaret of Savoy, who had been proposed to him a long time ago as his wife. He was pleased with her, and negotiations were already pretty far advanced, to the great displeasure of the queen-mother, when the cardinal, on the 29th of November, 1659, in the evening, entered Anne of Austria's room. "He found her pensive and melancholy, but he was all smiles. 'Good news, Madame,' said he. 'Ah!' cried the queen, 'is it to be peace?' 'More than that, Madame; I bring your Majesty both peace and the Infanta.'" The Spaniards had become uneasy; and Don Antonio de Pimentel had arrived at Lyons at

the same time with the court of Savoy, bearing a letter from Philip IV. for the queen his sister. The duchess of Savoy had to depart and take her daughter with her, disappointed of her hopes; all the consolation she obtained was a written promise that the king would marry Princess Margaret, if the marriage with the Infanta were not accomplished within a year.

The year had not yet rolled away, and the duchess of Savoy had already lost every atom of illusion. Since the 13th of August, Cardinal Mazarin had been officially negotiating with Don Louis de Haro representing Philip IV. The ministers had held a meeting in the middle of the Bidassoa, on the Island of Pheasants, where a pavilion had been erected on the boundary-line between the two States. On the 7th of November, the peace of the Pyrenees was signed at last; it put an end to a war which had continued for twenty-three years, often internecine, always burdensome, and which had ruined the finances of the two countries. France was the gainer of Artois and Roussillon, and of several places in Flanders, Hainault and Luxembourg; and the peace of Westphalia was recognized by Spain, to whom France restored all that she held in Catalonia and in Franche-Comté. Philip IV. had refused to include Portugal in the treaty. The Infanta received as dowry 500,000 gold crowns, and renounced all her rights to the throne of Spain; the prince of Condé was taken back to favor by the king, and declared that he would fain redeem with his blood all the hostilities he had committed in and out of France. The king restored him to all his honors and dignities, gave him the government of Burgundy, and bestowed on his son, the duke of Enghien, the office of Grand Master of France. The honor of the king of Spain was saved, he did not abandon his allies, and he made a great match for his daughter. But the eyes of Europe were not blinded; it was France that triumphed, the policy of Cardinal Richelieu and of Cardinal Mazarin was everywhere successful. The work of Henry IV. was completed, the House of Austria was humiliated and vanquished in both its branches; the man who had concluded the peace of Westphalia and the peace of the Pyrenees had a right to say, "I am more French in heart than in speech."

The prince of Condé returned to court, "as if he had never gone away," says Mdle. de Montpensier (*Mémoires*, t. iii. p. 451). "The king talked familiarly with him of all that he had done both in France and in Flanders, and that with as much gusto as if all those things had taken place for his service."

"The prince discovered him to be so great in every point that, from the first moment at which he could approach him, he comprehended, as it appeared, that the time had come to humble himself. That genius for sovereignty and command which God had implanted in the king, and which was beginning to show itself, persuaded the prince of Condé that all which remained of the previous reign was about to be annihilated" [*Mémoires de Madame de Motteville*, t. v. p. 39]. From that day King Louis XIV. had no more submissive subject than the great Condé.

The court was in the South, travelling from town to town, pending the arrival of the dispensations from Rome. On the 3rd of June, 1660, Don Louis de Haro, in the name of the king of France, espoused the Infanta in the church of Fontarabia. Mdlle. de Montpensier made up her mind to be present, unknown to anybody, at the ceremony. When it was over, the new queen, knowing that the king's cousin was there, went up to her, saying, "I should like to embrace this fair unknown," and led her away to her room, chatting about everything, but pretending not to know her. The queen-mother and King Philip IV. met next day, on the Island of Pheasants, after forty-five years' separation. The king had come privately to have a view of the Infanta, and he watched her, through a door ajar, towering a whole head above the courtiers. "May I ask my niece what she thinks of this unknown?" said Anne of Austria to her brother. "It will be time when she has passed that door," replied the king. Young *Monsieur*, the king's brother, leaned forward towards his sister-in-law, and "What does your Majesty think of this door?" he whispered. "I think it very nice and handsome," answered the young queen. The king had thought her handsome, "despite the ugliness of her head-dress and of her clothes, which had at first taken him by surprise." King Philip IV. kept looking at M. de Turenne, who had accompanied the king. "That man has given me dreadful times," he repeated twice or thrice. "You can judge whether M. de Turenne felt himself offended," says Mdlle. de Montpensier. The definitive marriage took place at Saint-Jean-de-Luz on the 9th of June, and the court took the road leisurely back to Vincennes. Scarcely had the arrival taken place, when all the sovereign bodies sent a solemn deputation to pay their respects to Cardinal Mazarin and thank him for the peace he had just concluded. It was an unprecedented honor, paid to a minister upon whose head the

parliament had but lately set a price. The cardinal's triumph was as complete at home as abroad; all foes had been reduced to submission or silence, Paris and France rejoicing over the peace and the king's marriage; but, like Cardinal Richelieu, Mazarin succumbed at the very pinnacle of his glory and power; the gout, to which he was subject, flew to his stomach, and he suffered excruciating agonies. One day when the king came to get his advice upon a certain matter: "Sir," said the cardinal, "you are asking counsel of a man who no longer has his reason and who raves." He saw the approach of death calmly but not unregretfully. Concealed, one day, behind a curtain in the new apartments of the Mazarin Palace (now the National Library), young Brienne heard the cardinal coming. "He dragged his slippers along like a man very languid and just recovering from some serious illness. He paused at every step, for he was very feeble; he fixed his gaze first on one side and then on the other, and letting his eyes wander over the magnificent objects of art he had been all his life collecting, he said, 'All that must be left behind!' And turning round, he added, 'And that too! what trouble I have had to obtain all these things! I shall never see them more where I am going.'" He had himself removed to Vincennes of which he was governor. There he continued to regulate all the affairs of State, striving to initiate the young king in the government. "Nobody," Turenne used to say, "works so much as the cardinal or discovers so many expedients with great clearness of mind for the terminating of much business of different sorts." The dying minister recommended to the king MM. Le Tellier and de Lionne, and he added: "Sir, to you I owe everything; but I consider that I to some extent acquit myself of my obligation to your Majesty by giving you M. Colbert." The cardinal, uneasy about the large possessions he left, had found a way of securing them to his heirs by making, during his lifetime, a gift of the whole of them to the king. Louis XIV. at once returned it. The minister had lately placed his two nieces, the princess of Conti and the countess of Soissons, at the head of the household of two queens; he had married his niece, Hortensia Mancini, to the duke of La Meilleraye, who took the title of duke of Mazarin. The father of this duke was the relative and protégé of Cardinal Richelieu, for whom Mazarin had always preserved a feeling of great gratitude. It was to him and his wife that he left the remainder of his vast possessions, after having distributed amongst all his relatives

liberal bequests to an enormous amount. The pictures and jewels went to the king, to Monsieur and to the queens. A considerable sum was employed for the foundation and endowment of the Collège des Quatre Nations (now the Palais de l'Institut), intended for the education of sixty children of the four provinces reunited to France by the treaties of Westphalia and the Pyrenees, Alsace, Roussillon, Artois and Pignerol. The cardinal's fortune was estimated at fifty millions.

Mazarin had scarcely finished making his final dispositions when his malady increased to a violent pitch. "On the 5th of March, forty hours' public prayers were ordered in all the churches of Paris, which is not generally done except in the case of kings," says Madame de Motteville. The cardinal had sent for M. Joly, parish-priest of St. Nicholas des Champs, a man of great reputation for piety, and begged him not to leave him. "I have misgivings about not being sufficiently afraid of death," he said to his confessor. He felt his own pulse himself, muttering quite low, "I shall have a great deal more to suffer." The king had left him on the 7th of March, in the evening. He did not see him again and sent to summon the ministers. Already the living was taking the place of the dying, with a commencement of pomp and circumstance which excited wonder at the changes of the world. "On the 9th, between two and three in the morning, Mazarin raised himself slightly in his bed, praying to God and suffering greatly: then he said aloud, 'Ah! holy Virgin, have pity upon me; receive my soul,' and so he expired, showing a fair front to death up to the last moment." The queen-mother had left her room for the last two days, because it was too near that of the dying man. "She wept less than the king," says Madame de Motteville, "being more disgusted with the creatures of his making by reason of the knowledge she had of their imperfections, insomuch that it was soon easy to see that the defects of the dead man would before long appear to her greater than they had yet been in her eyes, for he did not content himself with exercising sovereign power over the whole realm, but he exercised it over the sovereigns themselves who had given it him, not leaving them liberty to dispose of anything of any consequence" [*Mémoires de Madame de Motteville*, t. v. p. 103].

Louis XIV. was about to reign with a splendor and puissance without precedent; his subjects were submissive and Europe at peace; he was reaping the fruits of the labors of his grand-

father Henry IV., of Cardinal Richelieu and of Cardinal Mazarin. Whilst continuing the work of Henry IV. Richelieu had rendered possible the government of Mazarin; he had set the kingly authority on foundations so strong that the princes of the blood themselves could not shake it. Mazarin had destroyed party and secured to France a glorious peace. Great minister had succeeded great king and able man great minister; Italian prudence, dexterity and finesse had replaced the indomitable will, the incomparable judgment and the grandeur of view of the French priest and nobleman. Richelieu and Mazarin had accomplished their patriotic work: the King's turn had come.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LOUIS XIV., HIS WARS AND HIS CONQUESTS, 1661-1697.

CARDINAL MAZARIN on his deathbed had given the young king this advice: "Manage your affairs yourself, Sir, and raise no more premier ministers to where your bounties have placed me; I have discovered, by what I might have done against your service, how dangerous it is for a king to put his servants in such a position." Mazarin knew thoroughly the king whose birth he had seen. "He has in him the making of four kings and one honest man," he used to say. Scarcely was the minister dead, when Louis XIV. sent to summon his council: Chancellor Séguier, Superintendent Fouquet and Secretaries of State Le Tellier, de Lionne, Brienne, Duplessis-Guénégaud, and La Vrillière. Then, addressing the chancellor: "Sir," said he, "I have had you assembled together with my ministers and my Secretaries of State to tell you that until now I have been well pleased to leave my affairs to be governed by the late cardinal: it is time that I should govern them myself; you will aid me with your counsels when I ask for them. Beyond the general business of the seal, in which I do not intend to make any alteration, I beg and command you, Mr. Chancellor, to put the seal of authority to nothing without my orders and without having spoken to me thereof, unless a Secretary of State shall bring them to you on my behalf. . . . And for you, gentlemen," addressing the Secretaries of State,

I warn you not to sign anything, even a safety-warrant or passport, without my command, to report every day to me personally, and to favor nobody in your monthly rolls. Mr. Superintendent, I have explained to you my intentions; I beg that you will employ the services of M. Colbert, whom the late cardinal recommended to me."

The king's councillors were men of experience; and they all recognized the master's tone. From timidity or respect, Louis XIV. had tolerated the yoke of Mazarin, not, however, without impatience and in expectation of his own turn [Portraits de la Cour, *Archives curieuses*, t. viii. p. 371]: "The cardinal," said he one day, "does just as he pleases, and I put up with it because of the good service he has rendered me, but I shall be master in my turn;" and he added, "the king my grandfather did great things and left some to do; if God gives me grace to live twenty years longer, perhaps I may do as much or more." God was to grant Louis XIV. more time and power than he asked for, but it was Henry IV.'s good fortune to maintain his greatness at the sword's point, without ever having leisure to become intoxicated with it. Absolute power is in its nature so unwholesome and dangerous that the strongest mind cannot always withstand it. It was Louis XIV.'s misfortune to be king for seventy-two years, and to reign fifty-six years as sovereign master.

"Many people made up their minds," says the king in his *Mémoires* [t. ii. p. 392], "that my assiduity in work was but a heat which would soon cool; but time showed them what to think of it, for they saw me constantly going on in the same way, wishing to be informed of all that took place, listening to the prayers and complaints of my meanest subjects, knowing the number of my troops and the condition of my fortresses, treating directly with foreign ministers, receiving despatches, making in person part of the replies and giving my secretaries the substance of the others, regulating the receipts and expenditure of my kingdom, having reports made to myself in person by those who were in important offices, keeping my affairs secret, distributing graces according to my own choice, reserving to myself alone all my authority, and confining those who served me to a modest position very far from the elevation of premier ministers."

The young king, from the first, regulated his life and his time: "I laid it down as a law to myself," he says in his *Instructions au dauphin*, "to work regularly twice a day. I

cannot tell you what fruit I reaped immediately after this resolution. I felt myself rising as it were both in mind and courage; I found myself quite another being; I discovered in myself what I had no idea of and I joyfully reproached myself for having been so long ignorant of it. Then it dawned upon me that I was king and was born to be."

A taste for order and regularity was natural to Louis XIV., and he soon made it apparent in his councils. "Under Cardinal Mazarin, there was literally nothing but disorder and confusion; he had the council held whilst he was being shaved and dressed, without ever giving anybody a seat, not even the chancellor or Marshal Villeroy, and he was often chattering with his linnet and his monkey all the time he was being talked to about business. After Mazarin's death the king's council assumed a more decent form. The king alone was seated, all the others remained standing, the chancellor leaned against the bedrail, and M. de Lionne upon the edge of the chimney-piece. He who was making a report placed himself opposite the king and, if he had to write, sat down on a stool which was at the end of the table where there was a writing-desk and paper" [*Histoire de France*, by Le P. Daniel, t. xvi. p. 89]. "I will settle this matter with your Majesty's ministers," said the Portuguese ambassador one day to the young king. "I have no ministers, Mr. Ambassador," replied Louis XIV.: "you mean to say my men of business."

Long habituation to the office of king was not destined to wear out, to exhaust the youthful ardor of King Louis XIV. He had been for a long while governing, when he wrote: "You must not imagine, my son, that affairs of State are like those obscure and thorny passages in the sciences which you will perhaps have found fatiguing, at which the mind strives to raise itself, by an effort, beyond itself, and which repel us quite as much by their, at any rate apparent, uselessness as by their difficulty. The function of kings consists principally in leaving good sense to act, which always acts naturally without any trouble. All that is most necessary in this kind of work is at the same time agreeable; for it is, in a word, my son, to keep an open eye over all the world, to be continually learning news from all the provinces and all nations, the secrets of all courts, the temper and the foible of all foreign princes and ministers, to be informed about an infinite number of things of which we are supposed to be ignorant, to see in our own circle that which is most carefully hidden from us, to discover the

most distant views of our own courtiers and their most darkly cherished interests which come to us through contrary interests, and, in fact, I know not what other pleasure we would not give up for this, even if it were curiosity alone that caused us to feel it" [*Mémoires de Louis XIV.*, t. ii. p. 428].

At twenty-two years of age, no more than during the rest of his life, was Louis XIV. disposed to sacrifice business to pleasure, but he did not sacrifice pleasure to business. It was on a taste so natural to a young prince, for the first time free to do as he pleased, that Superintendent Fouquet counted to increase his influence and probably his power with the king. "The attorney-general [Fouquet was attorney-general in the parliament of Paris], though a great thief, will remain master of the others," the queen-mother had said to Madame de Motteville at the time of Mazarin's death. Fouquet's hopes led him to think of nothing less than to take the minister's place.

Fouquet, who was born in 1615, and had been superintendent of finance in conjunction with Servien since 1655, had been in sole possession of that office since the death of his colleague in 1659. He had faithfully served Cardinal Mazarin through the troubles of the Fronde. The latter had kept him in power in spite of numerous accusations of malversation and extravagance. Fouquet, however, was not certain of the cardinal's good faith: he bought Belle-Ile to secure for himself a retreat, and prepared, for his personal defence, a mad project which was destined subsequently to be his ruin. From the commencement of his reign, the counsels of Mazarin on his death-bed, the suggestions of Colbert, the first observations made by the king himself irrevocably ruined Fouquet in the mind of the young monarch. Whilst the superintendent was dreaming of the ministry and his friends calling him *the Future*, when he was preparing, in his castle of Vaux-le-Vicomte, an entertainment in the king's honor at a cost of 40,000 crowns, Louis XIV., in concert with Colbert, had resolved upon his ruin. The form of trial was decided upon. The king did not want to have any trouble with the parliament, and Colbert suggested to Fouquet the idea of ridding himself of his office of attorney-general. Achille de Harlay bought it for fourteen hundred thousand livres; a million in ready money was remitted to the king for his Majesty's urgent necessities; the superintendent was buying up everybody, even the king.

On the 17th of August, 1661, the whole court thronged the gardens of Vaux, designed by Le Nôtre; the king, whilst ad-

miring the pictures of Le Brun, the *Fâcheux* of Molière represented that day for the first time, and the gold and silver plate which encumbered the tables, felt his inward wrath redoubled; "Ah! Madame," he said to the queen his mother, "shall not we make all these fellows disgorge?" He would have had the superintendent arrested in the very midst of those festivities, the very splendor of which was an accusation against him. Anne of Austria, inclined in her heart to be indulgent towards Fouquet, restrained him: "Such a deed would scarcely be to your honor, my son," she said, "everybody can see that this poor man is ruining himself to give you good cheer, and you would have him arrested in his own house!"

"I put off the execution of my design," says Louis XIV. in his *Mémoires*, "which caused me incredible pain, for I saw that during that time he was practising new devices to rob me. You can imagine that at the age I then was it required my reason to make a great effort against my feelings in order to act with so much self-control. All France commended especially the secrecy with which I had for three or four months kept a resolution of that sort, particularly as it concerned a man who had such special access to me, who had dealings with all that approached me, who received information from within and from without the kingdom, and who, of himself, must have been led by the voice of his own conscience to apprehend everything." Fouquet apprehended and became reassured by turns; the king, he said, had forgiven him all the disorder which the troubles of the times and the absolute will of Mazarin had possibly caused in the finances. However, he was anxious when he followed Louis XIV. to Nantes, the king being about to hold an assembly of the states of Brittany. "Nantes, Belle-Ile! Nantes, Belle-Ile!" he kept repeating. On arriving, Fouquet was ill and trembled as if he had the ague; he did not present himself to the king.

On the 5th of September, in the evening, the king himself wrote to the queen-mother: "My dear mother, I wrote you word this morning about the execution of the orders I had given to have the superintendent arrested; you know that I have had this matter for a long while on my mind, but it was impossible to act sooner, because I wanted him first of all to have thirty thousand crowns paid in for the marine, and because, moreover, it was necessary to see to various matters which could not be done in a day; and you cannot imagine the difficulty I had in merely finding means of speaking in private

to D'Artagnan. I felt the greatest impatience in the world to get it over, there being nothing else to detain me in this district. At last, this morning, the superintendent having come to work with me as usual, I talked to him first of one matter and then of another, and made a show of searching for papers, until, out of the window of my closet, I saw D'Artagnan in the castle-yard; and then I dismissed the superintendent, who, after chatting a little while at the bottom of the staircase with La Feuillade, disappeared during the time he was paying his respects to M. Le Tellier, so that poor D'Artagnan thought he had missed him, and sent me word by Maupertuis that he suspected that somebody had given him warning to look to his safety; but he caught him again in the place where the great church stands and arrested him for me about mid-day. They put the superintendent into one of my carriages followed by my musketeers, to escort him to the castle of Angers, whilst his wife, by my orders, is off to Limoges. . . . I have told those gentlemen who are here with me that I would have no more superintendents, but myself take the work of finance in conjunction with faithful persons who will do nothing without me, knowing that this is the true way to place myself in affluence and relieve my people. During the little attention I have as yet given thereto I observed some important matters which I did not at all understand. You will have no difficulty in believing that there have been many people placed in a great fix; but I am very glad for them to see that I am not such a dupe as they supposed and that the best plan is to hold to me."

Three years were to roll by before the end of Fouquet's trial. In vain had one of the superintendent's valets, getting the start of all the king's couriers, shown sense enough to give timely warning to his distracted friends; Fouquet's papers were seized, and very compromising they were for him as well as for a great number of court-personages, of both sexes. Colbert prosecuted the matter with a rigorous justice that looked very like hate; the king's self-esteem was personally involved in procuring the condemnation of a minister guilty of great extravagances and much irregularity rather than of intentional want of integrity. Public feeling was at first so greatly against the superintendent that the peasants shouted to the musketeers told off to escort him from Angers to the Bastille: "No fear of his escaping; we would hang him with our own hands." But the length and the harshness of the proceedings, the efforts of Fouquet's family and friends, the wrath of the parliament out

of whose hands the case had been taken in favor of carefully chosen commissioners, brought about a great change; of the two prosecuting counsel (*conseillers rapporteurs*) one, M. de Sainte-Hélène, was inclined towards severity; the other, Oliver d'Ormesson, a man of integrity and courage, thought of nothing but justice, and treated with contempt the hints that reached him from the court. Colbert took the trouble one day to go and call upon old M. d'Ormesson, the counsel's father, to complain of the delays that the son, as he said, was causing in the trial: "It is very extraordinary," said the minister, "that a great king, feared throughout Europe, cannot finish a case against one of his own subjects." "I am sorry," answered the old gentleman, "that the king is not satisfied with my son's conduct; I know that he practises what I have always taught him: to fear God, serve the king and render justice without respect of persons. The delay in the matter does not depend upon him; he works at it night and day without wasting a moment." Oliver d'Ormesson lost the stewardship of Soissonness to which he had the titular right, but he did not allow himself to be diverted from his scrupulous integrity. Nay, he grew wroth at the continual attacks of Chancellor Séguier, more of a courtier than ever in his old age and anxious to finish the matter to the satisfaction of the court. "I told many of the Chamber," he writes, "that I did not like to have the whip applied to me every morning, and that the chancellor was a sort of chastiser I would not put up with" [*Journal d'Oliver d'Ormesson*, t. ii. p. 88].

Fouquet, who claimed the jurisdiction of the parliament, had at first refused to answer the interrogatory; it was determined to conduct his case "as if he were dumb," but his friends had him advised not to persist in his silence. The courage and presence of mind of the accused more than once embarrassed his judges. The ridiculous scheme which had been discovered behind a looking-glass in Fouquet's country house was read; the instructions given to his friends in case of his arrest seemed to foreshadow a rebellion; Fouquet listened, with his eyes bent upon the crucifix. "You cannot be ignorant that this is a State-crime," said the chancellor. "I confess that it is outrageous, sir," replied the accused, "but it is not a State-crime. I entreat these gentlemen," turning to the judges, "to kindly allow me to explain what a State-crime is. It is when you hold a chief office, when you are in the secrets of your prince, and when, all at once, you range yourself on the side of his ene-

mies, enlist all your family in the same interest, cause the passes to be given up by your son-in-law, and the gates to be opened to a foreign army so as to introduce it into the heart of the kingdom. That, gentlemen, is what is called a State-crime." The chancellor could not protest; nobody had forgotten his conduct during the Fronde. M. d'Ormesson summed up for banishment and confiscation of all the property of the accused; it was all that the friends of Fouquet could hope for. M. de Sainte-Hélène summed up for beheadal. "The only proper punishment for him would be rope and gallows," exclaimed M. Pussort, the most violent of the whole court against the accused; "but, in consideration of the offices he has held, and the distinguished relatives he has, I relent so far as to accept the opinion of M. de Sainte-Hélène." "What say you to this moderation?" writes Madame de Sévigné to M. de Pomponne, like herself, a faithful friend of Fouquet's: "it is because he is Colbert's uncle and was objected to that he was inclined for such handsome treatment. As for me, I am beside myself when I think of such infamy. . . . You must know that M. Colbert is in such a rage that there is apprehension of some atrocity and injustice which will drive us all to despair. If it were not for that, my poor dear sir, in the position in which we now are, we might hope to see our friend, although very unfortunate, at any rate with his life safe, which is a great matter."

"Pray much to your God and entreat your judges," was the message sent to Mesdames Fouquet by the queen-mother, "for, so far as the king is concerned, there is nothing to be expected." "If he is sentenced, I shall leave him to die," proclaimed Louis XIV. Fouquet was not sentenced, the court declared for the view of Oliver d'Ormesson. "Praise God, sir, and thank Him," wrote Madame de Sévigné, on the 20th of December, 1664, "our poor friend is saved; it was thirteen for M. d'Ormesson's summing-up and nine for Saint-Hélène's. It will be a long while before I recover from my joy; it is really too overwhelming, I can hardly restrain it. The king changes exile into imprisonment and refuses him permission to see his wife, which is against all usage; but take care not to abate one jot of your joy, mine is increased thereby and makes me see more clearly the greatness of our victory." Fouquet was taken to Pignerol, and all his family were removed from Paris. He died piously in his prison, in 1680, a year before his venerable mother Marie Maupeou, who was so deeply concerned

about her son's soul at the very pinnacle of greatness that she threw herself upon her knees on hearing of his arrest and exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O God; I have always prayed for his salvation, and here is the way to it!" Fouquet was guilty; the bitterness of his enemies and the severities of the king have failed to procure his acquittal from history any more than from his judges.

Even those who, like Louis XIV. and Colbert, saw the canker in the State, deceived themselves as to the resources at their disposal for the cure of it; the punishment of the superintendent and the ruin of the farmers of taxes (*traitants*) might put a stop for a while to extravagances; the powerful hand of Colbert might re-establish order in the finances, found new manufactures, restore the marine and protect commerce, but the order was but momentary and the prosperity superficial, as long as the sovereign's will was the sole law of the State. Master as he was over the maintenance of peace in Europe after so many and such long periods of hostility, young Louis XIV. was only waiting for an opportunity of recommencing war. "The resolutions I had in my mind seemed to me very worthy of execution," he says: "my natural activity, the ardor of my age and the violent desire I felt to augment my reputation made me very impatient to be up and doing; but I found at this moment that love of glory has the same niceties and, if I may say so, the same timidities as the most tender passions; for, the more ardent I was to distinguish myself, the more apprehensive I was of failing, and, regarding as a great misfortune the shame which follows the slightest errors, I intended, in my conduct, to take the most extreme precautions."

The day of reverses was further off from Louis XIV. than that of errors. God has vouchsafed him incomparable instruments for the accomplishment of his designs. Whilst Colbert was replenishing the exchequer, all the while diminishing the imposts, a younger man than the king himself, the marquis of Louvois, son of Michael Le Tellier, admitted to the council at twenty years of age, was eagerly preparing the way for those wars which were nearly always successful so long as he lived, however insufficient were the reasons for them, however unjust was their aim.

Foreign affairs were in no worse hands than the administration of finance and of war. M. de Lionne was an able diplomatist, broken in for a long time past to important affairs, shrewd and sensible, more celebrated amongst his contempo-

rarities than in history, always falling into the second rank, behind Mazarin or Louis XIV., "who have appropriated his fame," says M. Mignet. The negotiations conducted by M. de Lionne were of a delicate nature. Louis XIV. had never renounced the rights of the queen to the succession in Spain; King Philip IV. had not paid his daughter's dowry, he said; the French ambassador at Madrid, the archbishop of Embrun, was secretly negotiating to obtain a revocation of Maria Theresa's renunciation or at the very least a recognition of the right of *devolution* over the catholic Low Countries. This strange custom of Hainault secured to the children of the first marriage succession to the paternal property to the exclusion of the offspring of the second marriage. Louis XIV. claimed the application of it to the advantage of the queen his wife, daughter of Elizabeth of France. "It is absolutely necessary that justice should sooner or later be done the queen as regards the rights that may belong to her or that I should try to exact it myself," wrote Louis XIV. to the archbishop of Embrun. This justice and these rights were, sooth to say, the pivot of all the negotiations and all the wars of King Louis XIV. "I cannot, all in a moment, change from white to black all the ancient maxims of this crown," said the king. He obtained no encouragement from Spain, and he began to make preparations, in anticipation, for war.

In this view and with these prospects, he needed the alliance of the Hollanders. Shattered as it had been by the behavior of the United Provinces at the congress of Münster and by their separate peace with Spain, the friendship between the States-general and France had been re-soldered by the far-sighted policy of John van Witt, grand pensionary of Holland and preponderant, with good right, in the policy of his country. Bold and prudent, courageous and wise, he had known better than anybody how to estimate the true interests of Holland and how to maintain them everywhere against Cromwell as well as Mazarin, with high-spirited moderation. His great and cool judgment had inclined him towards France, the most useful ally Holland could have. In spite of the difficulties put in the way of their friendly relations by Colbert's commercial measures, a new treaty was concluded between Louis XIV. and the United Provinces. "I am informed from a good quarter," says a letter to John van Witt from his ambassador at Paris, Boreel, June 8, 1662, "that His Majesty makes quite a special case of the new alliance be-

tween him and their High Mightinesses, which he regards as his own particular work. He expects great advantages from it as regards the security of his kingdom and that of the United Provinces which, he says, he knows to have been very affectionately looked upon by Henry the Great; and he desires that, if their High Mightinesses looked upon his ancestor as a father, they should love him from this moment as a son, taking him for their best friend and principal ally." A secret negotiation was at the same time going on between John van Witt and Count d'Estrades, French ambassador in Holland, for the formation and protection of a catholic republic in the Low Countries, according to Richelieu's old plan, or for partition between France and the United Provinces. John van Witt was anxious to act; but Louis XIV. seemed to be keeping himself hedged in view of the king of Spain's death, feeling it impossible, he said, with *propriety and honor*, to go contrary to the faith of the treaties which united him to his father-in-law. "That which can be kept secret for some time cannot be forever, nor be concealed from posterity," he said to Count d'Estrades in a private letter: "any how, there are certain, things which are good to do and bad to commit to writing." An understanding was come to without any writing. Louis XIV. well understood the noble heart and great mind with which he had to deal, when he wrote to Count d'Estrades, April 20th, 1663: "It is clear that God caused M. de Witt to be born [in 1632] for great things, seeing that at his age he has already for many years deservedly been the most considerable person in his State; and I believe too that my having obtained so good a friend in him was not a simple result of chance but of Divine Providence, who is thus early arranging the instruments of which He is pleased to make use for the glory of this crown and for the advantage of the United Provinces. The only complaint I make of him is that, having so much esteem and affection as I have for his person, he will not be kind enough to let me have the means of giving him some substantial tokens of it, which I would do with very great joy." Louis XIV. was not accustomed to meet at foreign courts with the high-spirited disinterestedness of the burgher patrician who since the age of five and twenty, had been governing the United Provinces.

Thus, then, it was a case of strict partnership between France and Holland, and Louis XIV. had remained faithful to the policy of Henry IV. and Richelieu when Philip IV. died on

the 17th of September, 1665. Almost at the same time the dissension between England and Holland, after a period of tacit hostility, broke out into action. The United Provinces claimed the aid of France.

Close ties at that time united France and England. Monsieur, the king's only brother, had married Henrietta of England, sister of Charles II. The king of England, poor and debauched, had scarcely been restored to the throne when he sold Dunkerque to France for five millions of livres, to the great scandal of Cromwell's old friends, who had but lately helped Turenne to wrest it from the Spaniards. "I knew without doubt that the aggression was on the part of England," writes Louis XIV. in his *Mémoires*, "and I resolved to act with good faith towards the Hollanders, according to the terms of my treaty; but as I purposed to terminate the war on the first opportunity, I resolved to act towards the English as handsomely as could be, and I begged the queen of England, who happened to be at that time in Paris, to signify to her son that, with the singular regard I had for him, I could not without sorrow form the resolution which I considered myself bound by the obligation of my promise to take; for, at the origin of this war, I was persuaded that he had been carried away by the wishes of his subjects farther than he would have been by his own, insomuch that, between ourselves, I thought I had less reason to complain of him than for him. It is certain that this subordination which places the sovereign under the necessity of receiving the law from his people is the worst calamity that can happen to a man of our rank. I have pointed out to you elsewhere, my son, the miserable condition of princes who commit their people and their own dignity to the management of a premier minister; but it is little beside the misery of those who are left to the indiscretion of a popular assembly; the more you grant, the more they claim; the more you caress, the more they despise; and that which is once in their possession is held by so many arms that it cannot be wrenched away without an extreme amount of violence." In his compassion for the misery of the king of a free country, Louis XIV. contented himself with looking on at the desperate engagements between the English and the Dutch fleets. Twice the English destroyed the Dutch fleet under the orders of Admiral van Tromp. John van Witt placed himself at the head of the squadron. "Tromp has courage enough to fight," he said, "but not sufficient prudence to conduct a great action. The heat of battle is liable to

carry officers away, confuse them and not leave them enough independence of judgment to bring matters to a successful issue. That is why I consider myself bound by all the duties of manhood and conscience to be myself on the watch, in order to set bounds to the impetuosity of valor when it would fain go too far." The resolution of the grand pensionary and the skill of Admiral Ruyter, who was on his return from an expedition in Africa, restored the fortunes of the Hollanders; their vessels went and offered the English battle at the very mouth of the Thames. The French squadron did not leave the Channel. It was only against the bishop of Münster, who had just invaded the Dutch territory, that Louis XIV. gave his allies effectual aid; M. de Turenne marched against the troops of the bishop, who was forced to retire, in the month of April, 1666. Peace was concluded, at Bréda, between England and Holland, in the month of July, 1667. Louis XIV. had not waited for that moment to enter Flanders.

Everything, in fact, was ready for this great enterprise: the regent of Spain, Mary Anne of Austria, a feeble creature under the thumb of one Father Nithard, a Jesuit, had allowed herself to be sent to sleep by the skilful manœuvres of the archbishop of Embrun; she had refused to make a treaty of alliance with England and to recognize Portugal, to which Louis XIV. had just given a French queen by marrying Mdlle. de Nemours to King Alphonso VI. The League of the Rhine secured to him the neutrality, at the least, of Germany; the emperor was not prepared for war; Europe, divided between fear and favor, saw with astonishment Louis XIV. take the field in the month of May, 1667. "It is not," said the manifesto sent by the king to the court of Spain, "either the ambition of possessing new States or the desire of winning glory by arms which inspires the Most Christian King with the design of maintaining the rights of the queen his wife; but would it not be shame for a king to allow all the privileges of blood and of law to be violated in the persons of himself, his wife and his son? As king, he feels himself obliged to prevent this injustice; as master, to oppose this usurpation; and, as father, to secure the patrimony to his son. He has no desire to employ force to open the gates, but he wishes to enter as a beneficent sun by the rays of his love, and to scatter everywhere in country, towns and private houses the gentle influences of abundance and peace which follow in his train." To secure the *gentle influences of peace*, Louis XIV. had collected an army of fifty thousand men, care-

fully armed and equipped under the supervision of Turenne, to whom Louvois as yet rendered docile obedience. There was none too much of this fine army for recovering the queen's rights over the duchy of Brabant, the marquisate of Antwerp, Limburg, Hainault, the countship of Namur and other territories. "Heaven not having ordained any tribunal on earth at which the kings of France can demand justice, the Most Christian King has only his own arms to look to for it," said the manifesto. Louis XIV. set out with M. de Turenne. Marshal Créqui had orders to observe Germany.

The Spaniards were taken unprepared; Armentières, Charle-roi, Douai and Tournay had but insufficient garrisons, and they fell almost without striking a blow. Whilst the army was busy with the siege of Courtray, Louis XIV. returned to Compiègne to fetch the queen. The whole court followed him to the camp. "All that you have read about the magnificence of Solomon and the grandeur of the king of Persia, is not to be compared with the pomp that attends the king in his expedition," says a letter to Bussy-Rabutin from the count of Coligny. "You see passing along the streets nothing but plumes, gold-laced uniforms, chariots, mules superbly harnessed, parade-horses, housings with embroidery of fine gold." "I took the queen to Flanders," says Louis XIV., "to show her to the peoples of that country, who received her, in point of fact, with all the delight imaginable, testifying their sorrow at not having had more time to make preparations for receiving her more befittingly." The queen's quarters were at Courtrai. Marshal Turenne had moved on Dendermonde, but the Flemings had opened their sluices; the country was inundated; it was necessary to fall back on Audenarde; the town was taken in two days; and the king, still attended by the court, laid siege to Lille. Vauban, already celebrated as an engineer, traced out the lines of circumvallation; the army of M. de Créqui formed a junction with that of Turenne; there was expectation of an attempt on the part of the governor of the Low Countries to relieve the place; the Spanish force sent for that purpose arrived too late and was beaten on its retreat; the burgesses of Lille had forced the garrison to capitulate; and Louis XIV. entered it on the 27th of August after ten days' open trenches. On the 2nd of September, the king took the road back to St. Germain; but Turenne still found time to carry the town of Alost before taking up his winter-quarters.

Louis XIV.'s first campaign had been nothing but playing at

war, almost entirely without danger or bloodshed; it had, nevertheless, been sufficient to alarm Europe. Scarcely had peace been concluded at Bréda, when another negotiation was secretly entered upon between England, Holland and Sweden. It was in vain that King Charles II. leant personally towards an alliance with France; his people had their eyes opened to the dangers incurred by Europe from the arms of Louis XIV. "Certain persons of the greatest influence in Parliament come sometimes to see me, without any lights and muffled in a cloak in order not to be recognized," says a letter of September 26, 1669, from the marquis of Ruigny to M. de Lionne; "they give me to understand that common sense and the public security forbid them to see, without raising a finger, the whole of the Low Countries taken, and that they are bound in good policy to oppose the purposes of this conquest if his Majesty intend to take all for himself." On the 23rd of January, 1668, the celebrated treaty of the Triple Alliance was signed at the Hague. The three powers demanded of the king of France that he should grant the Low Countries a truce up to the month of May, in order to give time for treating with Spain and obtaining from her, as France demanded, the definitive cession of the conquered places or Franche-Comté in exchange. At bottom, the Triple Alliance was resolved to protect helpless Spain against France; a secret article bound the three allies to take up arms to restrain Louis XIV. and to bring him back, if possible, to the peace of the Pyrenees. At the same moment, Portugal was making peace with Spain who recognized her independence.

The king refused the long armistice demanded of him: "I will grant it up to the 31st of March," he had said, "being unwilling to miss the first opportunity of taking the field." The Marquis of Castel-Rodriguo made merry over this proposal: "I am content," said he, "with the suspension of arms that winter imposes upon the king of France." The governor of the Low Countries made a mistake: Louis XIV. was about to prove that his soldiers, like those of Gustavus Adolphus, did not recognize winter. He had entrusted the command of his new army to the prince of Condé, amnestied for the last nine years, but, up to that time, a stranger to the royal favor. Condé expressed his gratitude with more fervor than loftiness when he wrote to the king on the 20th of December 1667: "My birth binds me more than any other to your Majesty's service, but the kindnesses and the confidence you

deign to show me after I have so little deserved them bind me still more than my birth. Do me the honor to believe, Sir, that I hold neither property nor life but to cheerfully sacrifice them for your glory and for the preservation of your person, which is a thousand times dearer to me than all the things of the world."

"On pretence of being in Burgundy at the states," writes Oliver d'Ormesson, the prosecutor of Fouquet, "the prince had obtained perfect knowledge that Franche-Comté was without troops and without apprehension, because they had no doubt that the king would accord them neutrality as in the last war, the inhabitants having sent to him to ask it of him. He kept them amused. Meanwhile the king had set his army in motion without disclosing his plan, and the inhabitants of Franche-Comté found themselves attacked without having known that they were to be. Besançon and Salins surrendered at sight of the troops. The king, on arriving, went to Dôle, and superintended an affair of counterscarps and some demilunes, whereat there were killed some four or five hundred men. The inhabitants, astounded and finding themselves without troops or hope of succor, surrendered on Shrove Tuesday, February 14. The king at the same time marched to Gray. The governor made some show of defending himself, but the Marquis of Yenne, governor-general under Castel-Rodriguo, who belongs to the district and has all his property there, came and surrendered to the king and then, having gone to Gray, persuaded the governor to surrender. Accordingly, the king entered it on Sunday, February 19, and had a *Te Deum* sung there, having at his right the governor-general and at his left the special governor of the town; and, the same day, he set out on his return. And so, within twenty-two days of the month of February, he had set out from St. Germain, been in Franche-Comté, taken it entirely and returned to St. Germain. This is a great and wonderful conquest from every point of view. Having paid a visit to the prince to make my compliments, I said that the glory he had won had cost him dear as he had lost his shoes; he replied, laughing, that it had been said so, but the truth was that, happening to be at the guards' attack, somebody came and told him that the king had pushed forward to M. de Gadaignes' attack, that he had ridden up full gallop to bring back the king who had put himself in too great peril, and that, having dismounted at a very moist spot, his shoe had come off and

he had been obliged to re shoe himself in the king's presence" [*Journal d'Oliver d'Ormesson*, t. ii. p. 542].

Louis XIV. had good reason to "push forward to the attack and put himself in too great peril;" a rumor had circulated that, having run the same risk at the siege of Lille, he had let a moment's hesitation appear; the old duke of Charost, captain of his guards, had come up to him, and "Sir," he had whispered in the young king's ear, "the wine is drawn and it must be drunk." Louis XIV. had finished his reconnoissance, not without a feeling of gratitude towards Charost for preferring before his life that honor which ended by becoming his idol.

The king was back at St. Germain, preparing enormous armaments for the month of April. He had given the prince of Condé the government of Franche-Comté. "I had always esteemed your father," he said to the young duke of Enghien, "but I had never loved him; now I love him as much as I esteem him." Young Louvois, already in high favor with the king, as well as his father, Michael Le Tellier, had contributed a great deal towards getting the prince's services appreciated; they still smarted under the reproaches of M. de Turenne touching the deficiency of supplies for the troops before Lille in 1667.

War seemed to be imminent; the last days of the armistice were at hand. "The opinion prevailing in France as to peace is a disease which is beginning to spread very much," wrote Louvois in the middle of March, "but we shall soon find a cure for it, as here is the time approaching for taking the field. You must publish almost everywhere that it is the Spaniards who do not want peace." Louvois lied brazen-facedly; the Spaniards were without resources, but they had even less of spirit than of resources; they consented to the abandonment of all the places won in the Low Countries during 1667. A congress was opened at Aix-la-Chapelle, presided over by the nuncio of the new pope Clement IX., as favorable to France as his predecessor, Innocent X., had been to Spain. "A phantom arbiter between phantom plenipotentiaries," says Voltaire, in the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* The real negotiations were going on at St. Germain. "I did not look merely," writes Louis XIV., "to profit by the present conjuncture, but also to put myself in a position to turn to my advantage those which might probably arrive. In view of the great increments that my fortune might receive nothing seemed to me more necessary than to establish

for myself amongst my smaller neighbors such a character for moderation and probity as might assuage in them those emotions of dread which everybody naturally experiences at sight of too great a power. I was bound not to lack means of breaking with Spain, when I pleased; Franche-Comté, which I gave up, might become reduced to such a condition that I should be master of it at any moment, and my new conquests, well secured, would open for me a surer entrance into the Low Countries." Determined by these wise motives, the king gave orders to sign the peace. "M. de Turenne appeared yesterday like a man who had received a blow from a club," writes Michael Le Tellier to his son: "when Don Juan arrives, matters will change; he says that, meanwhile, all must go on just the same, and he repeated it more than a dozen times, which made the prince laugh." Don Juan did not protest, and on the 2nd of May, 1668, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was concluded. Before giving up Franche-Comté, the king issued orders for demolishing the fortifications of Dôle and Gray; he at the same time commissioned Vauban to fortify Ath, Lille and Tournay. The Triple Alliance was triumphant, the Hollanders at the head. "I cannot tell your Excellency all that these beer brewers write to our traders," said a letter to M. de Lionne from one of his correspondents: "as there is just now nothing further to hope for, in respect of the Low Countries, I vent all my feelings upon the Hollanders, whom I hold at this day to be our most formidable enemies, and I exhort your Excellency, as well for your own reputation as for the public satisfaction, to omit from your policy nothing that may tend to the discovery of means to abase this great power which exalts itself too much."

Louis XIV. held the same views as M. de Lionne's correspondent, not merely from resentment against the Hollanders, who had stopped him in his career of success, but because he quite saw that the key to the barrier between the catholic Low Countries and himself remained in the hands of the United Provinces. He had relied upon his traditional influence in the Estates as well as on the influence of John van Witt; but the latter's position had been shaken. "I learnt from a good quarter that there are great cabals forming against the authority of M. de Witt, and for the purpose of ousting him from it," writes M. de Lionne on the 30th of March, 1668; Louis XIV. resolved to have recourse to arms in order to humiliate this insolent republic which had dared to hamper

his designs. For four years, every effort of his diplomacy tended solely to make Holland isolated in Europe.

It was to England that France would naturally first turn her eyes. The sentiments of King Charles II. and of his people, as regarded Holland, were not the same. Charles had not forgiven the Estates for having driven him from their territory at the request of Cromwell; the simple and austere manners of the republican patricians did not accord with his taste for luxury and debauchery; the English people, on the contrary, despite of that rivalry in trade and on the seas which had been the source of so much ancient and recent hostility between the two nations, esteemed the Hollanders and leaned towards an alliance with them. Louis XIV., in the eyes of the English Parliament, was the representative of Catholicism and absolute monarchy, two enemies which it had vanquished but still feared. The king's proceedings with Charles II. had, therefore, necessarily to be kept secret; the ministers of the king of England were themselves divided; the duke of Buckingham, as mad and as prodigal as his father, was favorable to France; the earl of Arlington had married a Hollander, and persisted in the Triple Alliance. Louis XIV. employed in this negotiation his sister-in-law, Madame Henriette, who was much attached to her brother the king of England, and was intelligent and adroit; she was on her return from a trip to London, which she had with great difficulty snatched from the jealous susceptibilities of Monsieur, when she died suddenly at Versailles on the 30th of June, 1670. "It were impossible to praise sufficiently the incredible dexterity of this princess in treating the most delicate matters, in finding a remedy for those hidden suspicions which often keep them in suspense and in terminating all difficulties in such a manner as to conciliate the most opposite interests; this was the subject of all talk, when on a sudden resounded, like a clap of thunder, that astounding news: Madame is dying! Madame is dead! And there, in spite of that great heart, is this princess, so admired and so beloved; there, as death has made her for us!" [Bossuet, *Oraison funèbre d'Henriette d'Angleterre.*]

Madame's work was nevertheless accomplished and her death was not destined to interrupt it. The treaty of alliance was secretly concluded, signed by only the catholic councillors of Charles II.; it bore that the king of England was resolved to publicly declare his return to the catholic Church; the king

of France was to aid him towards the execution of this project with assistance to the amount of two millions of livres of Tours; the two princes bound themselves to remain faithful to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle as regarded Spain, and to declare war together against the United Provinces; the king of France would have to supply to his brother of England, for this war, a subsidy of three million livres of Tours every year. When the protestant ministers were admitted to share the secret, silence was kept as to the declaration of catholicity, which was put off till after the war in Holland; Parliament had granted the king thirteen hundred thousand pounds sterling to pay his debts, and eight hundred thousand pounds to "equip in the ensuing spring" a fleet of fifty vessels, in order that he might take the part he considered most expedient for the glory of his kingdom and the welfare of his subjects. "The government of our country is like a great bell which you cannot stop when it is once set going," said King Charles II., anxious to commence the war in order to handle the subsidies the sooner; he was, nevertheless, obliged to wait. Louis XIV. had succeeded in dragging him into an enterprise contrary to the real interests of his country as well as of his national policy; in order to arrive at his ends he had set at work all the evil passions which divided the court of England; he had bought up the king, his mistresses and his ministers; he had dangled before the fanaticism of the duke of York the spectacle of England converted to Catholicism; but his work was not finished in Europe; he wished to assure himself of the neutrality of Germany in the great duel he was meditating with the republic of the United Provinces.

As long ago as 1667 Louis XIV. had practically paved the way towards the neutrality of the empire by a secret treaty regulating the eventual partition of the Spanish monarchy. In case the little king of Spain died without children, France was to receive the Low Countries, Franche-Comté, Navarre, Naples and Sicily; Austria was to keep Spain and Milaness. The Emperor Leopold therefore turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the Hollanders who would fain have bound him down to the Triple Alliance; a new convention between France and the empire, secretly signed on the 1st of November, 1670, made it reciprocally obligatory on the two princes not to aid their enemies. The German princes were more difficult to win over; they were beginning to feel alarm at the pretensions of France. The electors of Trèves and of Mayence had

already collected some troops on the Rhine; the duke of Lorraine seemed disposed to lend them assistance; Louis XIV. seized the pretext of the restoration of certain fortifications contrary to the treaty of Marsal; on the 23rd of August, 1675, he ordered Marshal Créquy to enter Lorraine; at the commencement of September, the whole duchy was reduced and the duke a fugitive. "The king had at first been disposed to give up Lorraine to some one of the princes of that house," writes Louvois; "but, just now, he no longer considers that province to be a country which he ought to quit so soon, and it appears likely that, as he sees more and more every day how useful that conquest will be for the unification of his kingdom, he will seek the means of preserving it for himself." In point of fact, the king, in answer to the emperor's protests replied that he did not want to turn Lorraine to account for his own profit, but that he would not give it up at the solicitations of anybody. Brandenburg and Saxony alone refused point blank to observe neutrality; France had renounced protestant alliances in Germany, and the protestant electors comprehended the danger that threatened them.

Sweden also comprehended it, but Gustavus Adolphus and Oxenstiern were no longer there; there remained nothing but the remembrance of old alliances with France; the Swedish senators gave themselves up to the buyer one after another. "When you have made some stay at Stockholm," wrote Courtin, the French ambassador in Sweden, to M. de Pomponne, "and seen the vanity of the Gascons of the North, the little honesty there is in their conduct, the cabals which prevail in the Senate, and the feebleness and inertness of those who compose it, you cannot be surprised at the delays and changes which take place. If the Senate of Rome had shown as little inclination as that of Sweden at the present time for war, the Roman empire would not have been of so great an extent." The treaty, however, was signed on the 14th of April, 1672; in consideration of an annual subsidy of six hundred thousand livres Sweden engaged to oppose by arms those princes of the empire who should determine to support the United Provinces. The gap was forming round Holland.

In spite of the secrecy which enveloped the negotiations of Louis XIV., Van Witt was filled with disquietude; favorable as ever to the French alliance, he had sought to calm the irritation of France which set down the Triple Alliance to the account of Holland. "I remarked," says a letter, in 1669,

from M. de Pomponne, French ambassador at the Hague, "that it seemed to me a strange thing that, whereas this republic had two kings for its associates in the Triple Alliance, it affected in some sort to put itself at their head so as to do all the speaking and that it was willing to become the seat of all the manœuvres that were going on against France, which was very likely to render it suspected of some prepossession in favor of Spain." John Van Witt defended his country with dignified modesty: "I know not whether to regard as a blessing or a curse," said he, "the incidents which have for several years past brought it about that the most important affairs of Europe have been transacted in Holland. It must no doubt be attributed to the situation and condition of this State which, whilst putting it after all the crowned heads, caused it to be readily agreed to as a place without consequence; but, as for the prepossession of which we are suspected in favor of Spain, it cannot surely be forgotten what aversion we have as it were sucked in with our milk towards that nation, the remnants that still remain of a hatred fed by so much blood and such long wars, which make it impossible, for my part, that my inclinations should ever turn towards that crown."

Hatred to Spain was not so general in Holland as Van Witt represented; and internal dissensions amongst the Estates, sedulously fanned by France, were slowly ruining the authority of the aristocratic and republican party, only to increase the influence of those who favored the House of Nassau. In his far-sighted and sagacious patriotism, John van Witt had for a long time past foreseen the defeat of his cause, and he had carefully trained up the heir of the stadtholders, William of Nassau, the natural head of his adversaries. It was this young prince whom the policy of Louis XIV. at that time opposed to Van Witt in the councils of the United Provinces, thus strengthening in advance the indomitable foe who was to triumph over all his greatness and vanquish him by dint of defeats. The despatch of an ambassador to Spain, to form there an alliance offensive and defensive, was decided upon. "M. de Beverninck, who has charge of this mission, is without doubt a man of strength and ability," said M. de Pomponne, "and there are many who put him on a par with M. de Witt; it is true that he is not on a par with the other the whole day long, and that with the sobriety of morning he often loses the desert and capacity that were his up to dinner-

time." The Spaniards at first gave but a cool reception to the overtures of the Hollanders. "They look at their monarchy through the spectacles of Philip II.," said Beverninck, "and they take a pleasure in deceiving themselves whilst they flatter their vanity." Fear of the encroachments of France carried the day, however; "They consider," wrote M. de Lionne, "that, if they left the United Provinces to ruin, they would themselves have but the favor granted by the Cyclops, to be eaten last," a defensive league was concluded between Spain and Holland, and all the efforts of France could not succeed in breaking it.

John van Witt was negotiating in every direction. The treaty of Charles II. with France had remained a profound secret, and the Hollanders believed that they might calculate upon the good-will of the English nation. The arms of England were effaced from the *Royal Charles*, a vessel taken by Van Tromp in 1667, and a curtain was put over a picture, in the town-hall of Dordrecht, of the victory at Chatham, representing the ruart [inspector of dykes] Cornelius van Witt leaning on a cannon. These concessions to the pride of England were not made without a struggle. "Some," says M. de Pomponne, "thought it a piece of baseness to despoil themselves during peace of tokens of the glory they had won in the war; others, less sensitive on this point of delicacy and more affected by the danger of disobliging a crown which formed the first and at this date the most necessary of their connections, preferred the less spirited but safer to the honorable but more dangerous counsels." Charles II. played with Boreel, ambassador of the United Provinces at the court of London; taking advantage of the Estates' necessity in order to serve his nephew the prince of Orange, he demanded for him the office of captain-general which had been filled by his ancestors. Already the prince had been recognized as premier noble of Zealand, and he had obtained entrance to the council; John van Witt raised against him the vote of the Estates of Holland, still preponderant in the republic: "The grand pensionary soon appeased the murmurs and complaints that were being raised against him," writes M. de Pomponne. "He prefers the greatest dangers to the re-establishment of the prince of Orange, and to his re-establishment on the recommendation of the king of England; he would consider that the republic accepted a double yoke, both in the person of a chief who, from the post of captain-general, might rise to all those

which his fathers had filled, and in accepting him at the instance of a suspected crown." The grand pensionary did not err. In the spring of 1672, in spite of the loss of M. de Lionne, who died September 1, 1671, all the negotiations of Louis XIV. had succeeded; his armaments were completed; he was at last about to crush that little power which had for so long a time past presented an obstacle to his designs. "The true way of arriving at the conquest of the Spanish Low Countries is to abase the Hollanders and annihilate them if it be possible," said Louvois to the prince of Condé on the 1st of November, 1671; and the king wrote in an unpublished memorandum: "In the midst of all my successes during my campaign of 1667, neither England nor the Empire, convinced as they were of the justice of my cause, whatever interest they may have had in checking the rapidity of my conquests, offered any opposition. I found in my path only my good, faithful and old friends the Hollanders who, instead of interesting themselves in my fortune as the foundation of their dominion, wanted to impose laws upon me and oblige me to make peace, and even dared to use threats in case I refused to accept their mediation. I confess that their insolence touched me to the quick and that, at the risk of whatever might happen to my conquests in the Spanish Low Countries, I was very near turning all my forces against this proud and ungrateful nation; but, having summoned prudence to my aid, and considered that I had neither number of troops nor quality of allies requisite for such an enterprise, I dissimulated, I concluded peace on honorable conditions, resolved to put off the punishment of such perfidy to another time." The time had come; to the last attempt towards conciliation, made by Van Groot, son of the celebrated Grotius, in the name of the States-general, the king replied with threatening haughtiness: "When I discovered that the United Provinces were trying to debauch my allies and were soliciting kings, my relatives, to enter into offensive leagues against me, I made up my mind to put myself in a position to defend myself and I levied some troops; but I intend to have more by the spring and I shall make use of them at that time in the manner I shall consider most proper for the welfare of my dominions and for my own glory."

"The king starts to-morrow, my dear daughter," writes Madame de Sévigné to Madame de Grignan on the 27th of April: "there will be a hundred thousand men out of Paris;

the two armies will form a junction; the king will command Monsieur, Monsieur the prince, the prince M. de Turenne, and M. de Turenne the two marshals and even the army of Marshal Créqui. The king spoke to M. de Bellefonds and told him that his desire was that he should obey M. de Turenne without any fuss. The marshal, without asking for time (that was his mistake), said that he should not be worthy of the honor his Majesty had done him if he dishonored himself by an obedience without precedent. Marshal d'Humières and Marshal Créqui said much the same. M. de la Rochefoucauld says that Bellefonds has spoilt everything because he has no joints in his mind. Marshal Créqui said to the king, 'Sir, take from me my bâton, for are you not master? Let me serve this campaign as marquis of Créqui; perhaps I may deserve that your Majesty give me back the bâton at the end of the war.' The king was touched, but the result is that they have all three been at their houses in the country planting cabbages (have ceased to serve)." "You will permit me to tell you that there is nothing for it but to obey a master who says that he means to be obeyed," wrote Louvois to M. de Créqui. The king wanted to have order and one sole command in his army; and he was right.

The prince of Orange, who had at last been appointed captain-general for a single campaign, possessed neither the same forces nor the same authority; the violence of party-struggles had blinded patriotic sentiment and was hampering the preparations for defence. Out of 64,000 troops inscribed on the registers of the Dutch army, a great number neglected the summons; in the towns, the burgesses rose up against the magistrates, refusing to allow the faubourgs to be pulled down, and the peasants threatened to defend the dikes and close the sluices. "When word was sent yesterday to the peasants to come and work on the Rhine at the redoubts and at piercing the dikes, not a man presented himself," says a letter of June 28, from John van Witt to his brother Cornelius; "all is disorder and confusion here." "I hope that, for the moment, we shall not lack gunpowder," said Beverninck; "but as for gun-carriages there is no help for it; a fortnight hence we shall not have more than seven." Louvois had conceived the audacious idea of purchasing in Holland itself the supplies of powder and ball necessary for the French army; and the commercial instincts of the Hollanders had prevailed over patriotic sentiment. Ruyter was short of munitions in the contest already

commenced against the French and English fleet. "Out of thirty-two battles I have been in I never saw any like it," said the Dutch admiral after the battle of Soultbay (Solebay) on the 7th of June. "Ruyter is admiral, captain, pilot, sailor and soldier all in one," exclaimed the English. Cornelius van Witt, in the capacity of commissioner of the Estates had remained seated on the deck of the admiral's vessel during the fight, indifferent to the bullets that rained around him. The issue of the battle was indecisive; Count D'Estrées, at the head of the French flotilla, had taken little part in the action.

It was not at sea and by the agency of his lieutenants that Louis XIV. aspired to gain the victory; he had already arrived at the banks of the Rhine, marching straight into the very heart of Holland. "I thought it more advantageous for my designs and less common on the score of glory," he wrote to Colbert on the 51st of May, "to attack four places at once on the Rhine and to take the actual command in person at all four sieges. . . . I chose, for that purpose, Rheinberg, Wesel, Burick and Orsoy, and I hope that there will be no complaint of my having deceived public expectation." The four places did not hold out four days. On the 12th of June, the king and the prince of Condé appeared unexpectedly on the right bank of the intermediary branch of the Rhine, between the Wahal and the Yssel. The Hollanders were expecting the enemy at the ford of the Yssel, being more easy to pass; they were taken by surprise; the king's cuirassier regiment dashed into the river and crossed it partly by fording and partly by swimming; the resistance was brief; meanwhile the duke of Longueville was killed and the prince of Condé was wounded for the first time in his life. "I was present at the passage, which was bold, vigorous, full of brilliancy and glorious for the nation," writes Louis XIV. Arnheim and Deventer had just surrendered to Turenne and Luxembourg; Duisbourg resisted the king for a few days; Monsieur was besieging Zutphen. John van Witt was for evacuating the Hague and removing to Amsterdam the centre of government and resistance; the prince of Orange had just abandoned the province of Utrecht, which was immediately occupied by the French; the defensive efforts were concentrated upon the province of Holland; already Naarden, three leagues from Amsterdam, was in the king's hands; "We learn the surrender of towns before we have heard of their investment," wrote Van Witt. A deputation from the States was sent on the 22nd of June to

the king's head-quarters to demand peace. Louis XIV. had just entered Utrecht, which, finding itself abandoned, opened its gates to him. On the same day, John van Witt received in a street of the Hague four stabs with a dagger from the hand of an assassin, whilst the city of Amsterdam, but lately resolved to surrender and prepared to send its magistrates as delegates to Louis XIV., suddenly decided upon resistance to the bitter end. "If we must perish, let us at any rate be the last to fall," exclaimed the town-councillor Walkernier, "and let us not submit to the yoke it is desired to impose upon us until there remain no means of securing ourselves against it." All the sluices were opened and the dikes cut. Amsterdam floated amidst the waters. "I thus found myself under the necessity of limiting my conquests, as regarded the province of Holland, to Naarden, Utrecht and Werden," writes Louis XIV. in his unpublished *Mémoire* touching the campaign of 1672, and he adds with rare impartiality: "the resolution to place the whole country under water was somewhat violent; but what would not one do to save one's self from foreign domination? I cannot help admiring and commending the zeal and stoutheartedness of those who broke off the negotiation of Amsterdam, though their decision, salutary as it was for their country, was very prejudicial to my service; the proposals made to me by the deputies from the States-general were very advantageous, but I could never prevail upon myself to accept them."

Louis XIV. was as yet ignorant what can be done amongst a proud people by patriotism driven to despair; the States-general offered him Maestricht, the places on the Rhine, Brabant and Dutch Flanders, with a war-indemnity of ten millions; it was an open door to the Spanish Low Countries, which became a patch enclosed by French possessions; but the king wanted to annihilate the Hollanders; he demanded southern Gueldres, the island of Bonmel, twenty-four millions, the restoration of Catholic worship, and, every year, an embassy commissioned to thank the king for having a second time given peace to the United Provinces. This was rather too much; and, whilst the deputies were negotiating with heavy hearts, the people of Holland had risen in wrath.

From the commencement of the war, the party of the House of Nassau had never ceased to gain ground. John van Witt was accused of all the misfortunes of the State; the people demanded with loud outcries the restoration of the stadtholder-

ate, but lately abolished by a law voted by the States under the presumptuous title of *perpetual edict*. Dordrecht, the native place of the Van Witts, gave the signal of insurrection. Cornelius van Witt, who was confined to his house by illness, yielded to the prayers of his wife and children and signed the municipal act which destroyed his brother's work; the contagion spread from town to town, from province to province; on the 4th of July, the States-general appointed William of Orange stadtholder, captain-general and admiral of the Union; the national instinct had divined the saviour of the country and with tumultuous acclamations placed in his hands the reins of the State.

William of Orange was barely two and twenty when the fate of revolutions suddenly put him at the head of a country invaded, devastated, half conquered; but his mind as well as his spirit were up to the level of his task. He loftily rejected at the assembly of the Estates the proposals brought forward in the king's name of Peter van Groot. "To subscribe them would be suicide," he said: "even to discuss them is dangerous; but, if the majority of this assembly decide otherwise, there remains but one course for the friends of Protestantism and liberty, and that is to retire to the colonies in the West Indies, and there found a new country where their consciences and their persons will be beyond the reach of tyranny and despotism." The States-general decided to "reject the hard and intolerable conditions proposed by their lordships the kings of France and Great Britain, and to defend this State and its inhabitants with all their might." The province of Holland in its entirety followed the example of Amsterdam; the dikes were everywhere broken down, at the same time that the troops of the electors of Brandenburg and Saxony were advancing to the aid of the United Provinces, and that the emperor was signing with those two princes a defensive alliance for the maintenance of the treaties of Westphalia, the Pyrenees and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Louis XIV. could no longer fly from conquest to conquest; henceforth his troops had to remain on observation; care for his pleasures recalled him to France; he left the command-in-chief of his army to M. de Turenne and set out for St. Germain, where he arrived on the 1st of August. Before leaving Holland, he had sent home almost without ransom twenty thousand prisoners of war who before long entered the service of the States again. "It was an excess of clemency of which

I had reason afterwards to repent," says the king himself. His mistake was that he did not understand either Holland or the new chief she had chosen.

Dispirited and beaten, like his country, John van Witt had just given in his resignation as councillor pensionary of Holland. He wrote to Ruyter on the 5th of August, as follows: "The capture of the towns on the Rhine in so short a time, the irruption of the enemy as far as the banks of the Yssel and the total loss of the provinces of Gueldres, Utrecht and Over-Yssel, almost without resistance and through unheard-of poltroonery, if not treason, on the part of certain people, have more and more convinced me of the truth of what was in olden times applied to the Roman republic: *Successes are claimed by everybody, reverses are put down to one (Prospera omnes sibi vindicant, adversa uni imputantur)*. That is my own experience. The people of Holland have not only laid at my door all the disasters and calamities that have befallen our republic; they have not been content to see me fall unarmed and defenceless into the hands of four individuals whose design was to murder me; but when, by the agency of Divine Providence, I escaped the assassins' blows and had recovered from my wounds, they conceived a violent hatred against such of their magistrates as they believed to have most to do with the direction of public affairs; it is against me chiefly that this hatred has manifested itself, although I was nothing but a servant of the State; it is this that has obliged me to demand my discharge from the office of councillor-pensionary." He was at once succeeded by Gaspard van Fagel, passionately devoted to the prince of Orange.

Popular passion is as unjust as it is violent in its excesses. Cornelius van Witt, but lately sharing with his brother the public confidence, had just been dragged, as a criminal, to the Hague accused by a wretched barber of having planned the assassination of the prince of Orange. In vain did the magistrates of the town of Dordrecht claim their right of jurisdiction over their fellow-citizen. Cornelius van Witt was put to the torture to make him confess his crime. "You will not force me to confess a thing I never even thought of," he said, whilst the pulleys were dislocating his limbs. His baffled judges heard him repeating Horace's ode: *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*. . . . At the end of three hours he was carried back to his cell, broken but indomitable. The court condemned him to banishment; his accuser, Tichelaer, was not satisfied.

Before long, at his instigation, the mob collected about the prison, uttering imprecations against the judges and their clemency. "They are traitors," cried Tichelaer, "but let us first take vengeance on those whom we have." John van Witt had been brought to the prison by a message supposed to have come from the ruart. In vain had his daughter conjured him not to respond to it. "What are you come here for?" exclaimed Cornelius, on seeing his brother enter. "Did you not send for me?" "No, certainly not." "Then we are lost," said John van Witt, calmly. The shouts of the crowd redoubled; a body of cavalry still preserved order; a rumor suddenly spread that the peasants from the environs were marching on the Hague to plunder it; the States of Holland sent orders to the count of Tilly to move against them; the brave soldier demanded a written order. "I will obey," he said, "but the two brothers are lost."

The troops had scarcely withdrawn, and already the doors of the prison were forced; the ruart, exhausted by the torture, was stretched upon his bed, whilst his brother sat by his side reading the Bible aloud; the madmen rushed into the chamber, crying, "Traitors, prepare yourselves, you are going to die." Cornelius van Witt started up, joining his hands in prayer; the blows aimed at him did not reach him. John was wounded. They were both dragged forth; they embraced one another; Cornelius, struck from behind, rolled to the bottom of the staircase; his brother would have defended him; as he went out into the street, he received a pike-thrust in the face; the ruart was dead already; the murderers vented their fury on John van Witt; he had lost nothing of his courage or his coolness, and, lifting his arms towards heaven, he was opening his mouth in prayer to God, when a last pistol-shot stretched him upon his back: "There's the perpetual edict flooded!" shouted the assassins, lavishing upon the two corpses insults and imprecations. It was only at night and after having with difficulty recognized them, so disfigured had they been, that poor Jacob van Witt was able to have his sons' bodies removed; he was before long to rejoin them in everlasting rest.

William of Orange arrived next day at the Hague, too late for his fame and for the punishment of the obscure assassins whom he allowed to escape. The compassers of the plot obtained before long appointments and rewards. "He one day assured me," says Gourville, "that it was quite true he had not given any orders to have the Witts killed, but that, having

heard of their death without having contributed to it, he had certainly felt a little relieved." History and the human heart have mysteries which it is not well to probe to the bottom.

For twenty years John van Witt had been the most noble exponent of his country's traditional policy. Long faithful to the French alliance, he had desired to arrest Louis XIV. in his dangerous career of triumph; foreseeing the peril to come, he had forgotten the peril at hand; he had believed too much and too long in the influence of negotiations and the possibility of regaining the friendship of France. He died unhappy, in spite of his pious submission to the will of God; what he had desired for his country was slipping from him abroad as well as at home; Holland was crushed by France, and the aristocratic republic was vanquished by monarchical democracy. With the weakness characteristic of human views, he could not open his eyes to a vision of constitutional monarchy freely chosen, preserving to his country the independence, prosperity and order which he had labored to secure for her. A politician as bold as and more far-sighted than Admiral Coligny, twice struck down, like him, by assassins, John van Witt remained in history the unique model of a great republican chief, virtuous and able, proud and modest, up to the day at which other United Provinces, fighting like Holland for their liberty, presented a rival to the purity of his fame when they chose for their governor General Washington.

For all their brutal ingratitude, the instinct of the people of Holland saw clearly into the situation. John van Witt would have failed in the struggle against France; William of Orange, prince, politician and soldier, saved his country and Europe from the yoke of Louis XIV.

On quitting his army, the king had inscribed in his note-book: "My departure.—I do not mean to have anything more done." The temperature favored his designs; it did not freeze, the country remained inundated and the towns unapproachable; the troops of the elector of Brandenburg, together with a corps sent by the emperor, had put themselves in motion towards the Rhine; Turenne kept them in check in Germany. Condé covered Alsace; the duke of Luxembourg, remaining in Holland, confined himself to burning two large villages, Bodegrave and Saammerdam. "There was a grill of all the Hollanders who were in those burghs," wrote the marshal to the prince of Condé, "not one of whom was let out of the houses. This morning we were visited by two of the enemy's drummers who



BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.



LOUIS XIV.

came to claim a colonel of great note amongst them (I have him in cinders at this moment), as well as several officers that we have not and that are demanded of us, who, I suppose, were killed at the approaches to the villages, where I saw some rather pretty little heaps." The attempts of the prince of Orange on Charleroi had failed as well as those of Luxembourg on the Hague; the Swedes had offered their mediation, and negotiations were beginning at Cologne; on the 10th of June, 1673, Louis XIV. laid siege to Maestricht; Condé was commanding in Holland, with Luxembourg under his orders; Turenne was observing Germany. The king was alone with Vauban. Maestricht held out three weeks. "M. de Vauban, in this siege as in many others, saved a number of lives by his ingenuity," wrote a young subaltern, the count of Alligny. "In times past it was sheer butchery in the trenches, now he makes them in such a manner that one is as safe as if one were at home." "I don't know whether it ought to be called swagger, vanity, or carelessness the way we have of showing ourselves unadvisedly and without cover," Vauban used to say, "but it is an original sin of which the French will never purge themselves if God, who is all-powerful, do not reform the whole race." Maestricht taken, the king repaired to Elsass, where skilful negotiations delivered into his hands the towns that had remained independent; it was time to consolidate past conquests; the coalition of Europe was forming against France; the Hollanders held the sea against the hostile fleets; after three desperate fights, Ruyter had prevented all landing in Holland: the States no longer entertained the proposals they had but lately submitted to the king at Utrecht; the prince of Orange had recovered Naarden and just carried Bonn with the aid of the Imperialists, commanded by Montecuculli; Luxembourg had already received orders to evacuate the province of Utrecht; at the end of the campaign of 1673, Gueldres and Over-Yssel were likewise delivered from the enemies who had oppressed and plundered them; Spain had come forth from her lethargy; and the emperor, resuming the political direction of Germany, had drawn nearly all the princes after him into the league against France. The protestant qualms of the English Parliament had not yielded to the influence of the marquis of Ruvigny, a man of note amongst the French Reformers and at this time ambassador of France in London; the nation desired peace with the Hollanders; and Charles II. yielded, in appearance at least, to the wishes of his people. On the 21st

of February, 1674, he repaired to Parliament to announce to the two Houses that he had concluded with the United Provinces "a prompt peace, as they had prayed, honorable and, as he hoped, durable." He at the same time wrote to Louis XIV. to beg to be condoled with rather than upbraided for a consent which had been wrung from him. The regiments of English and Irish auxiliaries remained quietly in the service of France; and the king did not withdraw his subsidies from his royal pensioner.

Thus was being undone, link by link, the chain of alliances which Louis XIV. had but lately twisted round Holland; France, in her turn, was finding herself alone, with all Europe against her, scared, and consequently active and resolute; the congress of Cologne had broken up; not one of the belligerents desired peace; the Hollanders had just settled the hereditary stadtholderate in the House of Orange. Louis XIV. saw the danger. "So many enemies," says he in his *Mémoires*, "obliged me to take care of myself and think what I must do to maintain the reputation of my arms, the advantage of my dominions and my personal glory." It was in Franche-Comté that Louis XIV. went to seek these advantages. The whole province was reduced to submission in the month of June, 1674. Turenne had kept the Rhine against the Imperialists; the marshal alone escaped the tyranny of the king and Louvois, and presumed to conduct the campaign in his own way; when Louis XIV. sent him instructions, he was by this time careful to add: "You will not bind yourself down to what I send you hereby as to my intentions save when you think that the good of my service will permit you, and you will give me of your news the oftenest you find it possible." (30th of March, 1674.) Turenne did not always write, and it sometimes happened that he did not obey.

This redounded to his honor in the campaign of 1674. Condé had gained on the 11th of August at the bloody victory of Seneffe over the prince of Orange and the allied generals; the four squadrons of the king's household, posted within range of the fire, had remained for eight hours in order of battle without any movement but that of closing up as the men fell. Madame de Sévigné, to whom her son, standard-bearer in the Dauphin's gendarmes, had told the story, wrote to M. de Bussy-Rabutin, "But for the *Te Deum* and some flags brought to Notre-Dame we should have thought we had lost the battle." The prince of Orange, ever indomitable in his cold courage,

had attacked Audenarde on the 15th of September, but he was not in force, and the approach of Condé had obliged him to raise the siege; to make up, he had taken Grave, spite of the heroic resistance made by the marquis of Chemilly, who had held out ninety-three days. Advantages remained balanced in Flanders; the result of the Campaign depended on Turenne, who commanded on the Rhine. "If the king had taken the most important place in Flanders," he wrote to Louvois, "and the emperor were master of Alsace, even without Philipsburg or Brisach, I think the king's affairs would be in the worst plight in the world; we should see what armies we should have in Lorraine, in the Bishoprics and in Champagne. I do assure you that, if I had the honor of commanding in Flanders, I would speak as I do." On the 16th of June, he engaged in battle at Sinzheim with the duke of Lorraine, who was coming up with the advance-guard. "I never saw a more obstinate fight," said Turenne: "those old regiments of the emperor's did mighty well." He subsequently entered the Palatinate, quartering his troops upon it, whilst the superintendents sent by Louvois were burning and plundering the country, crushed as it was under war-contributions. The king and Louvois were disquieted by the movement of the enemy's troops, and wanted to get Turenne back into Lothringen. "An army like that of the enemy," wrote the marshal to Louvois, on the 13th of September, "and at the season it is now, cannot have any idea but that of driving the king's army from Alsace, having neither provisions nor means of getting into Lorraine unless I be driven from the country." On the 20th of September, the burgesses of the free city of Strasburg delivered up the bridge over the Rhine to the imperialists who were in the heart of Elsass. The victory of Ensheim, the fights of Mülhausen and Turckheim, sufficed to drive them back; but it was only on the 22nd of January, 1675, that Turenne was at last enabled to leave Elsass reconquered. "There is no longer in France an enemy that is not a prisoner," he wrote to the king whose thanks embarrassed him. "Everybody has remarked that M. de Turenne is a little more bashful than he was wont to be," said Pellisson.

The coalition was proceeding slowly; the prince of Orange was ill; the king made himself master of the citadel of Liège and some small places. Limburg surrendered to the prince of Condé, without the allies having been able to relieve it; Turenne was posted with the Rhine in his rear, keeping Monte-

cuculli in his front; he was preparing to hem him in and hurl him back upon Black Mountain. His army was thirty thousand strong. "I never saw so many fine fellows," Turenne would say, "nor better intentioned." Spite of his modest reserve, he felt sure of victory. "This time I have them," he kept saying: "they cannot escape me."

On the 27th of June, 1675, in the morning, Turenne ordered an attack on the village of Salzbach. The young count of St. Hilaire found him at the head of his infantry, seated at the foot of a tree into which he had ordered an old soldier to climb in order to have a better view of the enemy's manœuvres. The count of Roye sent to conjure him to reconnoitre in person the German column that was advancing. "I shall remain where I am," said Turenne, "unless something important occur;" and he sent off reinforcements to M. de Roye; the latter repeated his entreaties; the marshal asked for his horse and, at a hand-gallop, reached the right of the army, along a hollow, in order to be under cover from two small pieces of cannon which kept up an incessant fire: "I don't at all want to be killed to-day," he kept saying. He perceived M. de St. Hilaire, the father, coming to meet him, and asked him what column it was on account of which he had been sent for. "My father was pointing it out to him," writes young St. Hilaire, "when, unhappily, the two little pieces fired: a ball, passing over the quarters of my father's horse, carried away his left arm and the horse's neck and struck M. de Turenne in the left side; he still went forward about twenty paces on his horse's neck and fell dead. I ran to my father who was down and raised him up: 'No need to weep for me,' he said; 'it is the death of that great man; you may perhaps lose your father, but neither your country nor you will ever have a general like that again. O poor army, what is to become of you?' Tears fell from his eyes; then, suddenly recovering himself: 'Go, my son, and leave me,' he said: 'with me it will be as God pleases; time presses, go and do your duty'" [*Mémoires du marquis de St. Hilaire*, t. i. p. 205]. They threw a cloak over the corpse of the great general and bore it away. "The soldiers raised a cry that was heard two leagues off," writes Madame de Sévigné; "no consideration could restrain them; they roared to be led to battle, they wanted to avenge the death of their father; with him they had feared nothing, but they would show how to avenge him, let it be left to them, they were frantic, let them be led to battle." Montecuculli had

for a moment halted: "To-day a man has fallen who did honor to man," said he, as he uncovered respectfully. He threw himself, however, on the rear-guard of the French army, which was falling back upon Elsass, and re-crossed the Rhine at Altenheim. The death of Turenne was equivalent to a defeat.

The Emperor Napoleon said of Turenne, "He is the only general whom experience ever made more daring." He had been fighting for forty years and his fame was still increasing without effort or ostentation on his part. "M. de Turenne, from his youth up, possessed all good qualities," wrote Cardinal de Retz, who knew him well, "and the great he acquired full early. He lacked none but those that he did not think about. He possessed nearly all virtues as it were by nature; he never possessed the glitter of any. He was believed to be more fitted for the head of an army than of a party, and so I think, because he was not naturally enterprising; but, however, who knows? He always had in everything, just as in his speech, certain obscurities which were never cleared up save by circumstances, but never save to his glory." He had said, when he set out, to this same Cardinal de Retz, then in retirement at Commercy: "Sir, I am no *talker* (*diseur*), but I beg you to believe that, if it were not for this business in which perhaps I may be required, I would go into retirement as you have gone, and I give you my word that, if I come back, I, like you, will put some space between life and death." God did not leave him time. He summoned suddenly to Him this noble, grand and simple soul. "I see that cannon loaded with all eternity," says Madame de Sévigné: "I see all that leads M. de Turenne thither, and I see therein nothing gloomy for him. What does he lack? He dies in the meridian of his fame. Sometimes, by living on, the star pales. It is safer to cut to the quick, especially in the case of heroes whose actions are all so watched. M. de Turenne did not feel death: count you that for nothing?" Turenne was sixty-four; he had become a convert to Catholicism in 1668, seriously and sincerely, as he did everything. For him Bossuet had written his Exposition of faith. Heroic souls are rare, and those that are heroic and modest are rarer still: that was the distinctive feature of M. de Turenne. "When a man boasts that he has never made mistakes in war, he convinces me that he has not been long at it," he would say. At his death, France considered herself lost. "The premier

president of the court of aids has an estate in Champagne, and the farmer of it came the other day to demand to have the contract dissolved; he was asked why; he answered that in M. de Turenne's time one could gather in with safety and count upon the lands in that district, but that, since his death, everybody was going away, believing that the enemy was about to enter Champagne" [*Lettres de Madame de Sévigné*]. "I should very much like to have only two hours' talk with the shade of M. de Turenne," said the prince of Condé, on setting out to take command of the army of the Rhine, after a check received by Marshal Créqui. "I would take the consequences of his plans if I could only get at his views and make myself master of the knowledge he had of the country and of Montecuculli's tricks of feint." "God preserves you for the sake of France, my lord," people said to him; but the prince made no reply beyond a shrug of the shoulders.

It was his last campaign. The king had made eight marshals, "change for a Turenne." Créqui began by getting beaten before Trèves, which surrendered to the enemy. "Why did the marshal give battle?" asked a courtier. The king turned round quickly: "I have heard," said he, "that the duke of Weimar, after the death of the great Gustavus, commanded the Swedish allies of France; one Parabère, an old blue riband, said to him, speaking of the last battle, which he had lost, 'Sir, why did you give it?' 'Sir,' answered Weimar, 'because I thought I should win it.' Then, leaning over towards somebody else, he asked, 'Who is that fool with the blue riband?'" The Germans retired. Condé returned to Chantilly once more, never to go out of it again. Montecuculli, old and ill, refused to serve any longer. "A man who has had the honor of fighting against Mahomet Coprogli, against the prince, and against M. de Turenne, ought not to compromise his glory against people who are only just beginning to command armies," said the veteran general to the emperor on taking his retirement. The chiefs were disappearing from the scene, the heroic period of the war was over.

Europe demanded a general peace; England and Holland desired it passionately. "I am as anxious as you for an end to be put to the war," said the prince of Orange to the deputies from the Estates, "provided that I get out of it with honor." He refused obstinately to separate from his allies. "It is not astonishing that the prince of Orange does not at once give way even to things which he considers reasonable," said Charles

II.: "he is the son of a father and mother whose obstinacy was carried to extremes; and he resembles them in that." Meanwhile, William had just married (November 15, 1677), the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the duke of York and Anne Hyde. An alliance offensive and defensive between England and Holland was the price of this union, which struck Louis XIV. an unexpected blow. He had lately made a proposal to the prince of Orange to marry one of his natural daughters. "The first notice I had of the marriage," wrote the king, "was through the bonfires lighted in London." "The loss of a decisive battle could not have scared the king of France more," said the English ambassador, Lord Montagu. For more than a year past negotiations had been going on at Nimeguen; Louis XIV. resolved to deal one more great blow.

The campaign of 1676 had been insignificant, save at sea. John Bart, a corsair of Dunkerque, scoured the seas and made foreign commerce tremble; he took ships by boarding, and killed with his own hands the Dutch captain of the *Neptune*, who offered resistance. Messina, in revolt against the Spaniards, had given herself up to France; the duke of Vivonne, brother of Madame de Montespan, who had been sent thither as governor, had extended his conquests; Duquesne, quite young still, had triumphantly maintained the glory of France against the great Ruyter, who had been mortally wounded off Catana on the 21st of April. But already the possession of Sicily was becoming precarious, and these distant successes had paled before the brilliant campaign of 1677; the capture of Valenciennes, Cambrai, and St. Omer, the defence of Lorraine, the victory of Cassel gained over the prince of Orange, had confirmed the king in his intentions. "We have done all that we were able and bound to do," wrote William of Orange to the Estates on the 13th of April, 1677, "and we are very sorry to be obliged to tell your High Mightinesses that it has not pleased God to bless on this occasion the arms of the State under our guidance."

"I was all impatience," says Louis XIV. in his *Mémoires*, "to commence the campaign of 1678, and greatly desirous of doing something therein as glorious as and more useful than what had already been done; but it was no easy matter to come by it and to surpass the lustre conferred by the capture of three large places and the winning of a battle. I examined what was feasible, and Ghent being the most important of all I could attack, I fixed upon it to besiege." The place was in-

vested on the 1st of March and capitulated on the 11th; Ypres in its turn succumbed on the 25th after a vigorous resistance. On the 7th of April the king returned to St. Germain, "pretty content with what I had done," he says, "and purposing to do better in the future if the promise I had given not to undertake anything for two months were not followed by the conclusion of peace." Louis XIV. sent his *ultimatum* to Nimeguen.

Holland had weight in congress as well as in war, and her influence was now enlisted on the side of peace. "Not only is it desired," said the grand pensionary Fagel, "but it is absolutely indispensable, and I would not answer for it that the States-general, if driven to extremity by the sluggishness of their allies, will not make a separate peace with France. I know nobody in Holland who is not of the same opinion." The prince of Orange flew out at such language: "Well then, I know somebody," said he, "and that is myself; I will oppose it to the best of my ability; but," he added more slowly, upon reflection, "if I were not here, I know quite well that peace would be concluded within twenty-four hours."

One man alone, though it were the prince of Orange, cannot long withstand the wishes of a free people. The republican party, for a while cast down by the death of John van Witt, had taken courage again, and Louis XIV. secretly encouraged it. William of Orange had let out his desire of becoming duke of Gueldres and count of Zutphen; these foreshadowings of sovereignty had scared the province of Holland, which refused its consent; the influence of the stadtholder was weakened thereby; the Estates pronounced for peace, spite of the entreaties of the prince of Orange; "I am always ready to obey the orders of the State," said he, "but do not require me to give my assent to a peace which appears to me not only ruinous but shameful as well." Two deputies from the United Provinces set out for Brussels.

"It is better to throw one's self out of the window than from the top of the roof," said the Spanish plenipotentiary to the nuncio when he had cognizance of the French proposals, and he accepted the treaty offered him. "The duke of Villa Hermosa says that he will accept the conditions; for ourselves, we will do the same," said the prince of Orange, bitterly, "and so here is peace made, if France continues to desire it on this footing, which I very much doubt."

At one moment, in fact, Louis XIV. raised fresh pretensions. He wished to keep the places on the Meuse until the Swedes,

almost invariably unfortunate in their hostilities with Denmark and Brandenburg, should have been enabled to win back what they had lost. This was to postpone peace indefinitely. The English parliament and Holland were disquieted and concluded a new alliance. The Spaniards were preparing to take up arms again. The king, who had returned to the army, all at once cut the knot. "The day I arrived at the camp," writes Louis XIV., "I received news from London apprising me that the king of England would bind himself to join me in forcing my enemies to make peace, if I consented to add something to the conditions he had already proposed. I had a battle over this proposal, but the public good, joined to the glory of gaining a victory over myself, prevailed over the advantage I might have hoped for from war. I replied to the king of England that I was quite willing to make the treaty he proposed to me, and, at the same time, I wrote to the States-general a letter stronger than the first, being convinced that, since they were wavering, they ought not to have time given them to take counsel upon the subject of peace with their allies who did not want it." Beverninck went to visit the king at Ghent; and he showed so much ability that the special peace concluded by his pains received in Holland the name of Beverninck's peace. "I settled more business in an hour with M. de Beverninck than the plenipotentiaries would have been able to conclude in several days," said Louis XIV.: "the care I had taken to detach the allies one from another overwhelmed them to such an extent, that they were constrained to submit to the conditions of which I had declared myself in favor at the commencement of my negotiations. I had resolved to make peace, but I wished to conclude one that would be glorious for me and advantageous for my kingdom. I wished to recompense myself, by means of the places that were essential, for the probable conquests I was losing, and to console myself for the conclusion of a war which I was carrying on with pleasure and success. Amidst such turmoil, then, I was quite tranquil and saw nothing but advantage for myself, whether the war went on or peace were made."

All difficulties were smoothed away: Sweden had given up all stipulations for her advantage; the firm will of France had triumphed over the vacillations of Charles II. and the allies. "The behavior of the French in all this was admirable," says Sir W. Temple, an experienced diplomatist, long versed in all the affairs of Europe, "whilst our own counsels and behavior

resembled those floating islands which winds and tide drive from one side to the other."

On the 10th of August, in the evening, the special peace between Holland and France was signed after twenty-four hours' conference. The prince of Orange had concentrated all his forces near Mons, confronting Marshal Luxembourg, who occupied the plateau of Casteau; he had no official news as yet from Nimeguen, and, on the 14th, he began the engagement outside the abbey of St. Denis. The affair was a very murderous one and remained indecisive: it did more honor to the military skill of the prince of Orange than to his loyalty. Holland had not lost an inch of her territory during this war, so long, so desperate, and notoriously undertaken in order to destroy her; she had spent much money, she had lost many men, she had shaken the confidence of her allies by treating alone and being the first to treat, but she had furnished a chief to the European coalition, and she had shown an example of indomitable resistance; the States-general and the prince of Orange alone, besides Louis XIV., came the greater out of the struggle. The king of England had lost all consideration both at home and abroad, and Spain paid all the expenses of the war.

Peace was concluded on the 17th of September, thanks to the energetic intervention of the Hollanders. The king restored Courtray, Audenarde, Ath, and Charleroi, which had been given him by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Ghent, Limburg and St. Ghislain; but he kept by definitive right St. Omer, Cassel, Aire, Ypres, Cambray, Bouchain, Valenciennes, and all Franche-Comté; henceforth he possessed in the north of France a line of places extending from Dunkerque to the Meuse; the Spanish monarchy was disarmed.

It still required a successful campaign under Marshal Créqui to bring the emperor and the German princes over to peace; exchanges of territory and indemnities re-established the treaty of Westphalia on all essential points. The duke of Lorraine refused the conditions on which the king proposed to restore to him his duchy; so Louis XIV. kept Lorraine.

The king of France was at the pinnacle of his greatness and power. "Singly against all," as Louvois said, he had maintained the struggle against Europe, and he came out of it victorious; everywhere, with good reason, was displayed his proud device, *Nec pluribus impar*. "My will alone," says Louis XIV. in his *Mémoires*, "concluded this peace, so much

desired by those on whom it did not depend; for, as to my enemies, they feared it as much as the public good made me desire it, and that prevailed on this occasion over the gain and personal glory I was likely to find in the continuation of the war. . . . I was in full enjoyment of my good fortune and the fruits of my good conduct, which had caused me to profit by all the occasions I had met with for extending the borders of my kingdom at the expense of my enemies."

"Here is peace made," wrote Madame de Sévigné to the count of Bussy. "The king thought it handsomer to grant it this year to Spain and Holland than to take the rest of Flanders; he is keeping that for another time."

The prince of Orange thought as Madame de Sévigné: he regarded the peace of Nimeguen as a truce, and a truce fraught with danger to Europe. For that reason did he soon seek to form alliances in order to secure the repose of the world against the insatiable ambition of King Louis XIV. Intoxicated by his successes and the adulation of his court, the king of France no longer brooked any objections to his will or any limits to his desires. The poison of absolute power had done its work: Louis XIV. considered the "office of king" grand, noble, delightful, "for he felt himself worthy of acquitting himself well in all matters in which he engaged." "The ardor we feel for glory," he used to say, "is not one of those feeble passions which grow dull by possession; its favors, which are never to be obtained without effort, never on the other hand cause disgust, and whoever can do without longing for fresh ones is unworthy of all he has received."

Standing at the king's side and exciting his pride and ambition, Louvois had little by little absorbed all the functions of prime minister without bearing the title. Colbert alone resisted him, and he, weary of the struggle, was about to succumb before long (1683), driven to desperation by the burdens that the wars and the king's luxury caused to weigh heavily upon France. Peace had not yet led to disarmament: an army of a hundred and forty thousand men remained standing, ever ready to uphold the rights of France during the long discussions over the regulation of the frontiers. In old papers ancient titles were found, and by degrees the villages, burghs, and even principalities, claimed by King Louis XIV., were reunited quietly to France; King Charles XI. was thus alienated, in consequence of the seizure of the countship of Deux-Ponts, to which Sweden laid claim. Strasburg was taken by a surprise

This free city had several times violated neutrality during the war; Louvois had kept up communications inside the place; suddenly he had the approaches and the passage over the Rhine occupied by thirty-five thousand men on the night between the 16th and 17th of September, 1681; the burgesses sent up to ask aid from the emperor, but the messengers were arrested; on the 30th, Strasburg capitulated, and Louis XIV. made his triumphant entry there on the 24th of October. "Nobody," says a letter of the day, "can recover from the consternation caused by the fact that the French have taken Strasburg without firing a single shot; everybody says it is one of the wheels of the chariot to be used for a drive into the empire, and that the door of Elsass is shut from this moment."

The very day of the surrender of Strasburg (September 30, 1681), Catinat, with a corps of French troops, entered Casale, sold to Louis XIV. by the duke of Mantua. The king thought to make sure of Piedmont by marrying his niece, Monsieur's daughter, to the duke of Savoy, Victor-Amadeo, quite a boy, delicate and taciturn, at loggerheads with his mother and with her favorites. Marie Louise d'Orléans, elder sister of the young duchess of Savoy, had married the king of Spain, Charles II., a sickly creature of weak intellect. Louis XIV. felt the necessity of forming new alliances; the old supports of France had all gone over to the enemy. Sweden and Holland were already allied to the empire; the German princes joined the coalition. The prince of Orange, with an ever vigilant eye on the frequent infractions of the treaties which France permitted herself to commit, was quietly negotiating with his allies and ready to take up arms to meet the common danger. "He was," says Massillon, "a prince profound in his views, skilful in forming leagues and banding spirits together, more successful in exciting wars than on the battle-field, more to be feared in the privacy of the closet than at the head of armies, a prince and an enemy whom hatred of the French name rendered capable of conceiving great things and of executing them, one of those geniuses who seem born to move at their will both peoples and sovereigns." French diplomacy was not in a condition to struggle with the prince of Orange. M. de Pomponne had succeeded Lionne; he was disgraced in 1679: "I order his recall," said the king, "because all that passes through his hands loses the grandeur and force which ought to be shown in executing the orders of a king who is no poor creature." Colbert de Croissy, the minister's brother, was from that time em-

ployed to manage with foreign countries all the business which Louvois did not reserve to himself.

Duquesne had bombarded Algiers in 1682; in 1684, he destroyed several districts of Genoa, which was accused of having failed in neutrality between France and Spain; and at the same time Marshals Humières and Créquy occupied Audenarde, Courtray and Dixmude, and made themselves masters of Luxembourg; the king reproached Spain with its delays in the regulation of the frontiers and claimed to occupy the Low Countries pacifically; the diet of Ratisbonne intervened; the emperor, with the aid of Sobieski, king of Poland, was occupied in repelling the invasions of the Turks; a truce was concluded for twenty-four years; the empire and Spain acquiesced in the king's new conquests. "It seemed to be established," said the marquis de la Fare, "that the empire of France was an evil not to be avoided by other nations." Nobody was more convinced of this than King Louis XIV.

He was himself about to deal his own kingdom a blow more fatal than all those of foreign wars and of the European coalition. Intoxicated by so much success and so many victories, he fancied that consciences were to be bent like States, and he set about bringing all his subjects back to the Catholic faith. Himself returning to a regular life, under the influence of age and of Madame de Maintenon, he thought it a fine thing to establish in his kingdom that unity of religion which Henry IV. and Richelieu had not been able to bring about. He set at nought all the rights consecrated by edicts, and the long patience of those Protestants whom Mazarin called "the faithful flock;" in vain had persecution been tried for several years past; tyranny interfered, and the edict of Nantes was revoked on the 13th of October, 1685. Some years later, the reformers, by hundreds of thousands, carried into foreign lands their industries, their wealth and their bitter resentments. Protestant Europe, indignant, opened her doors to these martyrs to conscience, living witnesses of the injustice and arbitrary power of Louis XIV. All the princes felt themselves at the same time insulted and threatened in respect of their faith as well as of their puissance. In the early months of 1686, the league of Augsburg united all the German princes, Holland and Sweden; Spain and the duke of Savoy were not slow to join it. In 1687, the diet of Ratisbonne refused to convert the twenty years' truce into a definitive peace. By his haughty pretensions the king gave to the coalition the support of Pope Innocent XI.;

Louis XIV. was once more single-handed against all, when he invaded the electorate of Cologne in the month of August, 1686. Philipsburg, lost by France in 1676, was recovered on the 29th of October; at the end of the campaign, the king's armies were masters of the Palatinate. In the month of January, 1689, war was officially declared against Holland, the emperor and the empire. The command-in-chief of the French forces was entrusted to the Dauphin, then twenty-six years of age. "I give you an opportunity of making your merit known," said Louis XIV. to his son: "exhibit it to all Europe, so that when I come to die it shall not be perceived that the king is dead."

The Dauphin was already tasting the pleasures of conquest, and the coalition had not stirred. They were awaiting their chief; William of Orange was fighting for them in the very act of taking possession of the kingdom of England. Weary of the narrow-minded and cruel tyranny of their king James II., disquieted at his blind zeal for the Catholic religion, the English nation had summoned to their aid the champion of Protestantism; it was in the name of the political liberties and the religious creed of England that the prince of Orange set sail on the 11th of November, 1688: on the flags of his vessels was inscribed the proud device of his house: *I will maintain*; below were the words, *Pro libertate et Protestante religione*. William landed without obstacle at Torbay, on the 15th of November; on the 4th of January King James, abandoned by everybody, arrived in France, whither he had been preceded by his wife, Mary of Modena, and the little prince of Wales; the convention of the two Houses in England proclaimed William and Mary *kings* (*rois*—? king and queen); the prince of Orange had declined the modest part of mere husband of the queen: "I will never be tied to a woman's apron-strings," he had said.

By his personal qualities as well as by the defects and errors of his mind, Louis XIV. was a predestined acquisition to the cause of James II.; he regarded the revolution in England as an insolent attack by the people upon the kingly majesty, and William of Orange was the most dangerous enemy of the crown of France. The king gave the fallen monarch a magnificent reception. "The king acts towards these majesties of England quite divinely," writes Madame de Sévigné, on the 10th of January, 1689: "for is it not to be the image of the Almighty to support a king out-driven, betrayed, abandoned as he is? The king's noble soul is delighted to play such a part as

this. He went to meet the queen of England with all his household and a hundred six-horse carriages; he escorted her to St. Germain, where she found herself supplied like the queen with all sorts of knick-knacks, amongst which was a very rich casket with six thousand louis d'or. The next day the king of England arrived late at St. Germain; the king was there waiting for him and went to the end of the Guards' hall to meet him; the king of England bent down very low, as if he meant to embrace his knees; the king prevented him and embraced him three or four times over, very cordially. At parting, his Majesty would not be escorted back, but said to the king of England, 'This is your house; when I come hither you shall do me the honors of it, as I will do you when you come to Versailles.' The king subsequently sent the king of England ten thousand louis. The latter looked aged and worn, the queen thin and with eyes that have wept, but beautiful black ones; a fine complexion, rather pale, a large mouth, fine teeth, a fine figure and plenty of wits: all that makes up a very pleasing person. All she says is quite just and full of good sense. Her husband is not the same; he has plenty of spirit but a common mind which relates all that has passed in England with a want of feeling which causes the same towards him. It is so extraordinary to have this court here that it is the subject of conversation incessantly. Attempts are being made to regulate ranks and prepare for permanently living with people so far from their restoration."

In his pride and his kingly illusions, Louis XIV. had undertaken a burden which was to weigh heavily upon him to the very end of his reign.

Catholic Ireland had not acquiesced in the elevation of William of Orange to the throne of England; she invited over King James. Personally brave and blinded by his hopes he set out from St. Germain on the 25th of February, 1689. "Brother," said the king to him on taking leave, "the best I can wish you is not to see you back." He took with him a corps of French troops commanded by M. de Rosen, and the count of Avaux as adviser. "It will be no easy matter to keep any secret with the king of England," wrote Avaux to Louis XIV.: "he has said before the sailors of the *St. Michael* what he ought to have reserved for his greatest confidants. Another thing which may cause us trouble is his indecision, for he has frequent changes of opinion and does not always determine upon the best. He lays great stress on little things over

which he spends all his time and passes lightly by the most essential. Besides, he listens to everybody, and as much time has to be spent in destroying the impressions which bad advice has produced upon him as in inspiring him with good. It is said here that the Protestants of the North will intrench themselves in Londonderry, which is a pretty strong town for Ireland, and that it is a business which will possibly last some days."

The siege of Londonderry lasted a hundred and five days; most of the French officers fell there; the place had to be abandoned; the English army had just landed at Carrickfergus (August 25), under the orders of Marshal Schomberg. Like their leader a portion of Schomberg's men were French Protestants who had left their native country after the revocation of the edict of Nantes; they fought to the bitter end against the French regiments of Rosen. The Irish parliament was beginning to have doubts about James II.: "Too English," it was said, "to render full justice to Ireland." There was disorder everywhere, in the Government as well as in the military operations; Schomberg held the Irish and French in check; at last William III. appeared.

He landed on the 14th of June, and at once took the road to Belfast; the protestant opposition was cantoned in the province of Ulster, peopled to a great extent by Cromwell's Scotch colonists; three parts of Ireland were still in the hands of the Catholics and King James. "I haven't come hither to let the grass grow under my feet," said William to those who counselled prudence. He had brought with him his old Dutch and German regiments and numbered under his orders thirty-five thousand men; representatives from all the Protestant churches of Europe were there in arms against the enemies of their liberties.

The forces of King James were scarcely inferior to those of his son-in-law; Louis XIV. had sent him a reinforcement of eight thousand men under the orders of the duke of Lauzun. On the 1st of July the two armies met on the banks of the Boyne, near the town of Drogheda. William had been slightly wounded in the shoulder the evening before during a reconnaissance. "There's no harm done," said he at once to his terrified friends, "but as it was, the ball struck quite high enough." He was on horseback at the head of his troops; at daybreak the whole army plunged into the river; Marshal Schomberg commanded a division; he saw that the Huguenot regiments were staggered by the death of their leader, M. de

Caillemotte, younger brother of the marquis of Ruigny. He rushed his horse into the river, shouting, "Forward, gentlemen, yonder are your persecutors." He was killed, in his turn, as he touched the bank. King William himself had just entered the Boyne; his horse had taken to swimming, and he had difficulty in guiding it with his wounded arm; a ball struck his boot, another came and hit against the butt of his pistol; the Irish infantry, ignorant and undisciplined, everywhere took flight. "We were not beaten," said a letter to Louvois from M. de la Hoguette, a French officer, "but the enemy drove the Irish troops, like sheep, before them, without their having attempted to fire a single musket-shot." All the burden of the contest fell upon the troops of Louis XIV. and upon the Irish gentlemen, who fought furiously; William rallied around him the Protestants of Enniskillen and led them back to the charge; the Irish gave way on all sides; King James had prudently remained at a distance, watching the battle from afar; he turned bridle and hastily took the road back to Dublin. On the 3rd of July he embarked at Waterford, himself carrying to St. Germain the news of his defeat. "Those who love the king of England must be very glad to see him in safety," wrote Marshal Luxembourg to Louvois; "but those who love his glory have good reason to deplore the figure he made." "I was in trouble to know what had become of the king my father," wrote Queen Mary to William III.; "I dared not ask anybody but Lord Nottingham, and I had the satisfaction of learning that he was safe and sound. I know that I need not beg you to spare him, but to your tenderness add this, that for my sake the world may know that you would not have any harm happen to him. You will forgive me this." The rumor had spread at Paris that King William was dead; the populace lighted bonfires in the streets; and the governor of the Bastille fired a salute. The anger and hatred of a people are perspicacious.

The insensate pride of king and nation were to be put to other trials; the campaign of 1689 had been without advantage or honor to the king's arms. Disembarrassed of the great Condé, of Turenne and even of Marshal Luxembourg, who was compromised in some distressing law proceedings, Louvois exercised undisputed command over generals and armies; his harsh and violent genius encountered no more obstacles. He had planned a defensive war which was to tire out the allies, all the while ravaging their territories. The Palatinate under-

went all its horrors. Mannheim, Heidelberg, Spires, Worms, Bingen, were destroyed and burnt. "I don't think," wrote the count of Tessé to Louvois, "that for a week past my heart has been in its usual place. I take the liberty of speaking to you naturally, but I did not foresee that it would cost so much to personally look to the burning of a town with a population, in proportion, like that of Orleans. You may rely upon it that nothing at all remains of the superb castle of Heidelberg. There were yesterday at noon, besides the castle, four hundred and thirty-two houses burnt; and the fire was still going on. I merely caused to be set apart the family pictures of the Palatine House; that is, the fathers, mothers, grandmothers and relatives of Madame; intending, if you order me or advise me so, to make her a present of them and have them sent to her when she is somewhat distracted from the desolation of her native country; for, except herself, who can take any interest in them? Of the whole lot there is not a single copy worth a dozen livres." The poor Princess Palatine, Monsieur's second wife, was not yet *distracted from her native country*, and she wrote in March, 1689: "Should it cost me my life, it is impossible for me not to regret, not to deplore having been, so to speak, the pretext for the destruction of my country. I cannot look on in cold blood and see the ruin at a single blow, in poor Mannheim, of all that cost so much pains and trouble to the late prince-elector, my father. When I think of all the explosions that have taken place, I am so full of horror that every night, the moment I begin to go to sleep, I fancy myself at Heidelberg or Mannheim and an eye-witness of the ravages committed. I picture to myself how it all was in my time and to what condition it has been reduced now, and I cannot refrain from weeping hot tears. What distresses me above all is that the king waited to reveal his orders until the very moment of my intercession in favor of Heidelberg and Mannheim. And yet it is thought bad taste for me to be afflicted!"

The elector of Bavaria, an able prince and a good soldier, had roused Germany to avenge his wrongs; France had just been placed under the ban of the empire; and the *grand alliance* was forming. All the German princes joined it; the United Provinces, England and Spain combined for the restoration of the treaties of Westphalia and of the Pyrenees. Europe had mistaken hopes of forcing Louis XIV. to give up all his conquests. Twenty years of wars and reverses were not to suffice for that. Fortune, however, was tiring of being favorable to

France; Marshals Duras and Humières were unable to hamper the movements of the duke of Lorraine, Charles V., and of the elector of Bavaria; the French garrisons of Mayence and of Bonn were obliged to capitulate after a heroic defence: their munitions failed. The king recalled Marshal Luxembourg to the head of his armies. The able courtier had managed to get reconciled with Louvois. "You know, sir," he wrote to him on the 9th of May, 1690, "with what pleasure I shall seek after such things as will possibly find favor with the king and give you satisfaction. I am too well aware how far my small authority extends to suppose that I can withdraw any man from any place without having written to you previously. It is with some repugnance that I resolve to put before you what comes into my head, knowing well that all that is good can come only from you, and looking upon anything I conceive as merely simple ideas produced by the indolence in which we are living here."

The wary indolence and the observations of Luxembourg were not long in giving place to activity. The marshal crossed the Sambre on the 29th of June, entered Charleroi and Namur, and on the 2nd of July attacked the prince of Waldeck-near the rivulet of Fleurus. A considerable body of troops had made a forced march of seven leagues during the night and came up to take the enemy in the rear; it was a complete success, but devoid of result, like the victory of Stafarde, gained by Catinat over the duke of Savoy, Victor-Amadeo, who had openly joined the coalition. The triumphant naval battle delivered by Tourville to the English and Dutch fleets off Beachy Head was a great humiliation for the maritime powers. "I cannot express to you," wrote William III. to the grand pensionary Heinsius, holding in his absence the government of the United Provinces, "how distressed I am at the disasters of the fleet; I am so much the more deeply affected as I have been informed that my ships did not properly support those of the Estates and left them in the lurch." William had said, when he left Holland: "The republic must lead off the dance." The moment had come when England was going to take her part in it.

In the month of January, 1691, William III. arrived in Holland. "I am languishing for that moment," he wrote six months before to Heinsius. All the allies had sent their ambassadors thither. "It is no longer the time for deliberation, but for action," said the king of England to the congress: "the

king of France has made himself master of all the fortresses which bordered on his kingdom; if he be not opposed, he will take all the rest. The interest of each is bound up in the general interest of all. It is with the sword that we must wrest from his grasp the liberties of Europe, which he aims at stifling, or we must submit forever to the yoke of servitude. As for me, I will spare for that purpose neither my influence, nor my forces, nor my person, and in the spring I will come, at the head of my troops, to conquer or die with my allies."

The spring had not yet come, and already (March 15) Mons was invested by the French army. The secret had been carefully kept. On the 21st, the king arrived in person with the Dauphin; William of Orange collected his troops in all haste, but he did not come up in time: Mons capitulated on the 8th of April; five days later Nice, besieged by Catinat, surrendered like Mons; Louis XIV. returned to Versailles, according to his custom after a brilliant stroke. Louvois was pushing on the war furiously; the naturally fierce temper of the minister was soured by excess of work and by his decline in the king's favor; he felt his position towards the king shaken by the influence of Madame de Maintenon; venting his wrath on the enemy, he was giving orders everywhere for conflagration and bombardment, when on the 17th of July, 1691, after working with the king, Louvois complained of pain; Louis XIV. sent him to his rooms; on reaching his chamber he fell down fainting; the people ran to fetch his third son, M. de Barbezieux; Madame de Louvois was not at Versailles, and his two elder sons were in the field; he arrived too late, his father was dead.

"So he is dead, this great minister, this man of such importance, whose *egotism* (*le moi*), as M. Nicole says, was so extensive, who was the centre of so many things! What business, what designs, what projects, what secrets, what interests to unfold, what wars begun, what intrigues, what beautiful moves-in-check to make and to superintend! Ah! my God, grant me a little while, I would fain give check to the duke of Savoy and mate to the prince of Orange! No, no, thou shalt not have one, one single moment!" Thus wrote Madame de Sévigné to her daughter Madame de Grignan. Louis XIV., in whose service Louvois had spent his life was less troubled at his death. "Tell the king of England that I have lost a good minister," was the answer he sent to the complimentary condolence of King James, "but that his affairs and mine will go on none the worse,"

In his secret heart and beneath the veil of his majestic observance of the proprieties, the king thought that his business as well as the agreeableness of his life would probably gain from being no longer subject to the tempers and the roughnesses of Louvois. The *Grand Monarque* considered that he had trained (*instruit*) his minister, but he felt that the pupil had got away from him. He appointed Barbezieux secretary for war. "I will form you," said he. No human hand had formed Louvois, not even that of his father, the able and prudent Michael le Tellier; he had received straight from God the strong qualities, resolution, indomitable will, ardor for work, the instinct of organization and command, which had made of him a minister without equal for the warlike and ambitious purposes of his master. Power had spoiled him, his faults had prevailed over his other qualities without destroying them; violent, fierce, without principle and without scruple in the execution of his designs, he had egged the king on to incessant wars, treating with disdain the internal miseries of the kingdom as well as any idea of pity for the vanquished; he had desired to do everything, order everything, grasp everything, and he died at fifty-three, dreaded by all, hated by a great many, and leaving in the government of the country a void which the king felt, all the time that he was angrily seeking to fill it up.

Louvois was no more; negotiations were beginning to be whispered about, but the war continued by land and sea; the campaign of 1691 had completely destroyed the hopes of James II. in Ireland; it was decided to attempt a descent upon England; a plot was being hatched to support the invasion. Tourville was commissioned to cover the landing. He received orders to fight, whatever might be the numbers of the enemy. The wind prevented his departure from Brest; the Dutch fleet had found time to join the English. Tourville wanted to wait for the squadrons of Estrées and Rochefort; Pontchartrain had been minister of finance and marine since the death of Seignelay, Colbert's son, in 1690; he replied from Versailles to the experienced sailor, familiar with battle from the age of fourteen: "It is not for you to discuss the king's orders, it is for you to execute them and enter the Channel; if you are not ready to do it, the king will put in your place somebody more obedient and less discreet than you." Tourville went out and encountered the enemy's squadrons between the headlands of La Hogue and Barfleur; he had forty-four vessels against ninety-nine, the number of English and Dutch together. Tourville assembled his council of war, and

all the officers were for withdrawing; but the king's orders were peremptory, and the admiral joined battle. After three days' desperate resistance, backed up by the most skilful manœuvres, Tourville was obliged to withdraw beneath the forts of La Hogue in hopes of running his ships ashore; but in this King James and Marshal Bellefonds opposed him. Tourville remained at sea, and lost a dozen vessels. The consternation in France was profound; the nation had grown accustomed to victory; on the 20th of June the capture of Namur raised their hopes again; this time again William III. had been unable to succor his allies; he determined to revenge himself on Luxembourg, whom he surprised on the 31st of August, between Enghien and Steinkirk; the ground was narrow and uneven, and the king of England counted upon thus paralyzing the brilliant French cavalry. M. de Luxembourg, ill of fever as he was, would fain have dismounted to lead to the charge the brigades of the French guards and of the Swiss, but he was prevented; the duke of Bourbon, the prince of Conti, the duke of Chartres, and the duke of Vendôme, placed themselves at the head of the infantry and, sword in hand, led it against the enemy; a fortunate movement on the part of Marshal Boufflers, resulted in rendering the victory decisive. Next year at Neerwinden (29th of July, 1693) the success of the day was likewise due to the infantry. On that day the French guards had exhausted their ammunition; putting the bayonet at the end of their pieces, they broke the enemy's battalions; this was the first charge of the kind in the French armies. The king's household troops had remained motionless for four hours under the fire of the allies; William III. thought for a moment that his gunners made bad practice, he ran up to the batteries; the French squadrons did not move except to close up the ranks as the files were carried off; the king of England could not help an exclamation of anger and admiration, "Insolent nation!" he cried. The victory of Neerwinden ended in nothing but the capture of Charleroi; the successes of Catinat at Marsaglia, in Piedmont, had washed out the shame of the duke of Savoy's incursion into Dauphiny in 1692. Tourville had remained with the advantage in several maritime engagements off Cape St. Vincent and burnt the English vessels in the very roads of Cadiz. On every sea the corsairs of St. Malo and Dunkerque, John Bart and Duguay-Trouin, now enrolled in the king's navy, towed at their sterns numerous prizes; the king and France, for a long time carried away by a common passion,

had arrived at that point at which victories no longer suffice in the place of solid and definitive success. The nation was at last tiring of its glory. "People were dying of want to the sound of the *Te Deum*," says Voltaire in the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*; everywhere there was weariness equal to the suffering. Madame de Maintenon and some of her friends at that time, sincerely devoted to the public good, rather Christians than warriors, Fénelon, the dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, were laboring to bring the king over to pacific views; he saw generals as well as ministers falling one after another; Marshal Luxembourg, exhausted by the fatigues of war and the pleasures of the court, died on the 4th of January, 1695, at sixty-seven years of age. An able general, a worthy pupil of the great Condé, a courtier of much wits and no shame, he was more corrupt than his age, and his private life was injurious to his fame; he died, however, as people did die in his time, turning to God at the last day. "I haven't lived like M. de Luxembourg," said Bourdaloue, "but I should like to die like him." History has forgotten Marshal Luxembourg's death and remembered his life.

Louis XIV. had lost Condé and Turenne, Luxembourg, Colbert, Louvois and Seignelay; with the exception of Vauban, he had exhausted the first rank; Catinat alone remained in the second: the king was about to be reduced to the third: sad fruits of a long reign, of an incessant and devouring activity, which had speedily used up men and was beginning to tire out fortune; grievous result of mistakes long hidden by glory, but glaring out at last before the eyes most blinded by prejudice! "The whole of France is no longer anything but one vast hospital," wrote Fénelon to the king under the veil of the anonymous: "The people who so loved you are beginning to lose affection, confidence, and even respect; the allies prefer carrying on war with loss to concluding a peace which would not be observed. Even those who have not dared to declare openly against you are nevertheless impatiently desiring your enfeeblement and your humiliation as the only resource for liberty and for the repose of all Christian nations. Everybody knows it, and none dares tell you so. Whilst you in some fierce conflict are taking the battle-field and the cannon of the enemy, whilst you are storming strong places, you do not reflect that you are fighting on ground which is sinking beneath your feet, and that you are about to have a fall in spite of your victories. It is time to humble yourself beneath the mighty

hand of God, you must ask peace, and by that shame expiate all the glory of which you have made your idol; finally, you must give up, the soonest possible, to your enemies, in order to save the State, conquests that you cannot retain without injustice. For a long time past God has had His arm raised over you, but He is slow to smite you because He has pity upon a prince who has all his life been beset by flatterers." Noble and strong language, the cruel truth of which the king did not as yet comprehend, misled as he was by his pride, by the splendor of his successes, and by the concert of praises which his people as well as his court had so long made to reverberate in his ears.

Louis XIV. had led France on to the brink of a precipice, and he had in his turn been led on by her; king and people had given themselves up unreservedly to the passion for glory and to the intoxication of success; the day of awakening was at hand.

Louis XIV. was not so blind as Fénelon supposed; he saw the danger at the very moment when his kingly pride refused to admit it. The king of England had just retaken Namur, without Villeroy, who had succeeded Marshal Luxembourg, having been able to relieve the place. Louis XIV. had already let out that he "should not pretend to avail himself of any special conventions until the prince of Orange was satisfied as regarded his person and the crown of England." This was a great step towards that *humiliation* recommended by Fénelon. The secret negotiations with the duke of Savoy were not less significant. After William III., Victor Amadeo was the most active and most devoted, as well as the most able and most stubborn of the allied princes. In the month of June, 1696, the treaty was officially declared: Victor Amadeo would recover Savoy, Suza, the countship of Nice and Pignerol dismantled; his eldest daughter, Princess Mary Adelaide, was to marry the duke of Burgundy, eldest son of the Dauphin, and the ambassadors of Piedmont henceforth took rank with those of crowned heads. In return for so many concessions, Victor Amadeo guaranteed to the king the neutrality of Italy and promised to close the entry of his dominions against the Protestants of Dauphiny who came thither for refuge. If Italy refused her neutrality, the duke of Savoy was to unite his forces to those of the king and command the combined army.

Victory would not have been more advantageous for Victor Amadeo than his constant defeats were; but, by detaching him from the coalition, Louis XIV. had struck a fatal blow at

the great alliance; the campaign of 1696, in Germany and in Flanders, had resolved itself into mere observations and insignificant engagements; Holland and England were exhausted, and their commerce was ruined; in vain did Parliament vote fresh and enormous supplies: "I should want ready money," wrote William III. to Heinsius, "and my poverty is really incredible."

There was no less cruel want in France. "I calculate that in these latter days more than a tenth part of the people," said Vauban, "are reduced to beggary and in fact beg." Sweden had for a long time been proffering mediation: conferences began on the 9th of May, 1697, at Nieuburg, a castle belonging to William III., near the village of Ryswick. Three great halls opened one into another; the French and the plenipotentiaries of the coalition of princes occupied the two wings, the mediators sat in the centre. Before arriving at Ryswick, the most important points of the treaty between France and William III. were already settled.

Louis XIV. had at last consented to recognize the king that England had adopted; William demanded the expulsion of James II. from France; Louis XIV. formally refused his consent: "I will engage not to support the enemies of King William directly or indirectly," said he: "it would not comport with my honor to have the name of King James mentioned in the treaty." William contented himself with the concession and merely desired that it should be reciprocal. "All Europe has sufficient confidence in the obedience and submission of my people," said Louis XIV., "and, when it is my pleasure to prevent my subjects from assisting the king of England, there are no grounds for fearing lest he should find any assistance in my kingdom. There can be no occasion for reciprocity, I have neither sedition nor faction to fear." Language too haughty for a king who had passed his infancy in the midst of the troubles of the Fronde, but language explained by the patience and fidelity of the nation towards the sovereign who had so long lavished upon it the intoxicating pleasures of success.

France offered restitution of Strasburg, Luxembourg, Mons, Charleroi and Dinant, restoration of the House of Lorraine, with the conditions proposed at Nimeguen, and recognition of the king of England. "We have no equivalent to claim," said the French plenipotentiaries haughtily; "your masters have never taken anything from ours."

On the 27th of July a preliminary deed was signed between Marshal Boufflers and Bentinck, earl of Portland, the intimate friend of King William; the latter left the army and retired to his castle of Loo; there it was that he heard of the capture of Barcelona by the duke of Vendôme; Spain, which had hitherto refused to take part in the negotiations, lost all courage and loudly demanded peace, but France withdrew her concessions on the subject of Strasburg, and proposed to give as equivalent Friburg in Brisgau and Brisach. William III. did not hesitate. Heinsius signed the peace in the name of the States-general on the 20th of September at midnight; the English and Spanish plenipotentiaries did the same; the emperor and the empire were alone in still holding out; the emperor Leopold made pretensions to regulate in advance the Spanish succession, and the Protestant princes refused to accept the maintenance of the Catholic worship in all the places in which Louis XIV. had restored it.

Here again the will of William III. prevailed over the irresolution of his allies. "The prince of Orange is sole arbiter of Europe," Pope Innocent XII. had said to Lord Perth, who had a commission to him from James II.; "peoples and kings are his slaves; they will do nothing which might displease him."

"I ask," said William, "where anybody can see a probability of making France give up a succession for which she would maintain, at need, a twenty years' war; and God knows if we are in a position to dictate laws to France." The emperor yielded, despite the ill humor of the Protestant princes. For the ease of their consciences they joined England and Holland in making a move on behalf of the French reformers. Louis XIV. refused to discuss the matter, saying, "It is my business, which concerns none but me." Up to this day the refugees had preserved some hope, henceforth their country was lost to them; many got themselves naturalized in the countries which had given them asylum.

The revolution of 1789 alone was to reopen to their children the gates of France.

For the first time since Cardinal Richelieu, France moved back her frontiers by the signature of a treaty. She had gained the important place of Strasburg, but she lost nearly all she had won by the treaty of Nimeguen in the Low Countries and in Germany; she kept Franche-Comté, but she gave up Lothringen. Louis XIV. had wanted to aggrandize himself at any price and at any risk; he was now obliged to precipitately

break up the grand alliance, for King Charles II. was slowly dying at Madrid, and the Spanish Succession was about to open. Ignorant of the supreme evils and sorrows which awaited him on this fatal path, the king of France began to forget, in this distant prospect of fresh aggrandizement and war, the checks that his glory and his policy had just met with.

CHAPTER XLV.

LOUIS XIV., HIS WARS AND HIS REVERSES (1697—1713).

FRANCE was breathing again after nine years of a desperate war, but she was breathing uneasily, and as it were in expectation of fresh efforts. Everywhere the memorials of the superintendents repeated the same complaints: "War, the mortality of 1693, the constant quarterings and movements of soldiery, military service, the heavy dues and the withdrawal of the Huguenots have ruined the country." "The people," said the superintendent of Rouen, "are reduced to a state of want which moves compassion. Out of seven hundred and fifty thousand souls of which the public is composed, if this number remain, it may be taken for certain that there are not fifty thousand who have bread to eat when they want it and anything to lie upon but straw." Agriculture suffered for lack of money and hands; commerce was ruined; the manufactures established by Colbert no longer existed; the population had diminished more than a quarter since the palmy days of the king's reign; Pontchartrain, secretary of finance, was reduced to all sorts of expedients for raising money; he was anxious to rid himself of this heavy burden and became chancellor in 1699; the king took for his substitute Chamillard, already comptroller of finance, honest and hard-working, incapable and docile; Louis XIV. counted upon the inexhaustible resources of France and closed his ears to the grievances of the financiers. "What is not spoken of is supposed to be put an end to," said Madame de Maintenon. The camp at Compiègne, in 1698, surpassed in splendor all that had till then been seen; the enemies of Louis XIV. in Europe called him "the king of reviews."

Meanwhile, the king of Spain, Charles II., dying as he was, was regularly besieged at Madrid by the queen, his second wife,

Mary Anne of Neuburg, sister of the empress, as well as by his minister, Cardinal Porto-Carrero. The competitors for the succession were numerous; the king of France and the emperor claimed their rights in the name of their mothers and wives, daughters of Philip III. and Philip IV.; the elector of Bavaria put up the claims of his son by right of his mother, Mary Antoinette of Austria, daughter of the emperor; for a short time Charles II. had adopted this young prince; the child died suddenly at Madrid in 1699. For a long time past King Louis XIV. had been secretly negotiating for the partition of the king of Spain's dominions, not with the emperor who still hoped to obtain from Charles II. a will in favor of his second son, the Archduke Charles, but with England and Holland, deeply interested as they were in maintaining the equilibrium between the two kingly houses which divided Europe. William III. considered himself certain to obtain the acceptance by the emperor of the conditions subscribed by his allies. On the 13th and 15th of May, 1700, after long hesitation and a stubborn resistance on the part of the city of Amsterdam, the treaty of partition was signed in London and at the Hague. "King William is honorable in all this business," said a letter to the king from his ambassador, Count de Tallard; "his conduct is sincere; he is proud, none can be more so than he, but he has a modest manner, though none can be more jealous in all that concerns his rank."

The treaty of partition secured to the Dauphin all the possessions of Spain in Italy, save Milaness, which was to indemnify the duke of Lorraine, whose duchy passed to France; Spain, the Indies and the Low Countries were to belong to Archduke Charles.

Great was the wrath at Vienna when it was known that the treaty was signed. "Happily," said the minister, Von Kaunitz, to the marquis of Villars, ambassador of France, "there is One on high who will work for us in these partitions." "That One," replied M. de Villars, "will approve of their justice." "It is something new, however, for the king of England and for Holland to partition the monarchy of Spain," continued the count. "Allow me," replied M. de Villars, "to excuse them in your eyes; those two powers have quite recently come out of a war which cost them a great deal and the emperor nothing; for, in fact, you have been at no expense but against the Turks. You had some troops in Italy, and in the empire two regiments only of hussars which were not on its pay-list; England and

Holland alone bore all the burden." William III. was still negotiating with the emperor and the German princes to make them accept the treaty of partition, when it all at once became known in Europe that Charles II. had breathed his last at Madrid on the 1st of November, 1700, and that by a will dated October 2nd he disposed of the Spanish monarchy in favor of the duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV.

This will was the work of the council of Spain, at the head of which sat Cardinal Porto-Carrero. "The national party," says M. Mignet in his *Introduction aux documents relatifs à la succession d'Espagne*, "detested the Austrians because they had been so long in Spain . . . ; it liked the French because they were no longer there. The former had been there time enough to weary by their dominion, whilst the latter were served by the mere fact of their removal." Single-handed, Louis XIV. appeared powerful enough to maintain the integrity of the Spanish monarchy before the face and in the teeth of all the competitors. "The king of Spain was beginning to see the things of this world by the light alone of that awful torch which is lighted to lighten the dying" [*Mémoires de St. Simon*, t. iii. p. 16]; wavering, irresolute, distracted within himself, he asked the advice of Pope Innocent XII. who was favorable to France. The hopes of Louis XIV. had not soared so high; on the 9th of November, 1700, he heard at one and the same time of Charles II.'s death and the contents of his will.

It was a solemn situation. The acceptance by France of the king of Spain's will meant war; the refusal did not make peace certain; in default of a French prince, the crown was to go to Archduke Charles; neither Spain nor Austria would hear of dismemberment; could they be forced to accept the treaty of partition which they had hitherto rejected angrily? The king's council was divided: Louis XIV. listened in silence to the arguments of the Dauphin and of the ministers; for a moment the resolution was taken of holding by the treaty of partition; next day the king again assembled his council without as yet making known his decision; on Tuesday, November 16th, the whole court thronged into the galleries of Versailles; it was known that several couriers had arrived from Madrid; the king sent for the Spanish ambassador into his closet; "The duke of Anjou had repaired thither by the back way," says the duke of St. Simon in his *Mémoires*; the king, introducing him to him, told him he might salute him as his king. The instant afterwards the king, contrary to all custom, had

the folding-doors thrown open and ordered everybody who was there—and there was a crowd—to come in; then, casting his eyes majestically over the numerous company: “Gentlemen,” he said, introducing the duke of Anjou, “here is the king of Spain. His birth called him to that crown; the last king gave it him by his will; the *grande*es desired him and have demanded him of me urgently; it is the will of Heaven, and I have yielded with pleasure.” And, turning to his grandson: “Be a good Spaniard,” he said: “that is from this moment your first duty; but remember that you are French born in order to keep up the union between the two nations; that is the way to render them happy and to preserve the peace of Europe.” Three weeks later the young king was on the road to Spain. “There are no longer any Pyrenees,” said Louis XIV. as he embraced his grandson. The rights of Philip V. to the crown of France had been carefully reserved by a formal act of the king’s.

Great were the surprise and wrath in Europe; William III. felt himself personally affronted: “I have no doubt,” he wrote to Heinsius, “that this unheard-of proceeding on the part of France has caused you as much surprise as it has me; I never had much confidence in engagements contracted with France, but I confess I never could have supposed that that court would have gone so far as to break, in the face of Europe, so solemn a treaty before it had even received the finishing stroke. Granted that we have been dupes; but when, beforehand, you are resolved to hold your word of no account, it is not very difficult to overreach your man. I shall be blamed perhaps for having relied upon France, I who ought to have known by the experience of the past that no treaty has ever bound her! Would to God I might be quit for the blame, but I have only too many grounds for fearing that the fatal consequences of it will make themselves felt shortly. I groan in the very depths of my spirit to see that in this country the majority rejoice to find the will preferred by France to the maintenance of the treaty of partition, and that too on the ground that the will is more advantageous for England and Europe. This opinion is founded partly on the youth of the duke of Anjou: ‘He is a child,’ they say; ‘he will be brought up in Spain; he will be indoctrinated with the principles of that monarchy, and he will be governed by the council of Spain;’ but these are surmises which it is impossible for me to entertain, and I fear that we shall before long find out how erroneous they are. Would it

not seem as if this profound indifference with which, in this country, they look upon everything that takes place outside of this island, were a punishment from Heaven? Meanwhile, are not our causes for apprehension and our interests the same as those of the peoples of the continent?"

William III. was a more far-sighted politician than his subjects either in England or Holland. The States-general took the same view as the English. "Public funds and shares have undergone a rise at Amsterdam," wrote Heinsius to the king of England: "and although this rests on nothing solid, your Majesty is aware how much influence such a fact has."

Louis XIV. had lost no time in explaining to the powers the grounds of his acceptance. "The king of Spain's will," he said in his manifesto, "establishes the peace of Europe on solid bases." "Tallard did not utter a single word on handing me his sovereign's letter, the contents of which are the same as of that which the States have received," wrote William to Heinsius. "I said to him that perhaps I had testified too eager a desire for the preservation of peace, but that, nevertheless, my inclination in that respect had not changed. Whereupon he replied: 'The king my master, by accepting the will, considers that he gives a similar proof of his desire to maintain peace.' Thereupon he made me a bow and withdrew."

William of Orange had not deceived himself in thinking that Louis XIV. would govern Spain in his grandson's name. Nowhere are the old king's experience and judgment more strikingly displayed than in his letters to Philip V. "I very much wish," he wrote to him, "that you were as sure of your own subjects as you ought to be of mine in the posts in which they may be employed; but do not be astounded at the disorder you find amongst your troops, and at the little confidence you are able to place in them; it needs a long reign and great pains to restore order and secure the fidelity of different peoples accustomed to obey a house hostile to yours. If you thought it would be very easy and very pleasant to be a king, you were very much mistaken." A sad confession for that powerful monarch, who in his youth found "the vocation of king, beautiful, noble and delightful."

"The eighteenth century opened with a fulness of glory and unheard-of prosperity;" but Louis XIV. did not suffer himself to be lulled to sleep by the apparent indifference with which Europe, the empire excepted, received the elevation of Philip V. to the throne of Spain. On the 6th of February, 1701, the

seven barrier towns of the Spanish Low Countries, which were occupied by Dutch garrisons in virtue of the peace of Ryswick, opened their gates to the French on an order from the king of Spain. "The instructions which the elector of Bavaria, governor of the Low Countries, had given to the various governors of the places, were so well executed," says M. de Vault in his account of the campaign in Flanders, "that we entered without any hindrance. Some of the officers of the Dutch troops grumbled and would have complained, but the French general officers who had led the troops pacified them, declaring that they did not come as enemies, and that all they wanted was to live in good understanding with them."

The twenty-two Dutch battalions took the road back before long to their own country, and became the nucleus of the army which William of Orange was quietly getting ready in Holland as well as in England; his peoples were beginning to open their eyes; the States-general, deprived of the barrier towns, had opened the dikes; the meadows were flooded. On the 7th of September, 1701, England and Holland signed for the second time with the emperor a *Grand Alliance*, engaging not to lay down arms until they had reduced the possessions of King Philip V. to Spain and the Indies, restored the barrier of Holland, and secured an indemnity to Austria, and the definitive severance of the two crowns of France and Spain. In the month of June the Austrian army had entered Italy under the orders of Prince Eugène of Savoy-Carignano, son of the count of Soissons and Olympia Mancini, conqueror of the Turks and revolted Hungarians, and passionately hostile to Louis XIV., who, in his youth, had refused to employ him. He had already crossed the Adige and the Mincio, driving the French back behind the Oglio. Marshal Catinat, a man of prudence and far-sightedness, but discouraged by the bad condition of his troops, coldly looked upon at court, and disquieted by the aspect of things in Italy, was acting supinely; the king sent Marshal Villeroi to supersede him; Catinat, as modest as he was warmly devoted to the glory of his country, finished the campaign as a simple volunteer.

The king of France and the emperor were looking up allies. The princes of the North were absorbed by the war which was being waged against his neighbors of Russia and Poland by the young king of Sweden, Charles XII., a hero of eighteen, as irresistible as Gustavus Adolphus in his impetuous bravery, without possessing the rare qualities of authority and judg-

ment which had distinguished the *Lion of the North*. He joined the Grand Alliance, as did Denmark and Poland, whose new king, the elector of Saxony, had been supported by the emperor in his candidature and in his abjuration of Protestantism. The elector of Brandenburg, recently recognized as king of Prussia under the name of Frederic I., and the new elector of Hanover, were eager to serve Leopold, who had aided them in their elevation. In Germany, only Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, governor of the Low Countries, and his brother, the elector of Cologne, embraced the side of France. The duke of Savoy, generalissimo of the king's forces in Italy, had taken the command of the army: "But in that country," wrote the count of Tessé, "there is no reliance to be placed on places, or troops, or officers, or people. I have had another interview with this incomprehensible prince, who received me with every manifestation of kindness, of outward sincerity, and, if he were capable of it, I would say of friendship for him of whom his Majesty made use but lately in the work of peace in Italy. 'The king is master of my person, of my dominions,' he said to me, 'he has only to give his commands, but I suppose that he still desires my welfare and my aggrandizement.' 'As for your aggrandizement, Monseigneur,' said I, 'in truth I do not see much material for it just at present; as for your welfare, we must be allowed to see your intentions a little more clearly first, and I take the liberty of repeating to you that my prescience does not extend so far.' I do him the justice to believe that he really feels the greater part of all that he expresses for your Majesty; but that horrid habit of indecision and putting off till to-morrow what he might do to-day is not eradicated and never will be."

The duke of Savoy was not so undecided as M. de Tessé supposed; he managed to turn to good account the mystery which hung habitually over all his resolutions. A year had not rolled by, and he was openly engaged in the Grand Alliance, pursuing, against France, the cause of that aggrandizement which he had but lately hoped to obtain from her, and which, by the treaty of Utrecht, was worth the title of *king* to him. Pending the time to declare himself he had married his second daughter, Princess Marie Louise Gabrielle, to the young king of Spain, Philip V.

"Never had the tranquillity of Europe been so unstable as it was at the commencement of 1702," says the correspondence of Chamillard published by General Pelet; "it was but a

phantom of peace that was enjoyed, and it was clear, from whatever side matters were regarded, that we were on the eve of a war which could not but be of long duration, unless, by some unforeseen accident, the houses of Bourbon and Austria should come to an arrangement which would allow them to set themselves in accord touching the Spanish succession; but there was no appearance of conciliation."

Louis XIV. had just done a deed which destroyed the last faint hopes of peace. King James II. was dying at St. Germain, and the king went to see him. The sick man opened his eyes for a moment when he was told that the king was there [*Mémoires de Dangeau*, t. viii. p. 192], and closed them again immediately. The king told him that he had come to assure him that he might die in peace as regarded the prince of Wales, and that he would recognize him as king of England, Ireland, and Scotland. All the English who were in the room fell upon their knees and cried, "God save the king!" James II. expired a week later, on the 16th of September, 1701, saying to his son as his last advice: "I am about to leave this world, which has been to me nothing but a sea of tempests and storms. The Omnipotent has thought right to visit me with great afflictions; serve Him with all your heart and never place the crown of England in the balance with your eternal salvation." James II. was justified in giving his son this supreme advice; the solitary ray of greatness in his life and in his soul had proceeded from his religious faith and his unwavering resolution to remain loyal to it at any price and at any risk.

"On returning to Marly," says St. Simon, "the king told the whole court what he had just done. There was nothing but acclamations and praises. It was a fine field for them; but reflections too were not less prompt, if they were less public. The king still flattered himself that he would hinder Holland and England, the former of which was so completely dependent, from breaking with him in favor of the house of Austria; he relied upon that to terminate before long the war in Italy as well as the whole affair of the succession in Spain and its vast dependencies, which the emperor could not dispute with his own forces only or even with those of the empire. Nothing, therefore, could be more incompatible with this position and with the solemn recognition he had given, at the peace of Ryswick, of the prince of Orange as king of England. It was to hurt him personally in the most sensitive spot, all England

with him and Holland into the bargain, without giving the prince of Wales, by recognition, any solid support in his own case."

William III. was at table in his castle of Dieren in Holland when he received this news. He did not utter a word, but he colored, crushed his hat over his head, and could not command his countenance. The earl of Manchester, English ambassador, left Paris without taking leave of the king otherwise than by this note to M. de Torcy:

"Sir,

"The king my master, being informed that his Most Christian Majesty has recognized another king of Great Britain, does not consider that his dignity and his service will permit him to any longer keep an ambassador at the court of the king your master, and he has sent me orders to withdraw at once, of which I do myself the honor to advertise you by this note."

"All the English," says Torcy in his *Mémoires*, "unanimously regard it as a mortal affront on the part of France that she should pretend to arrogate to herself the right of giving them a king, to the prejudice of him whom they had themselves invited and recognized for many years past."

Voltaire declares, in the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, that M. de Torcy attributed the recognition of the prince of Wales by Louis XIV. to the influence of Madame de Maintenon, who was touched by the tears of the queen, Mary of Modena. "He had not," he said, "inserted the fact in his *Mémoires*, because he did not think it to his master's honor that two women should have made him change a resolution to the contrary taken in his council." Perhaps the deplorable state of William III.'s health and the inclination supposed to be felt by Princess Anne of Denmark to restore the Stuarts to the throne, since she herself had lost the Duke of Gloucester, the last survivor of her seventeen children, might have influenced the unfortunate resolution of Louis XIV. His kingly magnanimity and illusions might have bound him to support James II., dethroned and fugitive; but no obligation of that sort existed in the case of a prince who had left England at his nurse's breast and who had grown up in exile. In the *Athalie* of Racine, Joad (Jehoida) invokes upon the impious queen:—

"That spirit of infatuation and error

The fatal avant-courier of the fall of kings."

The recognition of the prince of Wales as king of England, was,

in the case of Louis XIV., the most indisputable token of that fatal blindness.

William III. had paid dear for the honor of being called to the throne of England. More than once he had been on the point of abandoning the ungrateful nation which so ill requited his great services; he had thought of returning to live in the midst of his Hollanders, affectionately attached to his family as well as to his person. The insult of the king of France restored to his already dying adversary all the popularity he had lost. When William returned from Holland to open a new parliament, on the 10th of January, 1702, manifestations of sympathy were lavished upon him on all sides of the house. "I have no doubt," said he, "that the late proceedings of his Most Christian Majesty and the dangers which threaten all the powers of Europe have excited your most lively resentment. All the world have their eyes fixed upon England: there is still time, she may save her religion and her liberty, but let her profit by every moment, let her arm by land and sea, let her lend her allies all the assistance in her power, and swear to show her enemies, the foes of her religion, her liberty, her government and the king of her choice, all the hatred they deserve!"

This speech, more impassioned than the utterances of William III. generally were, met with an eager echo from his people; the houses voted a levy of forty thousand sailors and fifty thousand soldiers; Holland had promised ninety thousand men; but the health of the king of England went on declining; he had fallen from his horse on the 4th of March and broken his collar-bone; this accident hastened the progress of the malady which was pulling him down; when his friend Keppel, whom he had made earl of Albermarle, returned on the 18th of March, from Holland, William received him with these words: "I am drawing towards my end."

He had received the consolations of religion from the bishops and had communicated with great self-possession; he scarcely spoke now, and breathed with difficulty. "Can this last long?" he asked the physician, who made a sign in the negative. He had sent for the earl of Portland, Bentinck, his oldest and most faithful friend; when he arrived, the king took his hand and held it between both his own upon his heart. Thus he remained for a few moments, then he yielded up his great spirit to God, on the 19th (8th) of March, 1702, at eight in the morning. He was not yet fifty-two.

In a greater degree perhaps than any other period the eighteenth century was rich in men of the first order. But never did more of the spirit of policy, never did loftier and broader views, never did steadier courage animate and sustain a weaker body than in the case of William of Orange. Saviour of Holland at the age of twenty-two in the war against Louis XIV., protector of the liberties of England against the tyranny of James II., defender of the independence of the European States against the unbridled ambition of the king of France, he became the head of Europe by the proper and free ascendancy of his genius; cold and reserved, more capable of feeling than of testifying sympathy, often ill, always unfortunate in war, he managed to make his will triumph, in England despite Jacobite plots and the jealous suspicions of the English parliaments, in Holland despite the constant efforts of the republican and aristocratic party, in Europe despite envy and the waverings of the allied sovereigns. Intrepid, spite of his bad health, to the extent of being ready, if need were, to die in the last ditch, of idomitable obstinacy in his resolutions and of rare ability in the manipulation of affairs, he was one of those who are born masters of men, no matter what may at the outset be their condition and their destiny. In vain had Cromwell required of Holland the abolition of the stadtholderate in the house of Nassau, in vain had John van Witt obtained the voting of the perpetual edict, William of Orange lived and died stadtholder of Holland and king of that England which had wanted to close against him forever the approaches to the throne of his own native country. When God has created a man to play a part and hold a place in this world, all efforts and all counsels to the contrary are but so many stalks of straw under his feet. William of Orange at his death had accomplished his work: Europe had risen against Louis XIV.

The campaigns of 1702 and 1703 presented an alternation of successes and reverses favorable on the whole to France. Marshal Villeroi had failed in Italy against Prince Eugene. He was superseded by the duke of Vendôme, grandson of Henry IV. and captor of Barcelona, indolent, debauched, free in tone and in conduct, but able, bold, beloved by the soldiers and strongly supported at court. Catinat had returned to France, and went to Versailles at the commencement of the year 1702. "M. de Chamillard had told him the day before from the king that his Majesty had resolved to give him the command of the army in Germany; he excused himself for some time from

accepting this employment; the king ended by saying: 'Now we are in a position for you to explain to me, and open your heart about all that took place in Italy during the last campaign.' The marshal answered: 'Sir, those things are all past; the details I could give you thereof would be of no good to the service of your Majesty, and would serve merely, perhaps, to keep up eternal heartburnings; and so I entreat you to be pleased to let me preserve a profound silence as to all that. I will only justify myself, Sir, by thinking how I may serve you still better, if I can, in Germany than I did in Italy.'" Worn out and disgusted, Catinat failed in Germany as he had in Italy; he took his retirement, and never left his castle of St. Gratien any more; it was the marquis of Villars, lately ambassador at Vienna, who defeated the imperialists at Friedlingen on the 14th of August, 1702; a month later Tallard retook the town of Landau. The perfidious manœuvres of the duke of Savoy had just come to light. The king ordered Vendôme to disarm the five thousand Piedmontese who were serving in his army. That operation effected, the prince sent Victor Amadeo this note written by Louis XIV.'s own hand.

"Sir,

"As religion, honor and your own signature count for nothing between us, I send my cousin, the duke of Vendôme, to explain to you my wishes. He will give you twenty-four hours to decide."

The mind of the duke of Savoy was made up; from this day forth the father of the duchess of Burgundy and of the queen of Spain took rank amongst the declared enemies of France and Spain.

Whilst Louis XIV. was facing Europe, in coalition against him, with generals of the second and third order, the allies were discovering in the duke of Marlborough a worthy rival of Prince Eugene. A covetous and able courtier, openly disgraced by William III. in consequence of his perfidious intrigues with the court of St. Germain, he had found his fortunes suddenly retrieved by the accession of Queen Anne, over whom his wife had for a long time held the sway of a haughty and powerful favorite. The campaigns of 1702 and 1703 had shown him to be a prudent and a bold soldier, fertile in resources and novel conceptions; and those had earned him the thanks of Parliament and the title of duke. The campaign of 1704 established his glory upon the misfortunes of France. Marshals Tallard and Marsin were commanding in Germany

together with the elector of Bavaria; the emperor, threatened with a fresh insurrection in Hungary, recalled Prince Eugene from Italy; Marlborough effected a junction with him by a rapid march, which Marshal Villeroi would fain have hindered but to no purpose; on the 13th of August, 1704, the hostile armies met between Blenheim and Höchstett, near the Danube; the forces were about equal, but on the French side the counsels were divided, the various corps acted independently. Tallard sustained single-handed the attack of the English and the Dutch commanded by Marlborough; he was made prisoner, his son was killed at his side; the cavalry having lost their leader and being pressed by the enemy took to flight in the direction of the Danube; many officers and soldiers perished in the river; the slaughter was awful. Marsin and the elector, who had repulsed five successive charges of Prince Eugene, succeeded in effecting their retreat; but the electorates of Bavaria and Cologne were lost, Landau was recovered by the allies after a siege of two months, the French army recrossed the Rhine, Elsass was uncovered and Germany evacuated. In Spain the English had just made themselves masters of Gibraltar. "This shows clearly, Sir," wrote Tallard to Chamillard after the defeat, "what is the effect of such diversity of counsel, which makes public all that one intends to do, and it is a severe lesson never to have more than one man at the head of an army. It is a great misfortune to have to deal with a prince of such a temper as the elector of Bavaria." Villars was of the same opinion; it had been his fate in the campaign of 1703 to come to open loggerheads with the elector. "The king's army will march to-morrow as I have had the honor to tell your Highness," he had declared. "At these words," says Villars, "the blood mounted to his face; he threw his hat and wig on the table in a rage. 'I commanded,' said he, 'the emperor's army in conjunction with the duke of Lorraine; he was a tolerably great general, and he never treated me in this manner.' 'The duke of Lorraine,' answered I, 'was a great prince and a great general; but, for myself, I am responsible to the king for his army and I will not expose it to destruction through the evil counsels so obstinately persisted in. Thereupon I went out of the room.'" Complete swaggerer as he was, Villars had more wits and resolution than the majority of the generals left to Louis XIV., but in 1704 he was occupied in putting down the insurrection of the Camisards in the south of France: neither Tallard nor Marsin had been able to impose

their will upon the elector. In 1705, Villars succeeded in checking the movement of Marlborough on Lothringen and Champagne. "He flattered himself he would swallow me like a grain of salt," wrote the marshal. The English fell back, hampered in their adventurous plans by the prudence of the Hollanders, controlled from a distance by the grand pensionary Heinsius. The imperialists were threatening Elsass; the weather was fearful; letters had been written to Chamillard to say that the inundations alone would be enough to prevent the enemy from investing Fort Louis. "There is nothing so nice as a map," replied Villars: "with a little green and blue one puts under water all that one wishes; but a general who goes and examines it, as I have done, finds in divers places distances of a mile where these little rivers, which are supposed to inundate the country, are quite snug in their natural bed, larger than usual, but not enough to hinder the enemy in any way in the world from making bridges." Fort Louis was surrounded, and Villars found himself obliged to retire upon Strasburg whence he protected Elsass during the whole campaign of 1706.

The defeat of Hochstett in 1704 had been the first step down the ladder; the defeat of Ramilies on the 23rd of May, 1706, was the second and the fatal rung. The king's personal attachment to Marshal Villeroy blinded him as to his military talents. Beaten in Italy by Prince Eugene, Villeroy, as presumptuous as he was incapable, hoped to retrieve himself against Marlborough. "The whole army breathed nothing but battle; I know it was your Majesty's own feeling," wrote Villeroy to the king after the defeat: "could I help committing myself to a course which I considered expedient?" The marshal had deceived himself as regarded his advantages as well as the confidence of his troops; there had been eight hours' fighting at Hochstett, inflicting much damage upon the enemy; at Ramilies, the Bavarians took to their heels at the end of an hour; the French, who felt that they were badly commanded, followed their example; the rout was terrible and the disorder inexpressible: Villeroy kept recoiling before the enemy, Marlborough kept advancing; two thirds of Belgium and sixteen strong places were lost, when Louis XIV. sent Chamillard into the Low Countries; it was no longer the time when Louvois made armies spring from the very soil, and when Vauban prepared the defence of Dunkerque. The king recalled Villeroy, showing him to the last unwavering kindness. "There is no

more luck at our age, marshal," was all he said to Villeroi on his arrival at Versailles. "He was nothing more than an old wrinkled balloon out of which all the gas that inflated it has gone," says St. Simon: "he went off to Paris and to Villeroi, having lost all the varnish that made him glitter and having nothing more to show but the under-stratum."

The king summoned Vendôme, to place him at the head of the army of Flanders, "in hopes of restoring to it the spirit of vigor and audacity natural to the French nation," as he himself says. For two years past, amidst a great deal of ill-success, Vendôme had managed to keep in check Victor Amadeo and Prince Eugene, in spite of the embarrassment caused him by his brother the grand prior, the duke of La Feuillade, Chamillard's son-in-law, and the orders which reached him directly from the king; he had gained during his two campaigns the name of *taker of towns*, and had just beaten the Austrians in the battle of Cascinato. Prince Eugene had, however, crossed the Adige and the Po when Vendôme left Italy.

"Everybody here is ready to take off his hat when Marlborough's name is mentioned," he wrote to Chamillard on arriving in Flanders. The English and Dutch army occupied all the country from Ostend to Maestricht.

The duke of Orleans, nephew of the king, had succeeded the duke of Vendôme. He found the army in great disorder, the generals divided and insubordinate, Turin besieged according to the plans of La Feuillade, against the advice of Vauban who had offered "to put his marshal's bâton behind the door and confine himself to giving his counsels for the direction of the siege;" the prince, in his irritation, resigned his powers into the hands of Marshal Marsin; Prince Eugene, who had effected his junction with Victor Amadeo, encountered the French army between the rivers Doria and Stora. The soldiers remembered the duke of Orleans at Steinkirk and Neerwinden; they asked him if he would grudge them his sword. He yielded and was severely wounded at the battle of Turin on the 7th of September, 1706; Marsin was killed, discouragement spread amongst the generals and the troops, and the siege of Turin was raised; before the end of the year, nearly all the places were lost, and Dauphiny was threatened. Victor Amadeo refused to listen to a special peace; in the month of March, 1707, the prince of Vaudemont, governor of Milaness for the king of Spain, signed a capitulation at Mantua and led back to

France the troops which still remained to him. The imperialists were masters of Naples. Spain no longer had any possessions in Italy.

Philip V. had been threatened with the loss of Spain as well as of Italy. For two years past Archduke Charles, under the title of Charles III., had, with the support of England and Portugal, been disputing the crown with the young king. Philip V. had lost Catalonia and had just failed in his attempts to retake Barcelona; the road to Madrid was cut off, the army was obliged to make its way by Roussillon and Béarn to resume the campaign; the king threw himself in person into his capital, whither he was escorted by Marshal Berwick, a natural son of James II., a Frenchman by choice, full of courage and resolution, "but a great stick of an Englishman who hadn't a word to say," and who was distasteful to the young queen Marie-Louise. Philip V. could not remain at Madrid, which was threatened by the enemy: he removed to Burgos; the English entered the capital and there proclaimed Charles III.

This was too much; Spain could not let herself submit to have an Austrian king imposed upon her by heretics and Portuguese; the old military energy appeared again amongst that people besotted by priests and ceremonials; war broke out all at once at every point; the foreign soldiers were everywhere attacked openly or secretly murdered; the towns rose; a few horsemen sufficed for Berwick to recover possession of Madrid; the king entered it once more on the 4th of October amidst the cheers of his people, whilst Berwick was pursuing the enemy whom he had *cornered* (*rencogné*), he says, in the mountains of Valencia. Charles III. had no longer anything left in Spain but Aragon and Catalonia. The French garrisons, set free by the evacuation of Italy, went to the aid of the Spaniards. "Your enemies ought not to hope for success," wrote Louis XIV. to his grandson, "since their progress has served only to bring out the courage and fidelity of a nation always equally brave and firmly attached to its masters. I am told that your people cannot be distinguished from regular troops. We have not been fortunate in Flanders, but we must submit to the judgment of God." He had already let his grandson understand that a great sacrifice would be necessary to obtain peace, which he considered himself bound to procure before long for his people. The Hollanders refused their mediation. "The three men who rule in Europe, to wit the

grand pensionary Heinsius, the duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, desire war for their own interests," was the saying in France. The campaign of 1707 was signalized in Spain by the victory of Almanza gained on the 13th of April by Marshal Berwick over the Anglo-Portuguese army, and by the capture of Lérida, which capitulated on the 11th of November into the hands of the duke of Orleans. In Germany, Villars drove back the enemy from the banks of the Rhine, advanced into Suabia and ravaged the Palatinate, crushing the country with requisitions, of which he openly reserved a portion for himself. "Marshal Villars is doing very well for himself," said somebody one day to the king. "Yes," answered his Majesty, "and for me too." "I wrote to the king that I really must *fat my calf*," said Villars.

The inexhaustible elasticity and marvellous resources of France were enough to restore some hope in 1707. The invasion of Provence by Victor Amadeo and Prince Eugene, their check before Toulon and their retreat precipitated by the rising of the peasants had irritated the allies; the attempts at negotiation which the king had entered upon at the Hague remained without result; the duke of Burgundy took the command of the armies of Flanders with Vendôme for his second; it was hoped that the lieutenant's boldness, his geniality towards the troops, and his consummate knowledge of war could counterbalance the excessive gravity, austerity and inexperience of the young prince so virtuous and capable, but reserved, cold and unaccustomed to command; discord arose amongst the courtiers; on the 5th of July, Ghent was surprised; Vendôme had intelligence inside the place, the Belgians were weary of their new masters: "The States have dealt so badly with this country," said Marlborough, "that all the towns are ready to play us the same trick as Ghent the moment they have the opportunity." Bruges opened its gates to the French. Prince Eugene advanced to second Marlborough, but he was late in starting; the troops of the elector of Bavaria harassed his march. "I shouldn't like to say a word against Prince Eugene," said Marlborough, "but he will arrive at the appointed spot on the Moselle ten days too late." The English were by themselves when they encountered the French army in front of Audernarde. The engagement began. Vendôme, who commanded the right wing, sent word to the duke of Burgundy. The latter hesitated and delayed; the generals about him did not approve of Vendôme's movement. He fought single-handed,

and was beaten. The excess of confidence of one leader and the inertness of the other caused failure in all the operations of the campaign; Prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough laid siege to Lille, which was defended by old Marshal Boufflers, the bravest and the most respected of all the king's servants. Lille was not relieved and fell on the 25th of October; the citadel held out until the 9th of December; the king heaped rewards on Marshal Boufflers; at the march out from Lille, Prince Eugene had ordered all his army to pay him the same honors as to himself. Ghent and Bruges were abandoned to the imperialists. "We had made blunder upon blunder in this campaign," says Marshal Berwick in his *Mémoires*, "and, in spite of all that, if somebody had not made the last in giving up Ghent and Bruges, there would have been a fine game the year after." The Low Countries were lost and the French frontier was encroached upon by the capture of Lille. For the first time, in a letter addressed to Marshal Berwick, Marlborough let a glimpse be seen of a desire to make peace; the king still hoped for the mediation of Holland, and he neglected the overtures of Marlborough: "the army of the allies is without doubt in evil plight," said Chamillard.

The campaign in Spain had not been successful; the duke of Orleans, weary of his powerlessness and under suspicion at the court of Philip V., had given up the command of the troops; the English admiral, Leake, had taken possession of Sardinia, of the island of Minorca and of Port Mahon; the archduke was master of the isles and of the sea. The destitution in France was fearful, and the winter so severe that the poor were in want of everything; riots multiplied in the towns; the king sent his plate to the Mint, and put his jewels in pawn; he likewise took a resolution which cost him even more, he determined to ask for peace.

"Although his courage appeared at every trial," says the Marquis of Torcy, "he felt within him just sorrow for a war whereof the weight overwhelmed his subjects. More concerned for their woes than for his own glory, he employed, to terminate them, means which might have induced France to submit to the hardest conditions before obtaining a peace that had become necessary, if God, protecting the king, had not, after humiliating him, struck his foes with blindness."

There are regions to which superior minds alone ascend, and which are not attained by the men, however distinguished, who succeed them. William III. was no longer at the head of

affairs in Europe; and the *triumvirate* of Heinsius, Marlborough and Prince Eugene did not view the aggregate of things from a sufficiently calm height to free themselves from the hatreds and bitternesses of the strife, when the proposals of Louis XIV. arrived at the Hague. "Amidst the sufferings caused to commerce by the war, there was room to hope," says Torcy, "that the grand pensionary, thinking chiefly of his country's interest, would desire the end of a war of which he felt all the burdensomeness. Clothed with authority in his own republic, he had no reason to fear either secret design or cabals to displace him from a post which he filled to the satisfaction of his masters and in which he conducted himself with moderation. Up to that time the United Provinces had borne the principal burden of the war. The emperor alone reaped the fruit of it. One would have said that the Hollanders kept the temple of peace and that they had the keys of it in their hands."

The king offered the Hollanders a very extended barrier in the Low Countries and all the facilities they had long been asking for their commerce. He accepted the abandonment of Spain to the archduke and merely claimed to reserve to his grandson Naples, Sardinia and Sicily. This was what was secured to him by the second treaty of partition lately concluded between England, the United Provinces and France; he did not even demand Lothringen. President Rouillé, formerly French envoy to Lisbon, arrived disguised in Holland; conferences were opened secretly at Bodegraven.

The treaties of partition negotiated by William of Orange, as well as the wars which he had sustained against Louis XIV. with such persistent obstinacy, had but one sole end, the maintenance of the European equilibrium between the houses of Bourbon and Austria, which were alone powerful enough to serve as mutual counterpoise. To despoil one to the profit of the other, to throw all at once into the balance on the side of the empire all the weight of the Spanish succession, was to destroy the work of William III.'s far-sighted wisdom. Heinsius did not see it; but led on by his fidelity to the allies, distrustful and suspicious as regarded France, burning to avenge the wrongs put upon the republic, he, in concert with Marlborough and Prince Eugene, required conditions so hard that the French agent scarcely dared transmit them to Versailles. What was demanded was the abdication pure and simple of Philip V.; Holland merely promised her good offices to obtain

in his favor Naples and Sicily; England claimed Dunkerque; Germany wanted Strasburg and the renewal of the peace of Westphalia; Victor Amadeo aspired to recover Nice and Savoy; to the Dutch barrier stipulated for at Ryswick were to be added Lille, Condé and Tournay. In vain was the matter discussed article by article; Rouillé for some time believed that he had gained Lille: "You misinterpreted our intentions," said the deputies of the States-general; "we let you believe what you pleased; at the commencement of April, Lille was still in a bad condition; we had reason to fear that the French had a design of taking advantage of that; it was a matter of prudence to let you believe that it would be restored to you by the peace; Lille is at the present moment in a state of security; do not count any longer on its restitution." "Probably," said the States' delegate to Marlborough, "the king will break off negotiations rather than entertain such hard conditions." "So much the worse for France," rejoined the English general, "for when the campaign is once begun, things will go farther than the king thinks. The allies will never unsay their preliminary demands." And he set out for England without even waiting for a favorable wind to cross.

Louis XIV. assembled his council, the same which, in 1700, had decided upon acceptance of the crown of Spain. "The king felt all these calamities so much the more keenly," says Torcy, "in that he had experienced nothing of the sort ever since he had taken into his own hands the government of a flourishing kingdom. It was a terrible humiliation for a monarch accustomed to conquer, belauded for his victories, his triumphs, his moderation when he granted peace and prescribed its laws, to see himself now obliged to ask it of his enemies, to offer them to no purpose, in order to obtain it, the restitution of a portion of his conquests, the monarchy of Spain, the abandonment of his allies, and forced, in order to get such offers accepted, to apply to that same republic whose principal provinces he had conquered in the year 1692, and whose submission he had rejected when she entreated him to grant her peace on such terms as he should be pleased to dictate. The king bore so sensible a change with the firmness of a hero, and with a Christian's complete submission to the decrees of Providence, being less affected by his own inward pangs than by the suffering of his people, and being ever concerned about the means of relieving it, and terminating the war. It was scarcely perceived that he did himself some violence in order to conceal his own

feelings from the public; indeed they were so little known that it was pretty generally believed that, thinking more of his own glory than of the woes of his kingdom, he preferred to the blessing of peace the keeping of certain places he had taken in person. This unjust opinion had crept in even amongst the council."

The reading of the Dutch proposals tore away every veil; "the necessity of obtaining peace, whatever price it might cost, was felt so much the more." The king gave orders to Rouillé to resume the conferences, demanding clear and precise explanations. "If the worst come to the worst," said he, "I will give up Lille to the Hollanders, Strasburg dismantled to the Empire, and I will content myself with Naples without Sicily for my grandson. You will be astounded at the orders contained in this despatch, so different from those that I have given you hitherto and that I considered, as it was, too liberal, but I have always submitted to the Divine will, and the evils with which He is pleased to afflict my kingdom do not permit me any longer to doubt of the sacrifice He requires me to make to Him of all that might touch me most nearly. I waive, therefore, my glory." The marquis of Torcy, secretary of state for foreign affairs, followed close after the despatch; he had offered the king to go and treat personally with Heinsius.

"The grand pensionary appeared surprised when he heard that his Majesty was sending one of his ministers to Holland. He had been placed at that post by the prince of Orange, who put entire confidence in him. Heinsius had not long before been sent to France to confer with Louvois and, in the discharge of that commission, he had experienced the bad temper of a minister more accustomed to speak harshly to military officers than to treat with foreigners: he had not forgotten that the minister had threatened to have him put in the Bastille. Consummate master of affairs, of which he had a long experience, he was the soul of the league with Prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough; but the pensionary was not accused either of being so much in love with the importance given him by continuance of the war as to desire its prolongation or of any personally interested view. His externals were simple, there was no ostentation in his household; his address was cold without any sort of rudeness, his conversation was polished, he rarely grew warm in discussion." Torcy could not obtain anything from Heinsius, any more than from Marl-

borough and Prince Eugene who had both arrived at the Hague; the prince remained cold and stern, he had not forgotten the king's behavior towards his house. "That's a splendid post in France, that of colonel general," said he one day; "my father held it; at his death we hoped that my brother might get it; the king thought it better to give it to one of his natural sons. He is master, but all the same is one not sorry sometimes to find one's self in a position to make slights repented of." "Marlborough displayed courtesy, insisting upon seeing in the affairs of the coalition the finger of God, who had permitted eight nations to think and act like one man." The concessions extorted from France were no longer sufficient; M. de Torcy gave up Sicily, and then Naples; a demand was made for Elsass, and certain places in Dauphiny and Provence; lastly, the allies required that the conditions of peace should be carried out at short notice, during the two months' truce it was agreed to grant, and that Louis XIV. should forthwith put into the hands of the Hollanders three places by way of guarantee, in case Philip V. should refuse to abdicate. This was to despoil himself prematurely and gratuitously, for it was impossible to execute the definitive treaty of peace at the time fixed. "The king did not hesitate about the only course there was for him to take, not only for his own glory but for the welfare of his kingdom," says Torcy; he recalled his envoys and wrote to the governors of the provinces and towns:—

"Sir,

"The hope of an imminent peace was so generally diffused throughout my kingdom, that I consider it due to the fidelity which my people have shown during the course of my reign to give them the consolation of informing them of the reasons which still prevent them from enjoying the repose I had intended to procure for them. I would, to restore it, have accepted conditions much opposed to the security of my frontier provinces, but the more readiness and desire I displayed to dissipate the suspicions which my enemies affect to retain of my power and my designs, the more did they multiply their pretensions, refusing to enter into any undertaking beyond putting a stop to all acts of hostility until the first of the month of August, reserving to themselves the liberty of then acting by way of arms if the king of Spain, my grandson, persisted in his resolution to defend the crown which God has given him; such a suspension was more dangerous than war

for my people, for it secured to the enemy more important advantages than they could hope for from their troops. As I place my trust in the protection of God and hope that the purity of my intentions will bring down His blessing on my arms, I wish my people to know that they would enjoy peace if it had depended only on my will to procure them a boon which they reasonably desire, but which must be won by fresh efforts, since the immense conditions I would have granted are useless for the restoration of the public peace.

“Signed LOUIS.”

In spite of all the mistakes due to his past arrogance, the king had a right to make use of such language. In their short-sighted resentment the allies had overstepped reason. The young king of Spain felt this when he wrote to his grandfather: “I am transfixed at the chimerical and insolent pretensions of the English and Dutch regarding the preliminaries of peace; never was seen the like. I am beside myself at the idea that anybody could have so much as supposed that I should be forced to leave Spain as long as I have a drop of blood in my veins. I will use all my efforts to maintain myself upon a throne on which God has placed me and on which you, after Him, have set me, and nothing but death shall wrench me from it or make me yield it.” War recommenced on all sides. The king had just consented at last to give Chamillard his discharge. “Sir, I shall die over the job,” had for a long time been the complaint of the minister worn out with fatigue. “Ah! well, we will die together,” had been the king’s rejoinder.

France was dying, and Chamillard was by no means a stranger to the cause. Louis XIV. put in his place Voysin, former superintendent of Hainault, entirely devoted to Madame de Maintenon. He loaded with benefits the minister from whom he was parting, the only one whom he had really loved. The troops were destitute of everything. On assuming the command of the army of the Low Countries, Villars wrote in despair: “Imagine the horror of seeing an army without bread! There was none delivered to-day until the evening and very late. Yesterday, to have bread to serve out to the brigades I had ordered to march, I made those fast that remained behind. On these occasions I pass along the ranks, I coax the soldier, I speak to him in such a way as to make him have patience, and I have had the consolation of hearing several of them say, ‘The marshal is quite right; we must

suffer sometimes.' '*Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie* (give us this day our daily bread),' the men say to me as I go through the ranks; it is a miracle how we subsist, and it is a marvel to see the steadiness and fortitude of the soldier in enduring hunger; habit is everything: I fancy, however, that the habit of not eating is not easy to acquire."

In spite of such privations and sufferings, Villars found the army in excellent spirits, and urged the king to permit him to give battle. "M. de Turenne used to say that he who means to altogether avoid battle gives up his country to him who appears to seek for it," the marshal assured him; the king was afraid of losing his last army; the dukes of Harcourt and Berwick were covering the Rhine and the Alps; Marlborough and Prince Eugene, who had just made themselves masters of Tournay, marched against Villars, whom they encountered on the 11th of September, 1709, near the hamlet of Malplaquet. Marshal Boufflers had just reached the army to serve as a volunteer. Villars had intrenched himself in front of the woods; his men were so anxious to get under fire that they threw away the rations of bread just served out; the allies looked sulkily at the works: "We are going to fight moles again," they said.

There was a thick fog, as at Lützen; the fighting went on from seven in the morning till mid-day. Villars had yielded the right wing, by way of respect, to Boufflers as his senior, says the allies' account, but the general command nevertheless devolved entirely upon him. "At the hottest of the engagement, the marshal galloped furiously to the centre attacked by Prince Eugene. It was a sort of jaws of hell, a pit of fire, sulphur and saltpetre, which it seemed impossible to approach and live. One shot and my horse fell," says Villars: "I jumped up, and a second broke my knee; I had it bandaged on the spot and myself placed in a chair to continue giving my orders, but the pain caused a fainting-fit which lasted long enough for me to be carried off without consciousness to Quesnoy." The prince of Hesse, with the imperial cavalry, had just turned the intrenchments which the Dutch infantry had attacked to no purpose; Marshal Boufflers was obliged to order a retreat, which was executed as on parade. "The allies had lost more than twenty thousand men," according to their official account. "It was too much for this victory which did not entail the advantage of entirely defeating the enemy, and the whole fruits of which were to end with the

taking of Mons." Always a braggart, in spite of his real courage and indisputable military talent, Villars wrote from his bed to the king, on sending him the flags taken from the enemy: "If God give us grace to lose such another battle, your Majesty may reckon that your enemies are annihilated." Boufflers was more proud and at the same time more modest when he said: "The series of disasters that have for some years past befallen your Majesty's arms, had so humiliated the French nation that one scarcely dared avow one's self a Frenchman. I dare assure you, Sir, that the French name was never in so great esteem, and was never perhaps more feared than it is at present in the army of the allies."

Louis XIV. was no longer in a position to delude himself and to celebrate a defeat, even a glorious one, as a victory. Negotiations recommenced. Heinsius had held to his last proposals. It was on this sorry basis that Marshall d'Huxelles and Abbé de Polignac began the parleys, at Gertruydenberg, a small fortress of Mardyck. They lasted from March 9th to July 25th, 1710; the king consented to give some fortresses as guarantee, and promised to recommend his grandson to abdicate; in case of refusal, he engaged not only to support him no longer but to furnish the allies into the bargain with a monthly subsidy of a million, whilst granting a passage through French territory; he accepted the cession of Elsass to Lothringen, the return of the three bishoprics to the empire; the Hollanders, commissioned to negotiate in the name of the coalition, were not yet satisfied. "The desire of the allies," they said, "is that the king should undertake, himself alone and by his own forces, either to persuade or to oblige the king of Spain to give up all his monarchy. Neither money nor the co-operation of the French troops suit their purpose; if the preliminary articles be not complied with in the space of two months, the truce is broken off, war will recommence, even though on the part of the king the other conditions should have been wholly fulfilled. The sole means of obtaining peace is to receive from the king's hands Spain and the Indies."

The French plenipotentiaries had been recommended to have patience. Marshal d'Huxelles was a courtier as smooth as he was clever; Abbé de Polignac was shrewd and supple, yet he could not contain his indignation: "It is evident that you have not been accustomed to conquer!" said he haughtily to the Dutch delegates. When the allies' *ultimatum* reached the king, the pride of the sovereign and the affection of the father rose

up at last in revolt: "Since war there must be," said he, "I would rather wage it against my enemies than against my grandson," and he withdrew all the concessions which had reduced Philip V. to despair. The allies had already invaded Artois; at the end of the campaign they were masters of Douai, St. Venant, Béthune and Aire; France was threatened everywhere, the king could no longer protect the king of Spain; he confined himself to sending him Vendôme. Philip V., sustained by the indomitable courage of his young wife, refused absolutely to abdicate. "Whatever misfortunes may await me," he wrote to the king, "I still prefer the course of submission to whatever it may please God to decide for me by fighting to that of deciding for myself by consenting to an arrangement which would force me to abandon the people on whom my reverses have hitherto produced no other effect than to increase their zeal and affection for me."

It was, therefore, with none but the forces of Spain that Philip V., at the outset of the campaign of 1710, found himself confronting the English and Portuguese armies. The Emperor Joseph, brother of Archduke Charles, had sent him a body of troops commanded by a distinguished general, Count von Stahrenberg. Going from defeat to defeat, the young king found himself forced, as in 1706, to abandon his capital; he removed the seat of government to Valladolid and departed, accompanied by more than thirty thousand persons of every rank, resolved to share his fortunes. The archduke entered Madrid: "I have orders from Queen Anne and the allies to escort King Charles to Madrid," said the English general, Lord Stanhope; "when he is once there, God or the devil keep him in or turn him out; it matters little to me; that is no affair of mine."

Stanhope was in the right not to pledge himself; the hostility of the population of Madrid did not permit the archduke to reside there long; after running the risk of being carried off in his palace on the Prado, he removed to Toledo; Vendôme blocked the road against the Portuguese; the Archduke left the town and withdrew into Catalonia; Stahrenberg followed him on the 22nd of November, harassed on his march by the Spanish guerillas rising everywhere upon his route; every straggler, every wounded man, was infallibly murdered by the peasants; Stanhope, who commanded the rearguard, found himself invested by Vendôme in the town of Brihuega; the Spaniards scarcely gave the artillery time to open a breach, the town was taken by assault and the English made prisoners.

Stahrenberg retraced his steps; on the 10th of December fighting began near Villaviciosa; the advantage was for a long time undecided and disputed; night came, the Austrian general spiked his guns and retreated by forced marches; the Spaniards bivouacked on the battle-field, the king slept on a bed made of the enemy's flags; the allies had taken refuge in Catalonia; Spain had won back her independence and her king. There was great joy at Versailles, greater than in the kingdom; the sole aspiration was for peace.

An unexpected assistance was at hand. Queen Anne, wearied with the cupidity and haughtiness of the duke and duchess of Marlborough, had given them notice to quit; the friends of the duke had shared his fall, and the Tories succeeded the Whigs in power. The chancellor of the exchequer, Harley, soon afterwards earl of Oxford, and the secretary of state, St. John, who became Lord Bolingbroke, were inclined to peace. Advances were made to France. A French priest, Abbé Gauthier, living in obscurity in England, arrived in Paris during January, 1711; he went to see M. de Torcy at Versailles. "Do you want peace?" said he. "I have come to bring you the means of treating for it and concluding independently of the Hollanders, unworthy of the king's kindnesses and of the honor he has so often done them of applying to them to pacificate Europe." "To ask just then one of his Majesty's ministers if he desired peace," says Torcy, "was to ask a sick man suffering from a long and dangerous disease if he wants to be cured." Negotiations were secretly opened with the English cabinet. The Emperor Joseph had just died (April 17, 1711). He left none but daughters. From that moment Archduke Charles inherited the domains of the House of Austria and aspired to the imperial crown; by giving him Spain Europe re-established the monarchy of Charles V.; she saw the dangers into which she was being drawn by the resentments or shortsighted ambition of the *triumvirate*; she fell back upon the wise projects of William III. Holland had abandoned them; to England fell the honor of making them triumphant. She has often made war upon the Continent, with indomitable obstinacy and perseverance; but at bottom and by the very force of circumstances England remains, as regards the affairs of Europe, an essentially pacific power. War brings her no advantage; she cannot pretend to any territorial aggrandisement in Europe; it is the equilibrium between the continental powers that makes her strength, and her first interest was always to maintain it.

The campaign of 1711 was everywhere insignificant. Negotiations were still going on with England, secretly and through subordinate agents: Ménager, member of the Board of Trade, for France; and, for England, the poet Prior, strongly attached to Harley. On the 29th of January, 1712, the general conferences were opened at Utrecht. The French had been anxious to avoid the Hague, dreading the obstinacy of Heinsius in favor of his former proposals. Preliminary points were already settled with England; enormous advantages were secured in America to English commerce, to which was ceded Newfoundland and all that France still possessed in Arcadia; the general proposals had been accepted by Queen Anne and her ministers. In vain had the Hollanders and Prince Eugene made great efforts to modify them; St. John had dryly remarked that England had borne the greatest part in the burden of the war and it was but just that she should direct the negotiations for peace. For five years past the United Provinces, exhausted by the length of hostilities, had constantly been defaulters in their engagements; it was proved to Prince Eugene that the imperial army had not been increased by two regiments in consequence of the war; the emperor's ambassador, M. de Galas, displayed impertinence; he was forbidden to come to the court; in spite of the reserve imposed upon the English ministers by the strife of parties in a free country, their desire for peace was evident. The queen had just ordered the creation of new peers in order to secure a majority of the upper house in favor of a pacific policy.

The bolts of Heaven were falling one after another upon the royal family of France. On the 14th of April, 1711, Louis XIV. had lost by small-pox his son, the grand dauphin, a mediocre and submissive creature, ever the most humble subject of the king, at just fifty years of age. His eldest son, the duke of Burgundy, devout, austere and capable, the hope of good men and the terror of intriguers, had taken the rank of dauphin and was seriously commencing his apprenticeship in government, when he was carried off on the 18th of February, 1712, by spotted fever (*rougeole pourprée*), six days after his wife, the charming Mary Adelaide of Savoy, the idol of the whole court, supremely beloved by the king, and by Madame de Maintenon who had brought her up; their son, the duke of Brittany, four years old, died on the 8th of March; a child in the cradle, weakly and ill, the little duke of Anjou, remained the only shoot of the elder branch of the Bourbons.

Dismay seized upon all France; poison was spoken of; the duke of Orleans was accused; it was necessary to have a post mortem examination; only the hand of God had left its traces. Europe in its turn was excited. If the little duke of Anjou were to die, the crown of France reverted to Philip V. The Hollanders and the ambassadors of the emperor Charles VI., recently crowned at Frankfurt, insisted on the necessity of a formal renunciation. In accord with the English ministers, Louis XIV. wrote to his grandson:—

“You will be told what England proposes, that you should renounce your birth-right, retaining the monarchy of Spain and the Indies, or renounce the monarchy of Spain, retaining your rights to the succession in France and receiving in exchange for the crown of Spain the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, the States of the duke of Savoy, Montferrat and the Mantuan, the said duke of Savoy succeeding you in Spain; I confess to you that, notwithstanding the disproportion in the dominions, I have been sensibly affected by the thought that you would continue to reign, that I might still regard you as my successor, sure, if the dauphin lives, of a regent accustomed to command, capable of maintaining order in my kingdom and stifling its cabals. If this child were to die, as his weakly complexion gives too much reason to suppose, you would enjoy the succession to me following the order of your birth and I should have the consolation of leaving to my people a virtuous king, capable of commanding them, and one who, on succeeding me, would unite to the crown States so considerable as Naples, Savoy, Piedmont and Montferrat. If gratitude and affection towards your subjects are to you pressing reasons for remaining with them, I may say that you owe me the same sentiments; you owe them to your own house, to your own country, before Spain. All that I can do for you is to leave you once more the choice, the necessity for concluding peace becoming every day more urgent.”

The choice of Philip V. was made; he had already written to his grandfather to say that he would renounce all his rights of succession to the throne of France rather than give up the crown of Spain. This decision was solemnly enregistered by the Cortes. The English required that the dukes of Berry and Orleans should likewise make renunciation of their rights to the crown of Spain. Negotiations began again, but war began again at the same time as the negotiations.

The king had given Villars the command of the army of

Flanders. The marshal went to Marly to receive his last orders. "You see my plight, marshal," said Louis XIV. "There are few examples of what is my fate—to lose in the same week a grandson, a grandson's wife and their son, all of very great promise and very tenderly beloved. God is punishing me; I have well deserved it. But suspend we my griefs at my own domestic woes and look we to what may be done to prevent those of the kingdom. If anything were to happen to the army you command, what would be your idea of the course I should adopt as regards my person?" The marshal hesitated. The king resumed: "This is what I think; you shall tell me your opinion afterwards. I know the courtiers' line of argument; they nearly all wish me to retire to Blois and not wait for the enemy's army to approach Paris, as it might do if mine were beaten. For my part, I am aware that armies so considerable are never defeated to such an extent as to prevent the greater part of mine from retiring upon the Somme. I know that river, it is very difficult to cross; there are forts, too, which could be made strong. I should count upon getting to Péronne or St. Quentin and there massing all the troops I had, making a last effort with you, and falling together or saving the kingdom; I will never consent to let the enemy approach my capital [*Mémoires de Villars*, t. ii. p. 362]."

God was to spare Louis XIV. that crowning disaster reserved for other times; in spite of all his defaults and the culpable errors of his life and reign, Providence had given this old man overwhelmed by so many reverses and sorrows a truly royal soul and that regard for his own greatness which set him higher as a king than he would have been as a man. "He had too proud a soul to descend lower than his misfortunes had brought him," says Montesquieu, "and he well knew that courage may right a crown and that infamy never does." On the 25th of May, the king secretly informed his plenipotentiaries as well as his generals that the English were proposing to him a suspension of hostilities, and he added: "It is no longer a time for flattering the pride of the Hollanders, but, whilst we treat with them in good faith, it must be with the dignity that becomes me." "A style different from that of the conferences at the Hague and Gertruydenberg," is the remark made by M. de Torcy. That which the king's pride refused to the ill will of the Hollanders he granted to the good will of England. The day of the commencement of the armistice Dunkerque was put as guarantee into the hands of the English, who re-

called their native regiments from the army of Prince Eugene; the king complained that they left him the auxiliary troops; the English ministers proposed to prolong the truce, promising to treat separately with France if the allies refused assent to the peace. The news received by Louis XIV. gave him assurance of better conditions than any one had dared to hope for.

Villars had not been able to prevent Prince Eugene from becoming master of Quesnoy on the 3rd of July; the imperialists were already making preparations to invade France; in their army the causeway which connected Marchiennes with Landrecies was called the *Paris road*. The marshal resolved to relieve Landrecies, and, having had bridges thrown over the Scheldt, he on the 23rd of July, 1712, crossed the river between Bouchain and Denain; the latter little place was defended by the duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, with seventeen battalions of auxiliary troops in the pay of the allies; Lieutenant-general Albergotti, an experienced soldier, considered the undertaking perilous. "Go and lie down for an hour or two, M. d'Albergotti," said Villars; "to-morrow by three in the morning you shall know whether the enemy's intrenchments are as strong as you suppose." Prince Eugene was coming up by forced marches to relieve Denain, by falling on the rearguard of the French army. It was proposed to Villars to make fascines to fill up the fosses of Denain. "Do you suppose," said he pointing to the enemy's army in the distance, "that those gentry will give us the time? Our fascines shall be the bodies of the first of our men who fall in the fosse."

"There was not an instant, not a minute to lose," says the marshal in his *Mémoires*. "I made my infantry march on four lines in the most beautiful order; as I entered the intrenchment at the head of the troops, I had not gone twenty paces when the duke of Albemarle and six or seven of the emperor's lieutenant-generals were at my horse's feet. I begged them to excuse me if present matters did not permit me to show them all the politeness I ought, but that the first of all was to provide for the safety of their persons." The enemy thought of nothing but flight; the bridges over the Scheldt broke down under the multitude of vehicles and horses; nearly all the defenders of Denain were taken or killed. Prince Eugene could not cross the river, watched as it was by French troops; he did not succeed in saving Marchiennes, which the count of Broglie had been ordered to invest in the very middle of the action in front of Denain;

the imperialists raised the siege of Landrecies, but without daring to attack Villars, reënforced by a few garrisons; the marshal immediately invested Douai; on the 27th of August, the emperor's troops who were defending one of the forts demanded a capitulation; the officers who went out asked for a delay of four days so as to receive orders from Prince Eugene; the marshal, who was in the trenches, called his grenadiers. "This is my council on such occasions," said he to the astonished imperialists. "My friends, these captains demand four days' time to receive orders from their general; what do you think?" "Leave it to us, marshal," replied the grenadiers: "in a quarter of an hour we will slit their wind-pipes." "Gentlemen," said I to the officers, "they will do as they have said, so take your own course." The garrison surrendered at discretion. Douai capitulated on the 8th of September; Le Quesnoy was taken on the 4th of October, and Bouchain on the 18th; Prince Eugene had not been able to attempt anything, he fell back under the walls of Brussels. On the Rhine, on the Alps, in Spain, the French and Spanish armies had held the enemy in check. The French plenipotentiaries at Utrecht had recovered their courage. "We put on the face the Hollanders had at Gertruydenberg and they put on ours," wrote Cardinal de Polignac from Utrecht: "it is a complete turning of the tables." "Gentlemen, peace will be treated for amongst you, for you and without you," was the remark made to the Hollanders. Hereditary adversary of the Van Witts and their party, Heinsius had pursued the policy of William III. without the foresight and lofty views of William III.; he had not seen his way in 1709 to shaking off the yoke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene in order to take the initiative in a peace necessary for Europe; in 1712, he submitted to the will of Harley and St. John, thus losing the advantages of the powerful mediatorial position which the United Provinces had owed to the eminent men successively entrusted with their government. Henceforth Holland remained a free and prosperous country, respected and worthy of her independence, but her political influence and importance in Europe were at an end. Under God's hand great men make great destinies and great positions for their country as well as for themselves.

The battle of Denain and its happy consequences hastened the conclusion of the negotiations; the German princes themselves began to split up; the king of Prussia, Frederic Wil-

liam I., who had recently succeeded his father, was the first to escape from the emperor's yoke. Lord Bolingbroke put the finishing stroke at Versailles to the conditions of a general peace; the month of April was the extreme limit fixed by England for her allies; on the 11th peace was signed between France, England, the United Provinces, Portugal, the king of Prussia and the duke of Savoy. Louis XIV. recovered Lille, Aire, Béthune and St. Venant, he strengthened with a few places the barrier of the Hollanders, he likewise granted to the duke of Savoy a barrier on the Italian slope of the Alps, he recognized Queen Anne, at the same time exiling from France the Pretender James III. whom he had but lately proclaimed with so much flourish of trumpets, and he razed the fortifications of Dunkerque. England kept Gibraltar and Minorca; Sicily was assigned to the duke of Savoy. France recognized the king of Prussia. The peace was an honorable and unexpected one, after so many disasters; the king of Spain held out for some time, he wanted to set up an independent principality for the Princess des Ursins, *camerera mayor* to the queen his wife, an able, courageous and clever intriguer, all-powerful at court, who had done good service to the interests of France; he could not obtain any dismemberment of the United Provinces; and at last Philip V. in his turn signed. The emperor and the empire alone remained aloof from the general peace. War recommenced in Germany and on the Rhine. Villars carried Spires and Kaiserlautern. He laid siege to Landau. His lieutenants were uneasy. "Gentlemen," said Villars, "I have heard the prince of Condé say that the enemy should be feared at a distance and despised at close quarters." Landau capitulated on the 20th of August; on the 30th of September Villars entered Friburg; the citadel surrendered on the 13th of November; the imperialists began to make pacific overtures; the two generals, Villars and Prince Eugene, were charged with the negotiations.

"I arrived at Rastadt on the 26th of November in the afternoon," writes Villars in his *Mémoires*, "and the prince of Savoy half an hour after me. The moment I knew he was in the court-yard, I went to the top of the steps to meet him, apologizing to him on the ground that a lame man could not go down; we embraced with the feelings of an old and true friendship which long wars and various engagements had not altered." The two plenipotentiaries were headstrong in their discussions. "If we begin war again," said Villars, "where will you find money?" "It is true that we haven't any," re-

joined the prince: "but there is still some in the empire." "Poor States of the empire!" I exclaimed: "your advice is not asked about beginning the dance; yet you must of course follow the leaders." Peace was at last signed on the 6th of March, 1714; France kept Landau and Fort Louis, she restored Spires, Brisach and Friburg. The emperor refused to recognize Philip V., but he accepted the *status quo*; the crown of Spain remained definitely with the house of Bourbon; it had cost men and millions enough; for an instant the very foundations of order in Europe had seemed to be upset; the old French monarchy had been threatened; it had recovered of itself and by its own resources, sustaining single-handed the struggle which was pulling down all Europe in coalition against it; it had obtained conditions which restored its frontiers to the limits of the peace of Ryswick: but it was exhausted, gasping at wit's end for men and money; absolute power had obtained from national pride the last possible efforts, but it had played itself out in the struggle; the confidence of the country was shaken; it had been seen what dangers the will of a single man had made the nation incur; the tempest was already gathering within men's souls. The habit of respect, the memory of past glories, the personal majesty of Louis XIV. still kept up about the aged king the deceitful appearances of uncontested power and sovereign authority; the long decadence of his great-grandson's reign was destined to complete its ruin.

"I loved war too much," was Louis XIV.'s confession on his death-bed. He had loved it madly and exclusively, but this fatal passion which had ruined and corrupted France had not at any rate remained infructuose. Louis XIV. had the good fortune to profit by the efforts of his predecessors as well as of his own servants: Richelieu and Mazarin, Condé and Turenne, Luxembourg, Catinat, Vauban, Villars and Louvois all toiled at the same work; under his reign France was intoxicated with excess of the pride of conquest, but she did not lose all its fruits; she witnessed the conclusion of five peaces, mostly glorious, the last sadly honorable; all tended to consolidate the unity and power of the kingdom; it is to the treaties of the Pyrenees, of Westphalia, of Nimeguen, of Ryswick and of Utrecht, all signed with the name of Louis XIV., that France owed Roussillon, Artois, Alsace, Flanders and Franche-Comté. Her glory has more than once cost her dear, it has never been worth so much and such solid increment to her territory.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LOUIS XIV. AND HOME ADMINISTRATION.

IT is King Louis XIV.'s distinction and heavy burthen in the eyes of history that it is impossible to tell of anything in his reign without constantly recurring to himself. He had two ministers of the higher order, Colbert and Louvois; several of good capacity, such as Seignelay and Torcy; others incompetent, like Chamillard; he remained as much master of the administrators of the first rank as if they had been insignificant clerks; the home government of France, from 1661 to 1715, is summed up in the king's relations with his ministers.

"I resolved from the first not to have any premier minister," says Louis XIV. in his *Mémoires*, "and not to leave to another the functions of king whilst I had nothing but the title. But, on the contrary, I made up my mind to share the execution of my orders amongst several persons, in order to concentrate their authority in my own alone. I might have cast my eyes upon people of higher consideration than those I selected, but they seemed to me competent to execute, under me, the matters with which I purposed to entrust them. I did not think it was to my interest to look for men of higher standing, because, as I wanted above all things to establish my own reputation, it was important that the public should know, from the rank of those of whom I made use, that I had no intention of sharing my authority with them, and that they themselves, knowing what they were, should not conceive higher hopes than I wished to give them."

It has been said already that the court governed France in the reign of Louis XIV.; and what was, in fact, the court? The men who lived about the king, depending on his favor, the source or arbiter of their fortunes. The great lords served in the army, with lustre, when they bore the names of Condé, Turenne or Luxembourg; but they never had any place amongst the king's confidential servants. "Luck, in spite of us, has as much to do as wisdom—and more—with the choice of our ministers," he says in his *Mémoires*, "and, in respect of what wisdom may have to do therewith, genius is far more effectual than counsel." It was their genius which made the

fortunes and the power of Louis XIV.'s two great ministers, Colbert and Louvois.

In advance, and on the faith of Cardinal Mazarin, the king knew the worth of Colbert. "I had all possible confidence in him," says he, "because I knew that he had a great deal of application, intelligence and probity." Rough, reserved, taciturn, indefatigable in work, passionately devoted to the cause of order, public welfare and the peaceable aggrandizement of France, Colbert, on becoming the comptroller of finance in 1661, brought to the service of the State superior views, consummate experience and indomitable perseverance. The position of affairs required no fewer virtues. "Disorder reigned everywhere," says the king; "on casting over the various portions of my kingdom not eyes of indifference but the eyes of a master, I was sensibly affected not to see a single one which did not deserve and did not press to be taken in hand. The destitution of the lower orders was extreme, and the finances, which give movement and activity to all this great framework of the monarchy, were entirely exhausted and in such plight that there was scarcely any resource to be seen; the affluent, to be seen only amongst official people, on the one hand cloaked all their malversations by divers kinds of artifices and uncloaked them on the other by their insolent and audacious extravagance, as if they were afraid to leave me in ignorance of them."

The punishment of the tax-collectors (*traitants*), prosecuted at the same time as superintendent Fouquet, the arbitrary redemption of *rentes* (annuities) on the city of Paris or on certain branches of the taxes did not suffice to alleviate the extreme suffering of the people. The talliages from which the nobility and the clergy were nearly everywhere exempt pressed upon the people with the most cruel inequality. "The poor are reduced to eating grass and roots in our meadows like cattle," said a letter from Blaisois; "those who can find dead carcasses devour them, and, unless God have pity upon them, they will soon be eating one another." Normandy, generally so prosperous, was reduced to the uttermost distress. "The great number of poor has exhausted charity and the power of those who were accustomed to relieve them," says a letter to Colbert from the superintendent of Caen: "in 1662, the town was obliged to throw open the doors of the great hospital, having no longer any means of furnishing subsistence to those who were in it. I can assure you that there are persons in this town



VERSAILLES.



LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND HIS FAIR FRIENDS.

who have gone for whole days without anything to eat. The country, which ought to supply bread for the towns, is crying for mercy's sake to be supplied therewith itself." The peasants, wasted with hunger, could no longer till their fields; their cattle had been seized for taxes. Colbert proposed to the king to remit the arrears of talliages, and devoted all his efforts to reducing them, whilst regulating their collection. His desire was to arrive at the establishment everywhere of *real* talliages, on landed property, &c., instead of *personal* talliages, variable imposts, depending upon the supposed means or social position of the inhabitants. He was only very partially successful, without, however, allowing himself to be repelled by the difficulties presented by differences of legislation and customs in the provinces. "Perhaps," he wrote to the superintendent of Aix, in 1681, "on getting to the bottom of the matter and considering it in detail, you will not discover in it all the impossibilities you have pictured to yourself." Colbert died without having completed his work; the talliages, however, had been reduced by eight millions of livres within the first two years of his administration. "All the imposts of the kingdom," he writes, in 1662, to the superintendent of Tours, who is complaining of the destitution of the people, "are, as regards the talliages, but about thirty-seven millions, and, for forty or fifty years past, they have always been between forty and fifty millions, except after the peace, when his Majesty reduced them to thirty-two, thirty-three, and thirty-four millions."

Peace was of short duration in the reign of Louis XIV. and often so precarious that it did not permit of disarmament. At the very period when the able minister was trying to make the people feel the importance of the diminution in the talliages, he wrote to the king: "I entreat your Majesty to read these few lines attentively. I confess to your Majesty that the last time you were graciously pleased to speak to me about the state of the finances, my respect, the boundless desire I have always had to please you and serve you to your satisfaction, without making any difficulty or causing any hitch, and still more your natural eloquence which succeeds in bringing conviction of whatever you please, deprived me of courage to insist and dwell somewhat upon the condition of your finances, for the which I see no other remedy but increase of receipts and decrease of expenses; wherefore, though this is no concern at all of mine, I merely entreat your Majesty to permit me to say that in war as well as in peace you have never consulted your

finances for the purpose of determining your expenditure, which is a thing so extraordinary that assuredly there is no example thereof. For the past twenty years during which I have had the honor of serving your Majesty, though the receipts have greatly increased, you would find that the expenses have much exceeded the receipts, which might perhaps induce you to moderate and retrench such as are excessive. I am aware, Sir, that the figure I present herein is not an agreeable one; but in your Majesty's service there are different functions: some entail nothing but agreeables whereof the expenses are the foundation; that with which your Majesty honors me entails this misfortune that it can with difficulty produce anything agreeable, since the proposals for expenses have no limit; but one must console oneself by constantly laboring to do one's best."

Louis XIV. did not "moderate or retrench his expenses." Colbert labored to increase the receipts; the new imposts excited insurrections in Angoumois, in Guyenne, in Brittany. Bordeaux rose in 1695 with shouts of "*Hurrah! for the king without gabel!*" Marshal d'Albret ventured into the streets in the district of St. Michel; he was accosted by one of the ring-leaders: "Well, my friend," said the marshal, "with whom is thy business? Dost wish to speak to me?" "Yes," replied the townsman, "I am deputed by the people of St. Michel to tell you that they are good servants of the king, but that they do not mean to have any gabel, or marks on pewter or tobacco, or stamped papers, or *greffe d'arbitrage* (arbitration-clerk's fee)." It was not until a year afterwards that the taxes could be established in Gascony; troops had to be sent to Rennes to impose the stamp-tax upon the Bretons. "Soldiers are more likely to be wanted in Lower Brittany than in any other spot," said a letter to Colbert from the lieutenant-general, M. de Lavardin; "it is a rough and wild country which breeds inhabitants who resemble it. They understand French but slightly and reason not much better. The parliament is at the back of all this." Riots were frequent and were put down with great severity. "The poor Low-Bretons collect by forty or fifty in the fields," writes Madame de Sévigné on the 24th of September, 1675: "as soon as they see soldiers, they throw themselves on their knees, saying, *Mea culpa!* all the French they know. . . ." "The severities are abating," she adds on the 3rd of November: "after the hangings there will be no more hanging." All these fresh imposts which had cost so

much suffering and severity brought in but 2,500,000 livres at Colbert's death. The indirect taxes, which were at that time called *fermes générales* (farmings-general), amounted to 37,000,000 during the first two years of Colbert's administration, and rose to 64,000,000 at the time of his death. "I should be apprehensive of going too far and that the prodigious augmentations of the *fermes* (farmings) would be very burdensome to the people," wrote Louis XIV. in 1680. The expenses of recovering the taxes, which had but lately led to great abuses, were diminished by half. "The bailiffs generally and especially those who are set over the recovery of talliages, are such terrible brutes that, by way of exterminating a good number of these, you could not do anything more worthy of you than suppress those," wrote Colbert to the criminal-magistrate of Orleans. "I am at this moment promoting two suits against the collectors of talliages, in which I expect at present to get ten thousand crowns' damages, without counting another against an assessor's officer, who wounded one Grimault, the which had one of his daughters killed before his eyes, his wife, another of his daughters and his female-servant wounded with swords and sticks, the writ of distrainment being executed whilst the poor creature was being buried." The bailiffs were suppressed, and the king's justice let loose not only against the fiscal officers who abused their power, but also against tyrannical nobles. Masters of requests and members of the parliament of Paris went to Auvergne and Velay and held temporary courts of justice which were called *grands jours*. Several lords were found guilty; Sieur de la Mothe actually died upon the scaffold for having unjustly despoiled and maltreated the people on his estates. "He was not one of the worst," says Fléchier, in his *Journal des grands jours d'Auvergne*. The duke of Bouillon, governor of the province, had too long favored the guilty: "I resolved," says the king in his *Mémoires*, "to prevent the people from being subjected to thousands and thousands of tyrants instead of one lawful king, whose indulgence alone it is that causes all this disorder." The puissance of the provincial governors, already curtailed by Richelieu, suffered from fresh attacks under Louis XIV. Everywhere the power passed into the hands of the superintendents, themselves subjected in their turn to inspection by the masters of requests. "Acting on the information I had that in many provinces the people were plagued by certain folks who abused their title of governors in order to make unjust requisitions,"

says the king in his *Mémoires*, "I posted men in all quarters for the express purpose of keeping myself more surely informed of such exactions, in order to punish them as they deserved." Order was restored in all parts of France. "The Auvergnats," said a letter to Colbert from President de Novion, "never knew so certainly that they had a king as they do now."

"A useless banquet at a cost of a thousand crowns causes me incredible pain," said Colbert to Louis XIV., "and yet, when it is a question of millions of gold for Poland, I would sell all my property, I would pawn my wife and children and I would go a-foot all my life to provide for it if necessary. Your Majesty, if it please you, will forgive me this little transport. I begin to doubt whether the liberty I take is agreeable to your Majesty; it has seemed to me that you were beginning to prefer your pleasures and your diversions to everything else; at the very time when your Majesty told me at St. Germain that the morsel must be taken from one's mouth to provide for the increment of the naval armament you spent 200,000 livres down for a trip to Versailles, to wit, 13,000 pistoles for your gambling expenses and the queen's, and 50,000 livres for extraordinary banquets; you have likewise so intermingled your diversions with the war on land that it is difficult to separate the two, and, if your Majesty will be graciously pleased to examine in detail the amount of useless expenditure you have incurred, you will plainly see that, if it were all deducted, you would not be reduced to your present necessity. The right thing to do, Sir, is to grudge five sous for unnecessary things and to throw millions about when it is for your glory."

Colbert knew, in fact, how to "throw millions about" when it was for endowing France with new manufactures and industries. "One of the most important works of peace," he used to say, "is the re-establishment of every kind of trade in this kingdom and to put it in a position to do without having recourse to foreigners for the things necessary for the use and comfort of the subjects." "We have no need of anybody and our neighbors have need of us;" such was the maxim laid down in a document of that date, which has often been attributed to Colbert, and which he certainly put incessantly into practice. The cloth manufacturers were dying out, they received encouragement; a protestant Hollander, Van Robais, attracted over to Abbeville by Colbert, there introduced the making of fine cloths; at Beauvais and in the Gobelins estab-

ishment at Paris, under the direction of the great painter Lebrun, the French tapestries soon threw into the shade the reputation of the tapestries of Flanders; Venice had to yield up her secrets and her workmen for the glass manufactories of St. Gobain and Tourlerville. The great lords and ladies were obliged to give up the Venetian point with which their dresses had been trimmed; the importation of it was forbidden, and lace manufactories were everywhere established in France; there was even a strike amongst the women at Alençon against the new lace which it was desired to force them to make. "There are more than 80,000 persons working at lace in Alençon, Sees, Argentan, Falaise and the circumjacent parishes," said a letter to Colbert from the superintendent of Alençon, "and I can assure you, my lord, that it is manna and a blessing from heaven over all this district, where even little children of seven years of age find means of earning a livelihood; the little shepherd-girls from the fields work, like the rest, at it; they say they will never be able to make such fine point as ~~this~~ and that one wants to take away their bread and their means of paying their talliage." Point d'Alençon won the battle, and the making of lace spread all over Normandy. Manufacturers of soap, tin, arms, silk, gave work to a multitude of laborers; the home trade of France at the same time received development; the bad state of the roads "were a dreadful hindrance to traffic;" Colbert ordered them to be everywhere improved. "The superintendents have done wonders, and we are never tired of singing their praises," writes Madame de Sévigné to her daughter during one of her trips; "it is quite extraordinary what beautiful roads there are; there is not a single moment's stoppage: there are malls and walks everywhere." The magnificent canal of Languedoc, due to the generous initiative of Riquet, united the Ocean to the Mediterranean; the canal of Orleans completed the canal of Briare, commenced by Henry IV. The inland custom-houses which shackled the traffic between province and province were suppressed at divers points; many provinces demurred to the admission of this innovation, declaring that, to set their affairs right, "there was need of nothing but order, order, order." Colbert also wanted order, but his views were higher and broader than those of Breton or Gascon merchants; in spite of his desire to "put the kingdom in a position to do without having recourse to foreigners for things necessary for the use and comfort of the French," he had too lofty and too judi-

cious a mind to neglect the extension of trade; like Richelieu, he was for founding great trading companies; he had five, for the East and West Indies, the Levant, the North, and Africa; just as with Richelieu, they were with difficulty established and lasted but a little while; it was necessary to levy subscriptions on the members of the sovereign corporations; "M. de Bercy put down his name for a thousand livres," says the journal of Oliver d'Ormesson: "M. de Colbert laughed at him and said that it could not be for his pocket's sake; and the end of it was that he put down three thousand livres." Colbert could not get over the mortifying success of the company of the Dutch Indies. "I cannot believe that they pay forty per cent.," said he. It was with the Dutch that he most frequently had commercial difficulties. The United Provinces produced but little and their merchant navy was exclusively engaged in the business of transport; the charge of fifty sous per ton on merchandise carried in foreign vessels caused so much ill humor amongst the Hollanders that it was partly the origin of their rupture with France and of the treaty of the Triple Alliance. Colbert made great efforts to develop the French navy, both the fighting and the merchant: "The sea-traffic of all the world," he wrote in 1669 to M. de Pomponne, then ambassador to Holland, "is done with twenty thousand vessels or thereabouts. In the natural order of things, each nation should have its own share thereof in proportion to its power, population and sea-board. The Hollanders have fifteen or sixteen thousand out of this number, and the French perhaps four or five hundred at most. The king is employing all sorts of means which he thinks useful in order to approach a little more nearly to the number his subjects ought naturally to have." Colbert's efforts were not useless; at his death, the maritime trade of France had developed itself and French merchants were effectually protected at sea by ships of war. "It is necessary," said Colbert in his instructions to Seignelay, "that my son should be as keenly alive to all the disorders that may occur in trade and all the losses that may be incurred by every trader as if they were his own." In 1692, the royal navy numbered a hundred and eighty-six vessels; a hundred and sixty thousand sailors were down on the books; the works at the ports of Toulon, Brest and Rochefort were in full activity; Louis XIV. was in a position to refuse the salute of the flag which the English had up to that time exacted in the Channel from all nations. "The king my brother and

those of whom he takes counsel do not quite know me yet," wrote the king to his ambassador in London, "when they adopt towards me a tone of haughtiness and a certain sturdiness which has a savor of menace. I know of no power under heaven that can make me move a step by that sort of way; evil may come to me, of course, but no sensation of fear. The king of England and his chancellor may, of course, see pretty well what my strength is, but they do not see my heart; I, who feel and know full well both one and the other, desire that, for sole reply to so haughty a declaration, they learn from your mouth that I neither seek nor ask for any accommodation in the matter of the flag, because I shall know quite well how to maintain my right whatever may happen. I intend before long to place my maritime forces on such a footing that the English shall consider it a favor if it be my good pleasure then to listen to modifications touching a right which is due to me more legitimately than to them." Duquesne and Tourville, Duguay-Trouin and John Bart permitted the king to make good on the seas such proud words. From 1685 to 1712 the French fleets could everywhere hold their own against the allied squadrons of England and Holland.

So many and such sustained efforts in all directions, so many vast projects and of so great promise suited the mind of Louis XIV. as well as that of his minister. "I tell you what I think," wrote Louis XIV. to Colbert in 1674; "but, after all, I end as I began, by placing myself entirely in your hands, being certain that you will do what is most advantageous for my service." Colbert's zeal for his master's service merited this confidence. "Oh!" he exclaimed one day, "that I could render this country happy and that, far from the court, without favor, without influence, the grass might grow in my very courts!"

Louis XIV. was the victim of three passions which hampered and in the long-run destroyed the accord between king and minister: that for war, whetted and indulged by Louvois; that for kingly and courtly extravagance; and that for building and costly fancies. Colbert likewise loved "buildments" (*les bâtimens*), as the phrase then was; he urged the king to complete the Louvre, plans for which were requested of Bernini, who went to Paris for the purpose; after two years' infructuous feelers and compliments, the Italian returned to Rome, and the work was entrusted to Perrault, whose plan for the beautiful colonnade still existing had al-

ways pleased Colbert. The completion of the castle of St. Germain, the works at Fontainebleau and at Chambord, the triumphal arches of St. Denis and St. Martin, the laying out of the Tuileries, the construction of the Observatory, and even that of the Palais des Invalides, which was Louvois' idea, found the comptroller of the finances well disposed if not eager. Versailles was a constant source of vexation to him: "Your Majesty is coming back from Versailles," he wrote to the king on the 28th of September, 1685. "I entreat that you will permit me to say two words about the reflections I often make upon this subject and forgive me, if it please you, for my zeal. That mansion appertains far more to your Majesty's pleasure and diversion than to your glory; if you would be graciously pleased to search all over Versailles for the 500,000 crowns spent within two years, you would assuredly have a difficulty in finding them. If your majesty thinks upon it, you will reflect that it will appear forever in the accounts of the treasurers of your buildments that, whilst you were expending such great sums on this mansion, you neglected the Louvre, which is assuredly the most superb palace in the world and the most worthy of your Majesty's grandeur. You are aware that, in default of splendid deeds of arms, there is nothing which denotes the grandeur and spirit of princes more plainly than buildments do, and all posterity measures them by the ell of those superb mansions which they have erected during their lives. O what pity it were that the greatest king and the most virtuous in that true virtue which makes the greatest princes should be measured by the ell of Versailles! And, nevertheless, there is room to fear this misfortune. For my part, I confess to your Majesty that, notwithstanding the repugnance you feel to increase the cash-orders [*comptants*], if I could have foreseen that this expenditure would be so large, I should have advised the employment of cash-orders, in order to hide the knowledge thereof forever. [The cash-orders (*ordonnances au comptant*) did not indicate their object and were not revised. The king merely wrote: *Pay cash; I know the object of this expenditure* (*Bon au comptant je: sais l' objet de cette dépense*).]

Colbert was mistaken in his fears for Louis XIV.'s glory; if the expenses of Versailles surpassed his most gloomy apprehensions, the palace which rose upon the site of Louis XIV.'s former hunting-box was worthy of the king who had made it in his own image and who managed to retain all his court

around him there, by the mere fact of his will and of his royal presence.

Colbert was dead before Versailles was completed; the bills amounted then to one hundred and sixteen millions; the castle of Marly, now destroyed, cost more than four millions; money was everywhere becoming scarce; the temper of the controller of finances went on getting worse. "Whereas formerly it had been noticed that he set to his work rubbing his hands with joy," says his secretary Perrault, brother of the celebrated architect, "he no longer worked but with an air of vexation and even with sighs. From the good-natured and easy-going creature he had been, he became difficult to deal with, and there was not so much business, by a great deal, got through as in the early years of his administration." "I do not mean to build any more, Mansard; I meet with too many mortifications," the king would say to his favorite architect. He still went on building, however; but he quarrelled with Colbert over the cost of the great railings of Versailles. "There's swindling here," said Louis XIV. "Sir," rejoined Colbert, "I flatter myself at any rate that that word does not apply to me?" "No," said the king: "but more attention should have been shown. If you want to know what economy is, go to Flanders, you will see how little those fortifications of the conquered places cost."

It was Vauban whose praise the king thus sang, and Vauban, devoted to Louvois, had for a long time past been embroiled with Colbert. The minister felt himself beaten in the contest he had so long maintained against Michael Le Tellier and his son. In 1664, at the death of Chancellor Séguier, Colbert had opposed the elevation of Le Tellier to this office, "telling the king that, if he came in, he, Colbert could not serve his Majesty, as he would have him thwarting everything he wanted to do." On leaving the council, Le Tellier said to Brienne: "You see what a tone M. Colbert takes up; he will have to be settled with." The antagonism had been perpetuated between Colbert and Louvois; their rivalry in the State had been augmented by the contrary dispositions of the two ministers. Both were passionately devoted to their work, laborious, indefatigable, honest in money-matters, and both of fierce and domineering temper; but Louvois was more violent, more bold, less scrupulous as to ways and means of attaining his end, cruel in the exercise of his will and his wrath, less concerned about the sufferings of the people, more exclusively

absorbed by one fixed idea; both rendered great service to the king, but Colbert performing for the prince and the State only useful offices in the way of order, economy, wise and far-sighted administration, courageous and steady opposition; Louvois ever urging the king on according to his bent, as haughty and more impassioned than he, entangling him and encouraging him in wars which rendered his own services necessary, without pity for the woes he entailed upon the nation. It was the misfortune and the great fault of Louis XIV. that he preferred the counsels of Louvois to those of Colbert and that he allowed all the functions so faithfully exercised by the dying minister to drop into the hands of his enemy and rival.

At sixty-four years of age Colbert succumbed to excess of labor and of cares. That man, so cold and reserved, whom Madame de Sévigné called *North*, and Guy-Patin the *Man of Marble* (*Virmarmoreus*), felt that disgust for the things of life which appears so strikingly in the seventeenth century amongst those who were most ardently engaged in the affairs of the world. He was suffering from stone; the king sent to inquire after him and wrote to him. The dying man had his eyes closed; he did not open them: "I do not want to hear anything more about him," said he, when the king's letter was brought to him: "now, at any rate, let him leave me alone." His thoughts were occupied with his soul's salvation. Madame de Maintenon used to accuse him of always thinking about his finances and very little about religion. He repeated bitterly, as the dying Cardinal Wolsey had previously said in the case of Henry: "If I had done for God what I have done for that man, I had been saved twice over; and now I know not what will become of me." He expired on the 6th of September, 1683; and, on the 10th, Madame de Maintenon wrote to Madame de St. Géran: "The king is very well, he feels no more now than a slight sorrow. The death of M. de Colbert afflicted him, and a great many people rejoiced at that affliction. It is all stuff about the pernicious designs he had; and the king very cordially forgave him for having determined to die without reading his letter, in order to be better able to give his thoughts to God. M. de Seignelay was anxious to step into all his posts, and has not obtained a single one; he has plenty of cleverness, but little moral conduct. His pleasures always have precedence of his duties. He has so exaggerated his father's talents and services, that he has convinced everybody how unworthy and incapable he is of succeeding him." The influence of Lou-

vois and the king's ill humor against the Colberts peep out in the injustice of Madame de Maintenon. Seignelay had received from Louis XIV. the reversion of the navy; his father had prepared him for it with anxious strictness, and he had exercised the functions since 1676. Well informed, clever, magnificent, Seignelay drove business and pleasure as a pair. In 1635 he gave the king a splendid entertainment in his castle of Sceaux; in 1686, he set off for Genoa bombarded by Duquesne; in 1689 he, in person, organized the fleet of Tourville at Brest. "He was general in everything," says Madame de la Fayette; "even when he did not give the word, he had the exterior and air of it." "He is devoured by ambition," Madame de Maintenon had lately said: in 1689 she writes: "*Anxious (L'Inquiet, i.e., Louvois)* hangs but by a thread; he is very much shocked at having the direction of the affairs of Ireland taken from him; he blames me for it. He counted on making immense profits; M. de Seignelay counts on nothing but perils and labors. He will succeed, if he do not carry things with too high a hand. The king would have no better servant, if he could rid himself a little of his temperament. He admits as much himself; and yet he does not mend." Seignelay died on the 3rd of November, 1690, at the age of thirty-nine. "He had all the parts of a great minister of State," says St. Simon, "and he was the despair of M. de Louvois whom he often placed in the position of having not a word of reply to say in the king's presence. His defects corresponded with his great qualities. As a hater and a friend he had no peer but Louvois." "How young! How fortunate! How great a position!" wrote Madame de Sévigné, on hearing of the death of M. de Seignelay: "it seems as if splendor itself were dead."

Seignelay had spent freely, but he left at his death more than 400,000 livres a year. Colbert's fortune amounted to ten millions, legitimate proceeds of his high offices and the king's liberalities. He was born of a family of merchants at Rheims, ennobled in the sixteenth century, but he was fond of connecting it with the Colberts of Scotland. The great minister would often tell his children to reflect "what their birth would have done for them if God had not blessed his labors, and if those labors had not been extreme." He had married his daughters to the dukes of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Mortemart; Seignelay had wedded Mdle. de Matignon, whose grandmother was an Orleans-Longueville. "Thus," said Mdle. de Montpensier, "they have the honor of being as closely related as M. le Prince

to the king; Marie de Bourbon was cousin-germain to the king my grandfather. That lends a grand air to M. de Seignelay, who had by nature sufficient vanity." Colbert had no need to seek out genealogies, and great alliances were naturally attracted to his power and the favor he was in. He had in himself that title which comes of superior merit and which nothing can make up for, nothing can equal; he might have said as Marshal Lannes said to the marquis of Montesquieu, who was exhibiting a coat taken out of his ancestors' drawers, "I am an ancestor myself."

Louvois remained henceforth alone, without rival and without check. The work he had undertaken for the reorganization of the army was pretty nearly completed; he had concentrated in his own hands the whole direction of the military service, the burden and the honor of which were both borne by him. He had subjected to the same rules and the same discipline all corps and all grades; the general as well as the colonel obeyed him blindly. M. de Turenne alone had managed to escape from the administrative level. "I see quite clearly," he wrote to Louvois on the 9th of September, 1673, "what are the king's wishes, and I will do all I can to conform to them, but you will permit me to tell you that I do not think that it would be to his Majesty's service to give precise orders, at such a distance, to the most incapable man in France." Turenne had not lost the habit of command; Louvois, who had for a long while been under his orders, bowed to the will of the king who required apparent accord between the marshal and the minister, but he never forgave Turenne for his cool and proud independence. The prince of Condé more than once turned to advantage this latent antagonism. After the death of Louvois and of Turenne, after the retirement of Condé, when the central power fell into the hands of Chamillard or of Voysin, the pretence of directing war from the king's closet at Versailles produced the most fatal effects. "If M. de Chamillard thinks that I know nothing about war," wrote Villars to Madame de Maintenon, "he will oblige me by finding somebody else in the kingdom who is better acquainted with it." "If your Majesty," he said again, "orders me to shut myself up in Bavaria, and if you want to see your army lost, I will get myself killed at the first opportunity rather than live to see such a mishap." The king's orders, transmitted through a docile minister, ignorant of war, had a great deal to do with the military disasters of Louis XIV.'s later years.

Meanwhile order reigned in the army, and supplies were regular. Louvois received the nickname of great *Victualler* (*Vivrier*). The wounded were tended in hospitals devoted to their use. "When a soldier is once down, he never gets up again," had but lately been the saying. "Had I been at my mother's, in her own house, I could not have been better treated," wrote M. D'Alligny on the contrary, when he came out of one of the hospitals created by Louvois. He conceived the grand idea of the *Hôtel des Invalides*. "It were very reasonable," says the preamble of the king's edict which founded the establishment, "that they who have freely exposed their lives and lavished their blood for the defence and maintenance of this monarchy, who have so materially contributed to the winning of the battles we have gained over our enemies and who have often reduced them to asking peace of us, should enjoy the repose they have secured for our other subjects and should pass the remainder of their days in tranquillity." Up to his death Louvois insisted upon managing the *Hôtel des Invalides* himself.

Never had the officers of the army been under such strict and minute supervision; promotion went by seniority, by "the order on the list," as the phrase then was, without any favor for rank or birth; commanders were obliged to attend to their corps. "Sir," said Louvois one day to M. de Nogaret, "your company is in a very bad state." "Sir," answered Nogaret, "I was not aware of it." "You ought to be aware," said M. de Louvois: "have you inspected it?" "No, sir," said Nogaret. "You ought to have inspected it, sir!" "Sir, I will give orders about it." "You ought to have given them: a man ought to make up his mind, sir, either to openly profess himself a courtier or to devote himself to his duty when he is an officer." Education in the schools for *cadets*, regularity in service, obligation to keep the companies full instead of pocketing a portion of the pay in the name of imaginary soldiers who appeared only on the registers and who were called *dummies* (*passe-volants*), the necessity of wearing uniform, introduced into the army customs to which the French nobility, as undisciplined as they were brave, had hitherto been utter strangers.

Artillery and engineering were developed under the influence of Vauban, "the first of his own time and one of the first of all times" in the great art of besieging, fortifying and defending places. Louvois had singled out Vauban at the sieges of Lille, Tournay and Douai, which he had directed in chief under the

king's own eye. He ordered him to render the places he had just taken impregnable. "This is no child's play," said Vauban on setting about the fortifications of Dunkerque, "and I would rather lose my life than hear said of me some day what I hear said of the men who have preceded me." Louvois' admiration was unmixed when he went to examine the works. "The achievements of the Romans which have earned them so much fame show nothing comparable to what has been done here," he exclaimed: "they formerly levelled mountains in order to make high-roads, but here more than four hundred have been swept away; in the place where all those sandbanks were there is now to be seen nothing but one great meadow. The English and the Dutch often send people hither to see if all they have been told is true; they all go back full of admiration at the success of the work and the greatness of the master who took it in hand." It was this admiration and this dangerous greatness which suggested to the English their demands touching Dunkerque during the negotiations for the peace of Utrecht.

The honesty and moral worth of Vauban equalled his genius; he was as high-minded as he was modest; evil reports had been spread about concerning the contractors for the fortifications of Lille; Vauban demanded an inquiry: "You are quite right in thinking, my lord," he wrote to Louvois to whom he was united by a sincere and faithful friendship, "that, if you do not examine into this affair, you cannot do me justice, and, if you do it me not, that would be compelling me to seek means of doing it myself and of giving up forever fortification and all its concomitants. Examine, then, boldly and severely; away with all tender feeling, for I dare plainly tell you that in a question of strictest honesty and sincere fidelity I fear neither the king, nor you, nor all the human race together. Fortune had me born the poorest gentleman in France, but in requital she honored me with an honest heart, so free from all sorts of swindles that it cannot bear even the thought of them without a shudder." It was not until eight years after the death of Louvois, in 1699, when Vauban had directed fifty-three sieges, constructed the fortifications of thirty-three places, and repaired those of three hundred towns, that he was made a marshal, an honor that no engineer had yet obtained; "The king fancied he was giving himself the bâton," it was said, "so often had he had Vauban under his orders in besieging places."

The leisure of peace was more propitious to Vauban's fame than to his favor. Generous and sincere as he was, a patriot

more far-sighted than his contemporaries, he had the courage to present to the king a memorial advising the recall of the fugitive Huguenots and the renewal, pure and simple, of the edict of Nantes. He had just directed the siege of Brisach and the defence of Dunkerque when he published a great economical work entitled *la Dîme royale*, the fruit of the reflections of his whole life, fully depicting the misery of the people and the system of imposts he thought adapted to relieve it. The king was offended; he gave the marshal a cold reception and had the work seized. Vauban received his death-blow from this disgrace: the royal edict was dated March 19, 1707; the great engineer died on the 30th; he was not quite seventy-four. The king testified no regret at the loss of so illustrious a servant, with whom he had lived on terms of close intimacy. Vauban had appeared to impugn his supreme authority; this was one of the crimes that Louis XIV. never forgave.

In 1683, at Colbert's death, Vauban was enjoying the royal favor, which he attributed entirely to Louvois. The latter reigned without any one to contest his influence with the master. It had been found necessary to bury Colbert by night to avoid the insults of the people who imputed to him the imposts which crushed them. What an unjust and odious mistake of popular opinion which accused Colbert of the evils which he had fought against and at the same time suffered under to the last day! All Colbert's offices, except the navy, fell to Louvois or his creatures; Claude Lepelletier, a relative of Le Tellier, became comptroller of finance; he entered the council; M. de Blainville, Colbert's second son, was obliged to resign in Louvois' favor the superintendence of buildmments, of which the king had previously promised him the reversion. All business passed into the hands of Louvois. Le Tellier had been chancellor since 1677; peace still reigned; the all-powerful minister occupied himself in building Trianon, bringing the river Eure to Versailles and establishing unity of religion in France. "The counsel of constraining the Huguenots by violent means to become Catholics was given and carried out by the marquis of Louvois," says an anonymous letter of the time: "he thought he could manage consciences and control religion by those harsh measures which, in spite of his wisdom, his violent nature suggests to him almost in everything." Louvois was the inventor of the *dragonnades*; it was his father, Michael le Tellier, who put the seals to the revocation of the edict of Nantes; and, a few days before he died, full of joy at his last

work, he piously sang the canticle of Simeon. Louis XIV. and his ministers believed in good faith that Protestantism was stamped out. "The king," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "is very pleased to have put the last touch to the great work of the reunion of the heretics with the Church. Father la Chaise, the king's confessor, promised that it would not cost a drop of blood, and M. de Louvois said the same thing." Emigration in mass, the revolt of the Camisards and the long-continued punishments were a painful surprise for the courtiers accustomed to bend beneath the will of Louis XIV.: they did not understand that "anybody should obstinately remain of a religion which was displeasing to the king." The Huguenots paid the penalty for their obstinacy. The intelligent and acute biographer of Louvois, M. Camille Rousset, could not defend him from the charge of violence in their case. On the 10th of June, 1686, he wrote to the superintendent of Languedoc: "On my representation to the king of the little heed paid by the women of the district in which you are to the penalties ordained against those who are found at assemblies, his Majesty orders that those who are not *demoiselles* (that is, noble) shall be sentenced by M. de Bâville to be whipped and branded with the fleur-de-lys." He adds on the 22nd of July: "The king having thought proper to have a declaration sent out on the 15th of this month, whereby his Majesty orders that all those who are henceforth found at such assemblies shall be punished by death, M. de Bâville will take no notice of the decree I sent you relating to the women, as it becomes useless by reason of this declaration." The king's declaration was carried out, as the sentences of the victims prove: "condemned to the galleys, or condemned to death—for the *crime of assemblies*." This was the language of the Roman emperors. Seventeen centuries of Christianity had not sufficed to make men comprehend the sacred rights of conscience. The refined and moderate mind of Madame de Sévigné did not prevent her from writing to M. de Bussy on the 28th of October, 1685: "You have, no doubt, seen the edict by which the king revokes that of Nantes; nothing can be more beautiful than its contents, and never did or will any king do anything more memorable." The noble libertine and freethinker replied to her: "I admire the steps taken by the king to reunite the Huguenots; the war made upon them in former times and the St. Bartholomew gave vigor to this sect; his Majesty has sapped it little by little, and the edict he has just issued, supported by dragoons and Bourdaloues, has given it the finishing stroke."

It was the honorable distinction of the French Protestants to proclaim during more than two centuries by their courageous resistance the rights and duties which were ignored all around them.

Whilst the reformers were undergoing conversion, exile or death, war was recommencing in Europe, with more determination than ever on the part of the Protestant nations, indignant and disquieted as they were. Louvois began to forget all about the obstinacy of the religionists and prepared for the siege of Philipsburg, and the capture of Manheim and Coblentz. "The king has seen with pleasure," he wrote to Marshal Boufflers, "that, after well burning Coblentz and doing all the harm possible to the elector's palace, you were to march back to Mayence." The haughtiness of the king and the violence of the minister went on increasing with the success of their arms; they treated the pope's rights almost as lightly as those of the Protestants; the pamphleteers of the day had reason to write: "It is clearly seen that the religion of the court of France is a pure matter of interest; the king does nothing but what is for that which he calls his glory and grandeur; Catholics and heretics, Holy Pontiff, Church and anything you please, is sacrificed to his great pride; everything must be reduced to powder beneath his feet; we in France are on the high road to putting the sacred rights of the Holy See on the same footing as the privileges granted to Calvinists; all ecclesiastical authority is annihilated. Nobody knows anything of canons, popes, councils; everything is swallowed up in the authority of one man." "The king willeth it;" France had no other law any longer; and William III. saved Europe from the same enslavement.

The Palatinate was in flames; Louvois was urging on the generals and armies everywhere, sending despatch after despatch, orders upon orders. "I am a thousand times more impatient to finish this business than you can be," was the spirited reply he received from M. de la Hoguette who commanded in Italy in the environs of Cuneo; "besides the reasons of duty which I have always before my eyes, I beg you to believe that the last letters I received from you were quite strong enough to prevent negligence of anything that must be done to prevent similar ones and to deserve a little more confidence; but the most willing man can do nothing against roads encumbered with ice and snow." Louvois did not admit this excuse; he wanted soldiers to be able to cross the defiles of mountains

in the depths of winter just as he would have orange-trees travel in the month of February. "I received orders to send off to Versailles from La Meilleraie the orange-trees which the duke of Mazarin gave the king," writes Superintendent Foucauld in his journal. "M. Louvois, in spite of the representations I made him, would have them sent by carriage through the snow and ice; they arrived leafless at Versailles, and several are dead. I had sent him word that the king could take towns in winter, but could not make orange-trees bear removal from their hothouses." The nature and the consciences of the Protestants were all that withstood Louis XIV. and Louvois. On the 16th of July, 1691, death suddenly removed the minister, fallen in royal favor, detested and dreaded in France, universally hated in Europe, leaving, however, the king, France and Europe with the feeling that a great power had fallen, a great deal of merit disappeared. "I doubt not," wrote Louis XIV. to Marshal Boufflers, "that, as you are very zealous for my service, you will be sorry for the death of a man who served me well." "Louvois," said the marquis of La Fare, "should never have been born or should have lived longer." The public feeling was expressed in an anonymous epitaph:

"Here lieth he who to his will
Bent every one, knew everything:
Louvois, beloved by no one, still
Leaves everybody sorrowing."

The king felt his loss, but did not regret the minister whose tyranny and violence were beginning to be oppressive to him: he felt himself to be more than ever master in the presence of the young or inexperienced men to whom he henceforth entrusted his affairs. Louvois' son, Barbezieux, had the reversion of the war-department; Pontchartrain, who had been comptroller of finance ever since the retirement of Lepelletier, had been appointed to the navy in 1690 at the death of Seignelay. "M. de Pontchartrain had begged the king not to give him the navy," says Dangeau ingenuously, "because he knew nothing at all about it, but the king's will was absolute that he should take it. He now has all that M. de Colbert had, except the buildments." What mattered the inexperience of ministers? The king thought that he alone sufficed for all.

God had left it to time to undeceive the all-powerful monarch: he alone held out amidst the ruins: after the fathers the sons were falling around him. Seignelay had followed Colbert to the tomb; Louvois was dead after Michael Le Tellier; Barbezieux

died in his turn in 1701. "This secretary of state had naturally good wits, lively and ready conception, and great mastery of details in which his father had trained him early," writes the marquis of Argenson. He had been spoilt in youth by everybody but his father. He was obliged to put himself at the mercy of his officials, but he always kept up his position over them, for the son of M. de Louvois, their creator so to speak, could not fail to inspire them with respect, veneration and even attachment. Louis XIV., who knew the defects of M. de Barbezieux, complained to him and sometimes rated him in private, but he left him his place, because he felt the importance of preserving in the administration of war the spirit and the principles of Louvois. "Take him for all in all," says St. Simon, "he had the making of a great minister in him, but wonderfully dangerous; the best and most useful friend in the world so long as he was one, and the most terrible, the most inveterate, the most implacable and naturally ferocious enemy; he was a man who would not brook opposition in anything and whose audacity was extreme." A worthy son of Louvois, as devoted to pleasure as he was zealous in business, he was carried off in five days at the age of thirty-three. The king, who had just put Chamillard into the place of Pontchartrain, made chancellor at the death of Boucherat, gave him the war department in succession to Barbezieux, "thus loading such weak shoulders with two burdens of which either was sufficient to break down the strongest."

Louis XIV. had been faithfully and mightily served by Colbert and Louvois; he had felt confidence in them, though he had never had any liking for them personally; their striking merits, the independence of their character which peeped out in spite of affected expressions of submission and deference, the spirited opposition of the one and the passionate outbursts of the other often hurt the master's pride and always made him uncomfortable; Colbert had preceded him in the government, and Louvois, whom he believed himself to have trained, had surpassed him in knowledge of affairs as well as aptitude for work; Chamillard was the first, the only one of his ministers whom the king had ever loved. "His capacity was nil," says St. Simon, who had very friendly feelings towards Chamillard, "and he believed that he knew everything and of every sort; this was the more pitiable in that it had got into his head with his promotions and was less presumption than stupidity, and still less vanity, of which he had none. The joke is that the

mainspring of the king's great affection for him was this very incapacity. He confessed it to the king at every step, and the king was delighted to direct and instruct him; in such sort that he grew jealous for his success as if it were his own and made every excuse for him."

The king loved Chamillard; the court bore with him because he was easy and good-natured, but the affairs of the State were imperilled in his hands; Pontchartrain had already had recourse to the most objectionable proceedings in order to obtain money; the mental resources of Colbert himself had failed in presence of financial embarrassments and increasing estimates. It is said that, during the war with Holland, Louvois induced the king to contract a loan; the premier-president, Lamoignon, supported the measure. "You are triumphant," said Colbert, who had vigorously opposed it; "you think you have done the deed of a good man; what! did not I know as well as you that the king could get money by borrowing? But I was careful not to say so. And so the borrowing road is opened. What means will remain henceforth of checking the king in his expenditure? After the loans, taxes will be wanted to pay them; and, if the loans have no limit, the taxes will have none either." At the king's death the loans amounted to more than two milliards and a half, the deficit was getting worse and worse every day, there was no more money to be had, and the income from property went on diminishing, "I have only some dirty acres which are turning to stones instead of being bread," wrote Madame de Sévigné. Trade was languishing, the manufactures founded by Colbert were dropping away one after another; the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the emigration of Protestants had drained France of the most industrious and most skilful workmen; many of the reformers had carried away a great deal of capital; the roads, everywhere neglected, were becoming impracticable. "The tradesmen are obliged to put four horses instead of two to their wagons," said a letter to Barbezieux from the superintendent of Flanders, "which has completely ruined the traffic." The administration of the provinces was no longer under supervision. "Formerly," says Villars, "the inspectors would pass whole winters on the frontiers; now they are good for nothing but to take the height and measure of the men and send a fine list to the court." The soldiers were without victuals, the officers were not paid, the abuses but lately put down by the strong hand of Colbert and Lou-

vois were cropping up again in all directions; the king at last determined to listen to the general cry and dismiss Chamillard.

“The dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse were entrusted with this unpleasant commission, as well as with the king’s assurance of his affection and esteem for Chamillard, and with the announcement of the marks thereof he intended to bestow upon him. They entered Chamillard’s presence with such an air of consternation as may be easily imagined, they having always been very great friends of his. By their manner the unhappy minister saw at once that there was something extraordinary, and, without giving them time to speak, ‘What is the matter, gentlemen?’ he said with a calm and serene countenance. ‘If what you have to say concerns me only you can speak out, I have been prepared a long while for anything.’ They could scarcely tell what brought them. Chamillard heard them without changing a muscle, and with the same air and tone with which he had put his first question, he answered: ‘The king is master. I have done my best to serve him; I hope another may do it more to his satisfaction and more successfully. It is much to be able to count upon his kindness and to receive so many marks of it.’ Then he asked whether he might write to him, and whether they would do him the favor of taking charge of his letter. He wrote the king, with the same coolness, a page and a half of thanks and regards, which he read out to them at once just as he had at once written it in their presence. He handed it to the two dukes, together with the memorandum which the king had asked him for in the morning, and which he had just finished, sent word orally to his wife to come after him to L’Étang, whither he was going, without telling her why, sorted out his papers, and gave up his keys to be handed to his successor. All this was done without the slightest excitement; without a sigh, a regret, a reproach, a complaint escaping him, he went down his staircase, got into his carriage and started off to L’Étang, alone with his son, just as if nothing had happened to him, without anybody’s knowing anything about it at Versailles until long afterwards” [*Mémoires de St. Simon*, t. iii. p. 233].

Desmarets in the finance and Voysin in the war department, both superintendents of finance, the former a nephew of Colbert’s and initiated into business by his uncle, both of them capable and assiduous, succumbed, like their predeces-

sors, beneath the weight of the burdens which were overwhelming and ruining France. "I know the state of my finances," Louis XIV. had said to Desmarets, "I do not ask you to do impossibilities; if you succeed, you will render me a great service: if you are not successful, I shall not hold you to blame for circumstances." Desmarets succeeded better than could have been expected without being able to rehabilitate the finances of the State. Pontchartrain had exhausted the resource of creating new offices. "Every time your Majesty creates a new post, a fool is bound to buy it," he had said to the king. Desmarets had recourse to the bankers; and the king seconded him by the gracious favor with which he received at Versailles the greatest of the collectors (*traitants*), Samuel Bernard. "By this means everything was provided for up to the time of the general peace," says M. de Argenson. France kept up the contest to the end. When the treaty of Utrecht was signed, the fleet was ruined and destroyed, the trade diminished by two thirds, the colonies lost or devastated by the war, the destitution in the country so frightful that orders had to be given to sow seed in the fields; the exportation of grain was forbidden on pain of death; meanwhile the peasantry were reduced to browse upon the grass in the roads and to tear the bark off the trees and eat it. Thirty years had rolled by since the death of Colbert, twenty-two since that of Louvois; everything was going to perdition simultaneously; reverses in war and distress at home were uniting to overwhelm the aged king, alone upstanding amidst so many dead and so much ruin. "Fifty years' sway and glory had inspired Louis XIV. with the presumptuous belief that he could not only choose his ministers well but also instruct them and teach them their craft," says M. D'Argenson. His mistake was to think that the title of king supplied all the endowments of nature or experience; he was no financier, no soldier, no administrator, yet he would everywhere and always remain supreme master; he had believed that it was he who governed with Colbert and Louvois; those two great ministers had scarcely been equal to the task imposed upon them by war and peace, by armies, buildments and royal extravagance; their successors gave way thereunder and illusions vanished; the king's hand was powerless to sustain the weight of affairs becoming more and more disastrous; the gloom that pervaded the later years of Louis XIV.'s reign veiled from his people's eyes the splendor of that reign which had so long been bril-

liant and prosperous, though always lying heavy on the nation, even when they forgot their sufferings in the intoxication of glory and success.

It is the misfortune of men, even of the greatest, to fall short of their destiny. Louis XIV. had wanted to exceed his and to bear a burden too heavy for human shoulders. Arbiter, for a while, of the affairs of all Europe, ever absolute master in his own dominions, he bent at last beneath the load that was borne without flinching by princes less powerful, less fortunate, less adored, but sustained by the strong institutions of free countries. William III. had not to serve him a Condé, a Turenne, a Colbert, a Louvois; he had governed from afar his own country and he had always remained a foreigner in the kingdom which had called him to the throne; but, despite the dislikes, the bitternesses, the fierce contests of parties, he had strengthened the foundations of parliamentary government in England and maintained freedom in Holland, whilst the ancient monarchy of France, which reached under Louis XIV. the pinnacle of glory and power, was slowly but surely going down to perdition beneath the internal and secret malady of absolute power, without limit and without restraint.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LOUIS XIV. AND RELIGION.

INDEPENDENTLY of simple submission to the Catholic Church, there were three great tendencies which divided serious minds amongst them during the reign of Louis XIV.; three noble passions held possession of pious souls; liberty, faith, and love were, respectively, the groundwork as well as the banner of Protestantism, Jansenism; and Quietism. It was in the name of the fundamental and innate liberty of the soul, its personal responsibility and its direct relations with God that the Reformation had sprung up and reached growth in France, even more than in Germany and in England. M. de St. Cyran, the head and founder of Jansenism, abandoned the human soul unreservedly to the supreme will of God; his faith soared triumphant over flesh and blood, and his disciples, disdaining the joys and the ties of earth, lived only for eternity. Madame

Guyon and Fénelon, less ardent and less austere, discovered in the tender mysticism of *pure love* that secret of God's which is sought by all pious souls; in the name of divine love, the Quietists renounced all will of their own, just as the Jansenists in the name of faith.

Jansenism is dead after having for a long while brooded in the depths of the most noble souls; Quietism, as a sect, did not survive its illustrious founders; faith and love have withstood the excess of zeal and the erroneous tendencies which had separated them from the aggregate of Christian virtues and doctrines; they have come back again into the pious treasury of the universal Church. Neither time nor persecutions have been able to destroy in France the strong and independent groundwork of Protestantism. Faithful to its fundamental principle, it has triumphed over exile, the scaffold and indifference, without other head than God himself and God alone.

Richelieu had slain the political hydra of Huguenots in France; from that time the reformers had lived in modest retirement. "I have no complaint to make of the little flock," Mazarin would say: "if they eat bad grass, at any rate they do not stray." During the troubles of the Fronde, the Protestants had resumed, in the popular vocabulary, their old nickname of *Tant s'en fault* (*Far from it*), which had been given them at the time of the League. "Faithful to the king in those hard times when most Frenchmen were wavering and continually looking to see which way the wind would blow, the Huguenots had been called *Tant s'en fault*, as being removed from and beyond all suspicion of the League or of conspiracy against the State. And so were they rightly designated, inasmuch as to the cry 'Qui vive?' (Whom are you for?) instead of answering 'Vive Guise!' or 'Vive la Ligue!' they would answer, 'Tant s'en fault, vive le Roi!' So that, when one Leaguer would ask another, pointing to a Huguenot, 'Is that one of ours?' '*Tant s'en fault*,' would be the reply, 'it is one of the new religion.'" Condé had represented to Cromwell all the reformers of France as ready to rise in his favor; the agent sent by the Protector assured him it was quite the contrary; and the bearing of the Protestants decided Cromwell to refuse all assistance to the princes. La Rochelle packed off its governor, who was favorable to the Fronde; St. Jean d'Angely equipped soldiers for the king; Montauban, to resist the Frondeurs, repaired the fortifications thrown down by Richelieu. "The crown was tottering upon the king's head," said Count

d'Harcourt to the pastors of Guienne, "but you have made it secure." The royal declaration of 1652, confirming and ratifying the edict of Nantes, was a recompense for the services and fidelity of the Huguenots. They did not enjoy it long; an edict of 1656 annulled, at the same time explaining, the favorable declaration of 1652; in 1660, the last national synod was held at Loudun. "His Majesty has resolved," said M. de la Magdelaine, deputed from the king to the synod, "that there shall be no more such assemblies but when he considers it expedient." Fifteen years had rolled by since the synod of Charenton in 1645. "We are only too firmly persuaded of the usefulness of our synods and how entirely necessary they are for our churches, after having been so long without them," sorrowfully exclaimed the moderator, Peter Daillé. For two hundred and twelve years the reformed Church of France was deprived of its synods. God at last restored to it this cornerstone of its interior constitution.

The suppression of the edict-chambers instituted by Henry IV. in all the parliaments for the purpose of taking cognizance of the affairs of the reformers followed close upon the abolition of national synods. Peter du Bosq, pastor of the church of Cæn, an accomplished gentleman and celebrated preacher, was commissioned to set before the king the representations of the Protestants. Louis XIV. listened to him kindly. "That is the finest speaker in my kingdom," he said to his courtiers after the minister's address. The edict-chambers were, nevertheless, suppressed in 1669; the half-and-half (*mi-partie*) chambers, composed of reformed and catholic councillors, underwent the same fate in 1679, and the Protestants found themselves delivered over to the intolerance and religious prejudices of the parliaments, which were almost everywhere harsher, as regarded them, than the governors and superintendents of provinces.

"It seemed to me, my son," wrote Louis XIV. in his *Mémoires* of the year 1661, "that those who were for employing violent remedies against the religion styled reformed did not understand the nature of this malady, caused partly by heated feelings which should be passed over unnoticed and allowed to die out insensibly instead of being inflamed afresh by equally strong contradiction, which, moreover, is always useless, when the taint is not confined to a certain known number but spread throughout the State. I thought, therefore, that the best way of reducing the Huguenots of my kingdom little by little was,

in the first place, not to put any pressure upon them by any fresh rigor against them, to see to the observance of all that they had obtained from my predecessors, but to grant them nothing further and even to confine the performance thereof within the narrowest limits that justice and propriety would permit. But as to graces that depended upon me alone, I have resolved, and I have pretty regularly kept my resolution ever since, not to do them any, and that from kindness, not from bitterness, in order to force them in that way to reflect from time to time of themselves and without violence whether it were for any good reason that they deprived themselves voluntarily of advantages which might be shared by them in common with all my other subjects."

These prudent measures "quite in kindness and not in bitterness" were not enough to satisfy the fresh zeal with which the king had been inspired. All powerful in his own kingdom and triumphant everywhere in Europe, he was quite shocked at the silent obstinacy of those Huguenots who held his favor and graces cheap in comparison with a quiet conscience; his kingly pride and his ignorant piety both equally urged him on to that enterprise which was demanded by the zeal of a portion of the clergy. The system of purchasing conversions had been commenced; and Pellisson, himself originally a Protestant, had charge of the payments, a source of fraud and hypocrisies of every sort. A declaration of 1679 condemned the *relapsed* to *honorable amends* (public recantation, &c.), to confiscation and to banishment. The doors of all employments were closed against Huguenots; they could no longer sit in the courts or parliaments, or administer the finances, or become medical practitioners, barristers or notaries; infants of seven years of age were empowered to change their religion against their parents' will; a word, a gesture, a look were sufficient to certify that a child intended to abjure; its parents, however, were bound to bring it up according to its condition, which often facilitated confiscation of property. Pastors were forbidden to enter the houses of their flocks, save to perform some act of their ministry; every chapel into which a new convert had been admitted was to be pulled down and the pastor was to be banished. It was found necessary to set a guard at the doors of the places of worship to drive away the poor wretches who repented of a moment's weakness; the number of "places of exercise," as the phrase then was, received a gradual reduction; "a single minister had the charge of six, eight, and ten thou-

sand persons," says Elias Benoît, author of the *Histoire de l'Édit de Nantes*, making it impossible for him to visit and assist the families, scattered sometimes over a distance of thirty leagues round his own residence. The wish was to reduce the ministers to give up altogether from despair of discharging their functions. The chancellor had expressly said: "If you are reduced to the impossible, so much the worse for you, we shall gain by it." Oppression was not sufficient to break down the reformers. There was great difficulty in checking emigration, by this time increasing in numbers. Louvois proposed stronger measures. The population was crushed under the burden of military billets. Louvois wrote to Marillac, superintendent of Poitou: "His Majesty has learnt with much joy the number of people who continue to become converts in your department. He desires you to go on paying attention thereto; he will think it a good idea to have most of the cavalry and officers quartered upon Protestants; if, according to the regular proportion, the religionists should receive ten, you can make them take twenty." The dragoons took up their quarters in peaceable families, ruining the more well-to-do, maltreating old men, women and children, striking them with their sticks or the flat of their swords, hauling off Protestants in the churches by the hair of their heads, harnessing laborers to their own plows and goading them like oxen. Conversions became numerous in Poitou. Those who could fly left France, at the risk of being hanged if the attempt happened to fail. "Pray lay out advantageously the money you are going to have," wrote Madame de Maintenon to her brother, M. d'Aubigné: "land in Poitou is to be had for nothing, and the desolation amongst the Protestants will cause more sales still. You may easily settle in grand style in that province." "We are treated like enemies of the Christian denomination," wrote, in 1662, a minister named Jurieu, already a refugee in Holland. "We are forbidden to go near the children that come into the world, we are banished from the bars and the faculties; we are forbidden the use of all the means which might save us from hunger, we are abandoned to the hatred of the mob, we are deprived of that precious liberty which we purchased with so many services; we are robbed of our children, who are a part of ourselves. . . . Are we Turks? Are we infidels? We believe in Jesus Christ, *we* do; we believe Him to be the Eternal Son of God, the Redeemer of the world; the maxims of our morality are of so

great purity that none dare gainsay them; we respect the king, we are good subjects, good citizens; we are Frenchmen as much as we are reformed Christians."

Jurieu had a right to speak of the respect for the king which animated the French Reformers; there was no trace left of that political leaven which formerly animated the old Huguenots and made Duke Henry de Rohan say, "You are all republicans; I would rather have to do with a pack of wolves than an assembly of parsons." "The king is hoodwinked," the Protestants declared: and all their efforts were to get at him and tell his Majesty of their sufferings. The army remained open to them, though without hope of promotion; and the gentlemen showed alacrity in serving the king. "What a position is ours!" they would say; "if we make any resistance, we are treated as rebels; if we are obedient, they pretend we are converted, and they hoodwink the king by means of our very submission."

The misfortunes were redoubling. From Poitou the persecution had extended through all the provinces. Superintendent Foucauld obtained the conversion in mass of the province of Béarn. "He egged on the soldiers to torture the inhabitants of the houses they were quartered in, commanding them to keep awake all those who would not give in to other tortures. The dragoons relieved one another so as not to succumb themselves to the punishment they were making others undergo. Beating of drums, blasphemies, shouts, the crash of furniture which they hurled from side to side, commotion in which they kept these poor people in order to force them to be on their feet and hold their eyes open, were the means they employed to deprive them of rest. To pinch, prick, and haul them about, to lay them upon burning coals, and a hundred other cruelties were the sport of these butchers; all they thought most about was how to find tortures which should be painful without being deadly, reducing their hosts thereby to such a state that they knew not what they were doing and promised anything that was wanted of them in order to escape from those barbarous hands." Languedoc, Guienne, Angoumois, Saintonge, all the provinces in which the reformers were numerous, underwent the same fate. The self-restraining character of the Norman people, their respect for law were manifested even amidst persecution; the children were torn away from Protestant families and the chapels were demolished by act of parliament; the soldiery were less violent than elsewhere, but

the magistrates were more inveterate. "God has not judged us unworthy to suffer ignominy for His name," said the ministers condemned by the parliament for having performed the offices of their ministry. "The king has taken no cognizance of the case," exclaimed one of the accused, Legendre, pastor of Rouen; "he has relied upon the judges; it is not his Majesty who shall give account before God, you shall be responsible and you alone; you who, convinced as you are of our innocence, have nevertheless condemned us and branded us." "The parliament of Normandy has just broken the ties which held us bound to our churches," said Peter du Bosq. The banished ministers took the road to Holland. The seaboard provinces were beginning to be dispeopled. A momentary disturbance, which led to belief in a rising of the reformers in the Cévennes and the Vivarais, served as pretext for redoubled rigor. Dauphiny and Languedoc were given up to the soldiery; murder was no longer forbidden them, it was merely punishing rebels; several pastors were sentenced to death; Homel, minister of Soyon in the Vivarais, seventy-five years of age, was broken alive on the wheel. Abjurations multiplied through terror. "There have been sixty thousand conversions in the jurisdiction of Bordeaux and twenty thousand in that of Montauban," wrote Louvois to his father in the first part of September, 1685: "the rapidity with which this goes on is such that, before the end of the month, there will not remain ten thousand religionists in the district of Bordeaux, in which there were a hundred and fifty thousand on the 15th of last month." "The towns of Nîmes, Alais, Uzès, Villeneuve and some others are entirely converted," writes the duke of Noailles to Louvois in the month of October, 1685; "those of most note in Nîmes made abjuration in church the day after our arrival. There was then a lukewarmness, but matters were put in good train again by means of some billets that I had put into the houses of the most obstinate. I am making arrangements for going and scouring the Cévennes with the seven companies of Barbezieux, and my head shall answer for it that before the 25th of November not a Huguenot shall be left there." And a few days later, at Alais, "I no longer know what to do with the troops, for the places in which I had meant to post them get converted all in a body, and this goes on so quickly that all the men can do is to sleep for a night at the localities to which I send them. It is certain that you may add very nearly a third to the estimate given you of the people of the religion, amounting to

the number of a hundred and eighty-two thousand men, and, when I asked you to give me until the 25th of next month for their complete conversion, I took too long a term, for I believe that by the end of the month all will be settled. I will not, however, omit to tell you that all we have done in these conversions will be nothing but useless, if the king do not oblige the bishops to send good priests to instruct the people who want to hear the Gospel preached. But I fear that the king will be worse obeyed in that respect by the priests than by the religionists. I do not tell you this without grounds." "There is not a courier who does not bring the king great causes for joy," writes Madame de Maintenon, "that is to say, conversions by thousands. I can quite believe that all these conversions are not sincere, but God makes use of all ways of bringing back heretics. Their children, at any rate, will be Catholics, their outward re-union places them within reach of the truth; pray God to enlighten them all; there is nothing the king has more at heart."

In the month of August, 1684, she said: "The king has a design for laboring for the entire conversion of the heretics; he often has conferences about it with M. Le Tellier and M. de Châteauneuf, whereat I was given to understand that I should not be one too many. M. de Châteauneuf proposed measures which are not expedient. There must be no precipitation; it must be conversion, not persecution. M. de Louvois was for gentleness, which is not in accordance with his nature and his eagerness to see matters ended. The king is ready to do what is thought most likely to conduce to the good of religion. Such an achievement will cover him with glory before God and before men. He will have brought back all his subjects into the bosom of the Church and will have destroyed the heresy which his predecessors could not vanquish."

The king's glory was about to be complete: the *gentleness* of Louvois had prevailed; he had found himself obliged to moderate the zeal of his superintendents; "nothing remained but to weed out the religionists of the small towns and villages;" by stretching a point the process had been carried into the principality of Orange, which still belonged to the House of Nassau, on the pretext that the people of that district had received in their chapels the king's subjects. The count of Tessé, who had charge of the expedition, wrote to Louvois: "Not only, on one and the same day, did the whole town of Orange become converted, but the State took the same resolution, and the mem-

bers of the parliament, who were minded to distinguish themselves by a little more stubbornness, adopted the same course twenty-four hours afterwards. All this was done gently, without violence or disorder. There is only a parson named Chambrun, patriarch of the district, who persists in refusing to listen to reason; for the president, who did aspire to the honor of martyrdom, would, as well as the rest of the parliament, have turned Mohammedan, if I had desired it. You would not believe how infatuated all these people were and are still about the prince of Orange, his authority, Holland, England, and the Protestants of Germany. I should never end if I were to recount all the foolish and impertinent proposals they have made to me." M. de Tessé did not tell Louvois that he was obliged to have the pastors of Orange seized and carried off; they were kept twelve years in prison at Pierre-Encise, none but M. de Chambrun, who had been taken to Valence, managed to escape and take refuge in Holland, bemoaning to the end of his days a moment's weakness. "I was quite exhausted by torture, and I let fall this unhappy expression: 'Very well, then, I will be reconciled.' This sin has brought me down at it were into hell itself, and I have looked upon myself as a dastardly soldier who turned his back on the day of battle and as an unfaithful servant who betrayed the interests of his master."

The king assembled his council: the lists of converts were so long that there could scarcely remain in the kingdom more than a few thousand recalcitrants. "His Majesty proposed to take an ultimate resolution as regarded the Edict of Nantes," writes the duke of Burgundy in a memorandum found amongst his papers: "Monseigneur represented that, according to an anonymous letter he had received the day before, the Huguenots had some expectation of what was coming upon them, that there was perhaps some reason to fear that they would take up arms, relying upon the protection of the princes of their religion, and that, supposing they dared not do so, a great number would leave the kingdom, which would be injurious to commerce and agriculture and, for that same reason, would weaken the State. The king replied that he had foreseen all for some time past and had provided for all; that nothing in the world would be more painful to him than to shed a single drop of the blood of his subjects, but that he had armies and good generals whom he would employ in case of need against rebels who courted their own destruction. As for calculations

of interest, he thought them worthy of but little consideration in comparison with the advantages of a measure which would restore to religion its splendor, to the State its tranquillity and to authority all its rights. A resolution was carried unanimously for the suppression of the Edict of Nantes." The declaration, drawn up by Chancellor Le Tellier and Châteauneuf, was signed by the king on the 15th of October, 1685; it was despatched on the 17th to all the superintendents. The edict of pacification, that great work of the liberal and prudent genius of Henry IV., respected and confirmed in its most important particulars by Cardinal Richelieu, recognized over and over again by Louis XIV. himself, disappeared at a single stroke, carrying with it all hope of liberty, repose and justice for fifteen hundred thousand subjects of the king. "Our pains," said the preamble of the Edict, "have had the end we had proposed, seeing that the better and the greater part of our subjects of the religion styled reformed have embraced the catholic; the execution of the Edict of Nantes, consequently remaining useless, we have considered that we could not do better, for the purpose of effacing entirely the memory of the evils which this false religion has caused in our kingdom, than revoke entirely the aforesaid Edict of Nantes and all that has been done in favor of the said religion."

The Edict of October 15, 1685, supposed the religion styled reformed to be already destroyed and abolished. It ordered the demolition of all the chapels that remained standing and interdicted any assembly or worship; *recalcitrant (opiniâtres)* ministers were ordered to leave the kingdom within fifteen days; the schools were closed; all new-born babies were to be baptized by the parish-priests; religionists were forbidden to leave the kingdom on pain of the galleys for the men and confiscation of person and property for the women. "The will of the king," said Superintendent Marillac at Rouen, "is that there be no more than one religion in this kingdom; it is for the glory of God and the well-being of the State." Two hours were allowed the reformers of Rouen for making their abjuration.

One clause, at the end of the edict of October 15, seemed to extenuate its effect: "Those of our subjects of the religion styled reformed who shall persist in their errors, pending the time when it may please God to enlighten them like the rest, shall be allowed to remain in the kingdom, country and lands which obey the king, there to continue their trade and enjoy

their property without being liable to be vexed or hindered on pretext of prayer or worship of the said religion of whatsoever nature they may be." "Never was there illusion more cruel than that which this clause caused people," says Benoît in his *Histoire, de l'Édit de Nantes* : "it was believed that the king meant only to forbid special exercises, but that he intended to leave conscience free, since he granted this grace to all those who were still reformers, pending the time when it should please God to enlighten them. Many gave up the measures they had taken for leaving the country with their families, many voluntarily returned from the retreats where they had hitherto been fortunate enough to lie hid. The most mistrustful dared not suppose that so solemn a promise was only made to be broken on the morrow. They were all, nevertheless, mistaken; and those who were imprudent enough to return to their homes were only just in time to receive the dragoons there." A letter from Louvois to the duke of Noailles put a stop to all illusion. "I have no doubt," he wrote, "that some rather heavy billets upon the few amongst the nobility and third estate still remaining of the religionists will undeceive them as to the mistake they are under about the Edict M. de Châteauneuf drew up for us; his Majesty desires that you should explain yourself very sternly and that extreme severity should be employed against those who are not willing to become of his religion; those who have the silly vanity to glory in holding out to the last must be driven to extremity." The pride of Louis XIV. was engaged in the struggle: those of his subjects who refused to sacrifice their religion to him were disobedient, rebellious and besotted with *silly vanity*. "It will be quite ridiculous before long to be of that religion," wrote Madame de Maintenon.

Even in his court and amongst his most useful servants the king encountered unexpected opposition. Marshal Schomberg with great difficulty obtained authority to leave the kingdom; Duquesne was refused. The illustrious old man, whom the Algerian corsairs called "the old French captain, whose bride is the sea and whom the angel of death has forgotten," received permission to reside in France without being troubled about his religion. "For sixty years I have rendered to Cæsar that which was Cæsar's," said the sailor proudly, "it is time to render unto God that which is God's." And, when the king regretted that his religion prevented him from properly recognizing his glorious career: "Sir," said Duquesne,

"I am a Protestant, but I always thought that my services were catholic." Duquesne's children went abroad. When he died, 1688, his body was refused to them. His sons raised a monument to him at Aubonne, in the canton of Berne, with this inscription: "This tomb awaits the remains of Duquesne. Passer, should you ask why the Hollanders have raised a superb monument to Ruyter vanquished, and why the French have refused a tomb to Ruyter's vanquisher, the fear and respect inspired by a monarch whose power extends afar do not allow me to answer."

Of the rest, only the marquis of Ruigny and the princess of Tarento, daughter-in-law of the duke of La Trémoille and issue of the House of Hesse, obtained authority to leave France. All ports were closed, all frontiers watched. The great lords gave way, one after another; accustomed to enjoy royal favors, attaching to them excessive value, living at court, close to Paris which was spared a great deal during the persecution, they, without much effort, renounced a faith which closed to them henceforth the door to all officers and all honors. The gentlemen of the provinces were more resolute; many realized as much as they could of their property and went abroad, braving all dangers, even that of the galleys in case of arrest. The duke of La Force had abjured, then repented of his abjuration, only to relapse again; one of his cousins, seventy-five years of age, was taken to the galleys: he had for his companion Louis de Marolles, late king's councillor. "I live just now all alone," wrote the latter to his wife: "my meals are brought from outside; if you saw me in my beautiful convict-dress, you would be charmed. The iron I wear on my leg, though it weighs only three pounds, inconvenienced me at first far more than that which you saw me in at La Tournelle." Files of Protestant galley-convicts were halted in the towns, in the hope of inspiring the obstinate with a salutary terror.

The error which had been fallen into, however, was perceived at court. The stand made by Protestants astounded the superintendents as well as Louvois himself. Everywhere men said as they said at Dieppe: "We will not change our religion for anybody; the king has power over our persons and our property, but he has no power over our consciences." There was fleeing in all directions. The governors grew weary of watching the coasts and the frontiers. "The way to make only a few go," said Louvois, "is to leave them liberty to do

so without letting them know it." Any way was good enough to escape from such oppression. "Two days ago," wrote M. de Tessé, who commanded at Grenoble, "a woman, to get safe away, hit upon an invention which deserves to be known. She made a bargain with a Savoyard, an ironmonger, and had herself packed up in a load of iron rods, the ends of which showed; it was carried to the custom house, and the tradesman paid on the weight of the iron which was weighed together with the woman, who was not unpacked until she was six leagues from the frontier." "For a long time," says M. Floquet, "there was talk in Normandy of the count of Marancé, who, in the middle of a severe winter, flying with thirty-nine others on board a fishing-smack, encountered a tempest and remained a long time at sea, without provisions, dying of hunger, he, the countess and all the passengers, amongst whom were pregnant women, mothers with infants at the breast, without resources of any sort, reduced for lack of everything to a little melted snow with which they moistened the parched lips of the dying babes." It were impossible to estimate precisely the number of emigrations; it was probably between three and four hundred thousand. "To speak only of our own province," writes M. Floquet in his *Histoire du Parlement de Normandie*, "about 184,000 religionists went away; more than 26,000 habitations were deserted; in Rouen there were counted no more than 60,000 men instead of the 80,000 that were to be seen there a few years before. Almost all trade was stopped there as well as in the rest of Normandy. The little amount of manufacture that was possible rotted away on the spot for want of transport to foreign countries, whence vessels were no longer found to come; Rouen, Darnetal, Elbeuf, Louviers, Caudebec, Le Havre, Pont-Audemer, Cæn, St. Lô, Alençon and Bayeux were falling into decay, the different branches of trade and industry which had but lately been seen flourishing there having perished through the emigration of the masters whom their skilled workmen followed in shoals." The Norman emigration had been very numerous, thanks to the extent of its coasts and to the habitual communication between Normandy, England and Holland; Vauban, however, remained very far from the truth when he deplored, in 1688, "the desertion of 100,000 men, the withdrawal from the kingdom of sixty millions of livres, the enemy's fleets swelled by 9000 sailors, the best in the kingdom, and the enemy's armies by

600 officers and 12,000 soldiers, who had seen service." It is a natural but a striking fact that the reformers who left France and were received with open arms in Brandenburg, Holland, England and Switzerland carried in their hearts a profound hatred for the king who drove them away from their country and everywhere took service against him, whilst the Protestants who remained in France, bound to the soil by a thousand indissoluble ties, continued at the same time to be submissive and faithful. "It is right," said Chanlay in a *Mémoire* addressed to the king, "whilst we condemn the conduct of the new converts, fugitives, who have borne arms against France since the commencement of this war up to the present, it is right, say I, to give those who have stayed in France the praise and credit they deserve. Indeed, if we except a few disturbances of little consequence which have taken place in Languedoc, we have, besides the fact of their remaining faithful to the king in the provinces and especially in Dauphiny, even whilst the confederated armies of the emperor, of Spain and of the duke of Savoy were in the heart of that province, in greater strength than the forces of the king, to note that those who were fit to bear arms have enlisted amongst the troops of his Majesty and done good service." In 1745, after sixty years' persecution, consequent upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Matthew Désubas, a young pastor accused before the superintendent of Languedoc, Lenain, said with high-spirited modesty: "The ministers preach nothing but patience and fidelity to the king." "I am aware of it, sir," answered the superintendent. The pastors were hanged or burned, the faithful flock dragged to the galleys and the tower of Constance; prayers for the king, nevertheless, were sent up from the proscribed assemblies in the desert, whilst the pulpit of Saurin at the Hague resounded with his anathemas against Louis XIV. and the regiments of emigrant Huguenots were marching against the king's troops, under the flags of England or Holland.

The peace of Ryswick had not brought the Protestants the hoped for alleviation of their woes. Louis XIV. haughtily rejected the petition of the English and Dutch plenipotentiaries on behalf of "those in affliction who ought to have their share in the happiness of Europe." The persecution everywhere continued, with determination and legality in the North, with violence and passion in the South, abandoned to the tyranny of M. de Lamoignon de Bâville, a crafty and coldbloodedly

cruel politician, without the excuse of any zealous religious conviction. The execution of several ministers who had remained in hiding in the Cévennes or had returned from exile to instruct and comfort their flocks raised to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the reformers of Languedoc. Deprived of their highly prized assemblies and of their pastors' guidance, men and women, greybeards and children, all at once fancied themselves animated by the spirit of prophecy. Young girls had celestial visions; the little peasant-lasses poured out their utterances in French, sometimes in the language and with the sublime eloquence of the Bible, sole source of their religious knowledge; the rumor of these marvels ran from village to village; meetings were held to hear the inspired maidens, in contempt of edicts, the galleys and the stake; a gentleman glass-worker, named Abraham de la Serre, was as it were the Samuel of this new school of prophets. In vain did M. de Bâville have three hundred children imprisoned at Uzès, and then send them to the galleys; the religious contagion was too strong for the punishments; "women found themselves in a single day husbandless, childless, houseless and penniless," says Court: they remained immovable in their pious ecstasy; the assemblies multiplied; the troops which had so long occupied Languedoc had been summoned away by the war of succession in Spain; the militia could no longer restrain the reformers growing every day more enthusiastic through the prophetic hopes which were born of their long sufferings. The arch-priest of the Cévennes, Abbé du Chayla, a tyrannical and cruel man, had undertaken a mission at the head of the Capuchins; his house was crammed with condemned Protestants; the breath of revolt passed over the mountains: on the night of July 27, 1702, the castle of the arch-priest was surrounded by Huguenots in arms, who demanded the surrender of the prisoners. Du Chayla refused: the gates were forced, the condemned released, the priests who happened to be in the house killed or dispersed: the arch-priest had let himself down by a window, he broke his thigh: he was found hiding in a bush; the castle was in flames. "No mercy, no mercy," shouted the madmen: "the Spirit willeth that he die." Every one of the Huguenots stabbed the poor wretch with their poniards: "That's for my father broken on the wheel; that's for my brother sent to the galleys; that's for my mother who died of grief; that's for my relations in exile!" He received fifty-two wounds. Next day the Cévennes were everywhere in revolt: a prophet named

Séguier was at the head of the insurrection. He was soon made prisoner. "How dost thou expect me to treat thee?" asked his judge. "As I would have treated thee, had I caught thee," answered the prophet. He was burned alive in the public square of Pont-de-Montvert, a mountain-burgh. "Where do you live?" he had been asked at his examination. "In the desert," he replied "and soon in Heaven." He exhorted the people from the midst of the flames; the insurrection went on spreading. "Say not: what can we do? we are so few, we have no arms!" said another prophet named Laporte: "The Lord of hosts is our strength! We will intone the battle-psalms, and, from the Lozère to the sea, Israel shall arise! And, as for arms, have we not our axes? They will beget muskets!" The plain rose like the mountain; Baron St. Cômes, an early convert and colonel of the militia, was assassinated near Vauvert; murders multiplied: the priests were especially the object of the revolvers' vengeance. They assembled under the name of Children of God, and marched under the command of two chiefs, one, named Roland, who formerly served under Catinat, and the other a young man, while a baker and while a shepherd, who was born in the neighborhood of Anduze and whose name has remained famous: John Cavalier was barely eighteen, when M. de Bâville launched his brother-in-law, the count of Broglie, with a few troops upon the revolted Cévenols. The catholic peasants called them *Camisards*, the origin of which name has never been clearly ascertained. M. de Broglie was beaten; the insurrection, which was entirely confined to the populace, disappeared all at once in the woods and rocks of the country, to burst once more unexpectedly upon the troops of the king. The great name of Lamoignon shielded Bâville; Chamillard had for a long while concealed from Louis XIV. the rising in the Cévennes. He never did know all its gravity. "It is useless," said Madame de Maintenon, "for the king to trouble himself with all the circumstances of this war; it would not cure the mischief and would do him much injury." "Take care," wrote Chamillard to Bâville, on superseding the count of Broglie by Marshal Montrevel, "not to give this business the appearance of a serious war." The rumor of the insurrection in Languedoc, however, began to spread in Europe; conflagrations, murders, executions in cold blood or in the heat of passion, crimes on the part of the insurgents as well as cruelties on the part of judges and generals, succeeded one another uninterruptedly, without the military authorities being

able to crush a revolt that it was impossible to put down by terror or punishments. "I take it for a fact," said a letter to Chamillard from M. de Julien, an able captain of irregulars, lately sent into Languedoc to aid the count of Broglie, "that there are not in this district forty who are real converts and are not entirely on the side of the Camisards: I include in that number females as well as males, and the mothers and daughters would give the more striking proofs of their fury if they had the strength of the men. . . . I will say but one word more, which is, that the children who were in their cradles at the time of the general conversions, as well as those who were four or five years old, are now more Huguenot than the fathers; nobody, however, has set eyes upon any minister: how, then, comes it that they are so Huguenot? Because the fathers and mothers brought them up in those sentiments all the time they were going to mass. You may rely upon it that this will continue for many generations." M. de Julien came to the conclusion that the proper way was to put to the sword all the Protestants of the country districts and burn all the villages. M. de Bâville protested: "It is not a question of exterminating these people," he said, "but of reducing them, of forcing them to fidelity; the king must have industrious people and flourishing districts preserved to him." The opinion of the generals prevailed; the Cévénols were proclaimed outlaws and the pope decreed a crusade against them. The military and religious enthusiasm of the Camisards went on increasing. Cavalier, young and enterprising, divided his time between the boldest attempts at surprise and mystical ecstasies during which he singled out traitors who would have assassinated him or sinners who were not worthy to take part in the Lord's supper. The king's troops ravaged the country, the Camisards by way of reprisal burned the Catholic villages; everywhere the war was becoming horrible; the peaceable inhabitants, Catholic or Protestant, were incessantly changing from wrath to terror. Cavalier, naturally sensible and humane, sometimes sank into despondency. He would fling himself on his knees, crying, "Lord, turn aside the king from following the counsels of the wicked!" and then he would set off again upon a new expedition. The struggle had been going on for two years and Languedoc was a scene of fire and bloodshed. Marshal Montrevel had gained great advantages when the king ordered Villars to put an end to the revolt. "I made up my mind," writes Villars in his *Mémoires*, "to try everything, to employ all sorts of

ways except that of ruining one of the finest provinces in the kingdom, and that, if I could bring back the offenders without punishing them, I should preserve the best soldiers there are in the kingdom. They are, said I to myself, Frenchmen, very brave and very strong, three qualities to be considered." "I shall always," he adds, "have two ears for two sides."

"We have to do here with a very extraordinary people," wrote the marshal to Chamillard, soon after his arrival; "It is a people unlike anything I ever knew, all alive, turbulent, hasty, susceptible of light as well as deep impressions, tenacious in its opinions. Add thereto zeal for religion which is as ardent amongst heretics as Catholics, and you will no longer be surprised that we should be often very much embarrassed. There are three sorts of Camisards: the first with whom we might arrange matters by reason of their being weary of the miseries of war. The second, stark mad on the subject of religion, absolutely intractable on that point: the first little boy or little girl that falls a-trembling and declares that the Holy Spirit is speaking to it, all the people believe it, and, if God with all His angels were to come and speak to them, they would not believe them more; people, moreover, on whom the penalty of death makes not the least impression; in battle they thank those who inflict it upon them; they walk to execution singing the praises of God and exhorting those present, insomuch that it has often been necessary to surround the criminals with drums to prevent the pernicious effect of their speeches. Finally, the third: people without religion, accustomed to pillage, to murder, to quarter themselves upon the peasants; a rascally furious, fanatical and swarming with prophetesses."

Villars had arrived in Languedoc the day after the checks encountered by the Camisards. The despondency and suffering were extreme; and the marshal had Cavalier sounded. "What do you want to lay down your arms?" said the envoy. "Three things," replied the Cévénol chief: "liberty of conscience, the release of our brethren detained in the prisons and the galleys, and, if these demands are refused, permission to quit France with ten thousand persons." The negotiators were entrusted with the most flattering offers for Cavalier. Sensible and yet vain, moved by his country's woes and flattered by the idea of commanding a king's regiment, the young Camisard allowed himself to be won. He repaired formally to Nîmes for an interview with the marshal. "He is a

peasant of the lowest grade," wrote Villars to Chamillard, "who is not twenty-two and does not look eighteen; short and with no imposing air, qualities essential for the lower orders, but surprising good sense and firmness. I asked him yesterday how he managed to keep his fellows under: 'Is it possible,' said I, 'that, at your age and not being long used to command, you found no difficulty in often offering to death your own men?' 'No, sir,' said he, 'when it seemed to me just.' 'But whom did you employ to inflict it?' 'The first whom I ordered, and nobody ever hesitated to follow my orders.' I fancy, sir, that you will consider this rather surprising; furthermore, he shows great method in the matter of his supplies and he disposes his troops for an engagement as well as very experienced officers could do. It is a piece of luck if I get such a man away from them."

Cavalier's *fellows* began to escape from his sway; they had hoped for a while that they would get back that liberty for which they had shed their blood. "They are permitted to have public prayer and chant their psalms. No sooner was that known all round," writes Villars, "than behold my madmen rushing up from burghs and castles in the neighborhood, not to surrender but to chant with the rest. The gates were closed; they leap the walls and force the guards. It is published abroad that I have indefinitely granted free exercise of the religion." The bishops let the marshal be. "Stuff we our ears," said the bishop of Narbonne, "and make we an end." The Camisards refused to listen to Cavalier. "Thou'rt mad," said Roland, "thou hast betrayed thy brethren; thou shouldst die of shame. Go tell the marshal that I am resolved to remain sword in hand until the entire and complete restoration of the Edict of Nantes!" The Cévenols thought themselves certain of aid from England; only a handful followed Cavalier, who remained faithful to his engagements; he was ordered with his troops to Elsass; he slipped away from his watchers and threw himself into Switzerland. At the head of a regiment of refugees he served successively the duke of Savoy, the States-general and England; he died at Chelsea in 1740, the only one amongst the Camisards to leave a name in the world.

The insurrection still went on in Languedoc under the orders of Roland, who was more fanatical and more disinterested than Cavalier: he was betrayed and surrounded in the castle of Castelnau on the 16th of August, 1704. Roland just had

time to leap out of bed and mount his horse; he was taking to flight with his men by a back door when a detachment of dragoons came up with him; the Camisard chief put his back against an old olive and sold his life dearly. When he fell, his lieutenants let themselves be taken "like lambs" beside his corpse. "They were destined to serve as examples," writes Villars, "but the manner in which they met death was more calculated to confirm their religious spirit in these wrong-heads than to destroy it. Lieutenant Maillé was a fine young man of wits above the common. He heard his sentence with a smile, passed through the town of Nîmes with the same air, begging the priest not to plague him; the blows dealt him did not alter this air in the least and did not elicit a single exclamation. His arms broken, he still had strength to make signs to the priest to be off, and, as long as he could speak, he encouraged the others. That made me think that the quickest death is always best with these fellows and that their sentence should above all things bear reference to their obstinacy in revolt rather than in religion." Villars did not carry executions to excess, even in the case of the most stubborn; little by little the chiefs were killed off in petty engagements or died in obscurity of their wounds; provisions were becoming scarce; the country was wasted; submission became more frequent every day. The principals all demanded leave to quit France. "There are left none but a few brigands in the Upper Cévennes," says Villars. Some partial risings alone recalled, up to 1709, the fact that the old leaven still existed; the war of the Camisards was over. It was the sole attempt in history on the part of French Protestantism since Richelieu, a strange and dangerous effort made by an ignorant and savage people, roused to enthusiasm by persecution, believing itself called upon by the spirit of God to win, sword in hand, the freedom of its creed under the leadership of two shepherd-soldiers and prophets. Only the Scottish Cameronians have presented the same mixture of warlike ardor and pious enthusiasm, more gloomy and fierce with the men of the North, more poetical and prophetic with the Cévénols, flowing in Scotland as in Languedoc from religious oppression and from constant reading of the Holy Scriptures. The silence of death succeeded everywhere in France to the complaints of the reformers and to the crash of arms; Louis XIV. might well suppose that Protestantism in his dominions was dead.

It was a little before the time when the last of the Camisards,

Abraham Mazel and Claris, perished near Uzès (in 1710), that the king struck the last blow at Jansenism by destroying its earliest nest and its last refuge, the house of the nuns of Port-Royal des Champs. With truces and intervals of apparent repose, the struggle had lasted more than sixty years between the Jesuits and Jansenism. M. de St. Cyran, who left the Bastille a few months after the death of Richelieu, had dedicated the last days of his life to writing against Protestantism, being so much the more scared by the heresy in that, perhaps, he felt himself attracted thereto by a secret affinity. He was already dying when there appeared the book *Fréquente Communion*, by M. Arnauld, youngest son and twentieth child of that illustrious family of Arnaulds in whom Jansenism seemed to be personified. The author was immediately accused at Rome and buried himself for twenty years in retirement. M. de St. Cyran was still working, dictating Christian thoughts and points touching death. *Stantem mori oportet* (*One should die in harness*), he would say. On the 3rd of Oct., 1643, he succumbed suddenly, in the arms of his friends. "I cast my eyes upon the body which was still in the same posture in which death had left it," writes Lancelot, "and I thought it so full of majesty and of mien so dignified that I could not tire of admiring it, and I fancied that he would still have been capable, in the state in which he was, of striking with awe the most passionate of his foes, had they seen him." It was the most cruel blow that could have fallen upon the pious nuns of Port-Royal. "*Dominus in cælo!* (*Lord in Heaven!*)" was all that was said by Mother Angelica Arnauld, who, like M. de St. Cyran himself, centred all her thoughts and all her affections upon eternity.

With his dying breath M. de St. Cyran had said to M. Guérin, physician to the college of Jesuits: "Sir, tell your Fathers, when I am dead, not to triumph, and that I leave behind me a dozen stronger than I." With all his penetration the director of consciences was mistaken: none of those he left behind him would have done his work; he had inspired with the same ardor and the same constancy the strong and the weak, the violent and the pacific; he had breathed his mighty faith into the most diverse souls, fired with the same zeal penitents and nuns, men rescued from the scorching furnace of life in the world and women brought up from infancy in the shade of the cloister. M. Arnauld was a great theologian, an indefatigable controversialist, the oracle and guide of his

friends in their struggle against the Jesuits; M. de Sacy and M. Singlin were wise and able directors, as austere as M. de St. Cyran in their requirements, less domineering and less rough than he; but M. de St. Cyran alone was and could be the head of Jansenism; he alone could have inspired that idea of immolation of the whole being to the sovereign will of God, as to the truth which resides in Him alone. Once assured of this point, M. de St. Cyran became immovable. Mother Angelica pressed him to appear before the archbishop's council, which was to pronounce upon his book *Théologie familière*. "It is always good to humble one's self," she said. "As for you," he replied, "who are in that disposition and would not in any respect compromise the honor of the truth, you could do it; but as for me, I should break down before the eyes of God if I consented thereto; the weak are more to be feared sometimes than the wicked."

Mother Angelica Arnauld, to whom these lines were addressed, was the most perfect image and the most accomplished disciple of M. de St. Cyran. More gentle and more human than he, she was quite as strong and quite as zealous. "It is necessary to be dead to everything, and after that to await everything;" such was the motto of her inward life and of the constant effort made by this impassioned soul, susceptible of all tender affections, to detach herself violently and irrevocably from earth. The instinct of command, loftiness and breadth of views find their place with the holy priest and with the nun; the mind of M. de St. Cyran was less practical and his judgment, less simple than that of the abbess, habituated as she had been from childhood to govern the lives of her nuns as their conscience. A reformer of more than one convent since the day when she had closed the gates of Port-Royal against her father, M. Arnauld, in order to restore the strictness of the cloister, Mother Angelica carried rule along with her, for she carried within herself the government, rigid no doubt, for it was life in a convent, but characterized by generous largeness of heart, which caused the yoke to be easily borne. "To be perfect, there is no need to do singular things," she would often repeat, after St. Francis de Sales: "what is needed is to do common things singularly well!" She carried the same zeal from convent to convent, from Port-Royal des Champs to Port-Royal de Paris; from Maubuisson, whither her superiors sent her to establish a reformation, to St. Sacrement, to establish union between the two orders; ever devoted to

religion, without having chosen her vocation; attracting around her all that were hers; her mother, a wife at twelve years of age, and astonished to find herself obeying after having commanded her twenty children for fifty years; five of her sisters; nieces and cousins; and in "the Desert," beside Port-Royal des Champs, her brothers, her nephews, her friends, steeped like herself in penitence. Before her, St. Bernard had "dispeopled the world" of those whom he loved, by an error common to zealous souls and exclusive spirits, solely occupied with thoughts of salvation. Even in solitude Mother Angelica had not found rest. "I am not fit to live on earth," she would say: "I know not why I am still there; I can no longer bear either myself or others, there is none that seeketh after God." She was piously unjust towards her age and still more towards her friends; it was the honorable distinction of M. de St. Cyran and his disciples that they did seek after God and holiness, at every cost and every risk.

Mother Angelica was nearing the repose of eternity, the only repose admitted by her brother M. Arnauld, when the storm of persecution burst upon the monastery. The *Augustinus* of Jansenius, bishop of Ypres, a friend of M. de St. Cyran's, had just been condemned at Rome. Five propositions concerning grace were pronounced heretical. "The pope has a right to condemn them," said the Jansenists, "if they are to be found in the *Augustinus*, but, *in fact*, they are not to be found there." The dispute waxed hot; M. Arnauld threw himself into it passionately. He, in his turn, was condemned by the Sorbonne. "This is the very day," he wrote to his sister, Mother Angelica, "when I am to be wiped out from the number of the doctors; I hope of God's goodness that He will not on that account wipe me out from the number of His servants. That is the only title I desire to preserve." M. Arnauld's friends pressed him to protest against this condemnation. "Would you let yourself be crushed like a child?" they said. He wrote in the theologian's vein lengthily and bitterly; his friends listened in silence. Arnauld understood them: "I see quite well that you do not consider this document a good one for its purpose," said he, "and I think you are right; but you who are young," and he turned towards Pascal, who had a short time since retired to Port-Royal, "you ought to do something." This was the origin of the *Lettres Provinciales*. For the first time Pascal wrote something other than a treatise on physics. He revealed himself all at once

and entirely. The recluses of Port-Royal were obliged to close their schools; they had to disperse. Arnauld concealed himself with his friend Nicole. "I am having search made everywhere for M. Arnauld," said Louis XIV. to Boileau, who was supposed to be much attached to the Jansenists; "Your Majesty always was lucky," replied Boileau: "you will not find him."

The nuns' turn had come; orders were given to send away the pensioners (pupils); Mother Angelica set out for the house at Paris, "where was the battle-ground" [*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Port-Royal*, t. ii. p. 127]. As she was leaving the house in the fields, which was so dear to her, she met in the court-yard M. d'Andilly, her brother, who was waiting to say good-bye to her. When he came up to her she said to him, "Good-bye, my dear brother; be of good courage, whatever happens." "Fear nothing, my dear sister, I am perfectly so." But she replied, "Brother, brother, let us be humble. Let us remember that humility without fortitude is cowardice; but that fortitude without humility is presumption." "When she arrived at the convent in Paris she found us for the most part very sad," writes her niece, Mother Angelica de St. Jean, "and some were in tears. She, looking at us with an open and confident countenance, said, 'Why, I believe there is weeping here! Come, my children, what is all this? Have you no faith? And at what are you dismayed? What if men do rage? Eh? Are you afraid of that? They are but flies. You hope in God, and yet fear anything! Fear but Him, and, trust me, all will be well;' and to Madame de Chevreuse, who came to fetch her daughters, 'Madame, when there is no God I shall lose courage; but, so long as God is God, I shall hope in Him.'" She succumbed, however, beneath the burden; and the terror she had always felt of death aggravated her sufferings. "Believe me, my children," she would say to the nuns; "believe what I tell you. People do not know what death is and do not think about it. As for me I have apprehended it all my life, and have always been thinking about it. But all I have imagined is less than nothing in comparison with what it is, with what I feel, and with what I comprehend at this moment. It would need but such thought to detach us from everything." M. Singlin, being obliged to conceal himself, came secretly to see her; she would not have her nephew, M. de Sacy, run the same risk. "I shall never see him more," she said: "it is God's will, I do not vex myself about it. My nephew without God could

be of no use to me, and God without my nephew will be all in all to me." The grand-vicar of the archbishop of Paris went to Port-Royal to make sure that the pensioners had gone. He sat down beside Mother Angelica's bed. "So you are ill, mother," said he: "pray, what is your complaint?" "I am dropsical, sir," she replied. "Jesus! my dear mother, you say that as if it were nothing at all. Does not such a complaint dismay you?" "No, sir," she replied: "I am incomparably more dismayed at what I see happening in our house. For, indeed, I came hither to die here, but I did not come to see all that I now see, and I had no reason to expect the kind of treatment we are having. Sir, sir, this is man's day: God's day will come, who will reveal many things and avenge everything." She died on the 6th of August, 1661, murmuring over and over again: "Good-bye; good-bye!" And, when she was asked why she said that, she replied simply, "Because I am going away, my children." She had given instructions to bury her in the *préau*. (court-yard), and not to have any *nonsense* (*badineries*) after her death. "I am your Jonas," she said to the nuns: "when I am thrown into the whale's belly the tempest will cease." She was mistaken; the tempest was scarcely beginning.

Cardinal de Retz was still titular archbishop of Paris, and rather favorable to Jansenism. It was, therefore, the grand-vicars who prepared the exhortation to the faithful calling upon them to accept the papal decision touching Jansen's book. There was drawn up a formula or *formulary* of adhesion, "turned with some skill," says Madame Périer in her biography of Jacqueline Pascal, and in such a way that subscription did not bind the conscience, as theologians most scrupulous about the truth affirmed; the nuns of Port-Royal, however, refused to subscribe. "What hinders us," said a letter to Mother Angelica de St. Jean from Jacqueline Pascal, Sister St. Euphemia in religion, "what hinders all the ecclesiastics who recognize the truth, to reply, when the formulary is presented to them to subscribe: 'I know the respect I owe the bishops, but my conscience does not permit me to subscribe that a thing is in a book in which I have not seen it,' and after that wait for what will happen? What have we to fear? Banishment and dispersion for the nuns, seizure of temporalities, imprisonment and death, if you will; but is not that our glory, and should it not be our joy? Let us renounce the Gospel or follow the maxims of the Gospel, and deem ourselves happy to

suffer somewhat for righteousness' sake. I know that it is not for daughters to defend the truth, though one might say, unfortunately, that since the bishops have the courage of daughters, the daughters must have the courage of bishops; but, if it is not for us to defend the truth, it is for us to die for the truth and suffer everything rather than abandon it."

Jacqueline subscribed, divided between her instinctive repugnance and her desire to show herself a "humble daughter of the Catholic Church." "It is all we can concede," she said: "for the rest, come what may, poverty, dispersion, imprisonment, death, all this seems to me nothing in comparison with the anguish in which I should pass the remainder of my life if I had been wretch enough to make a covenant with death on so excellent an occasion of paying to God the vows of fidelity which our lips have pronounced." "Her health was so shaken by the shock which all this business caused her," writes Madame Périer, "that she fell dangerously ill and died soon after." "Think not, I beg of you, my father, she wrote to M. Arnauld, "firm as I may appear, that nature does not greatly apprehend all the consequences of this, but I hope that grace will sustain me, and it seems to me as if I feel it." "The king does all he wills," Madame de Guéméné had said to M. Le Tellier, whom she was trying to soften towards Port-Royal; "he makes princes of the blood, he makes archbishops and bishops, and he will make martyrs likewise." Jacqueline Pascal was "the first victim" of the formulary.

She was not the only one. "It will not stop there," said the king, to whom it was announced that the daughters of Port-Royal consented to sign the formulary on condition only of giving an explanation of their conduct. Cardinal de Retz had at last sent in his resignation. M. du Marca, archbishop designate in succession to him, died three days after receiving the bulls from Rome; Hardouin de Péréfix had just been nominated in his place. He repaired to Port-Royal. The days of grace were over, the nuns remained indomitable. "What is the use of all your prayers?" said he to Sister Christine Brisquet: "what ground for God to listen to you? You go to Him and say: 'My God, give me Thy spirit and Thy grace; but, my God, I do not mean to subscribe; I will take good care not to do that for all that may be said.' After that, what ground for God to hearken to you?" He forbade the nuns the sacraments. "They are pure as angels and proud as demons," repeated the archbishop angrily as he left the convent. On

the 25th of August he returned to Port-Royal, accompanied by a numerous escort of ecclesiastics and exons. "When I say a thing, so it must be," he said as he entered; "I will not eat my words." He picked out twelve nuns, who were immediately taken away and dispersed in different monasteries. M. d'Andilly was at the gate, receiving in his carriage his sister, Mother Agnes, aged and infirm, and his three daughters doomed to exile. "I had borne up all day without weeping and without inclination thereto," writes Mother Angelica de St. Jean on arrival at the *Annonciades bleues*; "but when night came and, after finishing all my prayers, I thought to lay me down and take some rest, I felt myself all in a moment bruised and lacerated in every part by the separations I had just gone through; I then found sensibly that, to escape weakness in the hour of deep affliction, there must be no dropping of the eyes that have been lifted to the mountains." Ten months later the exiled nuns returned, without having subscribed, to Port-Royal des Champs, a little before the moment when M. de Saci, who had become their secret director since the death of M. Singlin, was arrested together with his secretary, Fontaine, at six in the morning, in front of the Bastille. "As he had for two years past been expecting imprisonment, he had got the epistles of St. Paul bound up together so as to always carry them about with him. 'Let them do with me what they please,' he was wont to say; 'wherever they put me, provided that I have my St. Paul with me, I fear nothing.'" On the 13th of May, 1666, the day of his arrest, M. de Saci had for once happened to forget his book. He was put into the Bastille, after an examination "which revealed a man of much wit and worth," said the king himself. Fontaine remained separated from him for three months. "Liberty, for me, is to be with M. de Saci," said the faithful secretary; "open the door of his room and that of the Bastille and you will see to which of the two I shall run. Without him everything will be prison to me; I shall be free wherever I see him." At last he had the joy of recovering his well-beloved master, strictly watched and still deprived of the sacraments. Like Luther at Wartburg, he was finishing the revisal of his translation of the Bible, when his cousins, MM. de Pomponne and Arnauld, entered his room on the 31st of October, 1668. They chatted a while without any appearance of impatience on the part of M. de Saci. "You are free," said his friends at last, who had wanted to prove him, "and they showed him the king's order,

which he read," says Abbé Arnauld, "without any change of countenance and as little affected by joy as he had been a moment before by the longinquity of his release."

He lived fifteen years longer, occupied during the interval of rest which the *Peace of the Church* restored to Port-Royal in directing and fortifying souls. He published one after another the volumes of his translation of the Bible with *expositions* (*éclaircissements*) which had been required by the examiners. In 1679, the renewal of the king's severities compelled him to retire completely to Pomponne. On the 3rd of January, 1684, at seventy-one years of age, he felt ill and went to bed; he died next day without being taken by surprise, as regarded either his affairs or his soul, by so speedy an end. "O blessed flames of purgatory!" he said as he breathed his last. He had requested to be buried at Port-Royal des Champs; he was borne thither at night; the cold was intense; and the roads were covered with snow; the carriages were escorted by men carrying torches. The nuns looked a moment upon the face of the saintly director whom they had not seen for so many years; and then he was lowered into his grave. "Needs hide in earth what is but earth," said Mother Angelica de St. Jean in deep accents and a lowly voice, "and return to nothingness what in itself is but nothing." She was, nevertheless, heart-broken, and tarried only for this pious duty to pass away in her turn. "It is time to give up my veil to him from whom I received it," said she. A fortnight after the death of M. de Saci, she expired at Port-Royal, just preceding to the tomb her brother M. de Luzancy, who breathed his last at Pomponne, where he had lived with M. de Saci. "I confess," said the inconsolable Fontaine, "that when I saw this brother and sister stricken with death by that of M. de Saci, I blushed, I who thought I had always loved him, not to follow him like them, and I became consequently exasperated with myself for loving so little in comparison with those persons whose love had been strong as death." The human heart avenges itself for the tortures men pretentiously inflict upon it: the disciples of St. Cyran thought to stifle in their souls all earthly affections, and they died of grief on losing those they loved. "Their life ebbed away in those depths of tears," as M. Vinet has said.

The great Port-Royal was dead with M. de Saci and Mother Angelica de St. Jean, faithful and modest imitators of their illustrious predecessors. The austere virtue and the pious

severance from the world existed still in the house in the Fields under the direction of Duguet; the persecution too continued, persistent and noiseless; the king had given the direction of his conscience to the Jesuits; from Father La Chaise, moderate and prudent, he had passed to Father Le Tellier, violent and perfidious; furthermore, the long persistence of the Jansenists in their obstinacy, their freedom of thought which infringed the unity so dear to Louis XIV., displeased the monarch, absolute even in his hour of humiliation and defeat. The property of Port-Royal was seized, and Cardinal de Noailles, well disposed at bottom towards the Jansenists, but so feeble in character that determination disgusted him as if it were a personal insult, ended by once more forbidding the nuns the sacraments; the house in the Fields was suppressed and its title merged in that of Port-Royal in Paris, for some time past replenished with submissive nuns. Madame de Château-Renaud, the new abbess, went to take possession; the daughters of Mother Angelica protested, but without violence, as she would have done in their place; "On the 29th of October, 1709, after prime, Father Letellier having told the king that Madame de Château-Renaud dared not to go to Port-Royal des Champs, being convinced that those headstrong, disobedient and rebellious daughters would laugh at the king's decree, and that, unless his Majesty would be pleased to give precise orders to disperse them, it would never be possible to carry it out, the king, being pressed in this way, sent his orders to M. d'Argenson, lieutenant of police." He appeared at Port-Royal with a commissary and two exons. He asked for the prioress; she was at church; when service was over, he summoned all the nuns; one, old and very paralytic, was missing. "Let her be brought," said M. d'Argenson. "His Majesty's orders are," he continued, "that you break up this assemblage, never to meet again. It is your general dispersal that I announce to you; you are allowed but three hours to break up." "We are ready to obey, sir," said the mother-prioress; "half-an-hour is more than sufficient for us to say our last good-bye, and take with us a breviary, a Bible and our regulations." And when he asked her whither she meant to go: "Sir, the moment our community is broken up and dispersed, it is indifferent to me in what place I may be personally, since I hope to find God wherever I shall be." They got into carriages, receiving one after another the farewell and blessing of the mother-prioress who was the last to

depart, remaining firm to the end; there were two and twenty, the youngest fifty years old; they all died in the convents to which they were taken. A seizure was at once made of all papers and books left in the cells; Cardinal Noailles did not interfere. M. de St. Cyran had depicted him by anticipation when he said that the weak were more to be feared than the wicked. He was complaining one day of his differences with his bishops. "What can you expect, Monsignor?" laughingly said a lady well disposed to the Jansenists, "God is just, it is the stones of Port-Royal tumbling upon your head." The tombs were destroyed; some coffins were carried to a distance, others left and profaned; the plough passed over the ruins; the hatred of the enemies of Port-Royal was satiated. A few of the faithful, preserving in their hearts the ardent faith of M. de St. Cyran, narrowed, however, and absorbed by obstinate resistance, a few theologians dying in exile and leaving in Holland a succession of bishops detached from the Roman Church—this was all that remained of one of the noblest attempts ever made by the human soul to rise here below above that which is permitted by human nature. Virtues of the utmost force, Christianity zealously pushed to its extremest limits and the most invincible courage sustained the Jansenists in a conscientious struggle against spiritual oppression; its life died out little by little amongst the dispersed members. The Catholic Church suffered therefrom in its innermost sanctuary. "The catholic religion would only be more neglected if there were no more religionists," said Vauban in his *Mémoire* in favor of the Protestants. It was the same as regarded the Jansenists. The Jesuits and Louis XIV. in their ignorant passion for unity and uniformity, had not comprehended that great principle of healthy freedom and sound justice of which the scientific soldier had a glimmering.

The insurrection of the Camisards in the Cévennes had been entirely of a popular character; the Jansenists had penitents amongst the great of this world, though none properly belonged to them or retired to their convents or their solitudes; it was the great French burgessdom, issue for the most part of the magistracy, which supplied their most fervent associates. Fénelon and Madame Guyon founded their little church at court and amongst the great lords; and many remained faithful to them till death. The spiritual letters of Fénelon, models of wisdom, pious tact, moderation and knowledge of the human heart, are nearly all addressed to persons

engaged in the life and the offices of the court, exposed to all the temptations of the world. It is no longer the desert of the penitents of Port Royal, or the strict cloister of Mother Angelica; Fénelon is for only inward restrictions and an abstinence purely spiritual; from afar and in his retreat at Cambrai, he watches over his faithful flock with a tender preoccupation which does not make him overlook the duties of their position. "Take as penance for your sins," he wrote, "the disagreeable liabilities of the position you are in: the very hindrances which seem injurious to our advancement in piety turn to our profit, provided that we do what depends on ourselves. Fail not in any of your duties towards the court, as regards your office and the proprieties, but be not anxious for posts which awaken ambition." Such are, with their discreet tolerance, the teachings of Fénelon, adapted for the guidance of the dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, and of the duke of Burgundy himself. He went much further and on less safe a road when he was living at court, under the influence of Madame Guyon. A widow and still young, gifted with an ardent spirit and a lofty and subtle mind, Madame Guyon had imagined in her mystical enthusiasm a theory of *pure love*, very analogous fundamentally if not in its practical consequences to the doctrines taught shortly before by a Spanish priest named Molinos, condemned by the court of Rome in 1687. It was about the same time that Madame Guyon went to Paris, with her book on the *Moyen court et facile de faire l'Oraison du Cœur* (*Short and easy Method of making Orison with the Heart*). Prayer, according to this wholly mystical teaching, loses the character of supplication or intercession, to become the simple silence of a soul absorbed in God. "Why are not simple folks so taught?" she said: "Shepherds keeping their flocks would have the spirit of the old anchorites; and laborers, whilst driving the plough, would talk happily with God: all vice would be banished in a little while and the kingdom of God would be realized on earth."

It was a far cry from the sanguinary struggle against sin and the armed Christianity of the Jansenists; the sublime and specious visions of Madame Guyon fascinated lofty and gentle souls: the duchess of Charost, daughter of Fouquet, Mesdames de Beauvilliers, de Chevreuse, de Mortemart, daughters of Colbert, and their pious husbands were the first to be chained to her feet. Fénelon, at that time preceptor to the children of France (royal family), saw her, admired her, and became imbued

with her doctrines. She was for a while admitted to the intimacy of Madame de Maintenon. It was for this little nucleus of faithful friends that she wrote her book of *Torrents*. The human soul is a torrent which returns to its source, in God who lives in perfect repose and who would fain give it to those who are His. The Christian soul has nothing more that is its, neither will nor desire. It has God for soul, He is its principle of life. "In this way, there is nothing extraordinary. No visions, no ecstasies, no entrancements. The way is simple, pure and plain; there the soul sees nothing but in God, as God sees Himself and with His eyes." With less vagueness and quite as mystically, Fénelon defined the sublime love taught by Madame Guyon in the following maxim, afterwards condemned at Rome: "There is an habitual state of love of God which is pure charity without any taint of the motive of self-interest. Neither fear of punishment nor desire of reward have any longer part in this love; God is loved not for the merit or the perfection or the happiness to be found in loving Him." What singular seductiveness in those theories of pure love which were taught at the court of Louis XIV. by his grandchildren's perceptor, at a woman's instigation, and zealously preached fifty years afterwards by President (of New Jersey College) Jonathan Edwards in the cold and austere atmosphere of New England!

Led away by the generous enthusiasm of his soul, Fénelon had not probed the dangers of his new doctrine. The Gospel and Church of Christ, whilst preaching the love of God, had strongly maintained the fact of human individuality and responsibility. The theory of *mere* (pure) love absorbing the soul in God put an end to repentance, effort to withstand evil and the need of a Redeemer. Bossuet was not deceived. The elevation of his mind, combined with strong common-sense, caused him to see through all the veils of the mysticism. Madame Guyon had submitted her books to him; he disapproved of them, at first quietly, then formally, after a thorough examination in conjunction with two other doctors. Madame Guyon retired to a monastery of Meaux; she soon returned to Paris, and her believers rallied round her. Bossuet, in his anger, no longer held his hand. Madame Guyon was shut up first at Vincennes, and then in the Bastille; she remained seven years in prison, and ended by retiring to near Blois, where she died in 1717, still absorbed in her holy and vague reveries praying no more, inasmuch as she possessed God, "a

submissive daughter, however, of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, having and desiring to admit no other opinions but its," as she says in her will. Bourdaloue calls mere (pure) love "a bare faith which has for its object no verity of the Gospel's, no mystery of Jesus Christ's, no attribute of God's, nothing whatever, unless it be, in a word, God." In presence of death, on the approach of the awful realities of eternity, Madame Guyon no doubt felt the want of a more simple faith in the mighty and living God. Fénelon had not waited so long to surrender.

The instinct of the pious and vigorous souls of the seventeenth century had not allowed them to go astray: there was little talk of pantheism, which had spread considerably in the sixteenth century; but there had been a presentiment of the dangers lurking behind the doctrines of Madame Guyon. Bossuet, that great and noble type of the finest period of the Catholic Church in France, made the mistake of pushing his victory too far. Fénelon, a young priest when the great bishop of Meaux was already in his zenith, had preserved towards him a profound affection and a deep respect: "We are, by anticipation, agreed, however you may decide," he wrote to him on the 28th of July, 1694: "it will be no specious submission, but a sincere conviction. Though that which I suppose myself to have read should appear to me clearer than that two and two make four, I should consider it still less clear than my obligation to mistrust all my lights, and to prefer before them those of a bishop such as you. You have only to give me my lesson in writing; provided that you wrote me precisely what is the doctrine of the Church and what are the articles in which I have slipped, I would tie myself down inviolably to that rule." Bossuet required more; he wanted Fénelon, recently promoted to the archbishopric of Cambrai, to approve of the book he was preparing on *États d'Oraison* (*States of Orison*), and explicitly to condemn the works of Madame Guyon. Fénelon refused with generous indignation: "So it is to secure my own reputation," he writes to Madame de Maintenon in 1696, "that I am wanted to subscribe that a lady, my friend, would plainly deserve to be burned with all her writings for an execrable form of spirituality, which is the only bond of our friendship? I tell you, madame, I would burn my friend with my own hands, and I would burn myself joyfully rather than let the Church be imperilled. But here is a poor captive woman, overwhelmed with sorrows; there is none to defend her, none to excuse her;

they are always afraid to do so. I maintain that this stroke of the pen, given by me against my conscience, from a cowardly policy, would render me forever infamous and unworthy of my ministry and my position." Fénelon no longer submitted his reason and his conduct, then, to the judgment of Bossuet; he recognized in him an adversary, but he still spoke of him with profound veneration. "Fear not," he writes to Madame de Maintenon, "that I should gainsay M. de Meaux; I shall never speak of him but as of my master and of his propositions but as the rule of faith." Fénelon was at Cambrai, being regular in the residence which removed him for nine months in the year from the court and the children of France, when there appeared his *Explication des maximes des saints sur la Vie Intérieure* (*Exposition of the Maxims of the Saints touching the Inner Life*), almost at the same moment as Bossuet's *Instruction sur les États d'Oraison* (*Lessons on States of Orison*). Fénelon's book appeared as dangerous as those of Madame Guyon; he himself submitted it to the pope, and was getting ready to repair to Rome to defend his cause, when the king wrote to him: "I do not think proper to allow you to go to Rome; you must on the contrary repair to your diocese, whence I forbid you to go away; you can send to Rome your pleas in justification of your book."

Fénelon departed to an exile which was to last as long as his life; on his departure, he wrote to Madame de Maintenon: "I shall depart hence, madame, to-morrow, Friday, in obedience to the king. My greatest sorrow is to have wearied him and to displease him. I shall not cease all the days of my life to pray God to pour his graces upon him. I consent to be crushed more and more. The only thing I ask of his Majesty is that the diocese of Cambrai, which is guiltless, may not suffer for the errors imputed to me. I ask protection only for the sake of the Church, and even that protection I limit to not being disturbed in those few good works which my present position permits me to do in order to fulfil a pastor's duties. It remains for me, madame, only to ask your pardon for all the trouble I have caused you. I shall all my life be as deeply sensible of your former kindnesses as if I had not forfeited them, and my respectful attachment to yourself, madame, will never diminish."

Fénelon made no mistake in addressing to Madame de Maintenon his farewell and his regrets; she had acted against him

with the uneasiness of a person led away for a moment by an irresistible attraction and returning, quite affrighted, to rule and the beaten paths. The mere love theory had no power to fascinate her for long. The archbishop of Cambrai did not drop out of that pleasant dignity. The pious councillors of the king were working against him at Rome, bringing all the influence of France to weigh upon Innocent XII. Fénelon had taken no part in the declarations of the Gallican Church, in 1682, which had been drawn up by Bossuet; the court of Rome was inclined towards him; the strife became bitter and personal; pamphlets succeeded pamphlets, letters letters; Bossuet published a *Relation du Quietisme* (an Account of Quietism) and remarks upon the reply of M. de Cambrai. "I write this for the people," he said, "in order that, the character of M. de Cambrai being known, his eloquence may, with God's permission, no more impose upon anybody." Fénelon replied with a vigor, a fulness and a moderation which brought men's minds over to him. "You do more for me by the excess of your accusations," said he to Bossuet, "than I could do myself. But what a melancholy consolation when we look at the scandal which troubles the house of God and which causes so many heretics and libertines (free-thinkers) to triumph! Whatever end may be put by a holy pontiff to this matter, I await it with impatience, having no wish but to obey, no fear but to be in the wrong, no object but peace. I hope that it will be seen from my silence, my unreserved submission, my constant horror of illusion, my isolation from any book and any person of a suspicious sort, that the evil you would fain have caused to be apprehended is as chimerical as the scandal has been real, and that violent measures taken against imaginary evils turn to poison."

Fénelon was condemned on the 12th of March, 1699; the sentence of Rome was mild and hinted no suspicion of heresy; it had been wrested from the pope by the urgency of Louis XIV. "It would be painful to his Majesty," wrote the bishop of Meaux in the king's name, "to see a new schism growing up amongst his subjects at the very time that he is applying himself with all his might to the task of extirpating that of Calvin, and if he saw the prolongation, by manœuvres which are incomprehensible, of a matter which appeared to be at an end. He will know what he has to do and will take suitable resolutions, still hoping, nevertheless, that his Holiness will not be

pleased to reduce him to such disagreeable extremities." When the threat reached Rome Innocent XII. had already yielded.

Fénelon submitted to the pope's decision, completely and unreservedly. "God gives me grace to be at peace amidst bitterness and sorrow," he wrote to the Duke of Beauvilliers on the 29th of March, 1699: "amongst so many troubles I have one consolation little fitted to be known in the world, but solid enough for those who seek God in good faith, and that is, that my conduct is quite decided upon and that I have no longer to deliberate. It only remains for me to submit and hold my peace; that is what I have always desired. I have now but to choose the terms of my submission; the shortest, the simplest, the most absolute, the most devoid of any restriction, are those that I rather prefer. My conscience is disburdened in that of my superior: in all this, far from having an eye to my advantage, I have no eye to any man, I see but God, and I am content with what He does."

Bossuet had triumphed: his vaster mind, his more sagacious insight, his stronger judgment had unravelled the dangerous errors in which Fénelon had allowed himself to be entangled; the archbishop of Cambrai, however, had grown in the estimation of good men on account of his moderation, his gentle and high-spirited independence during the struggle, his submission, full of dignity, after the papal decision. The mind of Bossuet was the greater; the spirit of Fénelon was the nobler and more deeply pious. "I cannot consent to have my book defended even indirectly," he wrote to one of his friends on the 21st of July, 1699: "in God's name, speak not of me but to God only, and leave men to think as they please; as for me I have no object but silence and peace after my unreserved submission."

Fénelon was not detached from the world and his hopes to quite such an extent as he would have had it appear. He had educated the duke of Burgundy, who remained passionately attached to him, and might hope for a return of prosperity. He remained in the silence and retirement of his diocese, with the character of an able and saintly bishop, keeping open house, grandly and simply, careful of the welfare of the soldiery who passed through Cambrai, adored by his clergy and the people. "Never a word about the court, or about public affairs of any sort that could be found fault with, or any that smacked the least in the world of baseness, regret or flattery," writes St. Simon; "never anything that could give a

bare hint of what he had been or might be again. He was a tall, thin man, well made, pale, with a large nose, eyes from which fire and intellect streamed like a torrent, and a physiognomy such that I have never seen any like it, and there was no forgetting it when it had been seen but once. It combined everything, and there was no conflict of opposites in it. There was gravity and gallantry, the serious and the gay; it savored equally of the learned doctor, the bishop and the great lord; that which appeared on its surface, as well as in his whole person, was refinement, intellect, grace, propriety and, above all, nobility. It required an effort to cease looking at him. His manners corresponded therewith in the same proportion, with an ease which communicated it to others; with all this, a man who never desired to show more wits than they with whom he conversed, who put himself within everybody's range without ever letting it be perceived, in such wise that nobody could drop him, or fight shy of him, or not want to see him again. It was this rare talent, which he possessed to the highest degree, that kept his friends so completely attached to him all his life, in spite of his downfall, and that, in their dispersion, brought them together to speak of him, to sorrow after him, to yearn for him, to bind themselves more and more to him, as the Jews to Jerusalem, and to sigh after his return and hope continually for it, just as that unfortunate people still expects and sighs after the Messiah."

Those faithful friends were dropping one after another: the death of the duke of Burgundy and the duke of Chevreuse, in 1712, and that of the duke of Beauvilliers, in 1714, were a fatal blow to the affections as well as to the ambitious hopes of Fénelon. Of delicate health, worn out by the manifold duties of the episcopate, inwardly wearied by long and vain expectation, he succumbed on the 7th of January, 1715, at the moment when the attraction shown by the duke of Orleans towards him and "the king's declining state" were once more renewing his chances of power; "he was already consulted in private and courted again in public," says St. Simon, "because the inclination of the rising sun had already shown through." He died, however, without letting any sign of yearning for life appear, "regardless of all that he was leaving and occupied solely with that which he was going to meet, with a tranquillity, a peace, which excluded nothing but disquietude and which included penitence, despoilment and a unique care for the spiritual affairs of his diocese." The Christian soul was de-

taching itself from the world to go before God with sweet and simple confidence. "O how great is God: how all in all! How as nothing are we when we are so near Him, and when the veil which conceals Him from us is about to lift!" [Œuvres de Fénelon, *Lettres Spirituelles*, xxv. 128.]

So many fires smouldering in the hearts, so many different struggles going on in the souls that sought to manifest their personal and independent life have often caused forgetfulness of the great mass of the faithful who were neither Jansenists nor Quietists. Bossuet was the real head and the pride of the great catholic Church of France in the seventeenth century; what he approved of was approved of by the immense majority of the French clergy, what he condemned was condemned by them. Moderate and prudent in conduct as well as in his opinions, pious without being fervent, holding discreetly aloof from all excesses, he was a Gallican without fear and without estrangement as regarded the papal power to which he steadfastly paid homage. It was with pain and not without having sought to escape therefrom that he found himself obliged, at the assembly of the clergy in 1682, to draw up the solemn declarations of the Gallican Church. The meeting of the clergy had been called forth by the eternal discussions of the civil power with the court of Rome on the question of the rights of *régale*, that is to say, the rights of the sovereign to receive the revenues of vacant bishoprics and to appoint to benefices belonging to them. The French bishops were of independent spirit; the archbishop of Paris, Francis de Harlay, was on bad terms with Pope Innocent XI.; Bossuet managed to moderate the discussions and kept within suitable bounds the declaration which he could not avoid. He had always taught and maintained what was proclaimed by the assembly of the clergy of France, "that St. Peter and his successors, vicars of Jesus Christ, and the whole Church itself received from God authority over only spiritual matters and such as appertain to salvation, and not over temporal and civil matters, in such sort that kings and sovereigns are not subject to any ecclesiastical power, by order of God, in temporal matters, and cannot be deposed directly or indirectly by authority of the keys of the Church; finally that, though the pope has the principal part in questions of faith, and though his decrees concern all the churches and each church severally, his judgment is, nevertheless, not irrefragable, unless the consent of the Church intervene." Old doctrines in the Church of

France, but never before so solemnly declared and made incumbent upon the teaching of all the faculties of theology in the kingdom.

Constantly occupied in the dogmatic struggle against Protestantism, Bossuet had imported into it a moderation in form which, however, did not keep out injustice. Without any inclination towards persecution, he, with almost unanimity on the part of the bishops of France, approved of the king's piety in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. "Take up your sacred pens," says he in his funeral oration over Michael Le Tellier, "ye who compose the annals of the Church; haste ye to place Louis amongst the peers of Constantine and Theodosius. Our fathers saw not as we have seen an inveterate heresy falling at a single blow, scattered flocks returning in a mass and our churches too narrow to receive them, their false shepherds leaving them without even awaiting the order and happy to have their banishment to allege as excuse; all tranquillity amidst so great a movement; the universe astounded to see in so novel an event the most certain sign as well as the most noble use of authority, and the prince's merit more recognized and more revered than even his authority. Moved by so many marvels, say ye to this new Constantine, this new Theodosius, this new Marcian, this new Charlemagne, what the six hundred and thirty Fathers said aforetime in the council of Chalcedon: you have confirmed the faith; you have exterminated the heretics; that is the worthy achievement of your reign, that is its own characteristic. Through you heresy is no more. God alone could have wrought this marvel. King of heaven, preserve the king of earth; that is the prayer of the churches, that is the prayer of the bishops." Bossuet, like Louis XIV., believed Protestantism to be destroyed; "Heresy is no more," he said: it was the same feeling that prompted Louis XIV., when dying, to the edict of March 8, 1715. "We learn," said he, "that, abjurations being frequently made in provinces distant from those in which our newly converted subjects die, our judges to whom those who die *relapsed* are denounced find a difficulty in condemning them, for want of proof of their abjuration. The stay which those who were of the religion styled reformed have made in our kingdom since we abolished therein all exercise of the said religion is a more than sufficient proof that they have embraced the catholic religion, without which they would have been neither suffered nor tolerated." There did not exist, there could not exist, any

more Protestants in France; all who died without sacraments were *relapsed* and as such dragged on the hurdle. Those who were not married at a catholic church were not married. M. Guizot was born at Nîmes on the 4th of October, 1787, before Protestants possessed any civil rights in France.

Bossuet had died on the 12th of April, 1704. When troubles began again in the Church, the enemies of the Jansenists obtained from the king a decree interdicting the *Réflexions morales sur le Nouveau Testament*, an old and highly esteemed work by Father Quesnel, some time an Oratorian, who had become head of the Jansenists on the death of the great Arnould. Its condemnation at Rome was demanded. Cardinal de Noailles, archbishop of Paris, had but lately, as bishop of Châlons, approved of the book; he refused to retract his approbation; the Jesuits made urgent representations to the pope; Clement XI. launched the bull, *Unigenitus*, condemning a hundred and one propositions extracted from the *Réflexions morales*. Eight prelates, with Cardinal de Noailles at their head, protested against the bull; it was, nevertheless, enregistered at the parliament, but not without difficulty. The archbishop still held out, supported by the greater part of the religious orders and the majority of the doctors of Sorbonne. The king's confessor, Letellier, pressed him to prosecute the cardinal and get him deposed by a national council; the affair dragged its slow length along at Rome; the archbishop had suspended from the sacred functions all the Jesuits of his diocese; the struggle had commenced under the name of Jansenism against the whole Gallican Church; the king was about to bring the matter before his bed of justice, when he fell ill; he saw no more of Cardinal de Noailles, and this rupture vexed him: "I am sorry to leave the affairs of the Church in the state in which they are," he said to his councillors; "I am perfectly ignorant in the matter; you know and I call you to witness that I have done nothing therein but what you wanted and that I have done all you wanted; it is you who will answer before God for all that has been done, whether too much or too little; I charge you with it before Him, and I have a clear conscience; I am but a know-nothing who have left myself to your guidance." An awful appeal from a dying king to the guides of his conscience; he had dispeopled his kingdom, reduced to exile, despair or falsehood fifteen hundred thousand of his subjects, but the memory of the persecutions inflicted upon the Protestants did not trouble him; they were, for him,

rather a pledge of his salvation and of his acceptance before God; he was thinking of the Catholic Church, the holy priests exiled or imprisoned, the nuns driven from their convent, the division among the bishops, the scandal amongst the faithful; the great burden of absolute power was evident to his eyes; he sought to let it fall back upon the shoulders of those who had enticed him or urged him upon that fatal path. A vain attempt in the eyes of men, whatever may be the judgment of God's sovereign mercy; history has left weighing upon Louis XIV. the crushing weight of the religious persecutions ordered under his reign.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LOUIS XIV., LITERATURE AND ART.

It has been said in this history that Louis XIV. had the fortune to find himself at the culminating point of absolute monarchy and to profit by the labors of his predecessors, reaping a portion of their glory; he had likewise the honor of enriching himself with the labors of his contemporaries and attracting to himself a share of their lustre; the honor, be it said, not the fortune, for he managed to remain the centre of intellectual movement as well as of the court, of literature and art as well as affairs of State. Only the abrupt and solitary genius of Pascal or the prankish and ingenuous geniality of La Fontaine held aloof from king and court; Racine and Molière, Bossuet and Fénelon, La Bruyère and Boileau lived frequently in the circle of Louis XIV. and enjoyed in different degrees his favor; M. de la Rochefoucauld and Madame de Sévigné were of the court; Lebrun, Rigaud, Mignard painted for the king; Perrault and Mansard constructed the Louvre and Versailles; the learned of all countries considered it an honor to correspond with the new academies founded in France. Louis XIV. was even less a man of letters or an artist than an administrator or a soldier, but literature and art as well as the superintendents and the generals found in him the *king*. The puissant unity of the reign is everywhere the same. The king and the nation are in harmony.

Pascal, had he been born later, would have remained independent and proud, from the nature of his mind and of his

character as well as from the connection he had full early with Port-Royal, where they did not rear courtiers; he died, however, at thirty-nine, in 1661, the very year in which Louis XIV. began to govern. Born at Clermont in Auvergne, educated at his father's and by his father, though it was not thought desirable to let him study mathematics, he had already discovered by himself the first thirty-two propositions of Euclid, when Cardinal Richelieu, holding on his knee little Jacqueline Pascal and looking at her brother, said to M. Pascal, the two children's father, who had come to thank him for a favor, "Take care of them; I mean to make something great of them." This was the native and powerful instinct of genius divining genius; Richelieu, however, died three years later, without having done anything for the children who had impressed him beyond giving their father a share in the superintendence of Rouen; he thus put them in the way of the great Corneille, who was affectionately kind to Jacqueline, but took no particular notice of Blaise Pascal. The latter was seventeen; he had already written his *Traité des Coniques* (*Treatise on Conics*) and begun to occupy himself with his "arithmetical machine," as his sister, Madame Périer, calls it. At twenty-three he had ceased to apply his mind to human sciences; "when he afterwards discovered the *roulette* (*cycloid*), it was without thinking," says Madame Périer, "and to distract his attention from a severe tooth-ache he had." He was not twenty-four when anxiety for his salvation and for the glory of God had taken complete possession of his soul. It was to the same end that he composed the *Lettres Provinciales*, the first of which was written in six days, and the style of which, clear, lively, precise, far removed from the somewhat solemn gravity of Port-Royal, formed French prose as Malherbe and Boileau formed poetry. This was the impression of his contemporaries, the most hard of them to please in the art of writing. "That is excellent, that will be relished," said the recluses of Port-Royal, in spite of the misgivings of M. Singlin. More than thirty years after Pascal's death, Madame de Sévigné, in 1689, wrote to Madame de Grignan; "Sometimes, to divert ourselves, we read the little Letters (to a provincial). Good heavens, how charming! And how my son reads them! I always think of my daughter, and how that excess of correctness of reasoning would suit her; but your brother says that you consider that it is always the same thing over again. Ah! my goodness, so much the better! Could any one have a more perfect style, a

raillery more refined, more natural, more delicate, worthier offspring of those dialogues of Plato which are so fine? And when, after the first ten letters, he addresses himself to the reverend Jesuit fathers, what earnestness, what solidity, what force! What eloquence! What love for God and for the truth! What a way of maintaining it and making it understood! I am sure that you have never read them but in a hurry, pitching on the pleasant places; but it is not so, when they are read at leisure." Lord Macaulay once said to M. Guizot: "Amongst modern works I know only two perfect ones, to which there is no exception to be taken, and they are Pascal's Provincials and the Letters of Madame de Sévigné.

Boileau was of Lord Macaulay's opinion; at least as regarded Pascal. "Corbinelli wrote to me the other day," says Madame de Sévigné on the 15th of January, 1690: "he gave me an account of a conversation and a dinner at M. de Lamoignon's: the persons were the master and mistress of the house, M. de Troyes, M. de Toulon, Father Bourdaloue, a comrade of his, Despréaux and Corbinelli. The talk was of ancient and modern works. Despréaux supported the ancient with the exception of one single modern which surpassed in his opinion both old and new. Bourdaloue's comrade, who assumed the well-read air and who had fastened on to Despréaux and Corbinelli, asked him what in the world this book could be that was so remarkably clever. Despréaux would not give the name. Corbinelli said to him, 'Sir, I conjure you to tell me, that I may read it all night,' Despréaux answered laughing, 'Ah! sir, you have read it more than once, I am sure.' The Jesuit joins in with a disdainful air and presses Despréaux to name this marvellous writer. 'Do not press me, father,' says Despréaux. The father persists. At last Despréaux takes hold of his arm and squeezing it very hard says: 'You will have it, father; well then, egad! it is Pascal.' 'Pascal,' says the father, all blushes and astonishment; 'Pascal is as beautiful as the false can be.' 'False,' replied Despréaux: 'false! Let me tell you that he is as true as he is inimitable: he has just been translated in three languages.' The father rejoined 'he is none the more true for that.' Despréaux grew warm and shouted like a madman: 'Well! father, will you say that one of yours did not have it printed in one of his books that a Christian was not obliged to love God? Dare you say that that is false?' 'Sir,' said the father in a fury, 'we must distinguish.' 'Distinguish!' cried Despréaux: 'distinguish, egad, distin-

guish! Distinguish whether we are obliged to love God!’ And, taking Corbinelli by the arm, he flew off to the other end of the room, coming back again and rushing about like a lunatic; but he would not go near the father any more, and went off to join the rest of the company. Here endeth the story; the curtain falls.” Literary taste and religious sympathies combined in the case of Boileau to exalt Pascal.

The Provincials could not satisfy for long the pious ardor of Pascal’s soul; he took in hand his great work on the *Vérité de la religion*. He had taken a vigorous part in the discussions of Port-Royal as to subscription of the formulary; his opinion was decidedly in favor of resistance. It was the moment when MM. Arnauld and Nicole had discovered a *restriction*, as it was then called, which allowed of subscribing with a safe conscience. “M. Pascal, who loved truth above all things,” writes his niece Marguerite Périer; “who, moreover, was pulled down by a pain in the head, which never left him; who had exerted himself to make them feel as he himself felt; and who had expressed himself very vigorously in spite of his weakness, was so grief-stricken that he had a fit and lost speech and consciousness. Everybody was alarmed. Exertions were made to bring him round, and then those gentlemen withdrew. When he was quite recovered, Madame Périer asked him what had caused this incident. He answered: ‘When I saw all those persons that I looked upon as being those whom God had made to know the truth and who ought to be its defenders, wavering and falling, I declare to you that I was so overcome with grief that I was unable to support it, and could not help breaking down.’” Blaise Pascal was the worthy brother of Jacqueline; in the former as well as the latter the soul was too ardent and too strong for its covering of body. Nearly all his relatives died young. “I alone am left,” wrote Mdlle. Périer, when she had become, exceptionally, very aged: “I might say like Simon Maccabeus, the last of all his brethren: All my relatives and all my brethren are dead in the service of God and in the love of truth. I alone am left, please God I may never have a thought of backsliding!”

Pascal was unable to finish his work. “God, who had inspired my brother with this design and with all his thoughts,” writes his sister, “did not permit him to bring it to its completion, for reasons to us unknown.” The last years of Pascal’s life, invalid as he had been from the age of eighteen, were one long and continual torture, accepted and supported with an

austere disdain of suffering. Incapable of any application, he gave his attention solely to his salvation and the care of the poor. "I have taken it into my head," says he, "to have in the house a sick pauper, to whom the same service shall be rendered as to myself; particular attention to be paid to him, and, in fact, no difference to be made between him and me, in order that I may have the consolation of knowing that there is one pauper as well treated as myself, in the perplexity I suffer from finding myself in the great affluence of every sort in which I do find myself." The spirit of M. de St. Cyran is there, and also the spirit of the Gospel, which caused Pascal, when he was dying, to say, "I love poverty, because Jesus Christ loved it. I love wealth, because it gives the means of assisting the needy." A genius unique in the extent and variety of his faculties, which were applied with the same splendid results to mathematics and physics, to philosophy and polemics, disdaining all preconceived ideas, going unerringly and straightforwardly to the bottom of things with admirable force and profundity, independent and free even in his voluntary submission to the Christian faith, which he accepts with his eyes open after having weighed it, measured it and sounded it to its uttermost depths, too steadfast and too simple not to bow his head before mysteries, all the while acknowledging his ignorance. "If there were no darkness," says he, "man would not feel his corruption; if there were no light, man would have no hope of remedy. Thus, it is not only quite right but useful for us that God should be concealed in part, and revealed in part, since it is equally dangerous for man to know God without knowing his own misery, and to know his own misery without knowing God." The lights of this great intellect had led him to acquiesce in his own fogs: "One can be quite sure that there is a God, without knowing what He is," says he.

In 1627, four years after Pascal and, like him, in a family of the long robe, was born, at Dijon, his only rival in that great art of writing prose which established the superiority of the French language. At sixteen, Bossuet preached his first sermon in the drawing-room of Madame de Rambouillet, and the great Condé was pleased to attend his theological examinations. He was already famous at court as a preacher and a polemist when the king gave him the title of bishop of Condom, almost immediately inviting him to become preceptor to the Dauphin. A difficult and an irksome task for him who had already written for Turenne an exposition of the catholic faith and had de-

livered the funeral orations over Madame Henriette and the queen of England. "The king has greatly at heart the Dauphin's education," wrote Father Lacoüe to Colbert: "he regards it as one of his grand state-strokes in respect of the future." The Dauphin was not devoid of intelligence. "Monseigneur has plenty of wits," said Councillor Le Goût de Saint-Seine in his private journal, "but his wits are under a bushel." The boy was indolent, with little inclination for work, roughly treated by his governor, the duke of Montausier, who was endowed with more virtue than ability in the superintendence of a prince's education. "Oh!" cried Monseigneur, when official announcement was made to him of the project of marriage which the king was conducting for him with the Princess Christine of Bavaria, "we shall see whether M. Huet (afterwards bishop of Avranches) will want to make me learn ancient geography any more!" Bossuet had better understood what ought to be the aim of a king's education. "Remember, Monseigneur," he constantly repeated to him, "that, destined as you are to reign some day over this great kingdom, you are bound to make it happy." He was in despair at his pupil's inattention. "There is a great deal to endure with a mind so destitute of application," he wrote to Marshal Bellefonds: "there is no perceptible relief and we go on, as St. Paul says, hoping against hope." He had written a little treatise on inattention, *De In-cogitantia*, in the vain hope of thus rousing his pupil to work. "I dread nothing in the world so much," Louis XIV. would say, "as to have a sluggard (*fainéant*) dauphin; I would much prefer to have no son at all!" Bossuet foresaw the innumerable obstacles in the way of his labors. "I perceive, as I think," he wrote to his friends, "in the Dauphin the beginnings of great graces, a simplicity, a straightforwardness, a principle of goodness, an attention, amidst all his flightiness, to the mysteries, a something or other which comes with a flash in the middle of his distractions to call him back to God. You would be charmed if I were to tell you the questions he puts to me and the desire he shows to be a good servant of God. But the world! the world! the world! pleasures, evil counsels, evil examples! Save us, Lord, save us! Thou didst verily preserve the children from the furnace, but Thou didst send Thine angel, and, as for me, alas! what am I? Humility, trepidation, absorption into one's own nothingness!"

It was not for Bossuet that the honor was reserved of succeeding in the difficult task of a royal education. Fénelon en-

countered in the duke of Burgundy a more undisciplined nature, a more violent character and more dangerous tendencies than Bossuet had to fight against in the grand-dauphin; but there was a richer mind and a warmer heart: the preceptor, too, was more proper for the work. Bossuet, nevertheless, labored conscientiously to instruct his little prince, studying for him and with him the classical authors, preparing grammatical expositions, and, lastly, writing for his edification the *Traité de la Connaissance de Dieu et de soimême* (*Treatise on the Knowledge of God and of Self*), the *Discours sur l'histoire universelle* (*Discourse on Universal History*), and the *Politique tirée de l'Écriture sainte* (*Polity derived from Holy Writ*). The labor was in vain; the very loftiness of his genius, the extent and profundity of his views rendered Bossuet unfit to get at the heart and mind of a boy who was timid, idle and kept in fear by the king as well as by his governor. The Dauphin was nineteen when his marriage restored Bossuet to the Church and to the world; the king appointed him almoner to the dauphiness and, before long, Bishop of Meaux.

Neither the assembly of the clergy and the part he played therein, nor his frequent preachings at court diverted Bossuet from his duties as bishop; he habitually resided at Meaux in the midst of his priests. The greater number of his sermons, written at first in fragments, collected from memory in their aggregate, and repeated frequently with divergences in wording and development, were preached in the cathedral of Meaux. The Dauphin sometimes went thither to see him. "Pray, sir," he had said to him in his childhood, "take great care of me whilst I am little; I will of you when I am big." Assured of his righteousness as a priest and his fine tact as a man, the king appealed to Bossuet in the delicate conjunctures of his life. It is related that it was the bishop of Meaux who dissuaded him from making public his marriage with Madame de Maintenon. She, more anxious for power than splendor, did not bear him any ill-will for it; amidst the various leanings of the court, divided as it was between Jansenism and Quietism, it was to the simple teaching of the Catholic Church, represented by Bossuet, that she remained practically attached. Right-minded and strong-minded, but a little cold-hearted, Madame de Maintenon could not suffer herself to be led away by the sublime excesses of the Jansenists or the pious reveries of Madame Guyon; the Jesuits had influence over her, without her being a slave to them; and that influence increased after the

death of Bossuet. The guidance of the bishop of Meaux, in fact, answered the requirements of spirits that were pious and earnest without enthusiasm; less ardent in faith and less absolute in religious practice than M. de St. Cyran and Port Royal, less exacting in his demands than Father Bourdaloue, susceptible now and then of mystic ideas, as is proved by his letters to Sister Cornuau, he did not let himself be won by the vague ecstasies of absolute (pure) love; he had a mind large enough to say, like Mother Angelica Arnauld: "I am of all saints' order and all saints are of my order;" but his preferences always inclined towards those saints and learned doctors who had not carried any religious tendency to excess and who had known how to rest content with the spirit of a rule and a faith that were practical. A wonderful genius, discovering by flashes and as if by instinct the most profound truths of human nature and giving them expression in an incomparable style, forcing, straining the language to make it render his idea, darting at one bound to the sublimest height by use of the simplest terms, which he, so to speak, bore away with him, wresting them from their natural and proper signification. "There, in spite of that great heart of hers, is that princess so admired and so beloved: there, such as Death has made her for us!" Bossuet alone could speak like that.

He was writing incessantly, all the while that he was preaching at Meaux and at Paris, making funeral orations over the queen, Maria Theresa, over the Princess Palatine, Michael Le Tellier and the prince of Condé; the edict of Nantes had just been revoked; controversy with the Protestant ministers, headed by Claude and Jurieu, occupied a great space in the life of the bishop of Meaux; he at that time wrote his *Histoire des variations*, often unjust and violent, always able in its attacks upon the Reformation; he did not import any zeal into persecution, though all the while admitting unreservedly the doctrines universally propagated amongst Catholics: "I declare," he wrote to M. de Bâville, "that I am and have always been of opinion, first, that princes may by penal laws constrain all heretics to conform to the profession and practices of the Catholic Church; secondly, that this doctrine ought to be held invariable in the Church, which has not only conformed to but has even demanded similar ordinances from princes." He at the same time opposed the constraint put upon the new converts to oblige them to go to mass, without requiring from them any other act of religion. "When the emperors imposed

a like obligation on the Donatists," he wrote to the bishop of Mirepoix, "it was on the supposition that they were converted or would be; but the heretics at the present time, who declare themselves by not fulfilling their Easter (communicating), ought to be rather hindered from assisting at the mysteries than constrained thereto, and the more so in that it appears to be a consequence thereof to constrain them likewise to fulfil their Easter, which is expressly to give occasion for frightful sacrilege. They might be constrained to undergo instruction, but, so far as I can learn, that would hardly advance matters, and I think that we must be reduced to three things; one is to oblige them to send their children to the schools, or, in default, to find means of taking them out of their hands; another is to be firm as regards marriages; and the last is to take great pains to become privately acquainted with those of whom there are good hopes, and to procure for them solid instruction and veritable enlightenment: the rest must be left to time and to the grace of God; I know of nothing else." About the same time Fénelon, engaged upon the missions in Poitou, being as much convinced as the bishop of Meaux of a sovereign's rights over the conscience of the faithful as well as of the terrible danger of hypocrisy, wrote to Bossuet telling him that he had demanded the withdrawal of the troops in all the districts he was visiting: "It is no light matter to change the sentiments of a whole people. What difficulty must the apostles have found in changing the face of the universe, overcoming all passions and establishing a doctrine till then unheard of, seeing that we cannot persuade the ignorant by clear and express passages which they read every day in favor of the religion of their ancestors, and that the king's own authority stirs up every passion to render persuasion more easy for us! The remnants of this sect go on sinking little by little, as regards all exterior observance, into a religious indifference which cannot but cause fear and trembling. If one wanted to make them abjure Christianity and follow the Koran, there would be nothing required but to show them the dragoons; provided that they assemble by night and withstand all instruction, they consider that they have done enough." Cardinal Noailles was of the same mind as Bossuet and Fénelon. "The king will be pained to decide against your opinion as regards the new converts," says a letter to him from Madame de Maintenon: "meanwhile the most general is to force them to attend at mass. Your opinion seems to be a condemnation of all that

has been hitherto done against these poor creatures; it is not pleasant to hark back so far, and it has always been supposed that, in any case, they must have a religion." In vain were liberty of conscience and its inviolable rights still misunderstood by the noblest spirits, the sincerity and high-mindedness of the great bishops instinctively revolted against the hypocrisy engendered of persecution. The tacit assuagement of the severities against the Reformers, between 1688 and 1700, was the fruit of the representations of Bossuet, Fénelon and Cardinal Noailles. Madame de Maintenon wrote at that date to one of her relatives: "You are converted; do not meddle in the conversion of others. I confess to you that I do not like the idea of answering before God and the king for all those conversions."

At the same time with the controversial treatises, the *Élévations sur les mystères* and the *Méditations sur l'Évangile* were written at Meaux, drawing the bishop away to the serener regions of supreme faith. There might he have chanced to meet those reformers, as determined as he in the strife, as attached, at bottom, as he, for life and death, to the mysteries and to the lights of a common hope. "When God shall give us grace to enter Paradise," St. Bernard used to say, "we shall be above all astonished at not finding some of those whom we had thought to meet there and at finding others whom we did not expect." Bossuet had a moment's glimpse of this higher truth; in concert with Leibnitz, a great intellect of more range in knowledge and less steadfastness than he in religious faith, he tried to reconcile the Catholic and Protestant communions in one and the same creed. There were insurmountable difficulties on both sides; the attempt remained unsuccessful.

The bishop of Meaux had lately triumphed in the matter of Quietism, breaking the ties of old friendship with Fénelon and more concerned about defending sound doctrine in the Church than fearful of hurting his friend, who was sincere and modest in his relations with him and humbly submissive to the decrees of the court of Rome. The archbishop of Cambrai was in exile at his own diocese; Bossuet was ill at Meaux, still, however, at work, going deeper every day into that profound study of Holy Writ and of the Fathers of the Church which shines forth in all his writings. He had stone and suffered agonies, but would not permit an operation. On his deathbed, surrounded by his nephews and his vicars, he rejected with disdain all eulogies on his episcopal life: "Speak to me of neces-

sary truths," said he, preserving to the last the simplicity of a great and strong mind, accustomed to turn from appearances and secondary doctrines to embrace the mighty realities of time and of eternity. He died at Paris on the 12th of April, 1704, just when the troubles of the Church were springing up again. Great was the consternation amongst the bishops of France, wont as they were to shape themselves by his counsels. "Men were astounded at this mortal's mortality." Bossuet was seventy-three.

A month later, on the 13th of May, Father Bourdaloue in his turn died: a model of close logic and moral austerity, with a stiff and manly eloquence, so impressed with the miserable insufficiency of human efforts, that he said as he was dying, "My God, I have wasted life, it is just that Thou recall it." There remained only Fénelon in the first rank, which Massillon did not as yet dispute with him. Malebranche was living retired in his cell at the Oratory, seldom speaking, writing his *Recherches sur la vérité* (*Researches into Truth*), and his *Entretiens sur la métaphysique* (*Discourses on Metaphysics*), bolder in thought than he was aware of or wished, sincere and natural in his meditations as well as in his style. In spite of Fléchier's eloquence in certain funeral orations, posterity has decided against the modesty of the archbishop of Cambrai, who said at the death of the bishop of Nîmes, in 1710, "We have lost our master." In his retirement or his exile, after Bossuet's death, it was around Fénelon that was concentrated all the lustre of the French episcopate, long since restored to the respect and admiration it deserved.

Fénelon was born in Périgord at the castle of Fénelon on the 6th of August, 1651. Like Cardinal Retz he belonged to an ancient and noble house and was destined from his youth for the Church. Brought up at the seminary of St. Sulpice, lately founded by M. Olier, he for a short time conceived the idea of devoting himself to foreign missions; his weak health and his family's opposition turned him ere long from his purpose, but preaching of the gospel amongst the heathen continued to have for him an attraction which is perfectly depicted in one of the rare sermons of his which have been preserved. He had held himself modestly aloof, occupied with confirming *new Catholics* in their conversion or with preaching to the Protestants of Poutou; he had written nothing but his *Traité de l'éducation des filles*, intended for the family of the duke of Beauvilliers, and a book on the *ministère du pasteur*. He was in bad odor with

Harlay, archbishop of Paris, who had said to him curtly one day: "You want to escape notice, M. Abbé, and you will;" nevertheless, when Louis XIV. chose the duke of Beauvilliers as governor to his grandson, the duke of Burgundy, the duke at once called Fénelon, then thirty-eight years of age, to the important post of preceptor.

Whereas the grand-dauphin, endowed with ordinary intelligence, was indolent and feeble, his son was, in the same proportion, violent, fiery, indomitable. "The duke of Burgundy," says St. Simon, "was a born demon (*naquit terrible*), and in his early youth caused fear and trembling. Harsh, passionate, even to the last degree of rage against inanimate things, madly impetuous, unable to bear the least opposition, even from the hours and the elements, without flying into furies enough to make you fear that everything inside him would burst; obstinate to excess, passionately fond of all pleasures, of good living, of the chase madly, of music with a sort of transport and of play too, in which he could not bear to lose; often ferocious, naturally inclined to cruelty, savage in raillery, taking off absurdities with a patness which was killing; from the height of the clouds he regarded men as but atoms to whom he bore no resemblance, whoever they might be. Barely did the princes his brothers appear to him intermediary between himself and the human race, although there had always been an affectation of bringing them all three up in perfect equality; wits, penetration, flashed from every part of him, even in his transports; his repartees were astounding, his replies always went to the point and deep down, even in his mad fits; he made child's play of the most abstract sciences; the extent and vivacity of his wits were prodigious, and hindered him from applying himself to one thing at a time, so far as to render him incapable of it."

As a sincere Christian and a priest, Fénelon saw from the first that religion alone could triumph over this terrible nature; the duke of Beauvilliers, as sincere and as christianly as he, without much wits, modestly allowed himself to be led; all the motives that act most powerfully on a generous spirit, honor, confidence, fear and love of God, were employed one after the other to bring the prince into self-subjection. He was but eight years old and Fénelon had been only a few months with him, when the child put into his hands one day the following engagement:

"I promise M. l'abbé de Fénelon, on the honor of a prince, to

do at once whatever he bids me, and to obey him the instant he orders me anything, and, if I fail to, I will submit to any kind of punishment or disgrace.

"Done at Versailles the 29th of November, 1689.

"Signed: LOUIS."

The child, however, would forget himself and relapse into his mad fits. When his preceptor was chiding him one day for a grave fault, he went so far as to say: "No, no, sir; I know who I am and what you are." Fénelon made no reply; coldly and gravely he allowed the day to close and the night to pass without showing his pupil any sign of either resentment or affection. Next day the duke of Burgundy was scarcely awake when his preceptor entered the room: "I do not know, sir," said he, "whether you remember what you said to me yesterday, that you know what you are and what I am. It is my duty to teach you that you do not know either one or the other. You fancy yourself, sir, to be more than I; some lacqueys, no doubt, have told you so, but I am not afraid to tell you, since you force me to it, that I am more than you. You have sense enough to understand that there is no question here of birth. You would consider anybody out of his wits who pretended to make a merit of it that the rain of heaven had fertilized his crops without moistening his neighbor's. You would be no wiser if you were disposed to be vain of your birth, which adds nothing to your personal merit. You cannot doubt that I am above you in lights and knowledge. You know nothing but what I have taught you; and what I have taught you is nothing compared with what I might still teach you. As for authority you have none over me; and I, on the contrary, have it fully and entirely over you: the king and Monseigneur have told you so often enough. You fancy, perhaps, that I think myself very fortunate to hold the office I discharge towards you; disabuse yourself once more, sir: I only took it in order to obey the king and give pleasure to Monseigneur, and not at all for the painful privilege of being your preceptor; and, that you may have no doubt about it, I am going to take you to his Majesty and beg him to get you another one, whose pains I hope may be more successful than mine." The duke of Burgundy's passion was past, and he burst into sobs: "Ah! sir," he cried, "I am in despair at what took place yesterday; if you speak to the king, you will lose me his affection; if you leave me, what

will be thought of me? I promise you . . . I promise you . . . that you shall be satisfied with me, but promise me . . . ”

Fénelon promised nothing: he remained, and the foundation of his authority was laid forever in the soul of his pupil. The young prince did not forget what he was, but he had felt the superiority of his master. “I leave the duke of Burgundy behind the door,” he was accustomed to say, “and with you I am only little Louis.”

God, at the same time with Fénelon, had taken possession of the duke of Burgundy’s soul. “After his first communion, we saw disappearing little by little all the faults which, in his infancy, caused us great misgivings as to the future,” writes Madame de Maintenon. “His piety has caused such a metamorphosis that, from the passionate thing he was, he has become self-restrained, gentle, complaisant; one would say that that was his character and that virtue was natural to him.” “All his mad fits and spites yielded at the bare name of God,” Fénelon used to say: “one day when he was in a very bad temper and wanted to hide in his passion what he had done in his disobedience, I pressed him to tell me the truth before God: then he put himself into a great rage and bawled, ‘Why ask me before God? Very well, then, as you ask me in that way, I cannot deny that I committed that fault.’ He was as it were beside himself with excess of rage, and yet religion had such dominion over him that it wrung from him so painful an avowal.” “From this abyss,” writes the duke of St. Simon, “came forth a prince, affable, gentle, humane, self-restrained, patient, modest, humble and austere towards himself, wholly devoted to his obligations and feeling them to be immense; he thought of nothing but combining the duties of a son and a subject with those to which he saw himself destined.”

“From this abyss” came forth also a prince, singularly well-informed, fond of study, with a refined taste in literature, with a passion for science; for his instruction Fénelon made use of the great works composed for his father’s education by Bossuet, adding thereto writings more suitable for his age; for him he composed the *Fables* and the *Dialogues des Morts*, and a *Histoire de Charlemagne* which has perished. In his stories, even those that were imaginary, he paid attention before everything to truth. “Better leave a history in all its dryness than enliven it at the expense of truth,” he would say. The suppleness and richness of his mind sufficed to save

him from wearisomeness; the liveliness of his literary impressions communicated itself to his pupil. "I have seen," says Fénelon in his letter to the French Academy, "I have seen a young prince, but eight years old, overcome with grief at sight of the peril of little Joash; I have seen him lose patience with the chief priest for concealing from Joash his name and his birth; I have seen him weeping bitterly as he listened to these verses:—

"Oh! miseram Euridicen anima fugiente vocabat;
Euridicen toto referebant flumine ripæ."

The soul and mind of Fénelon were sympathetic; Bossuet, in writing for the grand-dauphin, was responsive to the requirements of his own mind, never to those of the boy's with whose education he had been entrusted.

Fénelon also wrote *Télémaque*. "It is a fabulous narrative," he himself says, 'in the form of a heroic poem, like Homer's or Virgil's, wherein I have set forth the principal actions that are meet for a prince whose birth points him out as destined to reign. I did it at a time when I was charmed with the marks of confidence and kindness showered upon me by the king; I must have been not only the most ungrateful but the most insensate of men to have intended to put into it satirical and insolent portraits; I shrink from the bare idea of such a design. It is true that I have inserted in these adventures all the verities necessary for government and all the defects that one can show in the exercise of sovereign power, but I have not stamped any of them with a peculiarity which would point to any portrait or caricature. The more the work is read, the more it will be seen that I wished to express everything without depicting anybody consecutively; it is, in fact, a narrative done in haste, in detached pieces and at different intervals; all I thought of was to amuse the duke of Burgundy and, whilst amusing, to instruct him, without ever meaning to give the work to the public."

Télémaque was published, without any author's name and by an indiscretion of the copyist's on the 6th of April, 1699. Fénelon was in exile at his diocese; public rumor before long attributed the work to him; the *Maximes des saints* had just been condemned, *Télémaque* was seized, the printers were punished; some copies had escaped the police: the book was reprinted in Holland; all Europe read it, finding therein the allusions and undermeanings against which Fénelon defended

himself. Louis XIV. was more than ever angry with the archbishop. "I cannot forgive M. de Cambrai for having composed the *Télémaque*," Madame de Maintenon would say. Fénelon's disgrace, begun by the *Maximes des saints* touching *absolute* (pure) love, was confirmed by his ideal picture of kingly power. Chimerical in his theories of government, high-flown in his pious doctrines, Fénelon, in the conduct of his life as well as in his practical directions to his friends, showed a wisdom, a prudence, a tact which singularly belied the free speculations of his mind or his heart. He preserved silence amid the commendations and criticisms of the *Télémaque*. "I have no need and no desire to change my position," he would say: "I am beginning to be old and I am infirm; there is no occasion for my friends to ever commit themselves or to take any doubtful step on my account. I never sought out the court, I was sent for thither. I stayed there nearly ten years without obtruding myself, without taking a single step on my own behalf, without asking the smallest favor, without meddling in any matter and confining myself to answering conscientiously in all matters about which I was spoken to. I was dismissed; all I have to do is to remain at peace in my own place. I doubt not that, besides the matter of my condemned work, the policy of *Télémaque* was employed against me upon the king's mind, but I must suffer and hold my tongue."

Every tongue was held within range of King Louis XIV. It was only on the 22nd of December, 1701, four years after Fénelon's departure, that the duke of Burgundy thought he might write to him in the greatest secrecy: "At last, my dear archbishop, I find a favorable opportunity of breaking the silence I have kept for four years. I have suffered many troubles since, but one of the greatest has been that of being unable to show you what my feelings towards you were during that time and that my affection increased with your misfortunes instead of being chilled by them. I think with real pleasure on the time when I shall be able to see you again, but I fear that this time is still a long way off. It must be left to the will of God, from whose mercy I am always receiving new graces. I have been many times unfaithful to Him since I saw you, but He has always done me the grace of recalling me to Him, and I have not, thank God, been deaf to His voice. I continue to study all alone, although I have not been doing so in the regular way for the last two years, and I like it more

than ever. But nothing gives me more pleasure than metaphysics and ethics, and I am never tired of working at them. I have done some little pieces myself, which I should very much like to be in a position to send you, that you might correct them as you used to do my themes in old times. I shall not tell you here how my feelings revolted against all that has been done in your case, but we must submit to the will of God and believe that all has happened for our good. Farewell, my dear archbishop, I embrace you with all my heart; I ask your prayers and your blessing.—LOUIS.”

“I speak to you of God and yourself only,” answered Fénelon in a letter full of wise and tender counsels; “It is no question of me. Thank God, I have a heart at ease; my heaviest cross is that I do not see you, but I constantly present you before God in closer presence than that of the senses. I would give a thousand lives like a drop of water to see you such as God would have you.”

Next year, in 1702, the king gave the duke of Burgundy the command of the army in Flanders. He wrote to Fénelon: “I cannot feel myself so near you without testifying my joy thereat, and, at the same time, that which is caused by the king’s permission to call upon you on my way: he has, however, imposed the condition that I must not see you in private. I shall obey this order, and yet I shall be able to talk to you as much as I please, for I shall have with me Saumery, who will make the third at our first interview after five years’ separation.” The archbishop was preparing to leave Cambrai so as not to be in the prince’s way; he now remained, only seeing the duke of Burgundy, however, in the presence of several witnesses; when he presented him with his table-napkin at supper, the prince raised his voice, and, turning to his old master, said, with a touching reminiscence of his childhood’s passions: “I know what I owe you; you know what I am to you.”

The correspondence continued, with confidence and deference on the part of the prince, with tender, sympathetic, far sighted, paternal interest on the part of the archbishop, more and more concerned for the perils and temptations to which the prince was exposed in proportion as he saw him nearer to the throne and more exposed to the incense of the world. “The right thing is to become the counsel of his Majesty,” he wrote to him on the death of the grand-dauphin, “the father of the people, the comfort of the afflicted, the defender of the

Church; the right thing is to keep flatterers aloof and distrust them, to distinguish merit, seek it out and anticipate it, to listen to everything, believe nothing without proof and, being placed above all, to rise superior to every one. The right thing is to desire to be father and not master. The right thing is not that all should be for one, but that one should be for all, to secure their happiness." A solemn and touching picture of an absolute monarch, submitting to God and seeking His will alone. Fénelon had early imbued his pupil with the spirit of it; and the pupil appeared on the point of realizing it; but God at a single blow destroyed all these fair hopes. "All my ties are broken," said Fénelon: "I live but on affection and of affection I shall die; we shall recover ere long that which we have not lost; we approach it every day with rapid strides; yet a little while, and there will be no more cause for tears." A week later he was dead, leaving amongst his friends, so diminished already by death, an immeasurable gap, and amongst his adversaries themselves the feeling of a great loss. "I am sorry for the death of M. de Cambrai," wrote Madame de Maintenon on the 10th of January, 1715: "he was a friend I lost through Quietism, but it is asserted that he might have done good service in the council, if things should be pushed so far." Fénelon had not been mistaken, when he wrote once upon a time to Madame de Maintenon, who consulted him about her defects: "You are good towards those for whom you have liking and esteem, but you are cold so soon as the liking leaves you; when you are frigid your frigidity is carried rather far, and, when you begin to feel mistrust, your heart is withdrawn too brusquely from those to whom you had shown confidence."

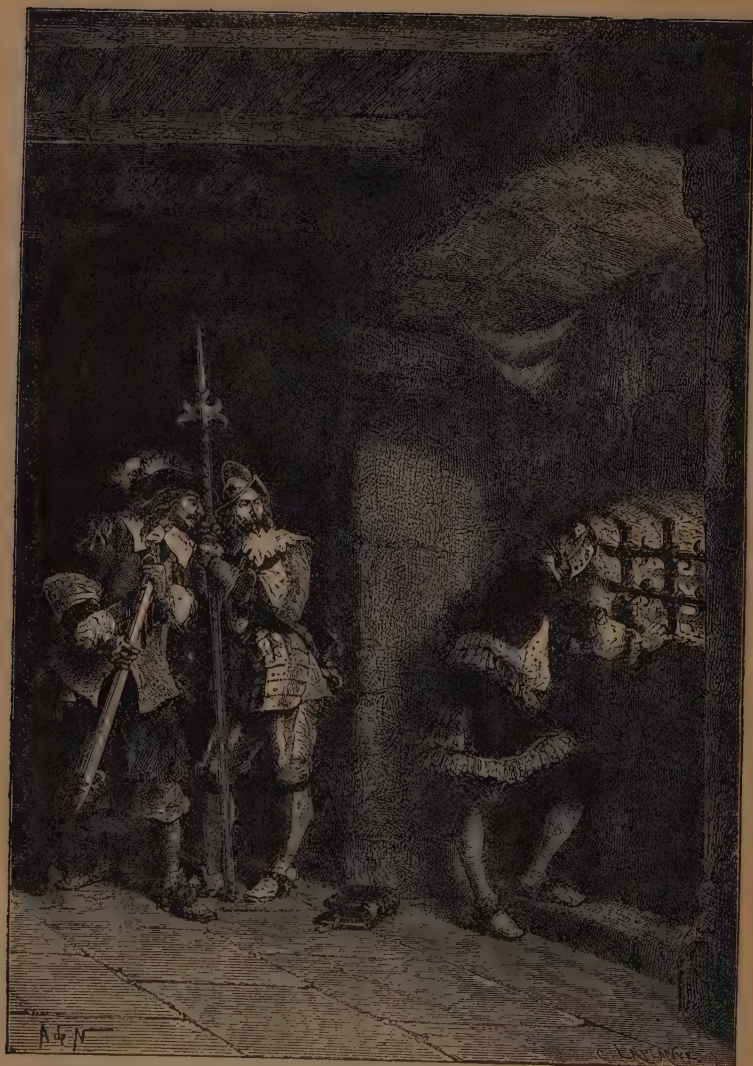
Fénelon had never shown any literary prepossessions. He wrote for his friends or for the duke of Burgundy, lavishing the treasures of his mind and spirit upon his letters of spiritual guidance, composing, in order to convince the duke of Orleans, his *Traité de l'existence de Dieu*, indifferent as to the preservation of the sermons he preached every Sunday, paying more attention to the plans of government he addressed to the young dauphin than to the publication of his works. Several were not collected until after his death. In delivering their eulogy of him at the French Academy, neither M. de Boze, who succeeded him, nor M. Dacier, director of the Academy, dared to mention the name of *Télémaque*. Clever (*spirituel*) "to an alarming extent" (*à faire peur*) in the minutest detail of his



RACINE.



MOLIÈRE.



THE IRON MASK.

writings, rich, copious, harmonious, but not without tendencies to lengthiness, the style of Fénelon is the reflex of his character; sometimes, a little subtle and covert, like the prelate's mind, it hits and penetrates without any flash (*éclat*) and without dealing heavy blows. "Graces flowed from his lips," said Chancellor d'Aguesseau, "and he seemed to treat the greatest subjects as if, so to speak, they were child's play to him; the smallest grew to nobleness beneath his pen, and he would have made flowers grow in the midst of thorns. A noble singularity, pervading his whole person, and a something sublime in his very simplicity, added to his characteristics a certain prophet-like air. Always original, always creative, he imitated nobody, and himself appeared inimitable." His last act was to write a letter to Father Le Tellier, to be communicated to the king: "I have just received extreme unction; that is the state, reverend father, when I am preparing to appear before God, in which I pray you with instance to represent to the king my true sentiments. I have never felt anything but docility towards the Church and horror at the innovations which have been imputed to me. I accepted the condemnation of my book in the most absolute simplicity. I have never been a single moment in my life without feeling towards the king personally the most lively gratitude, the most genuine zeal, the most profound respect and the most inviolable attachment. I take the liberty of asking of his Majesty two favors which do not concern either my own person or anybody belonging to me. The first is that he will have the goodness to give me a pious and methodical successor, sound and firm against Jansenism, which is in prodigious credit on this frontier. The other favor is that he will have the goodness to complete with my successor that which could not be completed with me on behalf of the gentlemen of St. Sulpice. I wish his Majesty a long life, of which the Church as well as the State has infinite need. If peradventure I go into the presence of God, I shall often ask these favors of Him."

How dread is the power of sovereign majesty, operative even at the deathbed of the greatest and noblest spirits, causing Fénelon in his dying hour to be anxious about the good graces of a monarch ere long, like him, a-dying!

Our thoughts may well linger over those three great minds: Pascal, Bossuet and Fénelon, one layman and two bishops, all equally absorbed by the great problems of human life and immortality; with different degrees of greatness and fruitfulness

they all serve the same cause; whether as defenders or assailants of Jansenism and Quietism, the solitary philosopher or the prelates engaged in the court or in the guidance of men, all three of them serving God on behalf of the soul's highest interests, remained unique in their generation and without successors as they had been without predecessors.

Leaving the desert and the Church and once more entering the world we immediately encounter, amongst women, one and one only in the first rank—Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, marchioness of Sévigné, born at Paris on the 5th of February, 1627, five months before Bossuet. Like a considerable number of women in Italy in the sixteenth century and in France in the seventeenth, she had received a careful education: she knew Italian, Latin and Spanish; she had for masters Ménage and Chapelain; and she early imbibed a real taste for solid reading, which she owed to her leaning towards the Jansenists and Port-Royal. She was left a widow at five and twenty by the death of a very indifferent husband; and she was not disposed to make a second venture. Before getting killed in a duel, M. de Sévigné had made a considerable gap in the property of his wife, who, however, had brought him more than five hundred thousand livres. Madame de Sévigné had two children: she made up her mind to devote herself to their education, to restore their fortune and to keep her love for them and for her friends. Of them she had many, often very deeply smitten with her; all remained faithful to her and she deserted none of them, though they might be put on trial and condemned like Fouquet, or perfidious and cruel like her cousin M. de Bussy-Rabutin. The safest and most agreeable of acquaintances, ever ready to take part in the joys as well as the anxieties of those whom she honored with her friendship, without permitting this somewhat superficial sympathy to agitate the depths of her heart, she had during her life but one veritable passion, which she admitted nobody to share with her. Her daughter, Madame de Grignan, the *prettiest girl in France*, clever, virtuous, business-like, appears in her mother's letters fitful, cross-grained and sometimes rather cold; Madame de Sévigné is a friend whom we read over and over again, whose emotions we share, to whom we go for an hour's distraction and delightful chat; we have no desire to chat with Madame de Grignan, we gladly leave her to her mother's exclusive affection, feeling infinitely obliged to her, however, for having existed, inasmuch as her mother wrote letters to her. Madame

de Sévigné's letters to her daughter are superior to all her other letters, charming as they are; when she writes to M. de Pomponne, to M. de Coulanges, to M. de Bussy, the style is less familiar, the heart less open, the soul less stirred; she writes to her daughter as she would speak to her; it is not letters, it is an animated and charming conversation, touching upon everything, embellishing everything with an inimitable grace. She gave her daughter in marriage to Count de Grignan in January, 1669; next year her son-in-law was appointed lieutenant-general of the king in Provence; he was to fill the place there of the duke of Vendôme, too young to discharge his functions as governor. In the month of January, 1671, M. de Grignan removed his wife to Aix: he was a Provençal, he was fond of his province, his castle of Grignan and his wife; Madame de Sévigné found herself condemned to separation from the daughter whom she loved exclusively. "In vain I seek my darling daughter, I can no longer find her, and every step she takes removes her farther from me. I went to St. Mary's, still weeping and still dying of grief; it seemed as if my heart and my soul were being wrenched from me; and in truth, what a cruel separation! I asked leave to be alone; I was taken into Madame du Housset's room, and they made me up a fire. Agnes sat looking at me without speaking; that was our bargain; I stayed there till five o'clock without ceasing to sob; all my thoughts were mortal wounds to me. I wrote to M. de Grignan, you can imagine in what key. Then I went to Madame de La Fayette's, who redoubled my griefs by the interest she took in them; she was alone, ill and distressed at the death of one of the nuns; she was just as I could have desired. I returned hither at eight; but, when I came in, oh! can you conceive what I felt as I mounted these stairs? That room into which I used always to go, alas! I found the doors of it open, but I saw everything disfurnished, everything disarranged, and your little daughter, who reminded me of mine. The wakenings of the night were dreadful; I think of you continuously, it is what devotees call an habitual thought, such as one should have of God, if one did one's duty. Nothing gives me any distraction; I see that carriage which is forever going on and will never come near me; I am forever on the highways; it seems as if I were afraid sometimes that the carriage will upset with me; the rains there have been for the last three days reduced me to despair; the Rhone causes me strange alarm. I have a map before my eyes,

I know all the places where you sleep. This evening you are at Nevers, on Sunday you will be at Lyons, where you will receive this letter. I have received only two of yours, perhaps the third will come, that is the only comfort I desire; as for others, I seek for none." During five and twenty years Madame de Sévigné could never become accustomed to her daughter's absence. She set out for the Rochers, near Vitry, a family-estate of M. de Sévigné's; her friend the duke of Chaulnes was governor of Brittany. "You shall now have news of our States as your penalty for being a Breton. M. de Chaulnes arrived on Sunday evening, to the sound of everything that can make any in Vitry; on Monday morning he sent me a letter, I wrote back to say that I would go and dine with him. There are two dining-tables in the same room; fourteen covers at each table. Monsieur presides at one, Madame at the other. The good cheer is prodigious; joints are carried away quite untouched, and as for the pyramids of fruit, the doors require to be heightened. Our fathers did not foresee this sort of machine, indeed they did not even foresee that a door required to be higher than themselves. Well, a pyramid wants to come in, one of those pyramids which make everybody exclaim from one end of the table to the other; but so far from that boding damage, people are often, on the contrary, very glad not to see any more of what they contain; this pyramid, then, with twenty or thirty porcelain dishes, was so completely upset at the door that the noise it made put to silence the violins, hautbois and trumpets. After dinner M. de Locmaria and M. de Coëtlogon danced with two fair Bretons some marvellous jigs (*passee-pieds*) and some minuets in a style that the court-people cannot approach; wherein they do the Bohemian and Breton step with a neatness and correctness which are charming. I was thinking all the while of you, and I had such tender recollections of your dancing and of what I had seen you dance, that this pleasure became a pain to me. The States are sure not to be long; there is nothing to do but to ask for what the king wants; nobody says a word, and it is all done. As for the governor, he finds, somehow or other, more than forty thousand crowns coming in to him. An infinity of presents, pensions, repairs of roads and towns, fifteen or twenty grand dinner-parties, incessant play, eternal balls, comedies three times a week, a great show of dress, that is the States. I am forgetting three or four hundred pipes of wine which are drunk; but, if I did not reckon this little item, the others do

not forget it, and put it first. This is what is called the sort of twaddle to make one go to sleep on one's feet; but it is what comes to the tip of your pen when you are in Brittany and have nothing else to say."

Even in Brittany and at the Rochers, Madame de Sévigné always has something to say. The weather is frightful, she is occupied a good deal in reading the romances of La Calprenède and the *Grand Cyrus* as well as the *Ethics* of Nicole. "For four days it has been one continuous tempest; all our walks are drowned, there is no getting out any more. Our masons, our carpenters keep their rooms; in short, I hate this country and I yearn every moment for your sun; perhaps you yearn for my rain; we do well, both of us. I am going on with the *Ethics* of Nicole which I find delightful; it has not yet given me any lesson against the rain, but I am expecting it, for I find everything there, and conformity to the will of God might answer my purpose if I did not want a specific remedy. In fact, I consider this an admirable book; nobody has written as these gentlemen have, for I put down to Pascal half of all that is beautiful. It is so nice to have one's self and one's feelings talked about, that, though it be in bad part, one is charmed by it. What is called searching the depths of the heart with a lantern is exactly what he does; he discloses to us that which we feel every day, but have not the wit to discern or the sincerity to avow. I have even forgiven the *swelling in the heart* (*l'enflure du cœur*) for the sake of the rest, and I maintain that there is no other word to express vanity and pride, which are really wind: try and find another word; I shall complete the reading of this with pleasure."

Here we have the real Madame de Sévigné, whom we love, on whom we rely, who is as earnest as she is amiable and gay, who goes to the very core of things, and who tells the truth of herself as well as of others. "You ask me, my dear child, whether I continue to be really fond of life; I confess to you that I find poignant sorrows in it, but I am even more disgusted with death; I feel so wretched at having to end all this thereby that, if I could turn back again, I would ask for nothing better. I find myself under an obligation which perplexes me; I embarked upon life without my consent, and I must go out of it; that overwhelms me. And how shall I go? Which way? By what door? When will it be? In what condition? Shall I suffer a thousand, thousand pains, which will make me die desperate? Shall I have brain-fever? Shall I

die of an accident? How shall I be with God? What shall I have to show Him? Shall fear, shall necessity bring me back to Him? Shall I have no sentiment but that of dread? What can I hope? Am I worthy of Heaven? Am I worthy of Hell? Nothing is such madness as to leave one's salvation in uncertainty, but nothing is so natural; and the stupid life I lead is the easiest thing in the world to understand; I bury myself in these thoughts and I find death so terrible that I hate life more because it leads me thereto than because of the thorns with which it is planted. You will say that I want to live forever then: not at all; but, if my opinion had been asked, I should have preferred to die in my nurse's arms; that would have removed me from vexations of spirit and would have given me Heaven full surely and easily."

Madame de Sévigné would have very much scandalized those gentlemen of Port-Royal, if she had let them see into the bottom of her heart as she showed it to her daughter. Pascal used to say: "There are but three sorts of persons: those who serve God, having found Him; those who employ themselves in seeking Him, not having found Him; and those who live without seeking Him or having found Him. The first are reasonable and happy; the last are mad and miserable; the intermediate are miserable and reasonable." Without ever having sought and found God in the absolute sense intended by Pascal, Madame de Sévigné kept approaching Him by gentle degrees. "We are reading a treatise by M. Hamon of Port-Royal on *continuous prayer*; though he is a hundred feet above my head, he nevertheless pleases and charms us. One is very glad to see that there have been and still are in the world people to whom God communicates His Holy Spirit in such abundance; but, oh God! when shall we have some spark, some degree of it? How sad to find one's self so far from it and so near to something else! Oh fie! Let us not speak of such plight as that: it calls for sighs and groans and humiliations a hundred times a day."

After having suffered so much from separation and so often traversed France to visit her daughter in Provence, Madame de Sévigné had the happiness to die in her house at Grignan. She was sixty-nine and she had been ill for some time; she was subject to rheumatism; her son's wildness had for a long while retarded the arrangement of her affairs; at last he had turned over a new leaf, he was married, he was a devotee; Madame de Grignan had likewise found a wife for her son, whom the

king had made a colonel at a very early age, and a husband for her daughter, little Pauline, now Madame de Simiane. "All this together is extremely nice and too nice," wrote Madame de Sévigné to M. de Bussy, "for I find the days going so fast and the months and the years that, for my part, my dear cousin, I can no longer hold them. Time flies and carries me along in spite of me; it is all very fine for me to wish to stay it, it bears me away with it, and the idea of this causes me great fear; you will make a pretty shrewd guess why." Death came at last, and Madame de Sévigné lost all her terrors: she was attacked by small-pox whilst her sick daughter was confined to her bed, and died on the 19th of April, 1696, thanking God that she was the first to go after having so often trembled for her daughter's health. "What calls far more for our admiration than for our regrets," writes M. de Grignan to M. de Coulanges, "is the spectacle of a brave woman facing death, of which she had no doubt from the first days of her illness, with astounding firmness and submission. This person, so tender and so weak towards all that she loved, showed nothing but courage and piety when she believed that her hour was come, and we could not but remark of what utility and of what importance it is to have the mind stocked with good matter and holy reading, for the which Madame de Sévigné had a liking, not to say a wonderful hungering, from the use she managed to make of that good store in the last moments of her life." She had often taken her daughter to task for not being fond of books. "There is a certain person who undoubtedly has plenty of wits, but of so nice and so fastidious a sort that she cannot read anything but five or six sublime works, which is a sign of distinguished taste. She cannot bear historical books, a great deprivation this and of that which is a subsistence to everybody else; she has another misfortune, which is that she cannot read twice over those choice books which she esteems exclusively. This person says that she is insulted when she is told that she is not fond of reading; another bone to pick." Madame de Sévigné's liking for good books accompanied her to the last, and helped her to make a good end.

All the women who had been writers in her time died before Madame de Sévigné. Madame de Motteville, a judicious and sensible woman, more independent at the bottom of her heart than in externals, had died in 1689, exclusively occupied, from the time that she lost Queen Anne of Austria, in works of piety and in drawing up her *Mémoires*. Mlle. de Mont-

pensier, "my great Mademoiselle," as Madame de Sévigné used to call her, had died at Paris on the 5th of April, 1693, after a violent illness, as feverish as her life. Impassioned and haughty, with her head so full of her greatness that she did not marry in her youth, thinking nobody worthy of her except the king and the emperor who had no fancy for her, and ending by a private marriage with the duke of Lauzun, "a cadet of Gascony," whom the king would not permit her to espouse publicly, clever, courageous, hare-brained, generous, she has herself sketched her own portrait. "I am tall, neither fat nor thin, of a very fine and easy figure. I have a good mien, arms and hands not beautiful, but a beautiful skin and throat too. I have a straight leg and a well-shaped foot; my hair is light and of a beautiful auburn; my face is long, its contour is handsome, nose large and aquiline; mouth neither large nor small, but chiselled and with a very pleasing expression, lips vermilion; teeth not fine, but not frightful either, my eyes are blue, neither large nor small, but sparkling, soft and proud like my mien. I talk a great deal without saying silly things or using bad words. I am a very vicious enemy, being very choleric and passionate, and that, added to my birth, may well make my enemies tremble, but I have also a noble and a kindly soul. I am incapable of any base and black deed; and so I am more disposed to mercy than to justice. I am melancholic, I like reading good and solid books; trifles bore me, except verses, and them I like of whatever sort they may be, and undoubtedly I am as good a judge of such things as if I were a scholar."

A few days after *Mademoiselle*, died, likewise at Paris, Madelaine de la Vergne, marchioness of La Fayette, the most intimate friend of Madame de Sévigné. "Never did we have the smallest cloud upon our friendship," the latter would say: "long habit had not made her merit stale to me, the flavor of it was always fresh and new; I paid her many attentions from the mere prompting of my heart without the propriety to which we are bound by friendship having anything to do with it; I was assured too that I constituted her dearest consolation, and for forty years past it had always been the same thing." Sensible, clever, a sweet and safe acquaintance, Madame de La Fayette was as simple and as true in her relations with her confidantes as in her writings. *La Princesse de Clèves* alone has outlived the times and the friends of Madame de La Fayette. Following upon the "great sword-thrusts" of

La Calprenède or Mdle. de Scudéry, this delicate, elegant and virtuous tale, with its pure and refined style, enchanted the court, which recognized itself at its best and painted under its brightest aspect; it was farewell forever to the "Pays de Tendre." Madame de La Fayette had very bad health; she wrote to Madame de Sévigné on the 14th of July, 1693, "Here is what I have done since I wrote to you last. I have had two attacks of fever; for six months I had not been purged; I am purged once, I am purged twice; the day after the second time, I sit down to table: oh! dear! I feel a pain in my heart, I do not want any soup. Have a little meat then. No, I do not want any. Well, you will have some fruit. I think I will. Very well, then, have some. I don't know, I think I will have something by and by; let me have some soup and a chicken this evening. Here is the evening, and there are the soup and the chicken: I don't want them. I am nauseated; I will go to bed, I prefer sleeping to eating. I go to bed, I turn round, I turn back, I have no pain, but I have no sleep either. I call, I take a book, I shut it up. Day comes, I get up, I go to the window: it strikes four, five, six; I go to bed again, I doze till seven, I get up at eight, I sit down to table at twelve, to no purpose, as yesterday; I lay myself down in my bed again in the evening, to no purpose, as the night before. Are you ill? Nay. I am in this state for three days and three nights. At present I am getting some sleep again, but I still eat merely mechanically, horse-wise, rubbing my mouth with vinegar; otherwise, I am very well, and I haven't even so much pain in the head." Fault was found with Madame de La Fayette for not going out. "She had a mortal melancholy. What absurdity again! Is she not the most fortunate woman in the world? That is what people said," writes Madame de Sévigné: "it needed that she should be dead to prove that she had good reason for not going out and for being melancholy: her reins and her heart were all gone, was not that enough to cause those fits of despondency of which she complained? And so, during her life she showed reason, and after death she showed reason, and never was she without that divine reason which was her principal gift."

Madame de La Fayette had in her life one great sorrow which had completed the ruin of her health. On the 16th of March, 1680, after the closest and longest of intimacies, she had lost her best friend, the duke of La Rochefoucauld. Carried away in his youth by party-strife and an ardent passion

for Madame de Longueville, he had at a later period sought refuge in the friendship of Madame de La Fayette. "When women have well-formed minds," he would say, "I like their conversation better than that of men; you find with them a certain gentleness which is not met with amongst us, and it seems to me, besides, that they express themselves with greater clearness and that they give a more pleasant turn to the things they say." A meddler and intriguer during the Fronde, sceptical and bitter in his *Maximes*, the duke of La Rochefoucauld was amiable and kindly in his private life. Factions and the court had taught him a great deal about human nature, he had seen it and judged of it from its bad side; witty, shrewd, and often profound, he was too severe to be just: the bitterness of his spirit breathed itself out completely in his writings, he kept for his friends that kindness and that sensitiveness of which he made sport. "He gave me wit," Madame de La Fayette would say, "but I reformed his heart." He had lost his son at the passage of the Rhine, in 1672. He was ill, suffering cruelly. "I was yesterday at M. de La Rochefoucauld's," writes Madame de Sévigné in 1680; "I found him uttering loud shrieks; his pain was such that his endurance was quite overcome without a single scrap remaining; the excessive pain upset him to such a degree that he was sitting out in the open air with a violent fever upon him. He begged me to send you word and to assure you that the wheel-broken do not suffer during a single moment what he suffers one half of his life, and so he wishes for death as a happy release." He died with Bossuet at his pillow. "Very well prepared as regards his conscience," says Madame de Sévigné again: "that is all settled; but, in other respects, it might be the illness and death of his neighbor which is in question, he is not flurried about it, he is not troubled about it. Believe me, my daughter, it is not to no purpose that he has been making reflections all his life; he has approached his last moments in such wise that they have had nothing that was novel or strange for him." M. de La Rochefoucauld, thought worse of men than of life. "I have scarcely any fear of things," he had said: "I am not at all afraid of death." With all his rare qualities and great opportunities, he had done nothing but frequently embroil matters in which he had meddled, and had never been anything but a great lord with a good deal of wit. Actionless penetration and sceptical severity may sometimes clear the judgment and the thoughts, but

they give no force or influence that has power over men. "There was always a *something* (*je ne sais quoi*) about M. de La Rochefoucauld," writes Cardinal de Retz, who did not like him: "he was for meddling in intrigues from his childhood and at a time when he had no notion of petty interests, which were never his foible, and when he did not understand great ones, which, on the other hand, were never his strength. He was never capable of doing anything in public affairs, and I am sure I don't know why; his views were not sufficiently broad and he did not even see comprehensively all that was within his range, but his good sense, very good speculatively, added to his suavity, his insinuating style and his easy manners, which are admirable, ought to have compensated more than it did for his lack of penetration. He always showed habitual irresolution, but I really do not know to what to attribute this irresolution; it could not, with him, have come from the fertility of his imagination, which is anything but lively. He was never a warrior, though he was very much the soldier. He was never a good party-man, though he was engaged in it all his life. That air of bashfulness and timidity which you see about him in private life was turned in public life into an air of apology. He always considered himself to need one, which fact, added to his maxims, which do not show sufficient belief in virtue, and to his practice, which was always to get out of affairs with as much impatience as he had shown to get into them, leads me to conclude that he would have done far better to know his own place and reduce himself to passing, as he might have passed, for the most polite of courtiers and the worthiest (*le plus honnête*) man, as regards ordinary life, that ever appeared in his century."

Cardinal de Retz had more wits, more courage and more resolution than the duke of La Rochefoucauld; he was more ambitious and more bold; he was, like him, meddling, powerless and dangerous to the State. He thought himself capable of superseding Cardinal Mazarin and far more worthy than he of being premier minister; but every time he found himself opposed to the able Italian, he was beaten. All that he displayed, during the Fronde, of address, combination, intrigue and resolution would barely have sufficed to preserve his name in history, if he had not devoted his leisure in his retirement to writing his *Mémoires*. Vigorous, animated, always striking, often amusing, sometimes showing rare nobleness and high-mindedness, his stories and his portraits trans

port us to the very midst of the scenes he desires to describe and the personages he makes the actors in them. His rapid, nervous, picturesque style, is the very image of that little dark, quick, agile man, more soldier than bishop, and more intriguer than soldier, faithfully and affectionately beloved by his friends, detested by his very numerous enemies and dreaded by many people, for the causticity of his tongue, long after the troubles of the Fronde had ceased and he was reduced to be a wanderer in foreign lands, still archbishop of Paris without being able to set foot in it. Having retired to Commercy, he fell under Louis XIV.'s suspicion. Madame de Sévigné, who was one of his best friends, was anxious about him. "As to our cardinal, I have often thought as you," she wrote to her daughter: "but, whether it be that the enemies are not in a condition to cause fear, or that the friends are not subject to take alarm, it is certain that there is no commotion. You show a very proper spirit in being anxious about the welfare of a person who is so distinguished and to whom you owe so much affection." "Can I forget him whom I see everywhere in the story of our misfortunes," exclaimed Bossuet in his funeral oration over Michael Le Tellier, "that man so faithful to individuals, so formidable to the State, of a character so high that he could not be esteemed or feared or hated by halves, that steady genius whom, the while he shook the universe, we saw attracting to himself a dignity which in the end he determined to relinquish, as having been too dearly bought, as he had the courage to recognize in the place that is the most eminent in Christendom, and as being after all quite incapable of satisfying his desires, so conscious was he of his mistake and of the emptiness of human greatness? But, so long as he was bent upon obtaining what he was one day to despise, he kept everything moving by means of powerful and secret springs, and, after that all parties were overthrown, he seemed still to uphold himself alone, and alone to still threaten the victorious favorite with his sad but fearless gaze." When Bossuet sketched this magnificent portrait of Mazarin's rival, Cardinal de Retz had been six years dead, in 1679.

Mesdames de Sévigné and de La Fayette were of the court, as were the duke of La Rochefoucauld and Cardinal de Retz; La Bruyère lived all his life rubbing shoulders with the court; he knew it, he described it, but he was not of it and could not be of it. Nothing is known of his family. He was born at Dourdan, in 1639, and had just bought a post in the Treasury

(*trésorier de France*) at Caen, when Bossuet, who knew him, induced him to remove to Paris as teacher of history to the duke, grandson of the great Condé. He remained forever attached to the person of the prince, who gave him a thousand crowns a year, and he lived to the day of his death at Condé's house. "He was a philosopher," says Abbé d'Olivet in his *Histoire de l'Académie Française*; "all he dreamt of was a quiet life, with his friends and his books, making a good choice of both, not courting or avoiding pleasure, ever inclined for moderate fun and with a talent for setting it going, polished in manners and discreet in conversation; dreading every sort of ambition, even that of displaying wit." This was not quite the opinion formed by Boileau of La Bruyère. "Maximilian came to see me at Auteuil," writes Boileau to Racine on the 19th of May, 1687, the very year in which the *Caractères* was published: "he read me some of his Theophrastus. He is a very worthy (*honnête*) man and one who would lack nothing, if nature had created him as agreeable as he is anxious to be. However, he has wit, learning and merit." Amidst his many and various portraits La Bruyère has drawn his own with an amiable pride. "I go to your door, Ctesiphon; the need I have of you hurries me from my bed and from my room. Would to heaven I were neither your client nor your bore! Your slaves tell me that you are engaged and cannot see me for a full hour yet; I return before the time they appointed, and they tell me that you have gone out. What can you be doing, Ctesiphon, in that remotest part of your rooms, of so laborious a kind as to prevent you from seeing me? You are filing some bills, you are comparing a register; you are signing your name, you are putting the flourish. I had but one thing to ask you and you had but one word to reply: *yes* or *no*. Do you want to be singular? Render service to those who are dependent upon you, you will be more so by that behavior than by not letting yourself be seen. O man of importance and overwhelmed with business, who in your turn have need of my offices, come into the solitude of my closet; the philosopher is accessible; I shall not put you off to another day. You will find me over those works of Plato, which treat of the immortality of the soul and its distinctness from the body; or with pen in hand to calculate the distances of Saturn and Jupiter. I admire God in His works, and I seek by knowledge of the truth to regulate my mind and become better. Come in, all doors are open to you; my antechamber is not made to wear

you out with waiting for me; come right in to me without giving me notice. You bring me something more precious than silver and gold, if it be an opportunity of obliging you. Tell me, what can I do for you? Must I leave my books, my study, my work, this line I have just begun? What a fortunate interruption for me is that which is of service to you!"

From the solitude of that closet went forth a book unique of its sort, full of sagacity, penetration and severity without bitterness; a picture of the manners of the court and of the world, traced by the hand of a spectator who had not essayed its temptations, but who guessed them and passed judgment on them all, "a book," as M. de Malézieux said to La Bruyère, "which was sure to bring its author many readers and many enemies." Its success was great from the first, and it excited lively curiosity. The courtiers liked the portraits; attempts were made to name them; the good sense, shrewdness and truth of the observations struck everybody; people had met a hundred times those whom La Bruyère had described. The form appeared of a rarer order than even the matter; it was a brilliant, uncommon style, as varied as human nature, always elegant and pure, original and animated, rising sometimes to the height of the noblest thoughts, gay and grave, pointed and serious. Avoiding, by richness in turns and expression, the uniformity native to the subject, La Bruyère rivetted attention by a succession of touches making a masterly picture, a terrible one sometimes, as in his description of the peasants' misery: "To be seen are certain ferocious animals, male and female, scattered over the country, dark, livid and all scorched by the sun, affixed to the soil which they rummage and throw up with indomitable pertinacity; they have a sort of articulate voice, and, when they rise to their feet, they show a human face; they are, in fact, men; at night they withdraw to the caves, where they live on black bread, water and roots; they spare other men the trouble of sowing, tilling and reaping for their livelihood, and deserve, therefore, not to go in want of the very bread they have sown." Few people at the court, and in La Bruyère's day, would have thought about the sufferings of the country-folks and conceived the idea of contrasting them with the sketch of a court-ninny: "Gold glitters," say you, "upon the clothes of Philemon; it glitters as well at the tradesman's. He is dressed in the finest stuffs; are they a whit the less so when displayed in the shops and by the piece? Nay,

but the embroidery and the ornaments add magnificence thereto; then I give the workman credit for his work. If you ask him the time, he pulls out a watch which is a masterpiece; his sword-guard is an onyx; he has on his finger a large diamond which he flashes into all eyes and which is perfection; he lacks none of those curious trifles which are worn about one as much for show as for use; and he does not stint himself either of all sorts of adornment befitting a young man who has married an old millionaire. You really pique my curiosity: I positively must see such precious articles as those. Send me that coat and those jewels of Philemon's; you can keep the person. Thou'rt wrong, Philemon, if with that splendid carriage and that large number of rascals behind thee and those six animals to draw thee thou thinkest thou art thought more of. We take off all those appendages which are extraneous to thee to get at thyself, who art but a ninny."

More earnest and less bitter than La Rochefoucauld, and as brilliant and as firm as Cardinal de Retz, La Bruyère was a more sincere believer than either. "I feel that there is a God, and I do not feel that there is none; that is enough for me; the reasoning of the world is useless to me; I conclude that God exists; are men good enough, faithful enough, equitable enough to deserve all our confidence, and not make us wish at least for the existence of God to whom we may appeal from their judgments and have recourse when we are persecuted or betrayed?" A very strong reason and of potent logic, naturally imprinted upon an upright spirit and a sensible mind, irresistibly convinced, both of them, that justice alone can govern the world.

La Bruyère had just been admitted into the French Academy, in 1693: in his admission-speech he spoke in praise of the living, Bossuet, Fénelon, Racine, La Fontaine; it was not as yet the practice; those who were not praised felt angry, and the journals of the time bitterly attacked the new Academician; he was hurt, and withdrew almost entirely from the world; four days before his death, however, "he was in company; all at once he perceived that he was becoming deaf, yes stone deaf. He returned to Versailles, where he had apartments at Condé's house; apoplexy carried him off in a quarter of an hour on the 11th of May, 1696," leaving behind him an incomparable book wherein, according to his own maxim, the excellent writer shows himself to be an excellent painter, and *four dialogues*

against *Quietism*, still unfinished, full of lively and good-humored hostility to the doctrines of Madame Guyon: they were published after his death.

We pass from prose to poetry, from La Bruyère to Corneille, who had died in 1684, too late for his fame, in spite of the vigorous returns of genius which still flash forth sometimes in his feeblest works. Throughout the Regency and the Fronde, Corneille had continued to occupy almost alone the great French stage; Rotrou, his sometime rival with his piece of *Venceslas* and ever tenderly attached to him, had died, in 1650, at Dreux, of which he was civil magistrate. An epidemic was ravaging the town, and he was urged to go away: "I am the only one who can maintain good order, and I shall remain," he replied: "at the moment of my writing to you the bells are tolling for the twenty-second person to-day; perhaps, to-morrow it will be for me, but my conscience has marked out my duty; God's will be done!" Two days later he was dead.

Corneille had dedicated *Polyeucte* to the regent Anne of Austria; he published in a single year *Rodogune* and the *Mort de Pompée*, dedicating this latter piece to Mazarin, in gratitude, he said, for an act of generosity with which His Eminence had surprised him. At the same time he borrowed from the Spanish drama the canvas of the *Menteur*, the first really French comedy which appeared on the boards, and which Molière showed that he could appreciate at its proper value. After this attempt, due perhaps to the desire felt by Corneille to triumph over his rivals in the style in which he had walked abreast with them, he let tragedy resume its legitimate empire over a genius formed by it; he wrote *Héraclius* and *Nicomède*, which are equal in parts to his finest master-pieces. But by this time the great genius no longer soared with equal flight; *Théodore* and *Pertharite* had been failures. "I don't mention them," Corneille would say, "in order to avoid the vexation of remembering them." He was still living at Rouen, in a house adjoining that occupied by his brother, Thomas Corneille, younger than he, already known by some comedies which had met with success. The two brothers had married two sisters:

"Their houses twain were made in one;
With keys and purse the same was done;
Their wives can never have been two.
Their wishes tallied at all times;
No games distinct their children knew;
The fathers lent each other rhymes;
Same wine for both the drawers drew."—[Ducis.]

It is said that when Peter Corneille was puzzled to end a verse he would undo a trap that opened into his brother's room, shouting: "*Sans-souci*, a rhyme!"

Corneille had announced his renunciation of the stage; he was translating into verse the *Imitation of Christ*. "It were better," he had written in his preface to *Pertharite*, "that I took leave myself instead of waiting till it is taken of me altogether; it is quite right that after twenty years' work I should begin to perceive that I am becoming too old to be still in the fashion. This resolution is not so strong but that it may be broken; there is every appearance, however, of my abiding by it."

Fouquet was then in his glory, "no less superintendent of literature than of finance," and he undertook to recall to the stage the genius of Corneille. At his voice, the poet and the tragedian rose up at a single bound:

"I feel the selfsame fire, the selfsame nerve I feel,
That roused th' indignant Cid, drove home Horatius' steel;
As cunning as of yore this hand of mine I find,
That sketch'd great Pompey's soul, depicted Cinna's mind"—

wrote Corneille in his thanks to Fouquet. He had some months before said to Mdle. du Parc, who was an actress in Molière's company, which had come to Rouen, and who was, from her grand airs, nicknamed by the others the *Marchioness*,—

"Marchioness, if Age hath set
On my brow his ugly die;
At my years, pray don't forget,
You will be as—old as I.

Yet do I possess of charms
One or two, so slow to fade,
That I feel but scant alarms
At the havoc Time hath made.

You have such as men adore,
But these that you scorn to-day
May, perchance be to the fore,
When your own are worn away.

These can from decay relieve
Eyes I take a fancy to;
Make a thousand years believe
Whatsoever I please of you.

With that new, that coming race,
Who will take my word for it,
All the warrant for your face
Will be what I may have writ."

Corneille reappeared upon the boards with a tragedy called *Œdipe*, more admired by his contemporaries than by posterity; on the occasion of Louis XIV.'s marriage, he wrote for the king's comedians the *Toison d'or*, and put into the mouth of France those prophetic words:—

“My natural force abates, from long success alone;
Triumphant blooms the State, the wretched peoples groan:
Their shrunken bodies bend beneath my high emprise;
Whilst glory gilds the throne, the subject sinks and dies.”

Sertorius appeared at the commencement of the year 1662, “Pray where did Corneille learn politics and war?” asked Turenne when he saw this piece played. “You are the true and faithful interpreter of the mind and courage of Rome,” Balzac wrote to him: “I say further, sir, you are often her teacher, and the reformer of olden times, if they have need of embellishment and support. In the spots where Rome is of brick, you rebuild it of marble; where you find a gap, you fill it with a master-piece, and I take it that what you lend to history is always better than what you borrow from it. . . .” “They are grander and more Roman in his verses than in their history,” said La Bruyère. “Once only, in the *Cid*, Corneille had abandoned himself unreservedly to the reality of passion; scared at what he might find in the weaknesses of the heart, he would no longer see aught but its strength; he sought in man that which resists and not that which yields, thus giving his times the sublime pleasure of an enjoyment that can belong to nought but the human soul, a cherished proof of its noble origin and its glorious destiny, the pleasure of admiration, the appreciation of the beautiful and the great, the enthusiasm aroused by virtue. He moves us at sight of a master-piece, thrills us at the sound of a noble deed, enchants us at the bare idea of a virtue which three thousand years have forever separated from us” (*Corneille et son temps*, by M. Guizot). Every other thought, every other prepossession are strangers to the poet: his personages represent heroic passions which they follow out without swerving and without suffering themselves to be shackled by the notions of a morality which is still far from fixed and often in conflict with the interests and obligations of parties, thus remaining perfectly of his own time and his own country, all the while that he is describing Greeks or Romans or Spaniards.

There is no pleasure in tracing the decadence of a great genius. Corneille wrote for a long while without success,

attributing his repeated rebuffs to his old age, the influence of fashion, the capricious taste of the generation for young people; he thought himself neglected, appealing to the king himself, who had ordered *Cinna* and *Pompée* to be played at court:—

“Go on; the latest born have naught degenerate,
Naught have they which would stamp them illegitimate;
They, miserable fate! were smother’d at the birth,
And one kind glance of yours would bring them back to earth;
The people and the court, I grant you, cry them down;
I have, or else they think I have, too feeble grown;
I’ve written far too long to write so well again;
The wrinkles on the brow reach even to the brain;
But counter to this vote how many could I raise,
If to my latest works you should vouchsafe your praise!
How soon so kind a grace, so potent to constrain,
Would court and people both win back to me again!
‘So Sophocles of yore at Athens was the rage;
So boil’d his ancient blood at five-score years of age,’
Would they to Envy cry, ‘when *Cædipus* at bay
Before his judges stood, and bore the votes away.’”

Posterity has done for Corneille more than Louis XIV. could have done; it has left in oblivion *Agésilas*, *Attila*, *Titus* and *Pulchérie*, it has preserved the memory of the triumphs only. The poet was accustomed to say with a smile, when he was reproached with his slowness and emptiness in conversation: “I am Peter Corneille all the same.” The world has passed similar judgment on his works; in spite of the rebuffs of his latter years, he has remained “the great Corneille.”

When he died, in 1684, Racine, elected by the Academy in 1673, found himself on the point of becoming its director: he claimed the honor of presiding at the obsequies of Corneille. The latter had not been admitted to the body until 1641, after having undergone two rebuffs. Corneille had died in the night. The Academy decided in favor of Abbé de Lavau, the outgoing director. “Nobody but you could pretend to bury Corneille,” said Benserade to Racine, “yet you have not been able to obtain the chance.” It was only when he received into the Academy Thomas Corneille, in his brother’s place, that Racine could praise to his heart’s content the master and rival who, in old age, had done him the honor to dread him. “My father had not been happy in his speech at his own admission,” says Louis Racine ingenuously: “he was in this, because he spoke out of the abundance of his heart, being inwardly convinced that Corneille was worth much more than he.” Louis XIV. had come in for as great a share as Corneille

in Racine's praises. He, informed of the success of the speech, desired to hear it. The author had the honor of reading it to him, after which the king said to him: "I am very pleased; I would praise you more, if you had praised me less." It was on this occasion that the great Arnauld, still in disgrace and carefully concealed, wrote to Racine: "I have to thank you, sir, for the speech which was sent me from you. There certainly was never anything so eloquent, and the hero whom you praise is so much the more worthy of your praises in that he considered them too great. I have many things that I would say to you about that if I had the pleasure of seeing you, but it would need the dispersal of a cloud which I dare to say is a spot upon this sun. I assure you that the ideas I have thereupon are not interested and that what may concern myself affects me very little. A chat with you and your companion would give me much pleasure, but I would not purchase that pleasure by the least poltroonery. You know what I mean by that; and so I abide in peace and wait patiently for God to make known to this perfect prince that he has not in his kingdom a subject more loyal, more zealous for his true glory, and, if I dare say so, loving him with a love more pure and more free from all interest. That is why I could not bring myself to take a single step to obtain liberty to see my friends, unless it were to my prince alone that I should be indebted for it." Fénelon and the great Arnauld held the same language, independent and submissive, proud and modest, at the same time. Only their conscience spoke louder than their respect for the king.

At the time when Racine was thus praising at the Academy the king and the great Corneille, his own dramatic career was already ended. He was born, in 1639, at La Ferté-Milon; he had made his first appearance on the stage in 1664 with the *Frères ennemis*, and had taken leave of it in 1673 with *Phèdre*, *Esther* and *Athalie*, played in 1689 and in 1691 by the young ladies of St Cyr, were not regarded by their author and his austere friends as any derogation from the pious engagements he had entered into. Racine, left an orphan at four years of age and brought up at Port-Royal under the influence and the personal care of M. Le Maître, who called him *his* son, did not at first answer the expectations of his master. The glowing fancy of which he already gave signs caused dismay to Lancelot, who threw into the fire one after the other two copies of the Greek tale *Théagène et Chariclée* which the

young man was reading. The third time the latter learnt it off by heart and, taking the book to his severe censor, "Here," said he, "you can burn this volume too as well as the others."

Racine's pious friends had fine work to no purpose: nature carried the day, and he wrote verses. "Being unable to consult you, I was prepared, like Malherbe, to consult an old servant at our place," he wrote to one of his friends, "if I had not discovered that she was a Jansenist like her master, and that she might betray me, which would be my utter ruin, considering that I receive every day letter upon letter or rather excommunication upon excommunication, all because of a poor sonnet." To deter the young man from poetry, he was led to expect a benefice and was sent away to Uzès to his uncle's, Father Sconin, who set him to study theology. "I pass my time with my uncle, St. Thomas and Virgil," he wrote on the 17th of January, 1662, to M. Vitard, steward to the duke of Luynes: "I make lots of extracts from theology and some from poetry. My uncle has kind intentions towards me, he hopes to get me something; then I shall try to pay my debts. I do not forget the obligations I am under to you. I blush as I write; *Erubuit puer, salva res est* (the lad has blushed; it is all right). But that conclusion is all wrong; my affairs do not mend."

Racine had composed at Uzès the *Frères ennemis*, which was played on his return to Paris, in 1664, not without a certain success; *Alexandre* met with a great deal, in 1665; the author had at first entrusted it to Molière's company, but he was not satisfied and gave his piece to the comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; Molière was displeased and quarrelled with Racine, towards whom he had up to that time testified much good will. The disagreement was not destined to disturb the equity of their judgments upon one another. When Racine brought out *Les Plaideurs*, which was not successful at first, Molière, as he left, said out aloud, "The comedy is excellent, and they who deride it deserve to be derided." One of Racine's friends, thinking to do him a pleasure, went to him in all haste to tell him of the failure of the *Misanthrope* at its first representation. "The piece has fallen flat," said he, "never was there anything so dull; you can believe what I say, for I was there." "You were there, and I was not," replied Racine, "and yet I don't believe it, because it is impossible that Molière should have written a bad piece. Go again and pay more attention to it."

Racine had just brought out *Alexandre* when he became connected with Boileau, who was three years his senior and who had already published several of his satires. "I have a surprising facility in writing my verses," said the young tragic author ingenuously. "I want to teach you to write them with difficulty," answered Boileau, "and you have talent enough to learn before long." *Andromaque* was the result of this novel effort and was Racine's real commencement.

He was henceforth irrevocably committed to the theatrical cause. Nicole attacking Desmarets, who had turned prophet after the failure of his *Clovis*, alluded to the author's comedies and exclaimed with all the severity of Port-Royal: "a romance-writer and a scenic poet is a public poisoner not of bodies but of souls." Racine took these words to himself, and he wrote in defence of the dramatic art two letters so bitter, biting and insulting towards Port-Royal and the protectors of his youth that Boileau dissuaded him from publishing the second and that remorse before long took possession of his soul, never to be entirely appeased. He had just brought out *les Plaideurs*, which had been requested of him by his friends and partly composed during the dinners they frequently had together. "I put into it only a few barbarous law-terms which I might have picked up during a law-suit and which neither I nor my judges ever really heard or understood." After the first failure of the piece, the king's comedians one day risked playing it before him. "Louis XIV. was struck by it and did not think it a breach of his dignity or taste to utter shouts of laughter so loud that the courtiers were astounded." The delighted comedians, on leaving Versailles, returned straight to Paris and went to awaken Racine. "Three carriages during the night in a street where it was unusual to see a single one during the day woke up the neighborhood. There was a rush to the windows, and, as it was known that a councillor of requests (law-officer) had made a great uproar against the comedy of the *Plaideurs*, nobody had a doubt of punishment befalling the poet who had dared to take off the judges in the open theatre. Next day all Paris believed that he was in prison." He had a triumph, on the contrary, with *Britannicus*, after which the king gave up dancing in the court-ballets, for fear of resembling Nero; *Bérénice* was a duel between Corneille and Racine for the amusement of Madame Henriette; Racine bore away the bell from his illustrious rival, without much glory; *Bajazet* soon

followed. "Here is Racine's piece," wrote Madame de Sévigné to her daughter in Jan., 1672; "if I could send you *La Champmeslé*, you would think it good, but without her it loses half its worth. The character of *Bajazet* is cold as ice, the manners of the Turks are ill observed in it, they do not make so much fuss about getting married; the catastrophe is not well led up to, there are no reasons given for that great butchery. There are some pretty things, however, but nothing perfectly beautiful, nothing which carries by storm, none of those bursts of *Corneille's* which make one creep. My dear, let us be careful never to compare Racine with him, let us always feel the difference; never will the former rise any higher than *Andromaque*. Long live our old friend *Corneille*!" Let us forgive his bad verses for the sake of those divine and sublime beauties which transport us. They are master-strokes which are inimitable." *Corneille* had seen *Bajazet*: "I would take great care not to say so to anybody else," he whispered in the ear of Segrain, who was sitting beside him, "because they would say that I said so from jealousy; but, mind you, there is not in *Bajazet* a single character with the sentiments which should and do prevail at Constantinople; they have all, beneath a Turkish dress, the sentiments that prevail in the midst of France." The impassioned loyalty of Madame de Sévigné and the clear-sighted jealousy of *Corneille* were not mistaken; *Bajazet* is no Turk, but he is none the less very human. "There are points by which men recognize themselves though there is no resemblance; there are others in which there is resemblance without any recognition. Certain sentiments belong to nature in all countries; they are characteristic of man only and everywhere man will see his own image in them." [*Corneille et son temps*, by M. Guizot.] Racine's reputation went on continually increasing; he had brought out *Mithridate* and *Iphigénie*; *Phèdre* appeared in 1677. A cabal of great lords caused its failure at first. When the public, for a moment led astray after the *Phèdre* of Pradon, returned to the master-work of Racine, vexation and wounded pride had done their office in the poet's soul. Pious sentiments ever smouldering in his heart, the horror felt for the theatre by Port-Royal and penitence for the sins he had been guilty of against his friends there revived within him; and Racine gave up profane poetry forever. "The applause I have met with has often flattered me a great deal," said he at a later period to his son, "but the smallest critical censure, bad as it may have been, always caused me more of vexation than

all the praises had given me of pleasure." Racine wanted to turn Carthusian; his confessor dissuaded him, and his friends induced him to marry. Madame Racine was an excellent person, modest and devout, who never went to the theatre and scarcely knew her husband's plays by name; she brought him some fortune; the king had given the great poet a pension, and Colbert had appointed him to the treasury (*trésorier*) at Moulins; Louis XIV., moreover, granted frequent donations to men of letters; Racine received from him nearly fifty thousand livres; he was appointed historiographer to the king; Boileau received the same title; the latter was not married; but Racine before long had seven children. "Why did not I turn Carthusian!" he would sometimes exclaim in the disquietude of his paternal affection when his children were ill. He devoted his life to them with pious solicitude, constantly occupied with their welfare, their good education and the salvation of their souls. Several of his daughters became nuns; he feared above everything to see his eldest son devote himself to poetry, dreading for him the dangers he considered he himself had run. "As for your epigram, I wish you had not written it," he wrote to him: "independently of its being commonplace, I cannot too earnestly recommend you not to let yourself give way to the temptation of writing French verses which would serve no purpose but to distract your mind; above all you should not write against anybody." This son, the object of so much care, to whom his father wrote such modest, grave, paternal and sagacious letters, never wrote verses, lived in retirement and died young without ever having married. Little Louis or *Lionval*, Racine's last child, was the only one who ever dreamt of being a writer. "You must be very bold," said Boileau to him, "to dare write verses with the name you bear! It is not that I consider it impossible for you to become capable some day of writing good ones, but I mistrust what is without precedent, and never, since the world was world, has there been seen a great poet son of a great poet." Louis Racine never was a great poet, in spite of the fine verses which are to be met with in his poems *la Religion* and *la Grâce*. His *Mémoires* of his father, written for his son, describe Racine in all the simple charm of his domestic life. "He would leave all to come and see us," writes Louis Racine: "an equerry of the duke's came one day to say that he was expected to dinner at Condé's house. 'I shall not have the honor of going,' said he: 'it is more than a week since I have seen my wife and children

who are making holiday to-day to feast with me on a very fine carp; I cannot give up dining with them.' And, when the equerry persisted, he sent for the carp, which was worth about a crown. 'Judge for yourself,' said he, 'whether I can disappoint these poor children who have made up their minds to regale me, and would not enjoy it if they were to eat this dish without me.' He was loving by nature," adds Louis Racine: "he was loving towards God when he returned to Him; and, from the day of his return to those who, from his infancy, had taught him to know Him, he was so towards them without any reserve; he was so all his life towards his friends, towards his wife and towards his children."

Boileau had undertaken the task of reconciling his friend with Port-Royal. Nicole had made no opposition, "not knowing what war was." M. Arnauld was intractable. Boileau one day made up his mind to take him a copy of *Phèdre*, pondering on the way as to what he should say to him. "Shall this man," said he, "be always right, and shall I never be able to prove him wrong? I am quite sure that I shall be right to-day; if he is not of my opinion, he will be wrong." And going to M. Arnauld's, where he found a large company, he set about developing his thesis, pulling out *Phèdre* and maintaining that if tragedy were dangerous it was the fault of the poets. The younger theologians listened to him disdainfully, but at last M. Arnauld said out loud: "If things are as he says, he is right and such tragedy is harmless." Boileau declared that he had never felt so pleased in his life. M. Arnauld being reconciled to *Phèdre*, the principal step was made; next day the author of the tragedy presented himself. The culprit entered, humility and confusion depicted on his face; he threw himself at the feet of M. Arnauld, who took him in his arms; Racine was thenceforth received into favor by Port-Royal. The two friends were preparing to set out with the king for the campaign of 1677. The besieged towns opened their gates before the poets had left Paris. "How is it that you had not the curiosity to see a siege?" the king asked them on his return: "it was not a long trip." "True, sir," answered Racine, always the greater courtier of the two, "but our tailors were too slow. We had ordered travelling suits; and when they were brought home, the places which your Majesty was besieging were taken." Louis XIV. was not displeased. Racine thenceforth accompanied him in all his campaigns; Boileau, who ailed a great deal and was of shy disposition, remained at Paris. His friend

wrote to him constantly, at one time from the camp and at another from Versailles, whither he returned with the king. "Madame de Maintenon told me this morning," writes Racine, "that the king had fixed our pensions at four thousand francs for me and two thousand for you; that is, not including our literary pensions. I have just come from thanking the king. I laid more stress upon your case than even my own; I said in as many words: 'Sir, he has more wit than ever, more zeal for your Majesty and more desire to work for your glory than ever he had.' I am nevertheless really pained at the idea of my getting more than you. But, independently of the expenses and fatigue of the journeys from which I am glad that you are delivered, I know that you are so noble-minded and so friendly that I am sure you would be heartily glad that I were even better treated. I shall be very pleased if you are." Boileau answered at once: "Are you mad, with your compliments? Do not you know perfectly well that it was I who suggested the way in which things have been done? And can you doubt of my being perfectly well pleased with a matter in which I am accorded all I ask? Nothing in the world could be better, and I am even more rejoiced on your account than on my own." The two friends consulted one another mutually about their verses; Racine sent Boileau his spiritual songs. The king heard the *Combat du Chrétien* sung, set to music by Moreau:

"O God, my God, what deadly strife!
Two men within myself I see:
One would that, full of love to Thee,
My heart were leal, in death and life;
The other, with rebellion rife,
Against Thy laws inciteth me."

He turned to Madame de Maintenon, and, "Madame," said he, "I know those two men well." Boileau sends Racine his ode on the capture of Namur. "I have risked some very new things," he says, "even to speaking of the white plume which the king has in his hat; but, in my opinion, if you are to have novel expressions in verse, you must speak of things which have not been said in verse. You shall be judge, with permission to alter the whole, if you do not like it." Boileau's generous confidence was the more touching, in that Racine was sarcastic and bitter in discussion. "Did you mean to hurt me?" Boileau said to him one day. "God forbid!" was the answer. "Well, then, you made a mistake, for you did hurt me."

Racine had just brought out *Esther* at the theatre of St. Cyr;

Madame de Brinon, lady-superior of the establishment which was founded by Madame de Maintenon for the daughters of poor noblemen, had given her pupils a taste for theatricals. "Our little girls have just been playing your *Andromaque*," wrote Madame de Maintenon to Racine, "and they played it so well that they never shall play it again in their lives, or any other of your pieces." She at the same time asked him to write, in his leisure hours, some sort of moral and historical poem from which love should be altogether banished. This letter threw Racine into a great state of commotion. He was anxious to please Madame de Maintenon and yet it was a delicate commission for a man who had a great reputation to sustain. Boileau was for refusing. "That was not in the calculations of Racine," says Madame de Caylus in her *Souvenirs*. He wrote *Esther*. "Madame de Maintenon was charmed with the conception and the execution," says Madame de La Fayette; "the play represented in some sort the fall of Madame de Montespan and her own elevation; all the difference was that Esther was a little younger and less particular in the matter of piety. The way in which the characters were applied was the reason why Madame de Maintenon was not sorry to make public a piece which had been composed for the community only and for some of her private friends. There was exhibited a degree of excitement about it which is incomprehensible; not one of the small or the great but would go to see it, and that which ought to have been looked upon as merely a convent-play became the most serious matter in the world. The ministers, to pay their court by going to this play, left their most pressing business. At the first representation at which the king was present, he took none but the principal officers of his hunt. The second was reserved for pious personages, such as Father La Chaise, and a dozen or fifteen Jesuits, with many other devotees of both sexes; afterwards it extended to the courtiers." "I paid my court at St. Cyr the other day more agreeably than I had expected," writes Madame de Sévigné to her daughter: "we listened, Marshal Bellefonds and I, with an attention that was remarked and with certain discreet commendations which were not perhaps to be found beneath the head-dresses of all the ladies present. I cannot tell you how exceedingly delightful this piece is; it is a unison of music, verse, songs, persons, so perfect that there is nothing left to desire. The girls who act the kings and other characters were made expressly for it. Everything is simple, everything inno-

cent, everything sublime and affecting. I was charmed and so was the marshal, who left his place to go and tell the king how pleased he was, and that he sat beside a lady well worthy of having seen *Esther*. The king came over to our seats: 'Madame,' he said to me, 'I am assured that you have been pleased.' I, without any confusion, replied, 'Sir, I am charmed; what I feel is beyond expression.' The king said to me, 'Racine is very clever.' I said to him, 'Very, Sir; but really these young people are very clever too, they throw themselves into the subject as if they had never done aught else.' 'Ah! as to that,' he replied; 'it is quite true.' And then his Majesty went away and left me the object of envy. The prince and princess came and gave me a word, Madame de Maintenon a glance; she went away with the king. I replied to all, for I was in luck."

Athalie had not the same brilliant success as *Esther*. The devotees and the envious had affrighted Madame de Maintenon, who had requested Racine to write it. The young ladies of St. Cyr, in the uniform of the house, played the piece quite simply at Versailles before Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon in a room without a stage. When the players gave a representation of it at Paris, it was considered heavy, it did not succeed. Racine imagined that he was doomed to another failure like that of *Phèdre*, which he preferred before all his other pieces. "I am a pretty good judge," Boileau kept repeating to him: "it is about the best you have done; the public will come round to it." Racine died before success was achieved by the only perfect piece which the French stage possesses, worthy both of the subject and of the sources whence Racine drew his inspiration. He had with an excess of scrupulousness abandoned the display of all the fire that burned within him, but beauty never ceased to rouse him to irresistible enthusiasm. Whilst reading the Psalms to M. de Seignelay when lying ill, he could not refrain from paraphrasing them aloud. He admired Sophocles so much, that he never dared touch the subjects of his tragedies. "One day," says M. de Valicour, "when he was at Auteuil, at Boileau's, with M. Nicole and some distinguished friends, he took up a Sophocles in Greek and read the tragedy of *Edipus* translating it as he went. He read so feelingly that all his auditors experienced the sensations of terror and pity with which this piece abounds. I have seen our best pieces played by our best actors, but nothing ever came near the commotion into which I was thrown by this reading, and, at

this moment of writing, I fancy I still see Racine book in hand and all of us awe-stricken around him." Thus it was that, whilst repeating, but a short time before, the verses of *Mithridate*, as he was walking in the Tuileries, he had seen the workmen leaving their work and coming up to him, convinced as they were that he was mad and was going to throw himself into the basin.

Racine for a long while enjoyed the favors of the king, who went so far as to tolerate the attachment the poet had always testified towards Port-Royal. Racine, moreover, showed tact in humoring the susceptibilities of Louis XIV. and his counselors. "Father Bouhours and Father Rapin (Jesuits) were in my study when I received your letter," he writes to Boileau: "I read it to them, on breaking the seal, and I gave them very great pleasure. I kept looking ahead, however, as I was reading, in case there was anything too Jansenistical in it. I saw towards the end the name of M. Nicole and I skipped boldly or rather mean-spiritedly over it. I dared not expose myself to the chance of interfering with the great delight and even shouts of laughter caused them by many very amusing things you sent me. They are both of them, I assure you, very friendly towards you and indeed very good fellows." All this caution did not prevent Racine, however, from displeasing the king. After a conversation he had held with Madame de Maintenon about the miseries of the people, she asked him for a memorandum on the subject. The king demanded the name of the author and flew out at him. "Because he is a perfect master of verse," said he, "does he think he knows everything? And, because he is a great poet, does he want to be minister?" Madame de Maintenon was more discreet in her relations with the king than bold in the defence of her friends; she sent Racine word not to come and see her until further orders. "Let this cloud pass," she said: "I will bring the fine weather back." Racine was ill; his naturally melancholy disposition had become sombre. "I know, Madame," he wrote to Madame de Maintenon, "what influence you have; but in the house of Port-Royal I have an aunt who shows her affection for me in quite a different way. This holy woman is always praying God to send me disgraces, humiliations and subjects for penitence; she will have more success than you." At bottom, his soul was not sturdy enough to endure the rough doctrines of Port-Royal; his health got worse and worse; he returned to court; he was readmitted by the king who received him gra-

ciously. Racine continued uneasy; he had an abscess of the liver and was a long while ill. "When he was convinced that he was going to die, he ordered a letter to be written to the superintendent of finances asking for payment which was due of his pension. His son brought him the letter. 'Why,' said he, 'did not you ask for payment of Boileau's pension too? We must not be made distinct. Write the letter over again and let Boileau know that I was his friend even to death.' When the latter came to wish him farewell, he raised himself up in bed with an effort: 'I regard it as a happiness for me to die before you,' he said to his friend. An operation appeared necessary. His son would have given him hopes. 'And you too!' said Racine, 'you would do as the doctors and mock me? God is the Master and can restore me to life, but Death has sent in his bill.'"

He was not mistaken: on the 21st of April, 1699, the great poet, the scrupulous Christian, the noble and delicate painter of the purest passions of the soul expired at Paris at fifty-nine years of age, leaving life without regret, spite of all the successes with which he had been crowned. Unlike Corneille with the *Cid*, he did not take tragedy and glory by assault, he conquered them both by degrees, raising himself at each new effort and gaining over little by little the most passionate admirers of his great rival; at the pinnacle of this reputation and this victory, at thirty-eight years of age, he had voluntarily shut the door against the intoxications and pride of success, he had mutilated his life, buried his genius in penitence, obeying simply the calls of his conscience, and, with singular moderation in the very midst of exaggeration, becoming a father of a family and remaining a courtier, at the same time that he gave up the stage and glory. Racine was gentle and sensible even in his repentance and his sacrifice. Boileau gave religion the credit for this very moderation: "Reason commonly brings others to faith, it was faith which brought M. Racine to reason."

Boileau had more to do with his friend's reason than he probably knew. Racine never acted without consulting him. With Racine Boileau lost half his life. He survived him twelve years without ever setting foot again within the court after his first interview with the king. "I have been at Versailles," he writes to his publisher, M. Brossette, "where I saw Madame de Maintenon and afterwards the king, who overcame me with kind words; so, here I am more historiographer than ever. His Majesty spoke to me of M. Racine in a manner to make

courtiers desire death, if they thought he would speak of them in the same way afterwards. Meanwhile, that has been but very small consolation to me for the loss of that illustrious friend, who is none the less dead though regretted by the greatest king in the universe." "Remember," Louis XIV. had said, "that I have always an hour a week to give you when you like to come." Boileau did not go again. "What should I go to court for?" he would say: "I cannot sing praises any more."

At Racine's death Boileau did not write any longer. He had entered the arena of letters at three and twenty, after a sickly and melancholy childhood. The *Art Poétique* and the *Lutrin* appeared in 1674; the first nine Satires and several of the Epistle had preceded them. Rather a witty, shrewd and able versifier than a great poet, Boileau displayed in the *Lutrin* a richness and suppleness of fancy which his other works had not foreshadowed. The broad and cynical buffoonery of Scarron's burlesques had always shocked his severe and pure taste. "Your father was weak enough to read *Virgile travesti* and laugh over it," he would say to Louis Racine, "but he kept it dark from me." In the *Lutrin*, Boileau sought the gay and the laughable under noble and polished forms: the gay lost by it, the laughable remained stamped with an ineffaceable seal. "M. Despréaux," wrote Racine to his son, "has not only received from Heaven a marvellous genius for satire, but he has also, together with that, an excellent judgment which makes him discern what needs praise and what needs blame." This marvellous genius for satire did not spoil Boileau's natural good feeling. "He is cruel in verse only," Madame de Sévigné used to say. Racine was tart, bitter in discussion; Boileau always preserved his coolness: his judgments frequently anticipated those of posterity. The king asked him one day who was the greatest poet of his reign. "Molière, Sir," answered Boileau, without hesitation. "I shouldn't have thought it," rejoined the king somewhat astonished, "but you know more about it than I do." Molière, in his turn, defending La Fontaine against the pleasantries of his friends, said to his neighbor at one of those social meals in which the illustrious friends delighted: "Let us not laugh at the good soul (*bonhomme*), he will probably live longer than the whole of us." In the noble and touching brotherhood of these great minds, Boileau continued invariably to be the bond between the rivals; intimate friend as he was of Racine, he never quarrelled with Molière,

and he hurried to the king to beg that he would pass on the pension with which he honored him to the aged Corneille, groundlessly deprived of the royal favors. He entered the Academy on the 3rd of July, 1684, immediately after La Fontaine. His satires had retarded his election. "He praised without flattery, he humbled himself nobly," says Louis Racine, "and, when he said that admission to the Academy was sure to be closed against him for so many reasons, he set a-thinking all the Academicians he had spoken ill of in his works." He was no longer writing verses when Perrault published his *Parallèle des anciens et des modernes*. "If Boileau do not reply," said the prince of Conti, "you may assure him that I will go to the Academy and write on his chair, 'Brutus, thou sleepest.'" The ode on the capture of Namur, intended to crush Perrault whilst celebrating Pindar, not being sufficient, Boileau wrote his *Reflexions sur Longin*, bitter and often unjust toward Perrault, who was far more equitably treated and more effectually refuted in Fénelon's letter to the French Academy.

Boileau was by this time old; he had sold his house at Auteuil, which was so dear, but he did not give up literature, continuing to revise his verses carefully, pre-occupied with new editions, and reproaching himself for this preoccupation. "It is very shameful," he would say, "to be still busying myself with rhymes and all those Parnassian trifles, when I ought to be thinking of nothing but the account I am prepared to go and render to God." He died on the 13th of March, 1711, leaving nearly all he had to the poor; he was followed to the tomb by a great throng. "He had many friends," was the remark amongst the people: "and yet we are assured that he spoke evil of everybody." No writer ever contributed more than Boileau to the formation of poetry; no more correct or shrewd judgment ever assessed the merits of authors, no loftier spirit ever guided a stronger and a juster mind. Through all the vicissitudes undergone by literature and spite of the sometimes excessive severity of his decrees, Boileau has left an ineffaceable impression upon the French language; his talent was less effective than his understanding; his judgment and his character have had more influence than his verses.

Boileau had survived all his friends; La Fontaine, born in 1621 at Château-Thierry, had died in 1695. He had entered in his youth the brotherhood of the Oratory, which he had soon quitted, being unable, he used to say, to accustom himself to

theology; he went and came between town and town, amusing himself everywhere, and already writing a little:

"For me the whole round world was laden with delights;
My heart was touch'd by flower, sweet sound and sunny day,
I was the sought of friends and eke of lady gay."

Fontaine was married, without caring much for his wife, whom he left to live alone at Château-Thierry. He was in great favor with Fouquet. When his patron was disgraced, in danger of his life, La Fontaine put into the mouth of the nymphs of Vaux his touching appeal to the king's clemency:

"May he, then, o'er the life of high-soul'd Henry pore,
Who, with the power to take, for vengeance yearn'd no more:
Oh! into Louis' soul this gentle spirit breathe."

Later on, during Fouquet's imprisonment at Pignerol, La Fontaine wrote further:

"I sigh to think upon the object of my prayers;
You take my sense, Ariste; your generous nature shares
The plaints I make for him who so unkindly fares.
He did displease the king; and lo! his friends were gone;
Forthwith a thousand throats roar'd out at him like one:
I wept for him, despite the torrent of his foes,
I taught the world to have some pity for his woes."

La Fontaine has been described as a solitary being, without wit and without external charm of any kind. La Bruyère has said: "A certain man appears loutish, heavy, stupid; he can neither talk nor relate what he has just seen: he sets himself to writing, and it is a model of story-telling; he makes speakers of animals, trees, stones, everything that cannot speak; there is nothing but lightness and elegance, nothing but natural beauty and delicacy in his works." "He says nothing, or will talk of nothing but Plato," Racine's daughters used to say. All his contemporaries, however, of fashion and good breeding did not form the same opinion of him: the dowager duchess of Orleans, Marguerite of Lorraine, had taken him as one of her gentlemen-in-waiting; the duchess of Bouillon had him in her retinue in the country; Madame de Montespan and her sister, Madame de Thianges, liked to have a visit from him; he lived at the house of Madame de La Sablière, a beauty and a wit, who received a great deal of company; he said of her:

"Warm is her heart and knit with tenderest ties
To those she loves, and, otherwise, otherwise;
For such a sprite, whose birth-place is the skies,
Of manly beauty blent with woman's grace,
No mortal pen, though fain, can fitly trace."

"I have only kept by me," she would say, "my three pets (*animaux*): my dog, my cat, and La Fontaine." When she died, M. and Madame d'Hervart received into their house the now old and somewhat isolated poet. As D'Hervart was on his way to go and make the proposal to La Fontaine he met him in the street. "I was coming to ask you to put up at our house," said he. "I was just going thither," answered La Fontaine with the most touching confidence. There he remained to his death, contenting himself with going now and then to Château-Thierry, as long as his wife lived, to sell, with her consent, some strip of ground; the property was going, old age was coming:

"John did no better than he had begun,
Spent property and income both as one;
Of treasure saw small use in any way;
Knew very well how to get through his day;
Split it in two: one part, as he thought best,
He passed in sleep, did nothing all the rest."

He did not sleep, he dreamt. One day dinner was kept waiting for him: "I have just come," said he as he entered, "from the funeral of an ant; I followed the procession to the cemetery, and I escorted the family home." It has been said that La Fontaine knew nothing of natural history; he knew and loved animals; up to his time, fable-writers had been merely philosophers or satirists; he was the first who was a poet, unique not only in France but in Europe, discovering the deep and secret charm of nature, animating it with his inexhaustible and graceful genius, giving lessons to men from the example of animals, without making the latter speak like 'man, ever supple and natural, sometimes elegant and noble, with penetration beneath the cloak of his simplicity, inimitable in the line which he had chosen from taste, from instinct, and not from want of power to transport his genius elsewhere; he himself has said:

"Yes, call me truly, if it must be said,
Parnassian butterfly and like the bees
Wherein old Plato found our similes:
Light rover I, forever on the wing,
Flutter from flower to flower, from thing to thing,
With much of pleasure mix a little fame."

And in *Psyché*:

"Music and books, and junkettings and love,
And town and country—all to me is bliss;
There nothing is that comes amiss:
In melancholy's self grim joy I prove,"

The grace, the naturalness, the original independence of the mind and the works of La Fontaine had not the luck to please Louis XIV., who never accorded him any favor, and La Fontaine did not ask for any:

"All dumb I shrink once more within my shell,
Where unobtrusive pleasures dwell;
True, I shall here by Fortune be forgot:
Her favors with my verse agree not well;
To importune the gods besseems me not."

Once only, from the time of Fouquet's trial, the poet demanded a favor: Louis XIV. having misgivings about the propriety of the *Contes* of La Fontaine, had not yet given the assent required for his election to the French Academy, when he set out for the campaign in Luxembourg. La Fontaine addressed to him a ballad:

"Just as, in Homer, Jupiter we see
Alone o'er all the other gods prevail;
You, one against a hundred though it be,
Balance all Europe in the other scale.
Them liken I to those who, in the tale,
Mountain on mountain piled, presumptuously
Warring with Heaven and Jove. The earth clave he,
And hurl'd them down beneath huge rocks to wail:
So take you up your bolt with energy;
A happy consummation cannot fail.

Sweet thought! that doth this month or two avail
To somewhat soothe my Muse's anxious care.
For certain minds at certain stories rail,
Certain poor jests, which naught but trifles are.
If I with deference their lessons hail,
What would they more? Be you more prone to spare,
More kind than they; less sheathed in rigorous mail;
Prince, in a word, your real self declare:
A happy consummation cannot fail."

The election of Boileau to the Academy appeased the king's humor, who preferred the other's intellect to that of La Fontaine. "The choice you have made of M. Despréaux is very gratifying to me," he said to the board of the Academy: "it will be approved of by everybody; you can admit La Fontaine at once: he has promised to be good." It was a rash promise, which the poet did not always keep.

The friends of La Fontaine had but lately wanted to reconcile him to his wife; they had with that view sent him to Château-Thierry; he returned without having seen her whom he went to visit. "My wife was not at home," said he: "she had gone to the sacrament (*au salut*)." He was becoming old; those same faithful friends, Racine, Boileau and Maucroix

were trying to bring him home to God. Racine took him to church with him; a Testament was given him: "That is a very good book," said he: "I assure you it is a very good book." Then all at once addressing Abbé Boileau, "Doctor, do you think that St. Augustin was as clever as Rabelais?" He was ill, however, and began to turn towards eternity his dreamy and erratic thoughts; he had set about composing pious hymns. "The best of thy friends has not a fortnight to live," he wrote to Maucroix; "for two months I have not been out, unless to go to the Academy for amusement. Yesterday, as I was returning, I was seized in the middle of Rue du Chantre with a fit of such great weakness that I really thought I was dying. O my dear friend, to die is nothing, but thinkest thou that I am about to appear before God? Thou knowest how I have lived. Before thou hast this letter, the gates of eternity will perchance be opened for me." "He is as simple as a child," said the woman who took care of him in his last illness: "if he has done amiss, it was from ignorance rather than wickedness." A charming and a curious being, serious and simple, profound and childlike, winning by reason of his very vagaries, his good-natured originality, his helplessness in common life, La Fontaine knew how to estimate the literary merits as well as the moral qualities of his illustrious friends. "When they happened to be together," says he in his tale of *Psyché*, "and had talked to their heart's content of their diversions, if they chanced to stumble upon any point of science or literature, they profited by the occasion, without, however, lingering too long over one and the same subject, but flitting from one topic to another like bees that meet as they go with different sorts of flowers. Envy, malignity or cabal had no voice amongst them; they adored the works of the ancients, refused not the moderns the praises which were their due, spoke of their own with modesty and gave one another honest advice, when any one of them fell ill of the malady of the age and wrote a book, which happened now and then. In this case, Acanthus (Racine) did not fail to propose a walk in some place outside the town, in order to hear the reading with less noise and more pleasure. He was extremely fond of gardens, flowers, foliage. Polyphile (La Fontaine) resembled him in this, but then Polyphile might be said to love all things. Both of them were lyrically inclined, with this difference, that Acanthus was rather the more pathetic, Polyphile the more ornate."

When La Fontaine died on the 13th of April, 1695, of the four friends lately assembled at Versailles to read the tale of *Psyché*, Molière alone had disappeared. La Fontaine had admired at Vaux the young comic poet, who had just written the *Fâcheux* for the entertainment given by Fouquet to Louis XIV.:

"It is a work by Molière;
This writer, of a style so rare,
Is now-a-days the court's delight
His fame, so rapid is its flight,
Beyond the bounds of Rome must be:
Amen! For he's the man for me."

In his old age he gave vent to his grief and his regret at Molière's death in this touching epitaph:

"Beneath this stone Plautus and Terence lie,
Though lieth here but Molière alone:
Their threefold gifts of mind made up but one,
That witch'd all France with noble comedy.
Now are they gone: and little hope have I
That we again shall look upon the three:
Dead men, methinks, while countless years roll by,
Terentius, Plautus, Molière will be."

Molière and French comedy had no need to take shelter beneath the mantle of the ancients; they, together, had shed upon the world incomparable lustre; Shakspeare might dispute with Corneille and Racine the sceptre of tragedy, he had succeeded in showing himself as full of power, with more truth, as the one, and as full of tenderness, with more profundity, as the other; Molière is superior to him in originality, abundance and perfection of characters; he yields to him neither in range, nor penetration, nor complete knowledge of human nature. The lives of these two great geniuses, authors and actors both together, present in other respects certain features of resemblance. Both were intended for another career than that of the stage; both, carried away by an irresistible passion, assembled about them a few actors, leading at first a roving life, to end by becoming the delight of the court and of the world. John Baptist Poquelin, who before long assumed the name of Molière, was born at Paris, in 1622; his father, upholstery-groom-of-the-chamber (*valet de chambre tapissier*) to Louis XIV., had him educated with some care at Clermont (afterwards Louis-le-Grand) College, then in the hands of the Jesuits. He attended, by favor, the lessons which the philosopher Gassendi, for a long time the opponent of Descartes, gave young Chapelle. He imbibed at these

lessons, together with a more extensive course of instruction, a certain freedom of thinking which frequently cropped out in his plays and contributed later on to bring upon him an accusation of irreligion. In 1645 (? 1643), Molière had formed, with the ambitious title of *illustre théâtre*, a small company of actors who, being unable to maintain themselves at Paris, for a long while tramped the provinces, through all the troubles of the Fronde. It was in 1653 that Molière brought out at Lyons his comedy *l'Étourdi*, the first regular piece he had ever composed. The *Dépit amoureux* was played at Béziers, in 1656, at the opening of the session of the States of Languedoc; the company returned to Paris in 1658; in 1659, Molière, who had obtained a licence from the king, gave at his own theatre *les Précieuses ridicules*. He broke with all imitation of the Italians and the Spaniards, and, taking off to the life the manners of his own times, he boldly attacked the affected exaggeration and absurd pretensions of the vulgar imitators of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. "Bravo! Molière," cried an old man from the middle of the pit: "this is real comedy." When he published his piece, Molière, anxious not to give umbrage to a powerful clique, took care to say in his preface that he was not attacking real *précieuses* but only the bad imitations.

Just as he had recalled Corneille to the stage, Fouquet was for protecting Molière upon it. The *École des Maris* and the *Fâcheux* were played at Vaux. Amongst the ridiculous characters in this latter, Molière had not described the huntsman. Louis XIV. himself indicated to him the marquis of Soyecour; "There's one you have forgotten," he said. Twenty-four hours later, the bore of a huntsman, with all his jargon of venery, had a place forever amongst the *Fâcheux* of Molière. The *École des Femmes* the *Impromptu de Versailles*, the *Critique de l'École des Femmes*, began the bellicose period in the great comic poet's life. Accused of impiety, attacked in the honor of his private life, Molière, returning insult for insult, delivered over those amongst his enemies who offered a butt for ridicule to the derision of the court and of posterity. The *Festin de Pierre* and the signal punishment of the libertine (free-thinker) were intended to clear the author from the reproach of impiety; *la Princesse d'Élide* and *l'Amour médecin* were but charming interludes in the great struggle henceforth instituted between reality and appearance; in 1666, Molière produced *le Misanthrope*, a frank and noble spirit's sublime invective against the frivolity, perfidious and showy semblances of court. "This

misanthrope's despitefulness against bad verses was copied from me; Molière himself confessed as much to me many a time," wrote Boileau one day; the indignation of Alceste is deeper and more universal than that of Boileau against bad poets; he is disgusted with the court and the world because he is honest, virtuous and sincere, and sees corruption triumphant around him; he is wroth to feel the effects of it in his life and almost in his own soul. He is a victim to the eternal struggle between good and evil without the strength and the unquenchable hope of Christianity. The *Misanthrope* is a shriek of despair uttered by virtue, excited and almost distraught at the defeat she forbodes. The *Tartuffe* was a new effort in the same direction, and bolder in that it attacked religious hypocrisy and seemed to aim its blows even at religion itself. Molière was a long time working at it; the first acts had been played in 1664 at court under the title of *l'Hypocrite*, at the same time as *la Princesse d'Élide*. "The king," says the account of the entertainment in the Gazette de Loret, "saw so much analogy of form between those whom true devotion sets in the way of heaven and those whom an empty ostentation of good deeds does not hinder from committing bad, that his extreme delicacy in respect of religious matters could with difficulty brook this resemblance of vice to virtue, and though there might be no doubt of the author's good intentions, he prohibited the playing of this comedy before the public until it should be quite finished and examined by persons qualified to judge of it, so as not to let advantage be taken of it by others, less capable, of just discernment in the matter." Though played once publicly, in 1667, under the title of *l'Imposteur*, the piece did not appear definitively on the stage until 1669, having undoubtedly excited more scandal by interdiction than it would have done by representation. The king's good sense and judgment at last prevailed over the terrors of the truly devout and the resentment of hypocrites. He had just seen an impious piece of buffoonery played. "I should very much like to know," said he to the prince of Condé, who stood up for Molière, an old fellow-student of his brother's, the prince of Conti's, "why people who are so greatly scandalized at Molière's comedy say nothing about *Scaramouche*?" "The reason of that," answered the prince, "is that *Scaramouche* makes fun of heaven and religion, about which those gentry do not care, and that Molière makes fun of their own selves, which they cannot brook." The prince might have added that all the

blows in *Tartuffe*, a masterpiece of shrewdness, force and fearless and deep wrath, struck home at hypocrisy.

Whilst waiting for permission to have *Tartuffe* played; Molière had brought out *le Médecin malgré lui*, *Amphitryon*, *Georges Dandin* and *l'Avare*, lavishing freely upon them the inexhaustible resources of his genius, which was ever ready to supply the wants of kingly and princely entertainments. *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac* was played for the first time at Chambord on the 6th of October, 1669; a year afterwards, on the same stage, appeared *le Bourgeois gentilhomme*, with the interludes and music of Lulli. The piece was a direct attack upon one of the most frequent absurdities of his day; many of the courtiers felt in their hearts that they were attacked; there was a burst of wrath at the first representation, by which the king had not appeared to be struck. Molière thought it was all over with him. Louis XIV. desired to see the piece a second time; "You have never written anything yet which has amused me so much; your comedy is excellent," said he to the poet; the court was at once seized with a fit of admiration.

The king had lavished his benefits upon Molière, who had an hereditary post near him as groom-of-the-chamber; he had given him a pension of seven thousand livres and the licence of the king's theatre; he had been pleased to stand godfather to one of his children, to whom the duchess of Orleans was godmother; he had protected him against the superciliousness of certain servants of his bedchamber, but all the monarch's puissance and constant favors could not obliterate public prejudice and give the comedian whom they saw every day on the boards the position and rank which his genius deserved. Molière's friends urged him to give up the stage. "Your health is going," Boileau would say to him, "because the duties of a comedian exhaust you. Why not give it up?" "Alas!" replied Molière with a sigh, "it is a point of honor that prevents me." "A what?" rejoined Boileau; "what! to smear your face with a moustache as Sganarelle and come on the stage to be thrashed with a stick? That is a pretty point of honor for a philosopher like you!"

Molière might probably have followed the advice of Boileau, he might probably have listened to the silent warnings of his failing powers, if he had not been unfortunate and sad. Unhappy in his marriage, justly jealous and yet passionately fond of his wife, without any consolation within him against the bit-

terness and vexations of his life, he sought in work and incessant activity the only distractions which had any charm for a high spirit, constantly wounded in its affections and its legitimate pride: *Psyché*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, betrayed nothing of their author's increasing sadness or suffering. *Les Femmes savantes* had at first but little success; the piece was considered heavy: the marvellous nicety of the portraits, the correctness of the judgments, the delicacy and elegance of the dialogue were not appreciated until later on. Molière had just composed *Le Malade imaginaire*, the last of that succession of blows which he had so often dealt the doctors; he was more ailing than ever; his friends, even his actors themselves pressed him not to have any play. "What would you have me do?" he replied: "there are fifty poor workmen who have but their day's pay to live upon; what will they do if we have no play? I should reproach myself with having neglected to give them bread for one single day, if I could really help it." Molière had a bad voice, a disagreeable hiccough and harsh inflexions: "He was, nevertheless," say his contemporaries, "a comedian from head to foot; he seemed to have several voices, everything about him spoke, and, by a caper, by a smile, by a wink of the eye and a shake of the head, he conveyed more than the greatest speaker could have done by talking in an hour." He played as usual on the 17th of February, 1673; the curtain had risen, exactly at four o'clock; Molière could hardly stand, and he had a fit during the burlesque ceremony (at the end of the play) whilst pronouncing the word *Juro*. He was icy-cold when he went back to Baron's box, who was waiting for him, who saw him home to Rue Richelieu, and who at the same time sent for his wife and two Sisters of Charity. When he went up again, with Madame Molière, into the room, the great comedian was dead. He was only fifty-one.

It has been a labor of love to go into some detail over the lives, works and characters of the great writers during the age of Louis XIV. They did too much honor to their time and their country, they had too great and too deep and effect in France and in Europe upon the successive developments of the human intellect to refuse then an important place in the history of that France to whose influence and glory they so powerfully contributed.

Molière did not belong to the French Academy; his profession had shut the doors against him. It was nearly a hundred

years after his death, in 1778, that the Academy raised to him a bust, beneath which was engraved:

"His glory lacks naught, ours did lack him."

It was by instinct and of its own free choice that the French Academy had refused to elect a comedian; it had grown and its liberty had increased under the sway of Louis XIV. In 1672, at the death of Chancellor Séguier, who became its protector after Richelieu, "it was so honored that the king was graciously pleased to take upon himself this office: the body had gone to thank him; his Majesty desired that the dauphin should be witness of what passed on an occasion so honorable to literature; after the speech of M. Harlay, archbishop of Paris and the man in France with most inborn talent for speaking, the king appearing somewhat touched, gave the Academicians very great marks of esteem, inquired the names, one after another, of those whose faces were not familiar to him, and said aside to M. Colbert, who was there in his capacity of simple Academician: 'You will let me know what I must do for these gentlemen.' Perhaps M. Colbert, that minister who was so zealous for the fine arts, never received an order more in conformity with his own inclinations." From that time, the French Academy held its sittings at the Louvre, and, as regarded complimentary addresses to the king on state occasions, it took rank with the sovereign bodies.

For thirty-five years the Academy had been working at its *Dictionnaire*. From the first the work had appeared interminable:

"These six years past they toil at letter F,
And I'd be much obliged if Destiny
Would whisper to me: Thou shalt live to G,"—

wrote Boise-Robert to Balzac. The Academy had entrusted Vaugelas with the preparatory labor. "It was," says Pellisson, "the only way of coming quickly to an end." A pension, which he had not been paid for a long time past, was revived in his favor. Vaugelas took his plan to Cardinal Richelieu. "Well, sir," said the minister, smiling with a somewhat contemptuous air of kindness, "you will not forget the word *pension* in this dictionary." "No, Monsignor," replied M. de Vaugelas with a profound bow, "and still less *reconnaissance* (*gratitude*)." Vaugelas had finished the first volume of his *Remarques sur la langue Française*, which has ever since remained the basis of all works on grammar. "He had im-

ported into the body of the work a something or other so estimable (*d'honnête homme*) and so much frankness that one could scarcely help loving its author." He was working at the second volume when he died, in 1649, so poor that his creditors, siezed his papers, making it very difficult for the Academy to recover his *Mémoires*. The dictionary, having lost its principal author, went on so slowly that Colbert curious to know whether the Academicians honestly earned their modest *medals for attendance* (*jetons de présence*) which he had assigned to them, came one day unexpectedly to a sitting: he was present at the whole discussion, "after which, having seen the attention and care which the Academy was bestowing upon the composition of its dictionary, he said, as he rose, that he was convinced that it could not get on any faster, and his evidence ought to be of so much the more weight in that never man in his position was more laborious or more diligent."

The Academicians, who were men of letters, worked at the dictionary; the Academicians, who were men of fashion, had become pretty numerous; Arnauld d'Andilly and M. de Lamoignon, whom the body had honored by election, declined to join, and the Academy resolved to never elect anybody without a previously expressed desire and request. At the same time when M. de Lamoignon declined, the king, fearing that it might bring the Academy into some disfavor, procured the appointment, in his stead, of the coadjutor of Strasbourg, Armand de Rohan-Soubise. "Splendid as your triumph may be," wrote Boileau to M. de Lamoignon, "I am persuaded, sir, from what I know of your noble and modest character, that you are very sorry to have caused this displeasure to a body which is after all very illustrious, and that you will attempt to make it manifest to all the earth. I am quite willing to believe that you had good reasons for acting as you have done." The Academy from that moment regarded the title it conferred as irrevocable: it did not fill up the place of the Abbé de St. Pierre when it found itself obliged to exclude him from its sittings by order of Louis XV.; it did not fill up the place of Mgr. Dupanloup when he thought proper to send in his resignation. In spite of court-intrigues it from that moment maintained its independence and its dignity. "M. Despréaux," writes the banker Leverrier to the duke of Noailles, "represented to the Academy with a great deal of heat that all was rack and ruin, since it was nothing more but a cabel of women that put Academicians in the place of those who died. Then he read

out loud some verses by M. de St. Aulaire. . . . This M. Despréaux before the eyes of everybody, gave M. de St. Aulaire a black ball and nominated, all by himself, M. de Mimeure. Here, Monseigneur, is proof that there are Romans still in the world, and for the future, I will trouble you to call M. Despréaux no longer your dear poet, but your dear Cato."

With his extreme deafness, Boileau had great difficulty in fulfilling his Academic duties. He was a member of the Academy of medals and inscriptions, founded by Colbert in 1662, "in order to render the acts of the king immortal by deciding the legends of the medals struck in his honor." Pontchartrain raised to forty the number of the members of the *petite académie*, extended its functions, and entrusted it thenceforth with the charge of publishing curious documents relating to the history of France. "We had read to us to-day a very learned work, but rather tiresome," says Boileau to M. Pontchartrain, "and we were bored right cruditely; but afterwards there was an examination of another which was much more agreeable, and the reading of which attracted considerable attention. As the reader was put quite close to me, I was in a position to hear and to speak of it. All I ask you, to complete the measure of your kindnesses, is to be kind enough to let everybody know that, if I am of so little use at the Academy of Medals, it is equally true that I do not and do not wish to obtain any pecuniary advantage from it.

The Academy of Sciences had already for many years had sittings in one of the rooms of the king's library. Like the French Academy, it had owed its origin to private meetings at which Descartes, Gassendi and young Pascal were accustomed to be present. "There are in the world scholars of two sorts," said a note sent to Colbert about the formation of the new Academy. "One give themselves up to science because it is a pleasure to them: they are content, as the fruit of their labors, with the knowledge they acquire, and if they are known, it is only amongst those with whom they converse unambitiously and for mutual instruction; these are *bonâ fide* scholars, whom it is impossible to do without in a design so great as that of the *Académie royale*. There are others who cultivate science only as a field which is to give them sustenance, and, as they see by experience that great rewards fall only to those who make the most noise in the world, they apply themselves especially, not to making new discoveries, for hitherto that has not been recompensed, but to whatever

may bring them into notice; these are scholars of the fashionable world, and such as one knows best." Colbert had the true scholar's taste; he had brought Cassini from Italy to take the direction of the new Observatory; he had ordered surveys for a general map of France; he had founded the *Journal des Savants*; literary men, whether Frenchmen or foreigners, enjoyed the king's bounties; Colbert had even conceived the plan of a universal Academy, a veritable forerunner of the Institute. The arts were not forgotten in this grand project; the academy of painting and sculpture dated from the regency of Anne of Austria; the pretensions of the Masters of Arts (*maîtres ès arts*), who placed an interdict upon artists not belonging to their corporation, had driven Charles Lebrun, himself the son of a Master, to agitate for its foundation; Colbert added to it the academy of music and the academy of architecture, and created the French school of painting at Rome. Beside the palace for a long time past dedicated to this establishment, lived for more than thirty-five years, Le Poussin, the first and the greatest of all the painters of that French school which was beginning to spring up, whilst the Italian school, though blooming still in talent and strength, was forgetting more and more every day the nobleness, the purity, and the severity of taste which had carried to the highest pitch the art of the fifteenth century. The tradition of the masters in vogue in Italy, of the Caracci, of Guido, of Paul Veronese, had reached Paris with Simon Vouët, who had long lived at Rome. He was succeeded there by a Frenchman "whom, from his grave and thoughtful air, you would have taken for a father of Sorbonne," says M. Vitet in his charming *Vie de Lesueur*: "his black eye beneath his thick eyebrow nevertheless flashed forth a glance full of poesy and youth. His manner of living was not less surprising than his personal appearance. He might be seen walking in the streets of Rome, tablets in hand, hitting off by a stroke or two of his pencil at one time the antique fragments he came upon, at another the gestures, the attitudes, the faces of the persons who presented themselves in his path. Sometimes, in the morning, he would sit on the terrace of Trinità del Monte, beside another Frenchman five or six years younger, but already known for rendering landscapes with such fidelity, such fresh and marvellous beauty, that all the Italian masters gave place to him, and that, after two centuries, he has not yet met his rival."

"Of these two artists, the older evidently exercised over the

other the superiority which genius has over talent. The smallest hints of Le Poussin were received by Claude Lorrain with deference and respect; and yet, to judge from the prices at which they severally sold their pictures, the landscape-painter had for the time an indisputable superiority."

Claude Gelée, called Lorrain, had fled when quite young from the shop of the confectioner with whom his parents had placed him; he had found means of getting to Rome; there he worked, there he lived, and there he died, returning but once to France, in the height of his renown, for just a few months, without even enriching his own land with any great number of his works; nearly all of them remained on foreign soil. Le Poussin, born at the Andelys in 1593, made his way with great difficulty to Italy; he was by that time thirty years old and had no more desire than Claude to return to France, where painting was with difficulty beginning to obtain a standing. His reputation, however, had penetrated thither; King Louis XIII. was growing weary of Simon Vouët's factitious lustre; he wanted Le Poussin to go to Paris; the painter for a long while held out; the king insisted: "I shall go," said Le Poussin, "like one sentenced to be sawn in halves and severed in twain." He passed eighteen months in France, welcomed enthusiastically, lodged at the Tuileries, magnificently paid, but exposed to the jealousies of Simon Vouët and his pupils; worried, thwarted, frozen to death by the hoarfrosts of Paris; he took the road back to Rome in November, 1642, on the pretext of going to fetch his wife, and did not return any more. He had left in France some of his masterpieces, models of that new, independent and conscientious art, faithfully studied from nature in all its Italian grandeur and from the treasures of the antique. "How did you arrive at such perfection?" people would ask Le Poussin. "By neglecting nothing," the painter would reply. In the same way Newton was soon to discover the great laws of the physical world "by always thinking thereon."

During Le Poussin's stay at Paris, he had taken as a pupil Eustache Lesueur, who had been trained in the studio of Simon Vouët, but had been struck from the first with the incomparable genius and proud independence of the master sent to him by fate. Alone he had supported Le Poussin in his struggle against the envious, alone he entered upon the road which revealed itself to him whilst he studied under Le Poussin. He was poor, he had great difficulty in managing to live. The delicacy, the purity, the suavity of his genius could shine forth

in their entirety nowhere but in the convent of the Carthusians, whose cloister he was commissioned to decorate. There he painted the life of St. Bruno, breathing into this almost mythical work all the religious poetry of his soul and of his talent, ever delicate and chaste even in the allegorical figures of mythology with which he before long adorned the Hôtel Lambert. He had returned to his favorite pursuits, embellishing the churches of Paris with incomparable works, when, overwhelmed by the loss of his wife, and exhausted by the painful efforts of his genius, he died at thirty-seven in that convent of the Carthusians which he glorified with his talent, at the same time that he edified the monks with his religious zeal. Lesueur succumbed in a struggle too rude and too rough for his pure and delicate nature. Lebrun had returned from that Italy which Lesueur had never been able to reach; the old rivalry, fostered in the studio of Simon Vouët, was already being renewed between the two artists; the angelic art gave place to the worldly and the earthly. Lesueur died; Lebrun found himself master of the position, assured by anticipation, and as it were by instinct, of sovereign dominion under the sway of the young king for whom he had been created.

Old Philip of Champagne alone might have disputed with him the foremost rank. He had passionately admired Le Poussin, he had attached himself to Lesueur. "Never," says M. Vitet, "had he sacrificed to fashion; never had he fallen into the vagaries of the degenerate Italian style." This upright, simple, painstaking soul, this inflexible conscience, looking continually into the human face, had preserved in his admirable portraits the life and the expression of nature which he was incessantly trying to seize and reproduce. Lebrun was preferred to him as first painter to the king by Louis XIV. himself; Philip of Champagne was delighted thereat; he lived in retirement, in fidelity to his friends of Port-Royal, whose austere and vigorous lineaments he loved to trace, beginning with M. de St. Cyran and ending with his own daughter, Sister Suzanne, who was restored to health by the prayers of Mother Agnes Arnauld.

Lebrun was as able a courtier as he was a good painter: the clever arrangement of his pictures, the richness and brilliancy of his talent, his faculty for applying art to industry, secured him with Louis XIV. a sway which lasted as long as his life. He was first painter to the king, he was director of the Gobelins and of the academy of painting: "He let nothing be done by the other artists but according to his own designs and sug-

gestions. The worker in tapestry, the decorative painter, the statuary, the goldsmith took their models from him: all came from him, all flowed from his brain, all bore his imprint." The painter followed the king's ideas, being entirely after his own heart; for fourteen years he worked for Louis XIV., representing his life and his conquests, at Versailles; painting for the Louvre the victories of Alexander, which were engraved almost immediately by Audran and Édelinck. He was jealous of the royal favor, sensitive and haughty towards artists, honestly concerned for the king's glory and for the tasks confided to himself. The growing reputation of Mignard, whom Louvois had brought back from Rome, troubled and disquieted Lebrun. In vain did the king encourage him. Lebrun, already ill, said in the presence of Louis XIV. that fine pictures seem to become finer after the painter's death. "Do not you be in a hurry to die, M. Lebrun," said the king: "we esteem your pictures now quite as highly as posterity can." The small gallery at Versailles had been entrusted to Mignard; Lebrun withdrew to Montmorency, where he died in 1690, jealous of Mignard at the end as he had been of Lesueur at the outset of his life. Mignard became first painter to the king. He painted the ceiling of Val-de-Grâce, which was celebrated by Molière, but it was as a painter of portraits that he excelled in France: "M. Mignard does them best," said Le Poussin not long before, with lofty good nature, "though his heads are all paint, without force or character." To Mignard succeeded Rigaud as portrait-painter, worthy to preserve the features of Bossuet and Fénelon. The unity of organization, the brilliancy of style, the imposing majesty which the king's taste had everywhere stamped about him upon art as well as upon literature, were by this time beginning to decay simultaneously with the old age of Louis XIV., with the reverses of his arms and the increasing gloominess of his court; the artists who had illustrated his reign were dying one after another as well as the orators and the poets; the sculptor James Sarazin had been gone some time; Puget and the Anguiers were dead, as well as Mansard, Perrault and Le Nôtre; Girardon had but a few months to live; only Coysevox was destined to survive the king whose statue he had many a time moulded. The great age was disappearing slowly and sadly, throwing out to the last some noble gleams, like the aged king who had constantly served as its centre and guide, like olden France which he had crowned with its last and its most splendid wreath.

CHAPTER XLIX.

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.

LOUIS XIV. reigned everywhere, over his people, over his age, often over Europe; but nowhere did he reign so completely as over his court. Never were the wishes, the defects and the vices of a man so completely a law to other men as at the court of Louis XIV. during the whole period of his long life. When near to him, in the palace of Versailles, men lived and hoped and trembled; everywhere else in France, even at Paris, men vegetated. The existence of the great lords was concentrated in the court, about the person of the king. Scarcely could the most important duties bring them to absent themselves for any time. They returned quickly, with alacrity, with ardor; only poverty or a certain rustic pride kept gentlemen in their provinces. "The court does not make one happy," says La Bruyère, "it prevents one from being so anywhere else."

At the outset of his reign, and when, on the death of Cardinal Mazarin, he took the reins of power in hand. Louis XIV. had resolved to establish about him, in his dominions and at his court, "that humble obedience on the part of subjects to those who are set over them," which he regarded as "one of the most fundamental maxims of Christianity." "As the principal hope for the reforms I contemplated establishing in my kingdom lay in my own will," says he in his *Mémoires*, "the first step towards their foundation was to render my will quite absolute by a line of conduct which should induce submission and respect, rendering justice scrupulously to any to whom I owed it, but, as for favors, granting them freely and without constraint to any I pleased and when I pleased, provided that the sequel of my acts showed that, for all my giving no reason to anybody, I was none the less guided by reason."

The principle of absolute power, firmly fixed in the young king's mind, began to pervade his court from the time that he disgraced Fouquet and ceased to dissemble his affection for Mdle. de La Vallière. She was young, charming and modest. Of all the king's favorites she alone loved him sincerely. "What a pity he is a king!" she would say. Louis XIV. made her a duchess; but all she cared about was to see him and

please him. When Madame de Montespan began to supplant her in the king's favor, the grief of Madamé de La Vallière was so great that she thought she should die of it. Then she turned to God, in penitence and despair. Twice she sought refuge in a convent at Chaillot. "I should have left the court sooner," she sent word to the king on leaving, "after having lost the honor of your good graces, if I could have prevailed upon myself never to see you again; that weakness was so strong in me that hardly now am I capable of making a sacrifice of it to God: after having given you all my youth, the rest of my life is not too much for the care of my salvation." The king still clung to her. "He sent M. Colbert to beg her earnestly to come to Versailles and that he might speak with her. M. Colbert escorted her thither; the king conversed for an hour with her and wept bitterly. Madame de Montespan was there to meet her with open arms and tears in her eyes." "It is all incomprehensible," adds Madame de Sévigné: "some say that she will remain at Versailles and at court, others that she will return to Chaillot; we shall see." Madame de La Vallière remained three years at court, "half penitent," she said humbly, detained there by the king's express wish, in consequence of the tempers and jealousies of Madame de Montespan, who felt herself judged and condemned by her rival's repentance. Attempts were made to turn Madame de La Vallière from her inclination for the Carmelites': "Madame," said Madame Scarron to her one day, "here are you one blaze of gold: have you really considered that at the Carmelites', before long, you will have to wear serge?" She, however, persisted. She was already practising in secret the austerities of the convent. "God has laid in this heart the foundation of great things," said Bossuet, who supported her in her conflict: "the world puts great hindrances in her way and God great mercies; I have hopes that God will prevail; the uprightness of her heart will carry everything."

"When I am in trouble at the Carmelites'," said Madame de La Vallière, as at last she quitted the court, "I will think of what those people have made me suffer." "The world itself makes us sick of the world," said Bossuet in the sermon he preached on the day of her taking the dress: "its attractions have enough of illusion, its favors enough of inconstancy, its rebuffs enough of bitterness, there is enough of injustice and perfidy in the dealings of men, enough of unevenness and capriciousness in their intractable and contradictory humors—

there is enough of it all, without doubt, to disgust us." "She was dead to me the day she entered the Carmelites," said the king thirty-five years later, when the modest and fervent nun expired at last, in 1710, at her convent, without having ever relaxed the severities of her penance. He had married the daughter she had given him to the prince of Conti. "Everybody has been to pay compliments to this saintly Carmelite," says Madame de Sévigné, without appearing to perceive the singularity of the alliance between words and ideas: "I was there too with Mademoiselle. The prince of Conti detained her in the parlor. What an angel appeared to me at last! She had to my eyes all the charms we had seen heretofore. I did not find her either puffy or sallow; she is less thin, though, and more happy-looking. She has those same eyes of hers and the same expression; austerity, bad living and little sleep have not made them hollow or dull; that singular dress takes away nothing of the easy grace and easy bearing. As for modesty, she is no grander than when she presented to the world a princess of Conti, but that is enough for a Carmelite. In real truth, this dress and this retirement are a great dignity for her." The king never saw her again, but it was at her side that Madame de Montespan, in her turn forced to quit the court, went to seek advice and pious consolation. "This soul will be a miracle of grace," Bossuet had said.

It was no longer the time of "this tiny violet that hides itself in the grass," as Madame de Sévigné used to remark. Madame de Montespan was haughty, passionate, "with hair dressed in a thousand ringlets, a majestic beauty to show off to the ambassadors:" she openly paraded the favor she was in, accepting and angling for the graces the king was pleased to do her and hers, having the superintendence of the household of the queen whom she insulted without disguise, to the extent of wounding the king himself: "Pray consider that she is your mistress," he said one day to his favorite. The scandal was great; Bossuet attempted the task of stopping it. It was the time of the Jubilee: neither the king nor Madame de Montespan had lost all religious feeling; the wrath of God and the refusal of the sacraments had terrors for them still. Madame de Montespan left the court after some stormy scenes; the king set out for Flanders. "Pluck this sin from your heart, Sir," Bossuet wrote to him: "and not only this sin, but the cause of it; go even to the root. In your triumphant march amongst people whom you constrain to recognize your might,

would you consider yourself secure of a rebel fortress if your enemy still had influence there? We hear of nothing but the magnificence of your troops, of what they are capable under your leadership! And as for me, Sir, I think in my secret heart of a war far more important, of a far more difficult victory which God holds out before you. What would it avail you to be dreaded and victorious without, when you are vanquished and captive within?" "Pray God for me," wrote the bishop at the same time to Marshal Bellefonds, "pray Him to deliver me from the greatest burden man can have to bear or to quench all that is man in me that I may act for Him only. Thank God, I have never yet thought, during the whole course of this business, of my belonging to the world; but that is not all, what is wanted is to be a St. Ambrose, a true man of God, a man of that other life, a man in whom everything should speak, with whom all his words should be oracles of the Holy Spirit, all his conduct celestial; pray, pray, I do beseech you."

At the bottom of his soul and in the innermost sanctuary of his conscience Bossuet felt his weakness; he saw the apostolic severance from the world, the apostolic zeal and fervor required for the holy crusade he had undertaken. "Your Majesty has given your promise to God and the world," he wrote to Louis XIV. in ignorance of the secret correspondence still kept up between the king and Madame de Montespan. "I have been to see her," added the prelate: "I find her pretty calm; she occupies herself a great deal in good works. I spoke to her as well as to you the words in which God commands us to give Him our whole heart; they caused her to shed many tears; may it please God to fix these truths in the bottom of both your hearts and accomplish His work, in order that so many tears, so much violence, so many strains that you have put upon yourselves may not be fruitless."

The king was on the road back to Versailles; Madame de Montespan was to return thither also, her duties required her to do so, it was said; Bossuet heard of it; he did not for a single instant delude himself as to the emptiness of the king's promises and of his own hopes. He determined, however, to visit the king at Luzarches. Louis XIV. gave him no time to speak. "Do not say a word to me, sir," said he, not without blushing, "do not say a word; I have given my orders, they will have to be executed." Bossuet held his tongue. "He had tried every thrust; had acted like a pontiff of the earliest times,

with a freedom worthy of the earliest ages and the earliest bishops of the Church," says St. Simon. He saw the inutility of his efforts; henceforth, prudence and courtly behavior put a seal upon his lips. It was the time of the great king's omnipotence and highest splendor, the time when nobody withstood his wishes. The great Mademoiselle had just attempted to show her independence: tired of not being married,

With a curse on the greatness which kept her astrand,

she had made up her mind to a love-match. "Guess it in four; guess it in ten; guess it in a hundred," wrote Madame de Sévigné to Madame de Coulanges: "you are not near it; well, then, you must be told. M. de Lauzun is to marry on Sunday at the Louvre, with the king's permission, mademoiselle . . . mademoiselle de . . . mademoiselle, guess the name . . . he is to marry Mademoiselle, my word! upon my word! my sacred word! Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle daughter of the late Monsieur, Mademoiselle grand-daughter of Henry IV., Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german to the king, Mademoiselle destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only match in France who would have been worthy of Monsieur!" The astonishment was somewhat premature; Mademoiselle did not espouse Lauzun just then, the king broke off the marriage. "I will make you so great," he said to Lauzun, "that you shall have no cause to regret what I am taking from you; meanwhile, I make you duke and peer and marshal of France." "Sir," broke in Lauzun, insolently, "you have made so many dukes that it is no longer an honor to be one, and, as for the bâton of marshal of France, your Majesty can give it me when I have earned it by my services." He was before long sent to Pignerol, where he passed ten years. There he met Fouquet and that mysterious personage called the Iron Mask, whose name has not yet been discovered to a certainty by means of all the most ingenious conjectures. It was only by settling all her property on the duke of Maine after herself that Mademoiselle purchased Lauzun's release. The king had given his posts to the prince of Marcillac, son of La Rochefoucauld. He at the same time overwhelmed Marshal Bellefonds with kindnesses. "He sent for him into his study," says Madame de Sévigné, "and said to him: 'Marshal, I want to know why you are anxious to leave me; is it a devout feeling? Is it a desire for retirement?

Is it the pressure of your debts? If the last, I shall be glad to set it right and enter into the details of your affairs.' The marshal was sensibly touched by this kindness: 'Sir,' said he, 'it is my debts; I am over head and ears. I cannot see the consequences borne by some of my friends who have assisted me and whom I cannot pay.' 'Well,' said the king; 'they must have security for what is owing to them. I will give you a hundred thousand francs on your house at Versailles, and a patent of retainer (*brevet de retenue*—whereby the emoluments of a post were not lost to the holder's estate by his death) for four hundred thousand francs, which will serve as a policy of assurance if you should die; that being so, you will stay in my service.' In truth, one must have a very hard heart not to obey a master who enters with so much kindness into the interests of one of his domestics; accordingly, the marshal made no objection, and here he is in his place again and loaded with benefits."

The king entered benevolently into the affairs of a marshal of France; he paid his debts, and the marshal was his *domestic*; all the court had come to that; the duties which brought servants in proximity to the king's person were eagerly sought after by the greatest lords. Bontemps, his chief valet, and Fagon, his physician, as well as his surgeon Maréchal, very excellent men too, were all-powerful amongst the courtiers. Louis XIV. had possessed the art of making his slightest favors prized; to hold the candlestick at bedtime (*au petit coucher*), to make one in the trips to Marly, to play in the king's own game, such was the ambition of the most distinguished; the possessors of grand historic castles, of fine houses at Paris, crowded together in attics at Versailles, too happy to obtain a lodging in the palace. The whole mind of the greatest personages, his favorites at the head, was set upon devising means of pleasing the king; Madame de Montespan had pictures painted in miniature of all the towns he had taken in Holland; they were made into a book which was worth four thousand pistoles, and of which Racine and Boileau wrote the text; people of tact, like M. de Langlée, paid court to the master through those whom he loved. "M. de Langlée has given Madame de Montespan a dress of the most divine material ever imagined; the fairies did this work in secret, no living soul had any notion of it; and it seemed good to present it as mysteriously as it had been fashioned. Madame de Montespan's dressmaker brought her the dress she had or-

dered of him; he had made the body a ridiculous fit; there was shrieking and scolding as you may suppose. The dressmaker said, all in a tremble: 'As time presses, madame, see if this other dress that I have here might not suit you for lack of anything else.' 'Ah! what material! Does it come from heaven? There is none such on earth.' The body is tried on; it is a picture. The king comes in. The dressmaker says, 'Madame, it is made for you.' Everybody sees that it is a piece of gallantry: but on whose part? 'It is Langlée,' says the king: 'it is Langlée.' 'Of course,' says Madame de Montespan, 'none but he could have devised such a device, it is Langlée, it is Langlée.' Everybody repeats, 'it is Langlée;' the echoes are agreed and say, 'it is Langlée;' and as for me, my child, I tell you, to be in the fashion, 'it is Langlée.'"

All the style of living at court was in accordance with the magnificence of the king and his courtiers; Colbert was beside himself at the sums the queen lavished on play; Madame de Montespan lost and won back four millions in one night at *bassette*; Mdlle. de Fontanges gave away twenty thousand crowns' worth of New Year's gifts; the king had just accomplished the dauphin's marriage: "He made immense presents on this occasion; there is certainly no need to despair," said Madame de Sévigné; "though one does not happen to be his valet, it may happen that, whilst paying one's court, one will find one's self underneath what he showers around. One thing is certain, and that is, that away from him all services go for nothing; it used to be the contrary." All the court were of the same opinion as Madame de Sévigné.

A new power was beginning to appear on the horizon, with such modesty and backwardness that none could as yet discern it, least of all could the king. Madame de Montespan had looked out for some one to take care of and educate her children. She had thought of Madame Scarron; she considered her clever; she was so herself, "in that unique style which was peculiar to the Mortemarts," said the duke of St. Simon; she was fond of conversation; Madame Scarron had a reputation for being rather a blue-stocking; this the king did not like; Madame de Montespan had her way; Madame Scarron took charge of the children secretly and in an isolated house. She was attentive, careful, sensible. The king was struck with her devotion to the children entrusted to her. "She can love," he said: "it would be a pleasure to be loved by her." The confidence of Madame de Montespan went on increasing.

"The person of quality (Madame de Montespan) has no partnership with the person who has a cold (Madame Scarron), for she regards her as the confidential person; the lady who is at the head of all (the queen) does the same; she is, therefore, the soul of this court," writes Madame de Sévigné in 1680. There were, however, frequent storms; Madame de Montespan was jealous and haughty, and she grew uneasy at the nascent liking she observed in the king for the correct and shrewd judgment, the equable and firm temper of his children's government. The favor of which she was the object did not come from Madame de Montespan. The king had made the Parliament legitimize the duke of Maine, Mdle. de Nantes and the count of Vexin; they were now formally installed at Versailles. Louis XIV. often chatted with Madame Scarron. She had bought the estate of Maintenon out of the king's bounty. He made her take the title. The recollection of Scarron was displeasing to him. "It is supposed that I am indebted for this present to Madame de Montespan," she wrote to Madame de St. Gérant; "I owe it to my little prince. The king was amusing himself with him one day, and, being pleased with the manner in which he answered his questions, told him that he was a very sensible little fellow. 'I can't help being,' said the child, 'I have by me a lady who is sense itself.' 'Go and tell her,' replied the king, 'that you will give her this evening a hundred thousand francs for your sugar-plums.' The mother gets me into trouble with the king, the son makes my peace with him; I am never for two days together in the same situation, and I do not get accustomed to this sort of life, I who thought I could make myself used to anything." She often spoke of leaving the court. "As I tell you everything honestly," she wrote in 1675 to her confessor, Abbé Gobelin, "I will not tell you that it is to serve God that I should like to leave the place where I am; I believe that I might work out my salvation here and elsewhere, but I see nothing to forbid us from thinking of our repose and withdrawing from a position which vexes us every moment. I explained myself badly if you understood me to mean that I am thinking of being a nun; I am too old for a change of condition, and according to the property I shall have, I shall look out for securing one full of tranquillity. In the world, all reaction is towards God; in a convent, all reaction is towards the world; there is one great reason; that of age comes next." She did not, however, leave the court except to take to the waters the little duke of Maine,

who had become a cripple after a series of violent convulsions. "Never was anything more agreeable than the surprise which Madame de Maintenon gave the king," writes Madame de Sévigné to her daughter. "He had not expected the duke of Maine till the next day, when he saw him come walking into his room and only holding by the hand of his governess; he was transported with joy. M. de Louvois on her arrival went to call upon Madame de Maintenon; she supped at Madame de Richelieu's, some kissing her hand, others her gown, and she making fun of them all, if she is not much changed; but they say that she is." The king's pleasure in conversing with the governess became more marked every day: Madame de Montespan frequently burst out into bitter complaints. "She reproaches me with her kindnesses, with her presents, with those of the king, and has told me that she fed me and that I am strangling her; you know what the fact is; it is a strange thing that we cannot live together and that we cannot separate. I love her and I cannot persuade myself that she hates me." They found themselves alone together in one of the court-carriages. "Let us not be duped by such a thing as this," said Madame de Montespan rudely; "let us talk as if we had no entanglements between us to arrange; it being understood of course," added she, "that we resume our entanglements when we get back." "Madame de Maintenon accepted the proposal," says Madame de Caylus, who tells the story, "and they kept their word to the letter." Madame de Maintenon had taken a turn for preaching virtue. "The king passed two hours in my closet," she wrote to Madame de St. Géran; "he is the most amiable man in his kingdom. I spoke to him of Father Bourdaloue. He listened to me attentively. Perhaps he is not so far from thinking of his salvation as the court suppose. He has good sentiments and frequent reactions towards God." "The star of Quanto (Madame de Montespan) is paling," writes Madame de Sévigné to her daughter: "there are tears, natural pets, affected gayeties, poutings—in fact, my dear, all is coming to an end. People look, observe, imagine, believe there are to be seen as it were rays of light upon faces which, a month ago, were thought to be unworthy of comparison with others. If Quanto had hidden her face with her cap at Easter in the year she returned to Paris, she would not be in the agitated state in which she now is. The spirit indeed was willing, but great is human weakness; one likes to make the most of a remnant of beauty. This is an economy which ruins rather than enriches."

"Madame de Montespan asks advice of me," said Madame de Maintenon; "I speak to her of God, and she thinks I have some understanding with the king; I was present yesterday at a very animated conversation between them. I wondered at the king's patience, and at the rage of that vain creature. It all ended with these terrible words: 'I have told you already, Madame; I will not be interfered with.'"

Henceforth, Madame de Montespan "interfered with" the king. He gave the new dauphiness Madame de Maintenon as her mistress of the robes. "I am told," writes Madame de Sévigné, "that the king's conversations do nothing but increase and improve, and that they last from six to ten o'clock, that the daughter-in-law goes occasionally to pay them a shortish visit, that they are found each in a big chair, and that, when the visit is over, the talk is resumed. The lady is no longer accosted without awe and respect, and the ministers pay her the court which the rest do. No friend was ever so careful and attentive as the king is to her; she makes him acquainted with a perfectly new line of country—I mean the intercourse of friendship and conversation, without chicanery and without constraint; he appears to be charmed with it."

Discreet and adroit as she was, and artificial without being false, Madame de Maintenon gloried in bringing back the king and the court to the ways of goodness. "There is nothing so able as irreproachable conduct," she used to say. The king often went to see the queen; the latter heaped attentions upon Madame de Maintenon. "The king never treated me more affectionately than he has since she had his ear," the poor princess would say. The dauphiness had just had a son. The joy at court was excessive. "The king let anybody who pleased embrace him," says the Abbé de Croisy: "he gave everybody his hand to kiss. Spinola, in the warmth of his zeal, bit his finger; the king began to exclaim: 'Sir,' interrupted the other, 'I ask your Majesty's pardon; but, if I hadn't bitten you, you would not have noticed me.' The lower orders seemed beside themselves, they made bonfires of everything. The porters and the Swiss burned the poles of the chairs and even the floorings and wainscots intended for the great gallery. Bontemps, in wrath, ran and told the king, who burst out laughing and said, 'Let them be, we will have other floorings.'"

The least clear-sighted were beginning to discern the modest beams of a rising sun. Madame de Montespan, who had a taste for intellectual things, had not long since recommended Racine

and Boileau to the king to write a history of his reign. They had been appointed historiographers. "When they had done some interesting piece," says Louis Racine in his *Mémoires*, "they used to go and read it to the king at Madame de Montespan's. Madame de Maintenon was generally present at the reading. She, according to Boileau's account, liked my father better than him, and Madame de Montespan, on the contrary, liked Boileau better than my father, but they always paid their court jointly, without any jealousy between them. When Madame de Montespan would let fall some rather tart expressions, my father and Boileau, though by no means sharp-sighted, observed that the king, without answering her, looked with a smile at Madame de Maintenon, who was seated opposite to him on a stool, and who finally disappeared all at once from these meetings. They met her in the gallery and asked her why she did not come any more to hear their readings. She answered very coldly: 'I am no longer admitted to those mysteries.' As they found a great deal of cleverness in her, they were mortified and astonished at this. Their astonishment was very much greater, then, when the king, being obliged to keep his bed, sent for them with orders to bring what they had newly written of history, and they saw as they went in Madame de Maintenon sitting in an arm-chair near the king's pillow, chatting familiarly with his Majesty. They were just going to begin their reading, when Madame de Montespan, who had not been expected, came in, and, after a few compliments to the king, paid such long ones to Madame de Maintenon, that the king, to stop them, told her to sit down: 'As it would not be fair,' he added, 'to read without you a work which you yourself ordered.' From this day, the two historians paid their court to Madame de Maintenon as far as they knew how to do so."

The queen had died on the 30th of July, 1683, piously and gently, as she had lived. "This is the first sorrow she ever caused me," said the king, thus rendering homage, in his superb and unconscious egotism, to the patient virtue of the wife he had put to such cruel trials. Madame de Maintenon was agitated but resolute. "Madame de Montespan has plunged into the deepest devoutness," she wrote, two months after the queen's death: "it is quite time she edified us; as for me, I no longer think of retiring." Her strong common-sense and her far-sighted ambition, far more than her virtue, had secured her against rocks ahead; henceforth she saw the goal, she was

close upon it, she moved towards it with an even step. The king still looked in upon Madame de Montespan of an evening on his way to the gaming-table; he only stayed an instant, to pass on to Madame de Maintenon's; the latter had modestly refused to become lady in attendance upon the dauphiness. She, however, accompanied the king on all his expeditions, "sending him away always afflicted but never disheartened." Madame de Montespan, piqued to see that the king no longer thought of anybody but Madame de Maintenon, "said to him one day at Marly," writes Dangeau, "that she had a favor to ask of him, which was to let her have the duty of entertaining the second-carriage people and of amusing the antechamber." It required more than seven years of wrath and humiliation to make her resolve upon quitting the court, in 1691.

The date has never been ascertained exactly of the king's private marriage with Madame de Maintenon. It took place probably eighteen months or two years after the queen's death; the king was forty-seven, Madame de Maintenon fifty. "She had great remains of beauty, bright and sprightly eyes, an incomparable grace," says St. Simon, who detested her, "an air of ease and yet of restraint and respect, and a great deal of cleverness, with a speech that was sweet, correct, in good terms and naturally eloquent and brief."

Madame de La Vallière had held sway over the young and passionate heart of the prince, Madame de Montespan over the court, Madame de Maintenon alone established her empire over the man and the king. "Whilst giving up our heart, we must remain absolute master of our mind," Louis XIV. had written, "separate our affections from our resolves as a sovereign, that she who enchants us may never have liberty to speak to us of our business or of the people who serve us, and that they be two things absolutely distinct." The king had scrupulously applied this maxim; Mdlle. de La Vallière had never given a thought to business; Madame de Montespan had sought only to shine, disputing the influence of Colbert when he would have put a limit upon her ruinous fancies, leaning for support at the last upon Louvois, in order to counterbalance the growing power of Madame de Maintenon; the latter alone had any part in affairs, a smaller part than has frequently been made out, but important, nevertheless, and sometimes decisive. Ministers went occasionally to do their work in her presence with the king, who would turn to her when the questions were embarrassing, and ask, "What does your

Solidity think?" The opinions she gave were generally moderate and discreet. "I did not manage to please in my conversation about the buildings," she wrote to Cardinal Noailles, "and what grieves me is to have caused vexation to no purpose. Another block of chambers is being built here at a cost of a hundred thousand francs; Marly will soon be a second Versailles. The people, what will become of them?" And later on: "Would you think proper, monsignor, to make out a list of good bishops? You could send it me, so that, on the occasions which are constantly occurring, I might support their interests, and they might have the business referred to them in which they ought to have a hand and for which they are the proper persons; I am always spoken to when the question is of them; and, if I were better informed, I should be bolder." "It is said that you meddle too little with business," Fénelon wrote to her in 1694: "your mind is better calculated for it than you suppose. You ought to direct your whole endeavors to giving the king views tending to peace and especially to the relief of the people, to moderation, to equity, to mistrust of harsh and violent measures, to horror for acts of arbitrary authority, and finally to love of the Church and to assiduity in seeking good pastors for it." Neither Fénelon nor Madame de Maintenon had seen in the revocation of the edict of Nantes "an act of arbitrary authority or a harsh and violent measure." She was not inclined towards persecution, but she feared lest her moderation should be imputed to a remnant of prejudice in favor of her former religion, "and this it is," she would say, "which makes me approve of things quite opposed to my sentiments." An egotistical and cowardly prudence, which caused people to attribute to Madame de Maintenon, in the severities against the Huguenots, a share which she had not voluntarily or entirely assumed.

Whatever the apparent reserve and modesty with which it was cloaked, the real power of Madame de Maintenon over the king's mind peeped out more and more into broad daylight. She promoted it dexterously by her extreme anxiety to please him as well as by her natural and sincere attachment to the children whom she had brought up and who had a place near the heart of Louis XIV. Already the young duke of Maine had been sent to the army at the daupnin's side; the king was about to have him married [August 29, 1692] to Mdlle. de Charolais; carefully seeking for his natural children alliances amongst the princes of his blood, he had recently given Mdlle.

de Nantes, daughter of Madame de Montespan, to the duke, grandson of the great Condé. "For a long time past," says St. Simon, "Madame de Maintenon, even more than the king, had been thinking of marrying Mdlle. de Blois, Madame de Montespan's second daughter, to the duke of Chartres; he was the king's own and only nephew, and the first moves towards this marriage were the more difficult in that Monsieur was immensely attached to all that appertained to his greatness, and Madame was of a nation which abhorred misalliances and of a character which gave no promise of ever making this marriage agreeable to her." The king considered himself sure of his brother; he had set his favorites to work and employed underhand intrigues. "He sent for the young duke of Chartres, paid him attention, told him he wanted to have him settled in life, that the war which was kindled on all sides put out of his reach the princesses who might have suited him, that there were no princesses of the blood of his own age, that he could not better testify his affection towards him than by offering him his daughter whose two sisters had married princes of the same blood; but that, however eager he might be for this marriage, he did not want to put any constraint upon him and would leave him full liberty in the matter. This language, addressed with the awful majesty so natural to the king to a prince who was timid and had not a word to say for himself, put him at his wits' end." He fell back upon the wishes of his father and mother. "That is very proper in you," replied the king: "but, as you consent, your father and mother will make no objection;" and, turning to Monsieur, who was present, "Is it not so, brother?" he asked. Monsieur had promised: a messenger was sent for Madame, who cast two furious glances at her husband and her son, saying that, as they were quite willing, she had nothing to say, made a curt obeisance and went her way home. Thither the court thronged next day; the marriage was announced. "Madame was walking in the gallery with her favorite, Mdlle. de Château-Thiers, taking long steps, handkerchief in hand, weeping unrestrainedly, speaking somewhat loud, gesticulating and making a good picture of Ceres after the rape of her daughter Proserpine, seeking her in a frenzy and demanding her back from Jupiter. Everybody saluted, and stood aside out of respect. Monsieur had taken refuge in lansquenet; never was anything so shame-faced as his look or so disconcerted as his whole appearance, and this first condition lasted more than a month with him. The duke

of Chartres came into the gallery, going up to his mother as he did every day to kiss her hand. At that moment Madame gave him a box o' the ear so loud that it was heard some paces off, and, given as it was before the whole court, covered the poor prince with confusion and overwhelmed the countless spectators with prodigious astonishment." That did not prevent or hamper the marriage, which took place with great pomp at Versailles on the 18th of February, 1692. The king was and continued to the last the absolute and dread master of all his family to its remotest branches.

He lost through this obedience a great deal that is charming and sweet in daily intercourse. For him and for Madame de Maintenon the great and inexhaustible attraction of the duchess of Burgundy was her gaiety and unconstrained ease, tempered by the most delicate respect, which this young princess, on coming as quite a child to France from the court of Savoy, had tact enough to introduce and always maintain amidst the most intimate familiarity. "In public, demure, respectful with the king, and on terms of timid propriety with Madame de Maintenon, whom she never called anything but *aunt*, thus prettily blending rank and affection. In private, chattering, frisking, fluttering around them, at one time perched on the arm of one or the other's chairs, at another playfully sitting on their knee, she would throw herself upon their necks, embrace them, kiss them, fondle them, pull them to pieces, chuck them under the chin, tease them, rummage their tables, their papers, their letters, reading them sometimes against their will, according as she saw that they were in the humor to laugh at it, and occasionally speaking thercon. Admitted to everything, even at the reception of couriers bringing the most important news, going into the king at any hour, even at the time the council was sitting, useful and also fatal to ministers themselves, but always inclined to help, to excuse, to benefit, unless she were violently set against any body. The king could not do without her; when, rarely, she was absent from his supper in public, it was plainly shown by a cloud of more than usual gravity and taciturnity over the king's whole person; and so, when it happened that some ball in winter or some party in summer made her break into the night, she arranged matters so well that she was there to kiss the king the moment he was awake and to amuse him with an account of the affair" [*Mémoires de St. Simon*, t. x. p. 186].

The dauphiness had died in 1690; the duchess of Burgundy

was, therefore, almost from childhood queen of the court and before long the idol of the courtiers; it was around her that pleasure sprang up; it was for her that the king gave the entertainments to which he had habituated Versailles, not that for her sake or to take care of her health he would ever consent to modify his habits or make the least change in his plans. "Thank God, it is over," he exclaimed one day, after an accident to the princess; "I shall no longer be thwarted in my trips and in all I desire to do by the representations of physicians. I shall come and go as I fancy; and I shall be left in peace." Even in his court and amongst his most devoted servants, this monstrous egotism astounded and scandalized everybody. "A silence in which you might have heard an ant move succeeded this sally," says St. Simon, who relates the scene: "we looked down; we hardly dared draw breath. Everybody stood aghast. To the very builder's-men and gardeners everybody was motionless. This silence lasted more than a quarter of an hour. The king broke it, as he leaned against a balustrade of the great basin, to speak about a carp. Nobody made any answer. He afterwards addressed his remarks about these carp to some builder's-men who did not keep up the conversation in the regular way; it was but a question of carp with them. Everything was at a low ebb, and the king went away some little time after. As soon as we dared look at one another out of his sight, our eyes meeting told all." There was no venturing beyond looks. Fénelon had said with severe charity, "God will have compassion upon a prince beset from his youth up by flatterers."

Flattery ran a risk of becoming hypocrisy. On returning to a regular life, the king was for imposing the same upon his whole court; the instinct of order and regularity, smothered for a while in the hey-day of passion, had resumed all its sway over the naturally proper and steady mind of Louis XIV. His dignity and his authority were equally involved in the cause of propriety and regularity at his court; he imposed this yoke as well as all the others; there appeared to be entire obedience; only some princes or princesses escaped it sometimes, getting about them a few free-thinkers or boon-companions; good, honest folks showed ingenuous joy; the virtuous and far-sighted were secretly uneasy at the falsehood and deplored the pressure put on so many consciences and so many lives. The king was sincere in his repentance for the past, many persons in his court were as sincere as he; others, who were not,

affected, in order to please him, the externals of austerity; absolute power oppressed all spirits, extorting from them that hypocritical complaisance which it is liable to engender; corruption was already brooding beneath appearances of piety; the reign of Louis XV. was to see its deplorable fruits displayed with a haste and a scandal which are to be explained only by the oppression exercised in the last years of King Louis XIV.

Madame de Maintenon was like the genius of this reaction towards regularity, propriety, order; all the responsibility for it has been thrown upon her; the good she did has disappeared beneath the evil she allowed or encouraged; the regard lavished upon her by the king has caused illusions as to the discreet care she was continually taking to please him. She was faithful to her friends, so long as they were in favor with the king; if they had the misfortune to displease him, she, at the very least, gave up seeing them; without courage or hardihood to withstand the caprices and wishes of Louis XIV., she had gained and preserved her empire by dint of dexterity and far-sighted suppleness beneath the externals of dignity.

She never forgot her origin. "I am not a grandee," she would say: "I am a mushroom." Her life, entirely devoted to the king, had become a veritable slavery; she said as much to M^{lle}. d'Aumale at St. Cyr. "I have to take for my prayers and for mass the time when everybody else is still sleeping. For, when once they begin coming into my room, at half-past seven, I haven't another moment to myself. They come filing in and nobody goes out without being relieved by somebody higher. At last comes the king; then of course they all have to go out: he remains with me up to mass. I am still in my night-cap. The king comes back after mass; then the duchess of Burgundy with her ladies. They remain whilst I dine. I have to keep up the conversation, which flags every moment, and to manage so as to harmonize minds and reconcile hearts which are as far as possible asunder. The circle is all round me, and I cannot ask for anything to drink; I sometimes say to them (aside), 'It is a great honor, but really I should prefer a footman.' At last they all go away to dinner. I should be free during that time, if Monseigneur did not generally choose it for coming to see me, for he often dines earlier in order to go hunting. He is very difficult to entertain, having very little to say and finding himself a bore and running away from himself continually: so I have to talk for two. Immediately after the king has dined, he comes into my room with all the royal

family, princes and princesses: then I must be prepared for the gayest of conversation and wear a smiling face amidst so much distressing news. When this company disperses, some lady has always something particular to say to me; the duchess of Burgundy also wants to have a chat. The king returns from hunting. He comes to me. The door is shut and nobody else is admitted. Then I have to share his secret troubles, which are no small number. Arrives a minister; and the king sets himself to work. If I am not wanted at this consultation, which seldom happens, I withdraw to some further distance and write or pray. I sup, whilst the king is still at work. I am restless, whether he is alone or not. The king says to me, 'You are tired, madame; go to bed.' My women come. But I feel that they interfere with the king, who would chat with me and who does not like to chat before them; or, perhaps, there are some ministers still there, whom he is afraid they may overhear. Wherefore I make haste to undress, so much so that I often feel quite ill from it. At last I am in bed. The king comes up and remains by my pillow until he goes to supper. But a quarter of an hour before supper, the dauphin and the duke and duchess of Burgundy come in to me again. At ten, everybody goes out. At last I am alone, but very often the fatigues of the day prevent me from sleeping."

She was at that time seventy. She was often ailing; but the duchess of Burgundy was still very young, and the burthen of the most private matters of court-diplomacy fell entirely upon Madame de Maintenon. "The princess des Ursins is about to return to Spain," she said: "if I do not take her in hand, if I do not repair by my attentions the coldness of the duchess of Burgundy, the indifference of the king, and the curtness of the other princes, she will go away displeased with our court, and it is expedient that she should praise it and speak well of it in Spain."

It was, in fact, through Madame de Maintenon and her correspondence with the princess des Ursins that the private business between the two courts of France and Spain was often carried on. At Madrid, far more than at Versailles, the influence of women was all-powerful. The queen ruled her husband, who was honest and courageous but without wit or daring; and the princess des Ursins ruled the queen, as intelligent and as amiable as her sister the duchess of Burgundy, but more ambitious and more haughty. Louis XIV. had several times conceived some misgiving of the camarera major's influence

over his grandson; she had been disgraced and then recalled; she had finally established her sway by her fidelity, ability, dexterity, and indomitable courage. She served France habitually, Spain and her own influence in Spain always; she had been charming, with an air of nobility, grace, elegance and majesty all together, and accustomed to the highest society and the most delicate intrigues, during her sojourn at Rome and Madrid; she was full of foresight and calculation, but impassioned, ambitious, implacable, pushing to extremes her amity as well as her hatred, faithful to her master and mistress in their most cruel trials, and then hampering and retarding peace for the sake of securing for herself a principality in the Low Countries. Without having risen from the ranks, like Madame de Maintenon, she had reached a less high and less safe elevation; she had been more absolutely and more daringly supreme during the time of her power, and at last she fell with the rudest shock, without any support from Madame de Maintenon. The pretensions of Madame des Ursins during the negotiations had offended France; "this was the stone of stumbling between the two supreme directresses," says St. Simon; after this attempt at sovereignty, there was no longer the same accord between Madame de Maintenon and Madame des Ursins, but this latter had reached in Spain a point at which she more easily supposed that she could dispense with it. The queen of Spain had died at the age of twenty-six, in 1714; did the princess for a moment conceive the hope of marrying Philip V. in spite of the disproportion in rank and age? Nobody knows; she had already been reigning as sovereign mistress for some months, when she received from the king this stunning command: "Look me out a wife." She obeyed; she looked out. Alberoni, an Italian priest, brought into Spain by the duke of Vendôme, drew her attention to the princess of Parma, Elizabeth Farnese. The principality was small, the princess young; Alberoni laid stress upon her sweetness and modesty: "Nothing will be more easy," he said, "than for you to fashion her to Spanish gravity, by keeping her retired; in the capacity of her *camerera major*, entrusted with her education, you will easily be able to acquire complete sway over her mind." The princess des Ursins believed him and settled the marriage. "Cardonne has surrendered at last, madame," she wrote on the 20th of September, 1714, to Madame de Maintenon; "there is nothing left in Catalonia that is not reduced. The new queen, at her coming into this kingdom, is very fortunate

to find no more war there. She whom we have lost would have been beside herself with delight at enjoying peace after having experienced such cruel sufferings of all kinds. The longer I live, the more I see that we are never so near a reverse of Fortune as when she is favorable or so near receiving favors as when she is maltreating us. For that reason, madame, if one were wise, one would take her inconstancy graciously."

The time had come for Madame des Ursins to make definitive trial of Fortune's inconstancy. She had gone to meet the new queen, in full dress and with her ornaments; Elizabeth received her coldly; they were left alone; the queen reproached the princess with negligence in her costume; Madame des Ursins, strangely surprised, would have apologized, "but, all at once, there was the queen at offensive words, and screaming, summoning, demanding officers, guards, and imperiously ordering Madame des Ursins out of her presence. She would have spoken; but the queen, with redoubled rage and threats, began to scream out for the removal of this mad woman from her presence and her apartments, she had her put out by the shoulders and on the instant into a carriage with one of her women, to be taken at once to St. Jean-de-Luz. It was seven o'clock at night, the day but one before Christmas, the ground all covered with ice and snow; Madame des Ursins had no time to change gown or head-dress, to take any measures against the cold, to get any money or anything else at all." Thus she was conducted almost without a mouthful of food to the frontier of France. She hoped for aid from the king of Spain; but none came: it got known that the queen had been abetted in everything and beforehand by Philip V. On arriving at St. Jean-de-Luz, she wrote to the king and to Madame de Maintenon: "Can you possibly conceive, madame, the situation in which I find myself? Treated, in the face of all Europe, with more contempt by the queen of Spain than if I were the lowest of wretches? They want to persuade me that the king acted in concert with a princess who had me treated with such cruelty. I shall await his orders at St. Jean-de-Luz, where I am in a small house close by the sea. I see it often stormy and sometimes calm; a picture of courts. I shall have no difficulty in agreeing with you that it is of no use looking for stability but in God. Certainly it cannot be found in the human heart, for who was ever more sure than I was of the heart of the king of Spain?"

The king did not reply at all and Madame de Maintenon but

coldly, begging the princess, however, to go to Versailles. There she passed but a short time, and received notice to leave the kingdom. With great difficulty she obtained an asylum at Rome, where she lived seven years longer, preserving all her health, strength, mind and easy grace until she died, in 1722, at more than eighty-four years of age, in obscurity and sadness, notwithstanding her opulence, but avenged of her Spanish foes, Cardinals della Giudice and Alberoni, whom she met again at Rome, disgraced and fugitive like herself. "I do not know where I may die," she wrote to Madame de Maintenon, at that time in retirement at St. Cyr. Both had survived their power; the princess d'és Ursins had not long since wanted to secure for herself a dominion; Madame de Maintenon, more far-sighted and more modest, had aspired to no more than repose in the convent which she had founded and endowed. Discreet in her retirement as well as in her life, she had not left to chance the selection of a place where she might die.

CHAPTER L.

LOUIS XIV. AND DEATH (1711—1715).

"ONE has no more luck at our age," Louis XIV. had said to his old friend Marshal Villars returning from his most disastrous campaign. It was a bitter reflection upon himself which had put these words into the king's mouth. After the most brilliant, the most continually and invariably triumphant of reigns, he began to see fortune slipping away from him and the grievous consequences of his errors successively overwhelming the State. "God is punishing me, I have richly deserved it," he said to Marshal Villars, who was on the point of setting out for the battle of Denain. The aged king, dispirited and beaten, could not set down to men his misfortunes and his reverses; the hand of God Himself was raised against his house; Death was knocking double knocks all round him. The grand-dauphin had for some days been ill of small-pox. The king had gone to be with him at Meudon, forbidding the court to come near the castle. The small court of Monseigneur were huddled together in the lofts. The king was amused with delusive hopes: his chief physician, Fagon, would answer for

the invalid. The king continued to hold his councils as usual, and the deputation of *market-women* (*dames de la Halle*), came from Paris to have news of Monseigneur, went away, declaring that they would go and sing a *Te Deum*, as he was nearly well. "It is not time yet, my good women," said Monseigneur who had given them a reception. That very evening he was dead, without there having been time to send for his confessor in ordinary. "The parish priest of Meudon, who used to look in every evening before he went home, had found all the doors open, the valets distracted, Fagon heaping remedy upon remedy without waiting for them to take effect. He entered the room and hurrying to Monseigneur's bedside, took his hand and spoke to him of God. The poor prince was fully conscious, but almost speechless. He repeated distinctly a few words, others inarticulately, smote his breast, pressed the priest's hand, appeared to have the most excellent sentiments and received absolution with an air of contrition and wistfulness" [*Mémoires de St. Simon*, ix.]. Meanwhile word had been sent to the king, who arrived quite distracted. The princess of Conti, his daughter, who was deeply attached to Monseigneur, repulsed him gently: "You must think only of yourself now, Sir," she said. The king let himself sink down upon a sofa, asking news of all that came out of the room, without any one's daring to give him an answer. Madame de Maintenon, who had hurried to the king, and was agitated without being affected, tried to get him away: she did not succeed, however, until Monseigneur had breathed his last. He passed along to his carriage between two rows of officers and valets, all kneeling and conjuring him to have pity upon them who had lost all and were like to starve.

The excitement and confusion at Versailles were tremendous. From the moment that small-pox was declared, the princes had not been admitted to Meudon. The duchess of Burgundy alone had occasionally seen the king. All were living in confident expectation of a speedy convalescence; the news of the death came upon them like a thunderclap. All the courtiers thronged together at once, the women half-dressed, the men anxious and concerned, some to conceal their extreme sorrow, others their joy, according as they were mixed up in the different cabals of the court. "It was all, however, nothing but a transparent veil," says St. Simon, "which did not prevent good eyes from observing and discerning all the features. The two princes and the two princesses, seated beside them, taking care

of them, were most exposed to view. The duke of Burgundy wept, from feeling and in good faith, with an air of gentleness, tears of nature, of piety and of patience. The duke of Berry, in quite as good faith, shed abundance, but tears, so to speak, of blood, so great appeared to be their bitterness; he gave forth not sobs but shrieks, howls. The duchess of Berry (daughter of the duke of Orleans) was beside herself. The bitterest despair was depicted on her face. She saw her sister-in-law, who was so hateful to her, all at once raised to that title, that rank of dauphiness, which were about to place so great a distance between them. Her frenzy of grief was not from affection, but from interest; she would wrench herself from it to sustain her husband, to embrace him, to console him, then she would become absorbed in herself again with a torrent of tears which helped her to stifle her shrieks. The duke of Orleans wept in his own corner, actually sobbing, a thing which, had I not seen it, I should never have believed," adds St. Simon, who detested Monseigneur and had as great a dread of his reigning as the duke of Orleans had: "Madame, re-dressed in full dress, in the middle of the night, arrived regularly howling, not quite knowing why either one or the other; inundating them all with her tears as she embraced them and making the castle resound with a renewal of shrieks, when the king's carriages were announced, on his return to Marly." The duchess of Burgundy was awaiting him on the road. She stepped down and went to the carriage-window. "What are you about, madame?" exclaimed Madame de Maintenon: "do not come near us, we are infectious." The king did not embrace her, and she went back to the palace but only to be at Marly next morning before the king was awake.

The king's tears were as short as they had been abundant. He lost a son who was fifty years old, the most submissive and most respectful creature in the world, ever in awe of him and obedient to him, gentle and good natured, a proper man amid all his indolence and stupidity, brave and even brilliant at the head of an army. In 1688, in front of Philipsburg, the soldiers had given him the name of "Louis the Bold." He was full of spirits and always ready, "revelling in the trenches," says Vauban. The duke of Montausier, his boyhood's strict governor, had written to him: "Monseigneur, I do not make you my compliments on the capture of Philipsburg; you had a fine army, shells, cannon and Vauban. I do not make them to you either on your bravery; it is an hereditary virtue in your

house; but I congratulate you on being open-handed, humane, generous, and appreciative of the services of those who do well; that is what I make you my compliments upon." "Did not I tell you so?" proudly exclaimed the chevalier de Grignan, formerly attached (as *menin*) to the person of Monseigneur, on hearing his master's exploits lauded: "for my part, I am not surprised." Racine had exaggerated the virtues of Monseigneur in the charming verses of the prologue to *Esther*:

Thou givest him a son, an ever ready aid,
Apt or to woo or fight, obey or be obey'd;
A son who, like his sire, drags vict'ry in his train,
Yet boasts but one desire, that father's heart to gain;
A son, who to his will submits with loving air,
Who brings upon his foes perpetual despair.
As the swift spirit flies, stern Equity's envoy,
So, when the king says "Go," down rusheth he in joy,
With vengeful thunderbolt red ruin doth complete,
Then tranquilly return to lay it at his feet.

In 1690 and in 1694 he had gained distinction as well as in 1688. "The dauphin has begun as others would think it an honor to leave off," the prince of Orange had said, "and, for my part, I should consider that I had worthily capped anything great I may have done in war if, under similar circumstances, I had made so fine a march." Whether it were owing to indolence or court-cabal, Monseigneur had no more commands; he had no taste for politics and always sat in perfect silence at the council, to which the king had formally admitted him at thirty years of age, "instructing him," says the marquis of Souches, "with so much vigor and affection that Monseigneur could not help falling at his feet to testify his respect and gratitude." Twice, at grave conjunctures, the grand-dauphin allowed his voice to be heard; in 1685, to offer a timid opposition to the edict of Nantes, and, in 1700, to urge very vigorously the acceptance of the king of Spain's will: "I should be enchanted," he cried, as if with a prophetic instinct of his own destiny, "to be able to say all my life, 'The king my father and the king my son.'" Heavy in body as well as mind, living on terms of familiarity with a petty court, probably married to Mdlle. Choin, who had been for a long time installed in his establishment at Meudon, Monseigneur, often embarrassed and made uncomfortable by the austere virtue of the duke of Burgundy, and finding more attraction in the duke of Berry's frank geniality, had surrendered himself, without intending it, to the plots which were woven

about him. "His eldest son behaved to him rather as a courtier than as a son, gliding over the coldness shown him with a respect and a gentleness which, together, would have won over any father less a victim to intrigue. The duchess of Burgundy, in spite of her address and her winning grace, shared her husband's disfavor." The duchess of Berry had counted upon this to establish her sway in a reign which the king's great age seemed to render imminent; already, it was said, the chief amusement at Monseigneur's was to examine engravings of the coronation-ceremony, when death carried him off suddenly on the 14th of April, 1711, to the consternation of the lower orders, who loved him because of his reputation for geniality. The severity of the new dauphin caused some little dread.

"Here is a prince who will succeed me before long," said the king on presenting his grandson to the assembly of the clergy: "by his virtue and piety he will render the Church still more flourishing and the kingdom more happy." That was the hope of all good men. Fénelon, in his exile at Cambrai, and the dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, at court, began to feel themselves all at once transported to the heights with the prince whom they had educated and who had constantly remained faithful to them. The delicate foresight and prudent sagacity of Fénelon had a long while ago sought to prepare his pupil for the part which he was about to play. It was piety alone that had been able to triumph over the dangerous tendencies of a violent and impassioned temperament. Fénelon, who had felt this, saw also the danger of devoutness carried too far. "Religion does not consist in a scrupulous observance of petty formalities," he wrote to the duke of Burgundy; "it consists, for everybody, in the virtues proper to one's condition. A great prince ought not to serve God in the same way as a hermit or a simple individual." "The prince thinks too much and acts too little," he said to the duke of Chevreuse: "his most solid occupations are confined to vague applications of his mind and barren resolutions; he must see society, study it, mix in it, without becoming a slave to it, learn to express himself forcibly and acquire a gentle authority. If he do not feel the need of possessing firmness and nerve, he will not make any real progress: it is time for him to be a man. The life of the region in which he lives is a life of effeminacy, indolence, timidity and amusement. He will never be so true a servant to the king and to Monseigneur as when he makes them see that they have

in him a man matured, full of application, firm, impressed with their true interests and fitted to aid them by the wisdom of his counsels and the vigor of his conduct. Let him be more and more little in the hands of God, but let him become great in the eyes of men; it is his duty to make virtue, combined with authority, loved, feared and respected."

Court-perfidy dogged the duke of Burgundy to the very head of the army over which the king had set him; Fénelon, always correctly informed, had often warned him of it. The duke wrote to him, in 1708, on the occasion of his dissensions with Vendôme: "It is true that I have experienced a trial within the last fortnight, and I am far from having taken it as I ought, allowing myself to give way to an oppression of the heart caused by the blackenings, the contradictions and the pains of irresolution and the fear of doing something untoward in a matter of extreme importance to the State. As for what you say to me about my indecision, it is true that I myself reproach myself for it, and I pray God every day to give me, together with wisdom and prudence, strength and courage to carry out what I believe to be my duty." He had no more commands, in spite of his entreaties to obtain, in 1709, permission to march against the enemy. "If money is short, I will go without any train," he said: "I will live like a simple officer; I will eat, if need be, the bread of a common soldier, and none will complain of lacking superfluities when I have scarcely necessaries." It was at the very time when the archbishop of Cambrai was urgent for peace to be made at any price. "The people no longer live like human beings," he said in a memorial sent to the duke of Beauvilliers; "there is no counting any longer on their patience, they are reduced to such outrageous trials. As they have nothing more to hope, they have nothing more to fear. The king has no right to risk France in order to save Spain; he received his kingdom from God, not that he should expose it to invasion by the enemy, as if it were a thing with which he can do anything he pleases, but that he should rule it as a father and transmit it as a precious heirloom to his posterity." He demanded at the same time the convocation of the assembly of notables.

It was this kingdom, harassed on all sides by its enemies, bleeding, exhausted, but stronger, nevertheless, and more bravely faithful than was made out by Fénelon, that the new dauphin found himself suddenly called upon to govern by the death of Monseigneur, and by the unexpected confidence testi-

fied in him before long by the king. "The prince should try more than ever to appear open, winning, accessible and sociable," wrote Fénelon: "he must undeceive the public about the scruples imputed to him; keep his strictness to himself, and not set the court apprehending a severe reform of which society is not capable, and which would have to be introduced imperceptibly, even if it were possible. He cannot be too careful to please the king, avoid giving him the slightest umbrage, make him feel a dependence founded on confidence and affection, relieve him in his work, and speak to him with a gentle and respectful force which will grow by little and little. He should say no more than can be borne; it requires to have the heart prepared for the utterance of painful truths which are not wont to be heard. For the rest, no puerilities or pettinesses in the practice of devotion; government is learnt better from studying men than from studying books."

The young dauphin was wise enough to profit by these sage and able counsels. "Seconded to his heart's content by his adroit young wife, herself in complete possession of the king's private ear and of the heart of Madame de Maintenon, he redoubled his attentions to the latter, who, in her transport at finding a dauphin on whom she might rely securely instead of one who did not like her, put herself in his hands and, by that very act, put the king in his hands. The first fortnight made perceptible to all at Marly this extraordinary change in the king, who was so reserved towards his legitimate children, so very much the king with them. Breathing more freely after so great a step had been made, the dauphin showed a bold front to society, which he dreaded during the lifetime of Monseigneur, because, great as he was, he was often the victim of its best received jests. The king having come round to him; the insolent cabal having been dispersed by the death of a father, almost an enemy, whose place he took; society in a state of respect, attention, alacrity; the most prominent personages with an air of slavishness; the gay and frivolous, no insignificant portion of a large court, at his feet through his wife, it was observed that this timid, shy, self-concentrated prince, this precise (piece of) virtue this (bit of) misplaced learning, this gawky man, a stranger in his own house, constrained in everything—it was observed, I say, that he was showing himself by degrees, unfolding himself little by little, presenting himself to society in moderation, and that he was unembarrassed, majestic, gay, and agreeable in it. A style of

conversation, easy but instructive, and happily and aptly directed, charmed the sensible courtier and made the rest wonder. There was all at once an opening of eyes and ears and hearts. There was a taste of the consolation, which was so necessary and so longed for, of seeing one's future master so well fitted to be from his capacity and from the use that he showed he could make of it."

The king had ordered ministers to go and do their work at the prince's. The latter conversed modestly and discreetly with the men he thought capable of enlightening him; the duke of St. Simon had this honor, which he owed to the friendship of the duke of Beauvilliers, and of which he showed himself sensible in his *Mémoires*. Fénelon was still at Cambrai, "which all at once turned out to be the only road from all the different parts of Flanders. The archbishop had such and so eager a court there that for all his delight he was pained by it, from apprehension of the noise it would make and the bad effect he feared it might have on the king's mind." He, however, kept writing to the dauphin, sending him plans of government prepared long before: some wise, bold, liberal, worthy of a mind that was broad and without prejudices; others chimerical and impossible of application. The prince examined them with care: "He had comprehended what it is to leave God for God's sake, and had set about applying himself almost entirely to things which might make him acquainted with government, having a sort of foretaste already of reigning, and being more and more the hope of the nation, which was at last beginning to appreciate him."

God had in former times given France a St. Louis: He did not deem her worthy of possessing such an ornament a second time. The comfort and hope which were just appearing in the midst of so many troubles vanished suddenly like lightning: the dauphiness fell ill on the 5th of February; she had a burning fever and suffered from violent pains in the head; it was believed to be scarlet-fever (*rougeole*), with whispers, at the same time, of ugly symptoms; the malady went on increasing; the dauphin was attacked in his turn; sacraments were mentioned; the princess, taken by surprise, hesitated without daring to speak. Her Jesuit confessor, Father La Rue, himself proposed to go and fetch another priest. A *Récollet* (*Rap-tionist*) was brought; when he arrived she was dying. A few hours later she expired, at the age of twenty-six, on the 12th of February, 1712. "With her there was a total eclipse of

joys, pleasures, amusements even, and every sort of grace; darkness covered the whole face of the court; she was the soul of it all, she filled it all, she pervaded all the interior of it." The king loved her as much as he was capable of loving; she amused him and charmed him in the sombre moments of his life; he, like the dauphin, had always been ignorant of the giddinesses of which she had been guilty; Madame de Maintenon, who knew of them and who held them as a rod over her, was only concerned to keep them secret; all the court, with the exception of a few perfidious intriguers, made common cause to serve her and please her. "Regularly ugly, pendent cheeks, forehead too prominent, a nose that said nothing; of eyes the most speaking and most beautiful in the world; a carriage of the head gallant, majestic, graceful, and a look the same; smile the most expressive, waist long, rounded, slight, supple; the gait of a goddess on the clouds; her youthful, vivacious, energetic gayety, carried all before it, and her nymph-like agility wafted her everywhere like a whirlwind that fills many places at once and gives to them movement and life. If the court existed after her it was but to languish away" [*Mémoires de St. Simon*, xi.]. There was only one blow more fatal for death to deal; and there was not long to wait for it.

"I have prayed and I will pray," writes Fénelon: "God knows whether the prince is for one instant forgotten. I fancy I see him in the state in which St. Augustin depicts himself: "My heart is obscured by grief. All that I see reflects for me but the image of death. All that was sweet to me, when I could share it with her whom I loved, becomes a torment to me since I lost her. My eyes seek for her everywhere and find her nowhere. When she was alive, wherever I might be without her, everything said to me, You are going to see her. Nothing says so now. I find no solace but in my tears. I cannot bear the weight of my wounded and bleeding heart, and yet I know not where to rest it. I am wretched; for so it is when the heart is set on the love of things that pass away." "The days of this affliction were soon shortened," says St. Simon: "from the first moment I saw him, I was scared at his fixed, haggard look, with a something of ferocity, at the change in his countenance and the livid marks I noticed upon it. He was waiting at Marly for the king to awake; they came to tell him he could go in; he turned without speaking a word, without replying to his gentlemen (*menins*) who

pressed him to go; I went up to him, taking the liberty of giving him a gentle push; he gave me a look that pierced right to the heart and went away. I never looked on him again. Please God in His mercy I may look on him forever there where his goodness, no doubt, has placed him!"

It was a desperate but a short struggle. Disease and grief were victorious over the most sublime courage. "It was the spectacle of a man beside himself, who was forcing himself to keep the surface smooth, and who succumbed in the attempt." The dauphin took to his bed on the 14th of February; he believed himself to be poisoned, and said, from the first, that he should never recover. His piety alone, through the most prodigious efforts, still kept up; he spoke no more, save to God, continually lifting up his soul to Him in fervent aspirations. "What tender, but tranquil views! What lively motions towards thanksgiving for being preserved from the sceptre and the account that must be rendered thereof! What submission and how complete! What ardent love of God! What a magnificent idea of infinite mercy! What pious and humble awe! What invincible patience! What sweetness! What constant kindness towards all that approached him! What pure charity which urged him forward to God! France at length succumbed beneath this last chastisement; God gave her a glimpse of a prince whom she did not deserve. Earth was not worthy of him; he was already ripe for a blessed eternity!"

"For some time past I have feared that a fatality hung over the dauphin," Fénelon had written at the first news of his illness: "I have at the bottom of my heart a lurking apprehension that God is not yet appeased towards France. For a long while He has been striking, as the prophet says, and His anger is not yet worn out. God has taken from us all our hope for the Church and for the State."

Fénelon and his friends had expected too much and hoped for too much; they relied upon the dauphin to accomplish a work above human strength; he might have checked the evil, retarded for a while the march of events, but France carried simultaneously in her womb germs of decay and hopes of progress, both as yet concealed and confused, but too potent and too intimately connected with the very sources of her history and her existence for the hand of the most virtuous and most capable of princes to have the power of plucking them out or keeping them down.

There was universal and sincere mourning in France and in Europe. The death of the little duke of Brittany, which took place a few days after that of his parents, completed the consternation into which the court was thrown. The most sinister rumors circulated darkly: a base intrigue caused the duke of Orleans to be accused; people called to mind his taste for chemistry and even magic, his flagrant impiety, his scandalous debauchery; beside himself with grief and anger, he demanded of the king to be sent to the Bastille; the king refused curtly, coldly, not unmoved in his secret heart by the perfidious insinuations which made their way even to him, but too just and too sensible to entertain a hateful lie, which, nevertheless, lay heavy on the duke of Orleans to the end of his days.

Darkly, but to more effect, the same rumors were renewed before long. The duke of Berry died at the age of twenty-seven on the 4th of May, 1714, of a disease which presented the same features as the scarlet fever (*rougeole pourprée*) to which his brother and sister-in-law had succumbed. The king was old and sad: the state of his kingdom preyed upon his mind; he was surrounded by influences hostile to his nephew, whom he himself called "a vaunter of crimes." A child who was not five years old remained sole heir to the throne. Madame de Maintenon, as sad as the king, "naturally mistrustful, addicted to jealousies, susceptibilities, suspicions, aversions, spites, and woman's wiles" [*Lettres de Fénelon au duc de Chevreuse*], being, moreover, sincerely attached to the king's natural children, was constantly active on their behalf. On the 19th of July, 1714, the king announced to the premier president and the attorney-general of the parliament of Paris that it was his pleasure to grant to the duke of Maine and to the count of Toulouse, for themselves and their descendants, the rank of princes of the blood, in its full extent, and that he desired that the deed should be enregistered in the parliament. Soon after, still under the same influence, he made a will which was kept a profound secret and which he sent to be deposited in the strong-room (*greffe*) of the parliament, committing the guardianship of the future king to the duke of Maine, and placing him, as well as his brother, on the council of regency, with close restrictions as to the duke of Orleans, who would be naturally called to the government of the kingdom during the minority. The will was darkly talked about: the effect of the elevation of the bastards to the rank of princes of the blood had been terrible. "There was no longer any son of France:

the Spanish branch had renounced; the duke of Orleans had been carefully placed in such a position as not to dare say a word or show the least dissatisfaction; his only son was a child; neither the duke (of Berry), his brothers, nor the prince of Conti, were of an age or of standing, in the king's eyes, to make the least trouble in the world about it. The bombshell dropped all at once when nobody could have expected it, and everybody fell on his stomach as is done when a shell drops: everybody was gloomy and almost wild; the king himself appeared as if exhausted by so great an effort of will and power." He had only just signed his will, when he met, at Madame de Maintenon's, the Ex-Queen of England. "I have made my will, Madame," said he: "I have purchased repose; I know the impotence and uselessness of it; we can do all we please as long as we are here; after we are gone, we can do less than private persons; we have only to look at what became of my father's, and immediately after his death too, and of those of so many other kings. I am quite aware of that; but, in spite of all that, it was desired: and so, Madame, you see it has been done; come of it what may, at any rate I shall not be worried about it any more." It was the old man yielding to the entreaties and intrigues of his domestic circle; the judgment of the king remained steady and true, without illusions and without prejudices.

Death was coming, however, after a reign which had been so long and had occupied so much room in the world that it caused mistakes as to the very age of the king. He was seventy-seven, he continued to work with his ministers; the order so long and so firmly established was not disturbed by illness any more than it had been by the reverses and sorrows of late; meanwhile, the appetite was diminishing, the thinness went on increasing, a sore on the legs appeared, the king suffered a great deal. On the 24th of August he dined in bed, surrounded as usual by his courtiers; he had a difficulty in swallowing; for the first time, publicity was burdensome to him; he could not get on, and said to those who were there that he begged them to withdraw. Meanwhile the drums and hautboys still went on playing beneath his window, and the twenty-four violins at his dinner. In the evening, he was so ill that he asked for the sacraments. There had been wrung from him a codicil which made the will still worse. He, nevertheless, received the duke of Orleans, to whom he commended the young king. On the 26th he called to his bedside all those

of the court who had the entry. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "I ask your pardon for the bad example I have set you. I have to thank you much for the way in which you have served me and for the attachment and fidelity you have always shown me. I am very sorry not to have done for you what I should have liked to do. The bad times are the cause of that. I request of you on my great-grandson's behalf the same attention and fidelity that you have shown me. It is a child who will possibly have many crosses to bear. Follow the instructions my nephew gives you; he is about to govern the kingdom, and I hope that he will do it well; I hope also that you will all contribute to preserve unity. I feel that I am becoming unmanned and that I am unmanning you also; I ask your pardon. Farewell, gentlemen, I feel sure that you will think of me sometimes."

The princesses had entered the king's closet; they were weeping and making a noise; "You must not cry so," said the king who asked for them to bid them farewell. He sent for the little dauphin. His governess, the duchess of Ventadour, brought him on to the bed. "My child," said the king to him, "you are going to be a great king. Render to God that which you owe to Him; recognize the obligations you have towards Him; cause Him to be honored by your subjects; try to preserve peace with your neighbors. I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, any more than in the too great expenses I have incurred. Take counsel in all matters, and seek to discern which is the best in order to follow it. Try to relieve your people, which I have been so unfortunate as not to have been able to do." He kissed the child, and said, "Darling, I give you my blessing with all my heart." He was taken away; the king asked for him once more and kissed him again, lifting hands and eyes to heaven in blessings upon him. Everybody wept. The king caught sight in a glass of two grooms of the chamber who were sobbing: "What are you crying for?" he said to them: "did you think that I was immortal?" He was left alone with Madame de Maintenon: "I have always heard say that it was difficult to make up one's mind to die," said he: "I do not find it so hard." "Ah, Sir," she replied; "it may be very much so, when there are earthly attachments, hatred in the heart or restitutions to make!" "Ah!" replied the king, "as for restitutions to make, I owe nobody any individually; as for those that I owe the kingdom, I have hope in the mercy of God."

The duke of Orleans came back again; the king had sent for him. "When I am dead," he said: "you will have the young king taken to Vincennes; the air there is good; he will remain there until all the ceremonies are over at Versailles and the castle well cleaned afterwards; you will then bring him back again." He at the same time gave orders for going and furnishing Vincennes, and directed a casket to be opened in which the plan of the castle was kept, because, as the court had not been there for fifty years, Cavoye, grand chamberlain of his household, had never prepared apartments there. "When I was king . . .," he said several times.

A quack had brought a remedy which would cure gangrene, he said. The sore on the leg was hopeless, but they gave the king a dose of this elixir in a glass of Alicante. "To life and to death," said he as he took the glass: "just as it shall please God." The remedy appeared to act; the king recovered a little strength. The throng of courtiers, which, the day before, had been crowding to suffocation in the rooms of the duke of Orleans, withdrew at once. Louis XIV. did not delude himself about this apparant rally. "Prayers are offered in all the churches for your Majesty's life," said the parish-priest of Versailles. "That is not the question," said the king: "it is my salvation that much needs praying for."

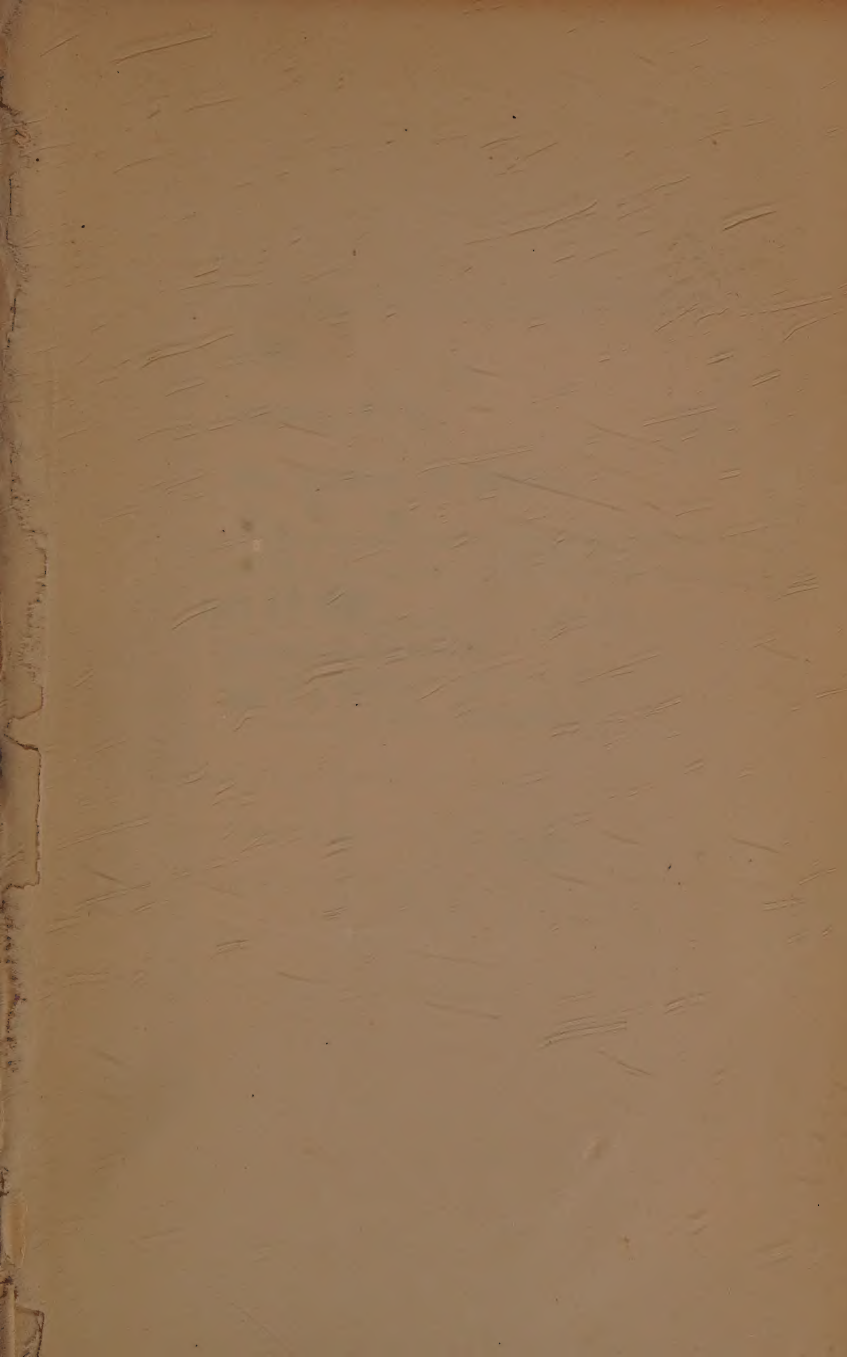
Madame de Maintenon had hitherto remained in the back-rooms, though constantly in the king's chamber when he was alone. He said to her once, "What consoles me for leaving you, is that it will not be long before we meet again." She made no reply. "What will become of you?" he added: "you have nothing." "Do not think of me," said she: "I am nobody; think only of God." He said farewell to her: she still remained a little while in his room and went out when he was no longer conscious. She had given away here and there the few movables that belonged to her, and now took the road to St. Cyr. On the steps she met Marshal Villeroi: "Good-bye, marshal," she said curtly and covered up her face in her coifs. He it was who sent her news of the king to the last moment. The duke of Orleans, on becoming regent, went to see her and took her the patent (*brevet*) for a pension of sixty thousand livres, "which her disinterestedness had made necessary for her," said the preamble. It was paid her up to the last day of her life. History makes no further mention of her name; she never left St. Cyr. Thither the czar Peter the Great, when he visited Paris and France, went to see her;

she was confined to her bed; he sat a little while beside her. "What is your malady?" he asked her through his interpreter. "A great age," answered Madame de Maintenon, smiling. He looked at her a moment longer in silence; then, closing the curtains, he went out abruptly. The memory he would have called up had vanished. The woman on whom the great king had, for thirty years, heaped confidence and affection was old, forgotten, dying; she expired at St. Cyr on the 15th of April, 1719, at the age of eighty-three.

She had left the king to die alone. He was in the agonies; the prayers in extremity were being repeated around him; the ceremonial recalled him to consciousness. He joined his voice with the voices of those present, repeating the prayers with them. Already the court was hurrying to the duke of Orleans'; some of the more confident had repaired to the duke of Maine's; the king's servants were left almost alone around his bed; the tones of the dying man were distinctly heard above the great number of priests. He several times repeated: *Nunc et in hora mortis*. Then he said quite loud: "O my God, come Thou to help me, haste Thee to succor me." Those were his last words. He expired on Sunday, the 1st of September, 1715, at eight a.m. Next day, he would have been seventy-seven years of age, and he had reigned seventy-two of them.

In spite of his faults and his numerous and culpable errors, Louis XIV. had lived and died like a king. The slow and grievous agony of olden France was about to begin.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.



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